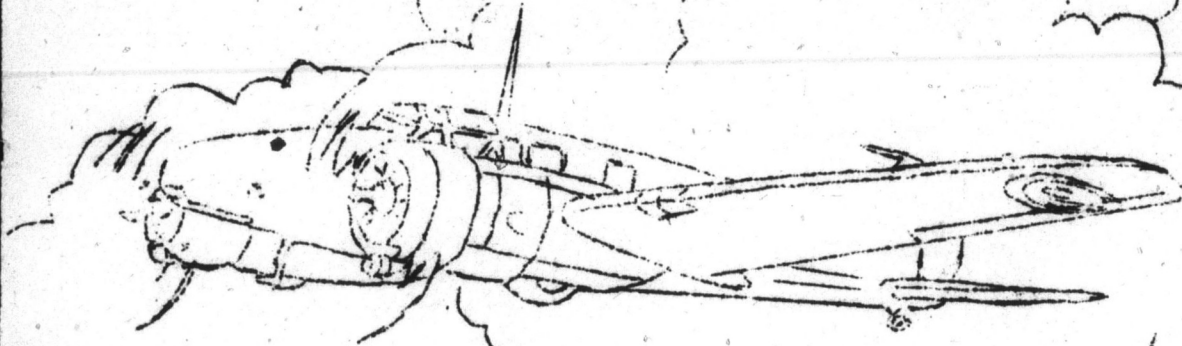




WINGS



OVER

VULCAN

WINGS

PARADE

After a Graduation Banquet on Aug. 17, the big day for all pilots in training arrived on the 19th. when they were presented with their coveted wings by our Commanding Officer, Wing Commander R. F. Davenport. It was a fitting ending for the career of our C.O. on this station to see the first class graduate so well in marks and flying ability. We are sorry to lose our grand C.O., but that is one of the things one must face in wartime. But the members of the class and all the personnel of the station I am sure wish him the best of luck in his new post. So this WINGS PARADE is a double feature: a fitting farewell to a grand Commanding Officer and a grand class of pilots who have done so well for #19!

The Editor.

GRADUATION BANQUET

In the Airmen's Mess Hall on Tuesday evening Aug 17 the members of Course 80 and their invited guests gathered for their Graduation Banquet. The hall was attractively decorated in red, white and blue crepe, with large "80"'s at each end of the room in brown. As soon as the guests had found their places by names on menus, the Padre said grace, and the delightful task of eating a very excellent meal was on its way. Much laughter and amusement was caused by the nick-names thought up for each member and guest and put on the menus.

Acting as host for the course at the head table was Sgt. Clippis, of Poland. Introducing the speakers and toasts was LAC Hollett. These two met each guest with a smile of welcome and set a perfect atmosphere for a grand time.

After the meal was over, LAC Woodcock gave the toast to "10 C.F.I.". He paid high tribute to the cooperation of all personnel on the station, and the enjoyment of the station activities despite the heavy program they were under. He expressed deep appreciation on behalf of the course for all the help and assistance given them in their work.

W/C Davenport replied to the toast and thanking them for the kind remarks about the station. He also paid tribute to the class who had done so much to make the room attractive and the meal so enjoyable. They had set a high standard for the graduating classes to follow.

The Chief Instructor, W/C Fraser proposed the toast to the C.O. who is leaving us this week. He has become a member of the new Canadian Staff College at Toronto. And at its conclusion, all joined in to sing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow".

The W/C Fraser then presented the Commanding Officer with a very nice pen and pencil set on behalf of the personnel of the station.

The C.F.I. also paid high tribute to the course which had come through with one of the highest averages in the Command, and had set a record in safety by having no accidents on the whole period of training.

At the conclusion of the dinner, the personnel adjourned to enjoy some picture taking and singing until it was time to go to the dance in the Rec Hall at 10 P.M. That was to be one of the best dances of the station, but more of that later elsewhere.

Good luck to you all Course 80!

PRESENTATION OF WINGS.

At 2 P.M. on Aug. 19, 1943. the first Wings Parade of #19 S.F.T.S. was held on the tarmac of the station under clear skies and a cool breeze, with twelve aircraft flying overhead in "V" formation.

The Parade was formed up by W/C Fraser and turned over to the Commanding Officer, W/C Davenport. After a few words in which he stressed the need for self-confidence but not over-confidence in flying, and a fitting tribute to the ground personnel whose not so interesting work is so essential to flight, the C.O. wished the class "God Speed and Good Luck". The wings were then presented to the thirty graduates, with LAC Woodcock receiving the identification bracelet as a gift from the C.O. for highest marks.

#2 Wireless band was in attendance to provide music during the ceremony.

The Class.

- GB552649 Sgt. Austin, G.J. "S" Civil Occupation - Book Repairer. Home Address - Leatherhead, Surrey. Joined up as an Electrician. Arrived in Canada 23rd February, 1943
- GB909191 Sgt. Choizs, R. "S" Civil Occupation - Farm Hand. Home Address - None. Joined up as a Wireless Interpreter. Came to Canada 23rd February, 1943.
- GB986198 Col. Robinson, R. "M" Civil Occupation - Taxi Driver. Home Address - Lancashire, Eng. Joined up as a Balloon Operator. Came to Canada 23rd February 1943
- GB568982 Cpl. Villis, J.D.J. "M" Civil Occupation - Scholar. Home Address - London, Eng. Joined up as a Fitter. Came to Canada 23rd. February, 1943.
- GB1534941 LAC Breckenfield, F.R. "S" Civil Occupation - Store Lad. Home Address - Carlisle, Cumberland, Eng. Came to Canada 23rd. February, 1943
- GB1319035 LAC Belot, D. "S" Civil Occupation - Garage Hand Mechanic. Into Aircrew. Home Address - Harrow, Middlesex, Eng. Came to Canada 23rd February, 1943.
- GB1508457 LAC Caird, J.F. "S" Civil Occupation - Clerk. Home Address - Hersforth, Leeds, Yorkshire. Came to Canada 23rd. February, 1943.
- GB1398820 LAC Caroline, P.J. "S" Civil Occupation - Civil Servant. Home Address - Surrey, Eng. Came to Canada 23rd February, 1943.
- GB1803015 LAC Cranfield, M.C. "S" Civil Occupation - Farm Worker. Home Address - Forest Row, Sussex, Eng. Came to Canada 23rd February, 1943.
- GB1515497 LAC Clarke, W.M. "S" Civil Occupation - Student. Home Address - Lancashire, Eng. Came to Canada 23rd February, 1943.
- GB1399203 LAC Cox, D "S" Civil Occupation - Student. Home Address - Ashford, Middlesex, Eng. Came to Canada 23rd February, 1943.
- GB1607266 LAC Costley, W.M. "S" Civil Occupation - Clerk. Home Address - Haddington, Middlesex, Eng. Came to Canada 23rd February, 1943.
- GB1260682 LAC Francis, A.W. "M" Civil Occupation - Composer. Home Address - London, Eng. Came to Canada 23rd February, 1943. Joined as Wireless Operator.
- GB1581326 LAC Ferguson, M.D. "M" Civil Occupation - Draughtsman. Home Address - Derby, Eng. Came to Canada 23rd February, 1943.
- GB1345038 LAC Craig, J.H. "S" Civil Occupation - Farm Manager. Home Address - Haddington, E. Lathian, Scotland. Came to Canada 23rd February, 1943.
- GB1044367 LAC Griffiths, W.F. "S" Civil Occupation - Student. Home Address - Newtown, Eng. Came to Canada 23rd February, 1943.
- GB962479 LAC Johnson, B.H. "M" Civil Occupation - Director. Home Address - Whitefield, Lancashire, Eng. Came to Canada 23rd February, 1943.
- GB1620380 LAC Jones, H.H. "M" Civil Occupation - A.B. Merchant Seaman. Home Address - Liverpool, Lancashire. Came to Canada 23rd February, 1943.
- GB913709 Col. Jordan, J.A.J. "S" Civil Occupation - Builders Handyman. Home Address - Eng. Joined as a Balloon Operator. Came to Canada 23rd February, 1943.
- GB1390115 LAC Lynch, R. "S" Civil Occupation - Labourer. Home Address - Woodingdean, Sussex, Eng. Came to Canada 23rd February, 1943.
- GB1581464 LAC Page, A.J. "S" Civil Occupation - Book-keeper, Cashier. Home Address - Mickleoven, Derby, Eng. Came to Canada 23rd February, 1943.

GB1362466 LAC Ford, H.D. - Civil occupation Railway Clerk. Home address London, W.3, England. Came to Canada 25th February, 1943.

GB1121171 LAC Pollitt, J.L.A. - Civil occupation stockbroker. Home Address Lincoln, England. Joined up as a Clerk. Came to Canada 23rd February, 1943.

GB1578594 LAC Smith, W.R. - Civil Occupation Toolmaker. Home address, London S.E.22, England. Came to Canada 23rd February, 1943.

GB1055822 LAC Smith, M.W. - Civil Occupation - Apprentic fitter. Home address Durham County, England. Joined up as a Fitter. Came to Canada 23rd February, 1943.

GB1502738 LAC Walton, A. - Civil Occupation - Junior Clerk. Home address Newcastle, England. Came to Canada. 25th February, 1943.

GB1623361 LAC Wood, C.J. - Civil Occupation - Apprentice Compositor. Home address Liverpool, England. Came to Canada 23rd February, 1943.

GB1801610 LAC Woodcock, D.E. - Civil Occupation - Meat Trade. Home address Hatfield, Hertsford, England. Came to Canada 23rd February, 1943.

GB950774 LAC Yates, J. - Civil Occupation - Assistant Storekeeper. Home address Bolton, Lancashire, England. Came to Canada 23rd February, 1943.

GB49752 Flying Officer Munby - Home address Lancashire, England. Awarded D.F.M. as Air Gunner.

SPORTS DAY

A very successful Sports Day for the public and Air Force personnel was held during the afternoon of the Wings Parade. All events were run off smoothly under the careful direction of F/O Boyd, with many others assisting to make it a successful affair.

When the battles were over, and prizes distributed, the following results were found to have occurred.

1. Tug of War: #1 Squadron.
2. Boys Potato Race 8 - 11 yrs.
 1. Duane Neville
 2. Lervyn Brooks
3. Barrel Rolling:
 1. Ducklow of Maintenance
 2. Allsopp of Administration
 3. Drabik of Firefighters.
4. Potato Race Girls 8 - 11 yrs.
 1. Betty Shervey
 2. Connie Telfer.
5. Rail Riding Contest.
 1. Team from #1 Squadron
6. Cracker Eating Contests:
Boys under 15 yrs.
 1. Russell Shervey
 2. Alan Clarke.
 3. Donald Mark
7. Girls under 15 yrs.
 1. Connie Telfer
 2. Betty Shervey
 3. Irene Bostle.
8. 3-Legged Race:
 1. Matlock & Lunt of Maintenance.
 2. Walker & Juffs of #1 Squadron
 3. Drabik & Allsopp of FF.
9. Potato Race- Men.
 1. Hale of Maintenance
 2. Stanley

10. 3-Legged Race Boys under 15 yrs.

1. Duane Neville and Jimmie Shaw
2. Dave Jantzic and Arthur Shell

11. Ping Pong Ball Throwing Contest. Boys under 15 yrs.

1. Arthur Shell
2. Don Campbell
3. Barrie Middleton

Girls under 15 yrs.

1. Irene Biehler
2. Edith Williams
3. Betty Shervey

12. Volleyball;

1. #1 Squadron defeated Maintenance in the final heat in a sudden death game by a score of 21 to 11.

13. Girls Softball: Our women finally got going to hit the win column in both their games, defeating Champion in the afternoon by a score of 9 to 7. In the evening they took on their rivals from Claresholm to whom they had lost previously. But this time the story was different, and our girls pounded the ball all over the lot for a win of 17 to 7. Nice going gals, and keep it up.

14. In an exciting game of soccer, so ably arranged and presented by S/L Turner, our station team lost a very close game to MacLeod by a score of 2 to 1. MacLeod opened the scoring on a break away, but Vulcan came right back, and in a close scuffle near the goal, a penalty was awarded against MacLeod. Griffiths of our team made no mistake on the kick, sending it low in the corner. Score 1-1. The teams then battled the rest of the half on even terms, with each trying hard.

In the second half the game continued to progress on even terms until near the end, when Macleod got the winning goal. But it was a good show, and some excellent ball handling was in evidence. The members of Course 80 were out in force either as players or on the sidelines lending voice to the proceedings. And S/L Turner was there to urging one and all to cheer the team on. Nice going ther Sir!

VULCAN VS CLARESHOLM!!!!

In the main attraction of the Big Day we saw our station fastball team take on their rivals from Claresholm in a bitterly fought 9 inning game, under ideal conditions of the evening and a large crowd of civilian and personnel rooters.

The game was really a honey, and if you missed it, you really missed something. Each team battled tooth and nail for every hit and every run, and errors were kept to a minimum under the stress of the big time game. Teams duelled evenly most of the way, with Vulcan leading at the fourth inning 4 - 3. However, in the fifth Claresholm came back with a run to tie it all up, and go one up when they brought in another. Score 5-4.

Teams battled no hits no runs no errors in the sixth, and in the seventh Vulcan had a tough break with two on bases and only one down to leave them there on a double play by the opposition. The eighth saw Claresholm on a couple of errors slip in another run to go two up, while our boys still couldn't get around the four bags.

In the last inning, with a new pitcher for Vulcan, we held the opponents with out a run for their half, and we went up to bat with a do or die spirit. The crowd by this time were wild, and the noise and yelling were terrific! And they kept it up to upset the #15 pitcher, who walked the first batter.

Our next batter bunted a nice one, and on an error, he got to second while the other runner managed third. Two on bases and none down. Last inning. What more could one want for excitement???

However, Claresholm switched their hurlers, and this one wouldn't blow up under the noise and pressure, and did some nice hurling to hold our boys from scoring another run. So we left two on bases and lost the game 6 to 4. But it was close, and too bad it wasn't the other way. Better luck next time: You defeated them before remember???. But you provided real entertainment for the crowd and played good ball all the way.

#####

COURSE 80 DANCE

Wings Parade approaches for the pioneer graduate pilots training under the banner of No. 19 S.F.T.S.

Course 80 sponsored a gala dance on Tuesday, 17th, to which all station personnel were invited. Out station orchestra was in attendance and to them we take this opportunity to take off our hats for their very nice renditions and folk tunes.

Johnnie Caird acted as genial Master of Ceremonies and during the evening novelty elimination and spot dances were conducted.

W.C. Davenport, our Commanding Officer F/L Thompson, the adjutant and many other notables were present to enjoy the festive evening.

To Course 80, we extend a hearty thanks for a splendid evening and with you go our every wish for success in the future.

GALA EVENING

The official opening of No. 19 S.F.T.S. was climaxed by a memorable dance in the Drill Hall.

Personnel of No. 19 and visitors of the rural districts and our worthy softball opponents from No. 15 S.F.T.S., Claresholm were in attendance.

Our station orchestra to day outgrew their infant stages and provided excellent music and entertainment for a boxoffice crown.

With a friendly spirit reigning, our Commanding Officer and Mrs. Davenport led the grand march with much gaiety and confusion resulting.

Between jivesessions, dancers and on-lookers revived themselves with cool drinks and hot dogs served by our gaily clad W.D's.

The tired but happy throng wended their weary way toward slumberland to dream of a short but happy day.

Did you hear about the little moron
whos father died of hard drink?

A Cake of ice fell on his head.

If any one can think of anything
to fill this space, they are
better than we are. Can't think
of a thing.

Tree Course

82

REVELLE "O LIGHTS OUT" IN BARRACK BLOCK
7 - C - 3 (Course 82)

This is purely personal and reference to any living person is not coincidental but deliberate.

7:15 A.M. Barney Oldfield, our hut senior. Yes, its true; the old reprobate, stirs, looks at his watch and leaps out of bed in traditional Air Force style. Couldn't have heard the siren. What Siren? You know.....the one that..... too late now, better get the boys up,

"Boys, boys, come on get up, please boys", he calls in his modulated and well controlled, potential officer type voice so he thinks. "Remember, C.O.'s Parade this morning" - What C.O. - What parade - the C.O. and the parade, I've had this country and the usual remarks. You know girls You don't!! Well, well, where's your Esprit de Corps?

"Whats the idea of waking a man in the middle of the night?" says Derek Plant, as he jumps into his sox, standing against the wall. Yes, I said standing, why not??? Come to our hut and you'll believe it.

"I'll show you how to shave, shower and get dressed in 14 minutes" boasts Johnny Millard (Australia's gift to the girls) Boy he's EAST He trips daintily down to the showers singing 'Abdul the Bulbul' and the 'Ball of Carrie Noor' and other classical numbers. He used to sing 'Show me the way to go Home' but now its 'I love a lassie', I think he has something there.

"What about breakfast", yelled out Cliff Norris. He only thinks of his stomach and a few other things. "Who wants breakfast?" It isn't worth eating anyhow" says jovial Jack Watts. No - wait a minute, Yes, yes, I do believe..... Yes I think it is....No, it isn't. My mistake I must be Air Force happy - You are??? Whaddiya mean???

"Step on it boys, Think you are going on leave" says Blue Williams, as he goes down under a barrage of boots and fire extinguishers; and so he should. The man's crazy. Only a fool would think a thing like that. I know what his trouble is - too much of the one thing. Yeah - study. Wise that sinister grin off your dial. I'm giving him the benefit of the doubt. This is a free country anyway. It was a free country. It still is if you are not in the Air Force.

Doh't forget men, 16" of sheet turned down and in line. That doesn't mean pushing the beds back and forwards to do it either. I'm not going to say Pat McCullough does that, Oh No. But I will say he is the type of chap whose ambition is to whitewash the 'Last Post'. Dumb you say.....Certainly not. It's just that Well, we won't go into the sordid details. 7:28 A.M. Barney gives the hut the once over. His eyes travel from bed to bed. He stiffens, "There's a man still in bed. It's unbelievable. He pounces on none other than our friend Colin Gregory, the man with the charming smile, so the girls tell him. It must be true. He admits it himself.

"What in the hell do you think this is, a rest home?" Col. stretches and yawns superbly. "I can't be bothered going on parade this morning." Les. will answer my name and I'll get up the manhole with a pillow and a book so the S.P.'s won't catch me". Cunning Eh????? you said it. A typical Englishman, but we won't hold that against him.

Enough of this shilly-shallying Let us away to the squadron parade ground. Sergeant Major

"Srrrrrrrr (subdued sniggers)
Markers etc.

On Parade (er be careful you don't slip)

You know the rest. Can I ever forget it??? Whats that???????

Then to Ground school or flying. Being mad with the zeal and very studious the day soon passes with the usual incidents. Krefter forgot his dark glasses and the instructor was able to catch him asleep. Watch that Jack.

From 4:30 P.M. onwards, there is a steady trickle back to the hut and by 6:30 all are in.

7:00 P.M. What do you think of a man who shoves a needle through the mattress into his friend on the top bed. That's how it started between Les Young and Ron Whitehead (Those horrible Yorkshiremen) Ron being the unfortunate victim of course. He's smaller than Youngie.

"You wen't play eh Young?"

"Do him Ron".

"You couldn't do a good feed".

"I've done better things than you in my day"

"Go on, you're as weak as a chicken's in-step

"Why you dirty".....

"Come here and say that".

"Go on Young, Push his teeth through the back of his head" calls Jacky Smith, trying to precipitate action.

"You shut up Smithy. "Never let it be said an Englishman could do an Australian eh Boys?????" Hear, Hear - Thunderous Applause

"Where are you going to get ten men from Young, and so on".

"Now, I ask you, how can a man study with all that now?" says Basil Sproule of Sunday Evening Musicale fame. (6 P.M. in the "Y" if your are interested. That reminds me he owes me 25 cents. I'll have to see about that. Hmhmhmhm Yes.

"If you blokes don't mind I'm going to the dance," said the Sneik of the hut (Jack Krefter) "My Goodness..... Your what? and while we are on that subject, I'd like to know why you always get back from the Station dances an hour after everyone else?" inquired John McKittrick, one of the more sober elements in the hut, but Krefter had already disappeared with his wicked grin, followed by his stooge Cassanova Cliff Morris.

For the next few hours silence, punctuated by whistling, outbursts of song, discussions on flying, lessons women, life etc, etc.

10:30 P.M. Most of the men are in bed, others are staggering in, Peter Bousfield gets his nightly orange and clambers into bed. Not a bad chap Bosey, but he has an annoying habit of throwing orange peel around the room every night, after he goes to bed.

Ouch!!! got me - Excuse me Ah where was I? Oh Yes, Bose won't throw anymore orange peel tonight.

Put those lights out

Quiet, what about the time

You came in at 12:30 and.....

Lights out

Go and Get

How about a little shush?

Lights out,....

11:30 P.M. Better put the lights out I suppose. Gosh I'm tired. I think I work too hard. By the way did I tell you the one about the commercial traveller No??? Oh well, some other time. Oughm I wish this ruddy war was over. Goodnight

N WELSMAN.

HOSPITAL NEWS

The hospital and dental staffs has their weiner roast too, and for mirth and revelry we think it struck a new high. Honored guests were W/C Davenport, L Clark, F/L Godkin, F/C Walden and Ed Smee. The party was destined for success from the moment we piled into the trucks as Ed Smee swung into a rousing

tune on his guitar and mouth organ. (Superman!) and the cavalcade moved merrily off. Paul Siddle entertained one truckload with impromptu tap-dance and song- while a great shoe-removing battle went on in conjunction with Ed's music in the other.

Arrived there, the fire was speedily lighted, the music and singing began in earnest with Ed Smee and Captain Nichol on his violin- really hot too. The wieners were roasted and consumed but the singing did not flag nor fail, especially did its volume not fail. Siddle wandered and stumbling on the dark outskirts, muttering "Gotta get all these pop-bottles picked up" - poor sgt ("Mad-Scientist") Harbourne getting pop poured on his too tempting bold spot - a couple of old-time jitter-bugs responding to the strains of Turkey in the Straw - and a halting speech by good old F/S Blanchfield.

This latter made up in sincerity for what it lacked in preparedness. It was dedicated to our departing S.M.O. - S/L Hutchison - in whose honour the party was held. Perhaps we may here indulge in a bit of very real despair at this changing of our establishment, for through a year of association, his entire staff has learned to feel for him a very great respect, affection and loyalty. We will not forget his kindness, and the pleasant "esprit de corps" inspired by the "sharing" feeling we all had in the establishment of our hospital under his supervision. It is with genuine sadness that we see him go, - would it were not so!

AUGUST '20..

VULCAN ALTA.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

SUPERVISING EDITOR: F/L GODKIN
EDITOR/IN/CHIEF: R.N.CHESTER
ASSISTANT EDITOR: LAW CAMPBELL
SOCIETY EDITOR: CPL. CAMERON
COMING EVENTS: ED SMEE
W.D. REPORTER: LAW LAST.
TYPISTS: AWI STEPHENSON
AWI HOULE.
MIMEOGRAPHER: PAUL MASSE.

PUBLISHED WITH THE KIND PERMISSION EVERY TWO WEEKS OF THE COMMANDING OFFICER, W/C R.F. DAVENPORT.

THIS COPY OF THE PAPER IS SPECIALLY DEDICATED TO THOSE MEMBERS OF THE FIRST GRADUATING CLASS OF #19 S.F.T.S. COURSE 801

From Our Readers.

GRATITUDE

When Airmen get a posting, it always is a thrill. It must be celebrated, and that with a good will.

Their last night on the station must be pass in reverly. But unfortunately at sometimes only ends in devily.

Or when promotion comes his way, Its just the very same, He must have beer, wine & song or else its far too tame.

But sad to say the next day he does not feel so grand, He wonders why he acted so in such a pleasant land.

Now why should airmen act like this why not a song of praise, To God who gives him health & strength wh's watching all his ways, For all good gifts around us comes down from God above, We really should just thank him. For all, for all His love.

J.W.R.

~~~~~

## AN IDEAL PHILOSOPHY

"To be glad of life because it gives you a chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions but not contented until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness; to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; to spend as much time as possible with body and with spirit in God's out-of-doors".

JLJLJLJLJLJLJLJLJLJLJLJL

## CONTROL TOWER

Now speaking of the Control Tower I mean the lock out tower, a very busy important section, which we could not get along without.

F/O Schon who's our musician band leader, as well as a Control Officer, Who's always smiling and has something cheerful to say. Sort of keeps up the morale of the Control Tower and also the band. You know Sir; it sure is nice to have some one like you around, I don't know what we would do without you in a place like this.

F/O McLeod who put most of his spare time playing Golf. How many times have you won a game Sir? Or have you? Surely you must, I know that you would not let the Control Tower down like that.

Sgt. Gillespie (our freckled cheerful friend)(Their very cute ones too) who hails from Vancouver. And who thinks that Vulcan is not a very nice place. Well, Sgt you are not alone in that thought. He seems happy enough but we never see him around very much. He is one of these very unusual airmen quiet and stays close to barracks.

Sgt. Ewart who stays pretty close to barracks except on week-ends. I think he has some big attraction in Edmonton. Right Sgt?

Cpl. Fairburn whom we think is a very happy go lucky type. (Put much to our disappointment tells us that he has a lovely set of twins.) We sort of wonder if he is just handing us a line or not. You know he looks to be that honest and truthful type so I guess that we will take his word for it.

LAC Green you know the one with the cute little mustache and wears glasses. And he enjoys dancing so much with that one certain little W. Hum! Hum! All right Eh? what?

LAC Karowany whose far too busy working and studying wireless to be bothered much with any entertainment,

## "SWITCHBOARD NOTES"

Here we are again, and this time we wonder why:  
The phone at 22 is always busy,  
Why the flights call it at the same time,  
Why "everyone" blames us when a line is busy (we give you our word of honour we can't talk to 54 people at one time)  
Why E and F flights always play with the receiver,  
Why the officers mess leave the receiver off the hook,  
Why all the officers can't be like the C.O., C.I. and S/L Jacox,  
Why Accounts don't answer their phone,  
Why our beloved "Griss" had to get posted.

Perhaps it would interest you to know that,  
Mr. Smee wants to learn to operate the board (so he can learn to swear in three easy lessons),  
We seldom know where the C.O. or O.S. are,  
Cpl Hog will soon be leaving.

The poem immediately following by "Stinky" our Roving Reporter.  
You lift the phone to make a call,  
You think no one is near you, no one at all,  
Your calls held up, or some such thing,  
And then you really begin to sing.  
Your language sometimes, isn't quite nice,  
In fact it would turn Bet Grable to ice.

Now try and be thoughtful some of you  
Of the Switchboard girls, who try and try.  
It's not always her fault, if your numbers wrong,  
So why use that language, that sounds so strong.

We've tried to explain in our clumsy rhyme,  
The things we hear, on our switchboard line,  
We really do try to put through your call,  
And if it's held up it's not our fault not at all.

What Control Tower Orderly Room  
W.D. had her head in the clouds  
last Tuesday and walked into an  
aircraft with damage to said head???

## TOWER CALLING TENDER

### HELP WANTED!

Calling all good gremlins! Minimum of three to be trained as reporters on retractable (?) u/c's. Report to tower, file Flight plan and watch out!

Possible opening for one or two more gremlins to be detailed to stand on top of returning A/C. Keep sharp lookout for U/C's immediately overhead.

### WORK NOTES:

In setting signal areas, remember that the A/C fly in the SMALL and OUT the LARGE end, of the SOCK!

### COMMENT ON "SHOOTING UP THE TOWER"

"Maybe it would be a good idea to install a mirror on the roof."

### SOCIAL NOTE:

The new Sergeant is highly done down by messing and fees.  
Current favourite sayings "Like to hear what we had for supper to-night boys?"

### SPECIAL NOTE:

"Something new has been added!"  
Radio communication now established between tower and tender.  
A close check, will be kept by all.  
However we still remind all concerned that the tower is still where flight plans are to be filed.

### (BY MISTAKE ?)

P.S. Who by mistake "shot up" the yellow jeep instead of the tower?

Tower: Calling tender- "That is all. Listening out!"

~~~~~

TAKEN FROM "NORTHERN LIGHTS"
published for the employees of the
Hudson Bay Mining & Smelting Co., Ltd.

BANKER'S LAMENT

I wish I were away from town,
As far as I could get,
With all the bills I've got to meet,
Met.

Cont'd.

I would I were out on a farm,
A-basking in the sun,
With all the work I've got to do,
Done.

I wish I were beside the sea,
Or sailing in a boat,
With all the things I've got to write,
Wrote.

#####

I had a little bull pup, a pretty
little dear,
No doubt you are wondering why, I
haven't brought him here?
I took him for a walk one day and
very sad to tell;
A trolley car ran over him and now
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Be stuffed.

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(Servicing Squadron)

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Who were the Senior N.C.O.'s outside
of Barrack Block 5, Thursday on the
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HOW TO ENJOY YOURSELF THOUGH AT
#19 S.F.T.S.

If you don't enjoy your work, enjoy
your leisure.

If you don't enjoy your leisure, enjoy
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If you don't enjoy either, God help
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If a request for voluntary work on
the Sports Field appears in D.R.O.'s, and
you want to go and do it, DO IT! Don't
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when it was fun to run for a street car
and a disappointment to be able to JUST
WALK UP AND GET ON. Next thing you know you
won't be capable of WALKING!!

Don't wear out the bunk by sleeping
fourteen hours a day! Don't wish for the
war's ending -- HASTEN IT YOURSELF!
DO SOMETHING! If it's only beating your
self on the head with a hammer! Keep
YOUR things NEAT. Help keep your room
NEAT and the ground around YOUR barrack
block. NOT because "disciplinary action
will be taken" but because it will feed
your own ego- BECAUSE unless you watch it
very closely it's liable to help make
you HAPPY! YES!! HAPPY!! Not slap happy.
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It is difficult for you and me to tell
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Cont'd

ANSWER'S PLEASE

I would I were out on a farm,
A-basking in the sun,
With all the work I've got to do,
Done.

I wish I were beside the sea,
Or sailing in a boat,
With all the things I've got to write,
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SKRAMBELED KORN

Once again you are about to be thrilled or else? by some of the adventures of #19 S.F.T.S. Cooks during their off duty hours.

We welcome our new Opl. Pierrer from #5 Dafoe who has joined in the softball games and proves as capable as she is during working hours.

We are gettin acquainted with several new comers formly of the precision Squadron who have had their share of traveling and needless to say drill & parades.

We wonder how the airmen like the baking by the George's and they are not both W.D.'s.

What will become of Marg. when that certain Sgt. gets posted???

Well with Terry and Agnes Fulawka both gone we greet Lucy and the guitar with open arms. Give us more, Lucy, We need it.

Opl. Sleep, please excuse last week's misprint. We are proud of you with your "A" grouping.

Why does Vivian always stay in barracks the evenings a certain R.A.F. boy is night flying?

With Louie all excited about her posting to MacLeod and Joyce excited about her furlough we wonder?????????????

Why Rollie is all excited?????????????

Watch for skrambled Korn to be continued next week,

The Rambler

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

A DOG'S PRAYER

Oh Lord of humans, make my master faithful to his fellow men as I am to him. Grant that he may be devoted to his friends and family as I am to him. May he be openfaced and undeceptive as I am: may he be true to trust reposed in him as I am to his;

Give him a face cheerful like unto my wagging tail; give him the spirit of gratitude like unto my licking tongue. Fill him with patience like unto mine, that awaits his footsteps uncomplaining-

ly for hours; fill him with my watchfulness, my courage, and my readiness to sacrifice comfort for life.

Keep him always young in heart, and crowded with the spirit of play even as I;  
Make him as good a man as I am a dog;  
Make him worthy of me his dog.

#####

I never dreamed when first you saw the light of day,  
That you would wear a uniform and march away,  
In happy, thoughtless years gone by,  
You laughed and played,  
On came to me for solace,  
When you cried,  
But now I cannot lift the load, that you must bear,  
You've grown so tall and strong,  
Proud of the uniform you wear,  
I cannot see the long, long road,  
That you must go, you and countless others,  
Whose Mothers love them too,  
Your country's stirring need,  
Will make you quick blood race,  
While Mothers smile,  
To keep the heart weak from her face,  
But may the sun of freedom,  
Make rainbows of our tears,  
For to us you've still just boys,  
Marching off across the years.

Anonymous

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

AND THAT SHOULD HELP

I may forget to darn the holes, which happen in your socks,  
I may forget your soft boiled eggs, until they're hard as rocks,

It's likely I'll forget and talk, Right when you're reading papers;  
I may forget my dignity,  
And do some foolish capers.

I may forget to think, and say, Dumb things--things that may floor you;  
It's possible that I'll forget,  
To tell you I adore you,

But, Darling, with all my faults I vow,  
By all the stars above you,  
No matter what you ever do,  
I won't forget to love you.

Et Nomine

"COURAGE"

There are many kinds of courage in evidence these days,  
Some of it is recognized, deserving of its-praise.  
But for the kind of courage that's really hard to beat,  
Let me guide y u on a visit to parts of Christie Street.

Here in this rambling hospital are sights to make you weep,  
Of men with lines of suffering, which pain has etched in deep,  
Though you may expect self-pity, you'll look for it in vain;  
You'll never fail to find a smile, though the body's racked with pain.

There's Ed here; he lost both his arms, but now he's on his way,  
Quite proud of his new steel ones, which he uses more each day.  
"I'm young and healthy yet" he says, with the world's best little wife.  
We'll just start out from scratch again, and build a brand new life.

Jim was navigator, in a bomber over Cologne,  
Ack ack got one engine, but they tried to nurse it home,  
When the other engine "conked out" they were getting pretty near,  
They hit a tree, and Jimmie was the only one thrown clear.

Kind hands picked him up and trundled him off to the base,  
Where the doctors started in on a complicated case,  
This is his sixth operation, but it has not dimmed his smile,  
His legs will be strong as ever, and good for many a mile.

"Frenchie" wasn't so lucky; he lost both his legs,  
When the armoured car he was riding got smashed like a dozen eggs,  
Then there's "Red" down in the corner; they're building him a new face,  
To the doctors here there's no such thing as a really hopeless case.

So you may go from ward to ward, with like tales everywhere,  
Dispatch riders, soldiers, airmen, in every state of repair,  
These are the 'young veterans' who've gladly stood the gaff,  
They're not the ones with the medals, but still they manage to laugh;

How does this courage stack up against that of the picket-line.

Of the 'plucky' idle workers, who lay down their tools and whine,  
"We'll not make another weapon, until we get our due!",  
I ask you, men of Christie Street, how does it sound to you?

You who gladly gave so much at your country's urgent call;  
Do you know any reason big enough for refusing to work at all?  
When the fighter's needs are greatest, they stand idle on the street.  
I wish to God I could teach those men the spirit of Christie Street.

(Of Christie Street Hospital, Toronto, Ont)

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W.D. "This Air Force life is pretty tough",  
Civy: "How come,"  
W.D. They give us coffee to drink three times a day, and in the mornings expect us to P.T.

~~~~~

Dear Editor:

As one to whom life has always been a jest, (something to be laughed at), and who enjoys a joke, even at my own expence; it quite hurts to think that the S.P's took the remark about the boiler room so—seriously. So—a very humble apology, that was only pulling your legs Deah Boys, and I've some quite good friends among you,
Whose feelings should not be hurt.

See you in the wet on Saturday night as usual.

(Any Old Mouse)

~~~~~

NEWS OF THE MESS"

It has been said that romance runs in the kitchen!  
It doesn't anymore it has clicked,  
CONGRADULATIONS; Edna and Smithy.

//////