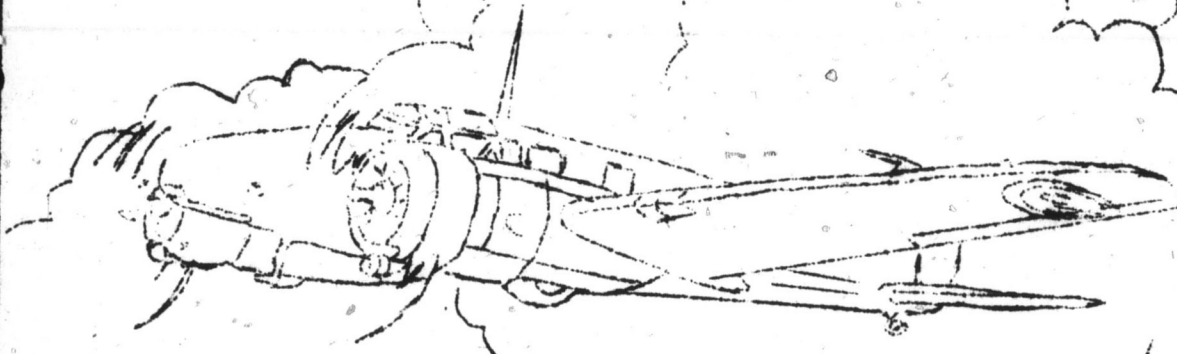




WINGS



OVER

VULCAN



Three guesses and the first one's right. A portrait of our Commanding Officer, W/C M.P. Fraser. This sketch was drawn by L.A.C. Bradford, R.W., Course 86. His impression was gained from a fleeting and distant glimpse of the C.O., and from others descriptions. Watch for more of his work in our next edition.

HEADQUARTERS

Now that Course 42 has safely got away- and weren't they a Grand Bunch! - And the dust having settled down again.-

THE NEWS ABOUT HEADQUARTERS SEEMS TO

BE:

Sgt. K. Charlton and AW1 Major (Bobby and Ken to us) got married quietly Friday night, September 17th, and although, first there was a sand storm and then a snow storm, somehow or another I don't think Ken or Bobby even noticed. Both Bobby and Ken are real old timers at No. 19, and Headquarters gathered around them to present a six-piece set of dishes and a coffee percc. Ken says

he knows how to make the coffee, so we hope that Bobby can cook the rest of the meal. Best of Luck to both of them.

Both Sgt. Fraser and Cpl. Cameron have been posted, leaving Miss Coyle to carry on alone. Their going means a new order with extra duties for the trade Corporals. We are all sorry to see them go and wish them success in their new work.

S/L Clark has left us for a new unit in Calgary. We hope he will like it in the big city. Remember him throwing the putt on the station Sport's Day? And, by the way, that really was quite a tug-of-war between the Officers and N.C.O.'s, wasn't it?

We are all glad to hear that Flight Watson has been up and around in the Hospital, and although it is rumoured that he is running the Orderly Room by remote Control,

Editorial Page

EDITORIAL STAFF OF WINGS OVER

VULCAN.

SUPERVISING EDITOR: F/L GODKIN
EDITOR IN CHIEF: R.N. CHESTER
ASSISTANT EDITOR: LAW CAMPBELL
SOCIETY REPORTER: CPL. CAMERON.
W.D. REPORTER: LAW LAST.
COMING EVENTS: ED SMEE.

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SEPT 23., 1943.

MIMEOGRAPHER: PAUL MASSE
TYPISTS: HOULE, ..

CARTOONIST - L.A.C. BRADFORD COURSE
86.

EDITORIAL

With such things as snow storms and talk about the cost of ski's and lights coming on before the sun goes down, and the coal pile increasing in size, and people calling on clothing stores for a third blanket and the garages stocking up an anti-freeze and plans under way for new Years leave. I guess we might as well face the fact that Old Man Winter is stalking across the wide, cold prairies.

Remembering last winters horror on this station, here are a few observations for the benefit of our unexperienced newcomers. If you can see the hairs on the end of your nose, the chances are that the tip is a cute round white patch, most attractive on brunettes. If the snow is piled along the floor of your room in the morning, it will no doubt be melted by noon hour. If you meet a brown ghost on its way to the equipment section it will be one of the girls under a blanket, grey, airwomen for the use of. If you get lost in a blizzard on your way to the mess hall, go back to barracks and eat the cheese and crackers you were saving for next saturday night. If you go away on a 48, take a extra set of clothes and some vitamin pills and we'll see you next spring.

And last but not least if Christmas this year is like Exmas last year - start saving your coupons now, Chum!!!!

All the best for a snug and cosy winter.

(Asst. Editor)

Headquarters Cont'd

Much credit is due Sgt. Chalk for looking after things while he was away. However we will be glad to see him back again, and I think Bob will be glad to get back too.

LIFE'S COMPENSATIONS

Life in the airforce is just grand,
No matter what they say,
We meet the finest men on earth,
And live with them each day.

I like the way they call me chum,
In such a friendly way,
I know they understand the tasks,
That face me day by day.

We have so much in common,
Our work, our aims, our joys,
We like to talk about our friends,
Our wives, our girls, our boys.

This lifes an education,
For we travel far and wide,
We work with men from every clime,
They are human ALL inside.

We don't enjoy quite all of it,
But in the years to come,
We know we'll not regret the act,
When this big war is won.

And in the years that lie ahead,
What friendships there will be,
We'll have pen pals in other lands,
Away beyond the seas.

Waile in our hearts we'll always know,
.Our duty has been done,
Our debt to all mankind was paid,
When the last big war was WON.

Gee! Men - The weaker sex is often stronger then the stronger sex because of the weakness of the stronger sex for the weaker sex.

oooooooooooooooooooo

EQUIPMENT SECTION

Hidden in one part of this huge station, is a place that you could call the Equipment Section. Funny sort of a place, it is divided into seven separate units. I shall try to give you a little gossip on an interesting section.

Shall I say that our Orderly Room is the place where our headaches begin and end. Each and every one sits at his or her desk with a frown on their faces. Oh! What a pity... I know those few that have seen them do feel for them even if they can't reach them.

Our newest member in our Orderly Room is BROTHER BILL, SOMETHING new is the right words for this little boy.

Congratulations are due to a grand little girl who has worked hard and diligently, formerly LAW, and now Corporal Chandler.

Next in line comes Techy Stores, it's the nut house of the complete Section. I would say we must have about ten thousand dead nuts, and about ten real live wire nuts. Everyone drops in to visit us during the hours from 8 to 10 A.M. and from 1:15 to 3 P.M. Sergeant Wyman is our most frequent visitor, in fact we consider him one of us. Poor soul, I wonder if he cares to remuster to an Equipment assistant.

We also have a place which is called the Issue and Receipt section, where God knows what comes in or what goes out. If certain people would bring incoming articles, straight to the I. and R. instead of giving them to every Tom, Dick and Harry on the station it might then feally be called the Issue and Receipt section. We are also very pleased to have back with us after a very enjoyable leave (I wonder) A shy chap by the name of L.A., cute little fellow. A newcomer is Rosalie. What a girl she is! If I were a fellow and caught a glimpse of her I'd say "Mmmm, not bad, eh?"

Here, yet down there, amongst the moths, who have Clothing Stores. They give you a suit, a hat, and a pair of shoes, then say "Sign your name please, We have your number." No fooling though, they carry the latest designed clothing in this new dry and age. We all look as though we just stepped out of Vogue Magazine, by the time we make our exit from Clothing Stores. What am I saying???

Barrack Stores, is a place where angels fear to tread. I say that as I have tested some of the washing soap. Say that stuff is worse than using a razor blade. And the hand towels, you

might as well try to dry your hands on a piece of sand paper. Folks, if you care to have a feather comforter to lay on your cot, just call on Barrack Stores although I just heard that they are now supplying grey blankets, due to shortage of feathers on this station.

Oh! How could I ever forget publications? That's where one goes, when one wants to look at Alice Faye. She will give you her address book and tell you to write your phone number and call back next month during the first week, for Stationary or Publications. Remember there is a place and time for everything.

Last but not least is Gasoline Alley, known to the officials as the Gas and Oil Section. It is a rather secret section, so I had better not be telling any military secrets or before I know it I'll find myself behind bars. I know that's where people like me belong but still, look where they got Hitler.

I said gossip, folks, but don't take it all to heart. Equipment is a good gang, meet them all just wait till you get to know them. Signing off till next time.

(Eileen Trask)

DID YOU KNOW DEPT

Pet pooch Joey was locked in the Rec. Hall Tuesday night. Passersby released her the next morning when our favorite animal was seen hanging out an upstairs window.

After finishing a snack in the Coffee Bar the other day, an airman was seen to pick up the resulting debris of papers and cartons and carry it to the waste basket. Seems like an example we all might follow???

The Canton Stewardesses were startled to have some one ask "May I have a milk shake please? Have we got to the stage where ordinary good manners are startling? Lets do something about it, courtesy pays.

That still waters run deep? Take Eddie Allen from Accounts, for instance.

That this station is getting set for a bang-up basketball season?

That Ed Smee is away on a weeks holiday, so if the station goes all to pot you'll know why?

W.D. Chatter

"What peaceful hours we once enjoyed,

How sweet their memory still", might well be the laments of the erstwhile exclusive hospital assistants. Rather, we're here to welcome the newcomers to our barrack room. First came Perky and Fletcher, and, if loving a sailor means anything, Perky is sure a nice girl.

Bonnie Lester, who came with them has a cute trick of locking her locker with the key inside. However, the invincible LAW Arundell is always on hand with a nail file, so all is well.

Our next addition was two Corporals, Cpl. Fuller, who sees through you with her X-ray machine, of course, and Cpl. Green of the good old M.T. Section.

This makes a total of four Cpls. to look after 12 unoffending (?) airwomen. You want a Corporal? Oh No, we'll keep them all, thank you.

No, that's not all, we managed to get three Met. Observers.

Speakman was the first of these and as she was posted from a "quiet" Clareholm barrack block, she objects strenuously to our noisy tho' happy abode. We hear she is to be Cpl. Speakman quite soon. Congrats, Kid!?

Last but by no means least comes Jo and Thompson, available at the Control Tower at all times.

Sorry we have been unable to locate any of their scandal sheets so far!!! Until we do, the hospital girls and LAW Wood (another prospective Corporal) are joining to say welcome, Kids, and toddle-hoo felks.

B. B. 10 C.

Which of the Canteen Sisters is very heart broken over the posting of a certain Aussie. And what time did the other one get "Home"?

Why does Fish always look to see if there is English mail in.

On graduation night what caused our Irish from the Airmens Mess to upset the floor bucket, causing several bruises to show up the next day? They say it was quite a show!

What do two certain postal clerks think of the Army's entrance into the P.O? Would you happen to know anything about this Jack?

cont'd

What W.D.'s had the interesting conversation re-kissing the other night.

Which dark haired W.D. is seen every night with an Aussie instructor? (The one who insists on being called sgt.)

Flo, we're all wondering if you'll find your ideal in the new course?

We wonder what causes Hutus eyes to sparkle these days? It could be Love????????!!!!!!

And we've discovered an airman who thought "W" "D" stood for WOLF DIVISION.

A Texan in the U.S. Army on being told by the W.D.'s about the dust storms at Vulcan, drawled, Sho you all joined the Air-u-rr Force to serve the country but didn't mean to eat it.

Shopping expeditions are th thing these days. Believe it or not Texas shopping too! And packing overseas parcels for husbands, Dads, Sweethearts, brothers, Cousins and the kids in the old gang has got to be a fad.

THAT MEN MAY FLY

Till the ration books have vanished!
And the gas coupons - no more.

Tell our boys come marching home again.
Tell we've won this awful war.
Till the lights of all our cities,
Shine both far and high.
We'll don our country's uniform.
And serve that men may fly.

Till your favorit cut of bacon,
Is on your grocers shelf.
Till you taste again those homemade pies,
The one's you bake yourself.
Til the taxes have been lowered.
And the prices aren't so high.
We'll join with other lassies.
And serve that men may fly.

Till the common English workman,
Once again can smoke his fag.
Till the "Rising Sun" has set.
And we've Hitler in the bag.
Till our boy's return the victory.
On the earth "V" in the sky.
We'll pack our frills for Victory.
And serve that men may fly!

(This poem was written by a brand new W.D. at Rockcliffe).

Contributed

A HEARING FROM THE BRAVNY ARM OF THE

GAS TENDER GIRLS

They all ask us how we are liking our new job out in the flights. Our reply is a very emphatic "FINE"!

It's rather an odd life we lead now, most of our time spent in reverse. Though going backwards most of the day, it doesn't seem to help any in rolling a few of the years off our birthday calendar. Instead we are probably getting a good many more wrinkles on our faces from gazing up at the boys on the wings. Now just wait a minute, don't get the wrong idea we're merely watching for the gas tanks to fill, when we must shut off the pump, and not give the fellows on the wing a gas shower.

Then there are the times when you see, from a distance, what looks to you like one of the boys whispering sweet nothings in our ears. Sorry to disillusion you, he is only telling us the meter reading & has to yell it, close to our ears to make himself heard above the roar of a nearby plane, that some airman is enthusiastically warming up.

Our hands are getting a crop of callousis any lumberjack would be proud of and I am quit sure our left leg will be longer than the right one, by the end of the war, from using the clutch pedal so much. Still with wrinkles, callouses, limp and all we do like our job. The men out on the flights are a grand bunch, and we are proud to be working with them, even in a small way.

In ending we say a prayer and ask you all to say it for us too:

"Please God, don't ever let me forget when and how to stop the Tender. But if we do forget and go right through one of George's wings, let us have presence of mind enough to keep right on going, gaining speed all the time. Let them never catch up to us".

A-Men

(H. Kingston)

WHEN DUTY CALLED

We've laid aside our peaceful tasks,
We've packed our kits and gone to war.
We loved those things we left behind,
But loved our country even more.
And though we lie in some strange land,
Forgotten perhaps by all but God,
We rest in peace, because we know,
Transgressor's heels shall never grind.
Our country's flag with the dust,
We know because all made it so.

We love the mummer of the brack,
That flows between the mountain slopes.
The golden moon that softly smiled,
As if he shared our secret hopes.

We loved the whisper of the rain,
Upon the roof tops overhead;
The gleam of sun upon the snow,
We sacrifice these things we loved.

To keep our Flag Forever free.
We know because we made it so.

(One American Sergeant)

INTERVIEW IN SPORTS

The inquiring Reporter:
Mr. Nixon, I understand you played
Canadian football?

Nixon: That's right, I.R.: where
did you play?

Nick: In the line, I.R. What
position?

Nick: Bent over.

Don't forget to buy those Victory Bonds. They are your best investment, and provide the finest medium for saving your money and getting interest on it too. After the war is over, cash in your bonds for that college education, or that home you are going to build for the "little woman". Buy bonds and ax the infernal Axis.

ENTERTAINMENT CLUB MEETING

20th September/43

With the season for concerts and plays starting the Entertainment clubs first meeting was held Monday night and they see promise of a really bang-up season. With capable committees chosen, and plans for some really good entertainment this year, the club is off to a flying start.

Heading the club is our competent "Y" man, Ed. Smee, as president. The rest of the committee consists of Vice Presidents Ray Charleton in charge of dramatics; Cpl. Ward variety programs, LAW Parkin, costumes and make up, Sgt. Anderson stage effects, S/O Berry script reading and writing; Nursing Sister MacPerson, assisted by Sgt. Black, publicity, Paul Masse mimeographer, and LAW Campbell secretary treasure.

The club had a brief discussion on their program in the near future. They intend to start on a concert right away, and in that way be prepared for the Command Radio Performance to be presented by this station on Nov. 1. At present the Chief problem is raising the funds so necessary to stage good concerts-- money for costumes, scripts stage properties, make-up and music, but with some of the master minds already at work, they feel that within a short time they will have overcome the problem. And with a year of not only fun, but plenty of work, the club sends out a more than cordial invitation to all and sundry for your participation and help. Let's see as many as possible, and even more, at the next general meeting. Watch for the announcement on your bulletin boards. See you then!!!!

First Airman: "I've got to shove off now and meet a gal at 34th and Broadway at 6:30".

Second Airman: "Who's the lucky gal?"
First Airman: "How do I know who'll be at 34th and Broadway at 6:30?"

"I have a pain in my abdomen," said the rookie to the Station M.O.

"Young man," replied the medico, "officers have abdomens, Sergeants have stomachs, YOU have a bellyache."

(Yorkton Flarepath)

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SCRAPS FROM THE MESS

Questions about camp: "What is being done to make the airmens mess more attractive?" to which your mess committee will reply "Plenty!" Now that after much delay the hall has been painted, next thing on the list is tables. In the very near future they will be a gleaming white enamel "chairs" for the W.D.'s??? Maybe yes, maybe no, seems there is some question as to whether they are still on the scale of issue. But we're still trying to get them! And the conglomeration of waste at the exit? It will be screened off as soon as the appropriate arrangements can be made.

What about smoking in the Mess Hall? In all fairness to the hard working mess Staff it is suggested to have well enough alone. Have you ever thought of the extra work that cigarette stubs and ashes on the plates and in cups can cause? Further, waste scraps are sold for pig feed and pigs don't care for chewing tobacco, thank you !!! DOGS?

We love them too, but owners should know that the mess hall is not the place for pets to play. (Ditto the parade square, wings parades etc. Please take the hint dog fanciers of our M.O.'s exterminator squad will be forced to take steps).

Now for the food. Delay in getting some of the things you have been asking for can be explained by a change in wholesalers. But you may expect dry cereal fairly often and those other favorites, you have been asking for as soon as funds supply and suitability to needs can be gauged.

Just to be sure that you are happy about the whole thing remember this. Your messing committee will welcome justified complaints and suggestions. Let us know what you want and we'll do our best to get it for you.

Let's EAT!!!!

(Nell Last)

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In a christian country, a man can have only one wife. This called monotony.

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AIR FORCE JARGON

Joe Holiday came from the of---well, it doesn't matter. When Joe joined the Air Force he was perplexed for some time by the meanings of certain words and phrases in common use. Accordingly after several weeks --in fact months in the Service, he prepared for Corn Centreites, who might follow in his footsteps, the following "dictionary" of meanings and explanations:

ALERT: Comes in three numbers. No. 1 occurs when you are about to proceed on pass and occasions cancellation of plans. No. 2 Few know what to do. No. 3 No one does anything at all.

A.W.O.L.: A condition arising when one's plans fail to coincide with those of Air Force authorities.

BARRACKS: A place where you try to sleep and where all your belongings must be hidden from the eyes of inspecting officers.

C.O.: A man who finds out what you don't like to do, and then rules that you shall do it.

DEFAULTERS: Airmen who try to practice democracy.

DISCIPLINARY ACTION: Something, which, according to all notices is going to be taken.

DIGGER: A hole, but you don't have to dig it.

D.R.O.: A kind of daily newspaper which is hard to find and which you should have read when you didn't.

DINGHY: A loud noise made by aircrew at the termination of each flight in a sea plane.

EAST: Often referred to as "CANADA" by people from Toronto.

FURLOUGH: This is what airmen think of most of the time. Usually has something to do with girls.

FORTY EIGHT: Refers to free time which airmen hope to get; often cancelled by disciplinary action. (see above)

HOOKS: Something like prizes in a sweep stake. Everyone hopes to get them, but you can't tell who will.

JOE: One who performs tasks which he thinks should be done by some one else.

MANNING POOL: You don't fish, nor swim this one.

MAE WEST: When worn produces similar curves, but is less desirable than the movie actress.

MESS: Has much the same meaning as in civilian life.

MUD: Same as in civilian life, but there is more of it.

ORDERLY: Synonym for Joe (see above)
Officer: A man who is told there are no complaints. Room: information bureau for airmen.

PARADE: A line of airmen, usually waiting. Clothing, a line of airmen waiting for something they will not get.

REMUSTER: What tradesmen wish to do.

SERGEANT MAJOR: One who welcomes new men to the Station, but whom they seldom wish to see again.

S.P.: A man with an armband who does not like craps or poker.

U.S.: Sometimes means United States, but generally applies to things you have to fix when you don't want to work.

WEST: Synonymous with hell to Airmen from Ontario.

(Coal Harbour Snovel)
Vol. 1