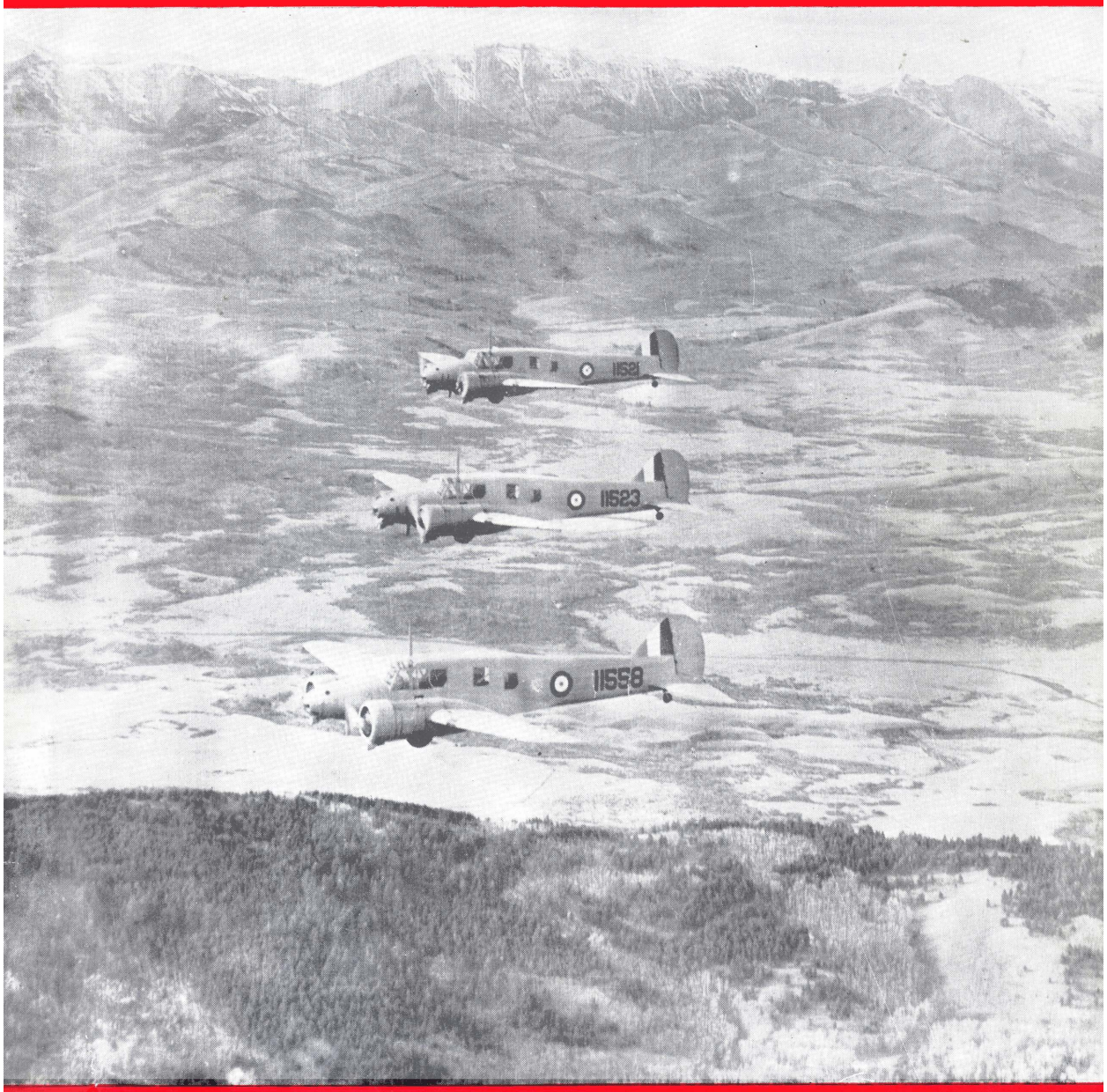
ONE YEAR OF PROGRESS
WITH
No. 19 SERVICE FLYING TRAINING SCHOOL
VULCAN, ALBERTA



ANNUAL . MAY . 1943 — 1944

FLYING

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilights, dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue.

—TENNYSON, LOCKSLEY HALL.



No. 19
SERVICE FLYING TRAINING SCHOOL

VULCAN, ALBERTA

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

ANNUAL
1944

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GROUP CAPTAIN M. P. FRASER
COMMANDING OFFICER, NO. 19 S.F.T.S.

A MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDING OFFICER . . .

Our First Milestone

It was not until the Editor of this Annual asked me to write it's Foreword that I fully appreciated our School had already completed a full year of operation. Our record is not without its blemishes but the results we have achieved have been most satisfactory, and I wish to extend my sincere thanks to the Officers, Other Ranks and civilian staff whose splendid co-operation have made this possible.

In addition to those who do the routine Air Force Work, I wish to thank the personnel of No. 19 who have organized and supervised the various extra-curricular activities which so greatly contributed to making life on the Station as pleasant and happy as possible. I refer, of course, to the personnel who have devoted their spare time to the organization and promotion of station entertainment, sports activities and the many groups and clubs.

To our graduates, I wish the very best of luck and success throughout their Air Force career and give them unqualified assurance that the training they have received here in Canada is the finest in the world.





GROUP CAPTAIN M. P. FRASER
COMMANDING OFFICER, NO. 19 S. F. T. S.

DO WE KNOW OUR COMMANDING OFFICER?

A short insight into the life of — Group Captain Fraser as written by our annual's foot- slogging reporter. .

TONY STEIERT

Group Captain M. P. Fraser arrived at Vulcan in April, 1943, for the purpose of joining the staff of No. 19 Service Flying Training School which he formally opened May 3rd, 1943.

Our Commanding Officer was born in Whitehouse, Yukon Territories, in January, 1906. His father and grandfather were both attached to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the former was head of the R.C.M.P. Medical Branch.

The flying career of Group Captain Fraser commenced in 1928 with Aircraft Limited, Toronto. At this time his instructor was Jeff O'Brian, now Air Commodore, J. O'Brian of the Royal Canadian Air Force. He obtained his commercial license in 1929 and later his transport license, flying commercially for such concerns as Skyways Limited and Eastern Canada Air Lines.

In 1930 he joined the Air Force as Pilot Officer, posted to Reserve of Officers as Flying Officer in 1932. Prior to his joining the R.C.M.P. in 1933 he flew commercially and in partnership with his friend bought a machine and barnstormed for a year. The next three years were spent with the R.C.M.P. attached to the Air Force on Customs and Excise Coastal Patrol as an observer. Again he spent a year flying commercially in the East. The year 1937 saw G/C Fraser with the Mounted Police on the formation of the Aviation Branch as Chief Pilot with the rank of Staff Sergeant until January 1st, 1940.

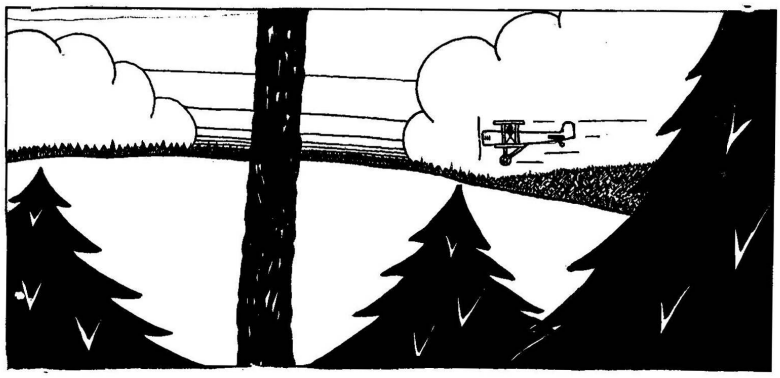
On January 1st, 1940 he joined the Air Force as Pilot Officer, Acting/Flying Officer, and was posted to Bombing & Reconnaissance at Jerrico Beach, Vancouver, attached to the 120 B.R. Squadron. In the fall of 1942 he was sent to Trenton on an Instructors' Course, where he spent a few months instructing. His next move was to No. 1 I.T.S., Toronto to help set up the visual Link Trainer. During the early part of 1942, G/C Fraser spent two months as Flight Commander at Camp Borden then in turn as Flight Commander at No. 12 S.F.T.S., Brandon and No. 8 S.F.T.S., Moncton. His stay at Moncton lasted 18 months during which time, in 1941, he became a Squadron Leader. In the fall of 1942 he was posted to No. 13 S.F.T.S., St. Hubert where he obtained the rank of Wing Commander, fulfilling the duties of Chief Instructor. In the spring of 1943, again as Chief Instructor he was posted to No. 2 S.F.T.S., Uplands, Ottawa, where he remained for only three months. The next posting was to Vulcan.

It was while at Moncton that be obtained A-1 Category as Instructor in 1942.

The only accident he has had in his long flying career occurred during a forced landing while flying commercially between Moncton and Halifax. Although he suffered no personal injuries the plane was badly damaged.

Group Captain Fraser was married April 14th, 1939 to Margaret Sumner of Moncton, N.B. They have a 19 months old son, Sumner Martin. Mrs. Fraser and their young son reside in Vulcan, while his mother and sister are presently residing at St. Petersburg, Florida.

Group Captain Fraser was appointed to his present rank on April 1st of this year. After the cessation of the war he hopes to continue his career with the Royal Canadian Air Force.



W/C JACOX

CHIEF FLYING
INSTRUCTOR
NO. 19 S. F. T. S.

A right guy if there ever was one . . . and there was one!



Seated at his desk in the tower Jake dispenses laurels and blasts . . . both with a smile.

Born in Seattle, Washington, February 10, 1920. A business trip on his father's part brought the family to Edmonton in 1931, where they have resided since.

At the early age of thirteen, in a perfect display of air-mindedness, we see young Jacox joining the Edmonton Aero Club; and the following year make his solo flight. He was then the youngest pilot in Canada. W/C Jacox obtained his private license in 1937 at the early age of 17 and his commercial in 1939—just prior to the outbreak of the War. During his early flying career, W/C Jacox found time to finish High School, though he possibly skipped the odd period for flying interests. "I have always liked flying" says W/C Jacox. He joined the R.C.A.F. in the fall of 1939 and reported January 2, 1940 as a Provisional Pilot Officer. Took elementary at Moose Jaw Flying Club; his service at Camp Borden, Ontario.



Upon graduation and the reception of his Wings he obtained the rank of Flying Officer. He took an Instructors Course at C.F.S., Trenton, from where he graduated in September, 1940 and where, after graduating, he remained on staff until April, 1942. He received his Flight Lieutenant September, 1941. From October, 1941 until April, 1942 W/C Jacox was O.C. of "G" Flight at Trenton. Just before leaving he received his A-1 Category as Flying Instructor. It was during his time here—that between March 25, 1941 and April 24, 1941—he toured Manitoba and Saskatchewan with the Visiting Flight—representing Central Flying School. His next posting April, 1942, was Clareholm No. 2 F.I.S. to help in formation of that Unit as Examining Officer. Moved to Vulcan with No. 2 F.I.S. He was promoted to the rank of Squadron Leader January, 1943, and was posted to No. 19 S.F.T.S. at Vulcan when the Unit was formed here.

After his posting to No. 19 S.F.T.S., Vulcan, effective May 3rd, he was C.I. of Training Wing except for a short time when W/C Davenport was C.O. and G/C Fraser became C.I.

During his Flying Career, which is as varied as it is interesting, Mr. Jacox found time to join the "Benediction Class". Mr. Jacox married Mary Elizabeth Turpin of Vancouver in Toronto, January 11, 1941.

W/C and Mrs. Jacox have a son, David James, born New Year's Eve, 1942. Mrs. Jacox and David James also reside at Vulcan.

Mr. Jacox is second eldest in a family of 7, his two sisters and brothers reside at Edmonton.



S/L McMAHON S. A. O.



F/L BOYD ADJ.



W/O OUNSTED S. W. O.



Fl/O WEBB S. W. D. O.

ADMINISTRATION

What makes our station tick
"Sunday, Monday and Always"

A new arrival on this station, after a routine check by the guardhouse, finds himself out on a fairly modern processed street and face to face with a typical squat, ugly, but practical airforce structure. He stares at it and wonders what it is and who is in it. This is the administration building. It houses the machinery and the people who make this station function efficiently. It is these people who make things go that we shall tell him about rather than the machinery, and we note that they can be divided into two groups: the big fry and the small fry.

Among the big fry is Group Captain M. P. Fraser, veteran flier with both the service and the mounted police, who directs the station and its policy in his capacity of Commanding Officer. In this category also is Squadron Leader McMahon, an outstanding collegiate wrestler, who is responsible for the smooth running of the station. Flight Lieutenant Boyd, our billiard playing adjutant, falls in this grouping too. From all reports he is the busiest man on the station, his duties including all the essential details on such matters as Court Martials, Investigation and Courts of Inquiry. All this seems a great amount of work but he also handles all the station correspondence—a one man job in itself. He is ably assisted in his work by assistant adjutant F/O Webb. Giving F/O Webb feminine commissioned company is amiable A/S/O Partington, who in her non-commissioned days held forth as a met. observer.

Among the slightly smaller fry is F/Sgt. Watson. His particular domain is the Orderly Room. He has some peculiar idea that he is going to be posted but as yet his posting has not materialized. Competing with the orderly room apparently to determine who can make the most noise is Central Registry. Into all this hubub has come F/Sgt. Curly Richardson, and he appears to be working into the orderly room groove as time goes by. Missing at present from this scene of action is Sgt. Chalk (W.D.) who is on temporary duty in Trenton.

Among the still smaller fry are to be found several young ladies with interesting and unusual occupations. Have you ever wondered who is responsible for turning out D.R.O.'s, those closely read sheets that tell you everything from the fact that you are posted overseas to the fact that you can't take a shower between 1900 and 2200 hours? The person responsible is Cpl. Ryder who is situated over in a little corner of her own where she can pound out on her Remington the little sentences which govern our lives. If you need typing practice she will gladly turn over nine or ten pages or so for you to work on. Unusual too is the particular job handled by A.W.1 Cowan. She is the young lady who sees that any urgent news gets to you quickly. She is in charge of all incoming and outgoing telegrams. Her outstandingly busy time is when a course graduates and she has the many extra telegrams of congratulations to handle. This job used to be handled by AW1 Mitchell, at present, we are sorry to report, hospitalized in Calgary. Her new job is understudy to Cpl. Ryder from whom she is learning the ins and outs of D.R.O.'s. Equally unusual is the job of AW2 Fulcher. She is the young lady who makes sure that you eat and drink when you go on a forty-eight, or on your furlough. You may find her at her little wicket any time of the day ready to hand you those tiny coupons which enable you to purchase rationed items for your host or hostess. Seemingly the only quiet person in this madhouse is LAW Phillips. Along with AW1 Worsdall she keeps the C.O.'s and the Adjutant's Correspondence in order. Our new arrival has stared long enough now and with a quick look to see if the S.P.'s want him any more he shuffles off to find barrack block 8A2.

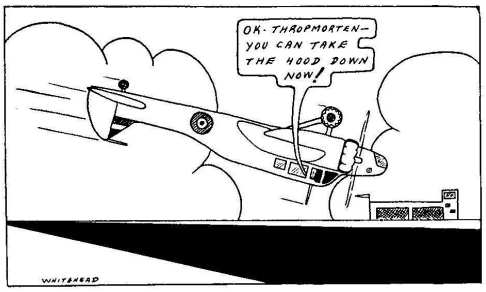


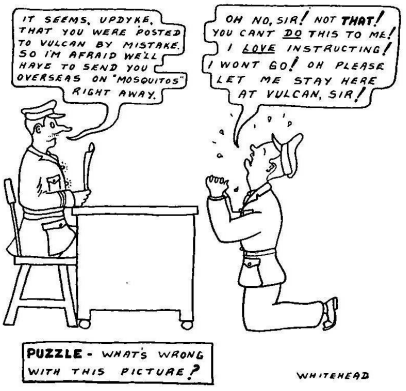
Grouped in front of 'Parliament Hill' we have the folks of the Administration office, Records and Central Registry. First inhabitants to greet a stranger to our station.

RECORDS

Listen to this line from Records—they speak about efficiency—ask any one (in records) and the answer is—efficiency is the only word applicable to them. Here almost any time of the day, you will find the industrious staff sitting around drinking cokes or eating cake, and the ones that aren't visible, can be found, filed neatly away in the store room taking a nap. The Simon Lagree on this Section is Sgt. Charlton with the well fitted (or filled) tunic, the Corporal is Vicky McAloney and the overworked staff includes such notables as Ann Huta, Gerry Gemmell, and Ann Lyle. This section is a shinning example of "they also serve, who sit around and wait."







* * *

Ted Michaels says that his draft board has just put him in 5-F: "Single men with children." Another reported classification in 5-B, standing for "bifocals, bald head, bridgework, bay window, and bunions."

* * *

A recruit being given an eye-examination by a doctor, was asked: "Can you see anything without your glasses?"

"Without my glasses," rejoindered the recruit, "I can't even hear!"

CENTRAL REGISTRY

C.R. share their office with Records—under Cpl. Munro, assisted by three W.D.'s. These girls collect the mail from the Post Office, open it in the Adjutant's office, and then sort it and send it to the different sections.

As you enter the door you see Cpl. Munro, better known as "tie pulling Mundy", struggling with the filing index. She is the heart and soul of C.R. and also the steadying influence. Holds the office down to earth when the kids become gay. Among the gang is a little Trouper—called Betty, though cheerful, often ready to blow a fuse. Time after time we hear Betty's patient little voice saying "Sgt. Charlton, telephone please!"

Eileen MacDonald—a special friend of Sgt. Charlton (Chubby) is the postal clerk. Her theme song is "Mares Eat Oats"—sung in her own jive way. When told she's nice—says "you should have seen my mother".

Sgt. Kerfoot, now at Regina is well remembered. A certain chair in C.R. has taken a real beating, at one time held Ozipko —"Zippy", the "blues singer", then by Marg Burns now in Equipment. Now the final blow, because in or about it somewhere resides Pat Hendel. Pat utilizes the odd opportunity to stick pins in Sgt. Charlton when he is on the phone. No more mornings off, Pat, for hairdos.

NOTABLES

S/L McMAHON—Came to No. 19 September 27, 1943. Took up duties of Senior Administrative Officer. Is an ardent sportsman, specially interested in boxing and wrestling. Former Mess President and now on several station committees.

W/O OUNSTED—Arrived at No. 19 February 19, 1944. Took up duties of Senior Warrant Officer. Though only here a few months has become very popular with all ranks. Has a long service record, including overseas service.

F/L BOYD—Came to No. 19 June 2, 1943. Fulfills office of Station Adjutant. In charge of Service Police, M.T. Section and Canteens. Keen sportsman, chiefly golf, curling and billiards. Does an excellent job as confidential staff officer to the C.O.

Fl/O WEBB—Arrived at No. 19 January 27, 1944. Assumed the position of Senior W.D. Officer. Helped out considerably with the Officer's show and performs valuable service on the Station Entertainment committee.

* * *

Lieutenant (in a rage): "Who told you to put flowers on the Colonel's desk?"

Orderly: "The Colonel, sir."

Lieutenant: "Pretty, ain't they?"

* * *

An elderly English g ntlewoman strolled into a barn where a young man was milking a cow. With a snort she asked, "How is it you are not at the front, young man?"

"Because, madam," answered the milker, "there ain't no milk at that end."



ACCOUNT SECTION

Although many do not realize it, the Accounts Section is one of the busiest and most important sections on the Station, and while our office is small, we have quite a large and very efficient staff. It is, in fact, the nerve centre of the station, because practically all documents find their way here finally.

F/L V. L. Donahue is our Senior Accountant Officer and is a newcomer to No. 19. He replaces S/L J. R. Jackson who was posted overseas some time ago. Although not very well known to the members of the section as yet, we hope he likes us as much as we do him. We hear that he is quite a musician too, having already given a sample of his prowess on the Saxophone with the Station Band recently.

Next we have F/L J. G. McClung who as everyone is aware, is paymaster. He seems to be a bundle of energy, always busy adding something or other, but never too busy to advise or help any one of the staff with their problems.

The officer in charge of Non-Public Funds is F/O R. G. Johnston. He is also well known on Pay parades. All matters pertaining to the messes, institutes or canteens go through his very efficient office. In this work he is ably assisted by Cpl. Holmes (Fred), Cpl. McMillan (Amy), and LAW Knechtel (Vera). They occupy a small office apart from the main Accounts Office.

Senior NCO's in charge of Accounts Section, are F/S (Bill) Veals, F/S H. White, and Sergeant (Andy) Anderson. Flight Veals supervises the office in general, while the Pay side of the section is handled by Sgt. Anderson who worries about Dependents' Allowance, Income Tax, Assigned Pay, and a million other things that come up in the day's work. His assistants are Cpl. (Edna) Marshall, very quiet but also very efficient, LAW (Frankie) McClelland, AW1 Norma Harris, AW2 Mary Lou McLeod, and AW1 Elaine Keith, all of whom do a good job of work.

Travelling claims and Civilian Pay are handled by LAW (Peggy) Holder, who is known to all and sundry, as the first girl you see, when entering the Accounts Section. The Equipment accounts side of the office is under the supervision of F/S White (Howie), who came to us some time ago from Gander Bay. His hard working assistants include Cpl. M. Bramley (better known to everyone as Bram) who looks after the affairs of the Internal Audit, AW1 Beryl Misener, and AW1 Tommy Thompson. This little group have many headaches over irregular signatures, surpluses and deficiencies. LAW (Pepper) Hopkins is custodian of the A.I.U. ledgers (Articles in Use) (to you), and inventories. We think she is better known as an all round athlete, and good sport.

LAW (Vonnie) Codresco is in charge of registers. All vouchers go to this little girl to be completed, scrutinized and tucked away in their files. Outside of the office she is also known as quite a jitterbug and hep-cat.

(Continued on Page 37)



SWITCHBOARD

"No. 19 S.F.T.S., Vulcan" is the first cheery greeting the outside world gets from this unit of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Inside one of the many offices of Headquarters, unknown to most of us, are six industrious airwomen, maintaining efficient telephone service for twenty four hours daily. Without these girls, activity on the station would cease, for at their fingertips is a shortcut to every section of No. 19. Through their untiring effort, hours of time are saved daily and dollars worth of shoe leather; with one hand tnese busy telephone operators connect Equipment with Clothing Stores, and at the same moment Maintenance with Nav. Flight. No matter what hour of the day or night we may pick up a receiver, we are always welcomed by—the voice with a smile. Let's interview the girls, that go with the voices.

Corporal Lockhart, N.C.O. in charge of the switchboard, helped to open No. 19 S.F.T.S. with her cheery "Operator" and cordial "thank you". The W.D.'s working under her are proud and happy to act under the wise guidance of their chief operator.

LAW Newton, at one time on the strength at No. 4 Wireless School, Guelph, is now key operator here. Her addition to our staff was a great loss to No. 4, and a definite gain to No. 19.

The new voice you are now hearing at the other end of the line is the latest newcomer to the section. It belongs to LAW Hall, formerly of Dafoe, Saskatchewan.

That musical, little voice that keeps you in stitches and has you talking riddles, belongs to LAW Proctor. You always put the receiver down gently and sigh, when Jeannie says, "I'm sorry, that line is busy".

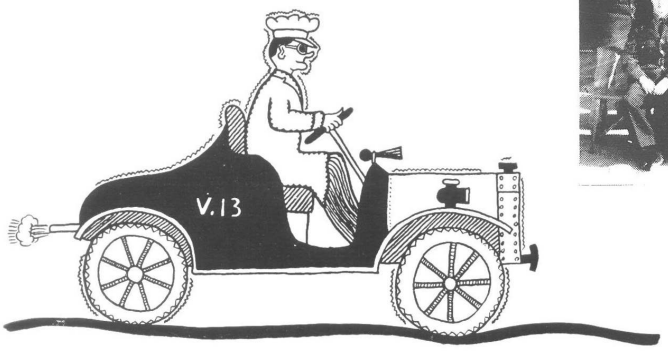
Have you all met our charming AW1 Gillespie, who is "scared stiff" of Trade Boards, but can walk out of one with an automatic "B". You may think she is just another Mert but she's "Gilly" to us.

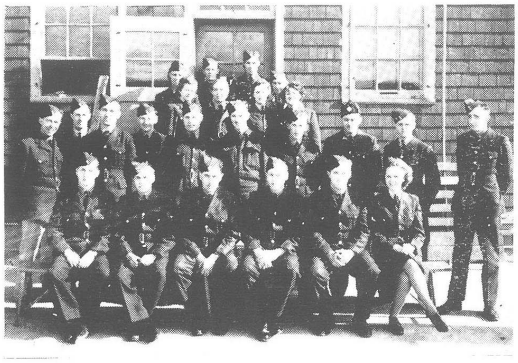
Lastly we have AW1 Clifton, who recently remustered to this trade, and is quickly learning the idiosyenrocies of a switchboard.

I'm sorry everyone, but you have been on this line long enough, and I'll have to "cut you off" now from this section.



MOTOR TRANSPORT





Our local "Lucky Teeters" en masse in front of their teepee.

Here is the Motor Transport's two bits worth, or should we say, "The biggest Joes on the station". Our lot falls from hauling garbage, politely known as "The Sanitation Run" (ask the attached personnel, they will tell you) to chauffeuring the Commanding Officer.

The clock around it's our roll to be ready to drive, anybody; at anytime; in anything; to anyplace. It's really a bit disconcerting to say the least, when in the middle of getting your alloted vehicles washed and polished, the dispatcher yells for you to take a run. You probably have the station wagon all soaking wet, both inside and out, not to mention how dirty you have managed to get yourself. It may be AC2 Joe Glotz calling to be taken into Vulcan to catch the bus. In which case it doesn't matter if he has to sit on the wet cushions and have drops falling down his neck from the roof. All AC2 Glotz cares about is catching the bus. Little does he know that his new posting will probably be far worse, and he can grumble there just as much at the M.T. On the other hand it may be a Commissioned Officer calling for transportation, then it does matter very much how you and your vehicle look. You dash about, and are just ready to go, when in comes a driver all neat and clean, takes your run leaving you in the dust still trying to dig that last spot of grease out of your ear .

Our Senior N.C.O.'s WO2 O'Neil, Sgt. Bullen and Sgt. Tellier have their hands full keeping track of the personnel; especially around break period, you see Sgt. Tellier running around with the roll call book counting the deferred aircrew which come and go so quickly he hardly gets to know them.

Cpl. Montgomery is our "Ensign Kid" right now, while Cpl. Halloran has taken over the stock room along with his grease monkeys, LAC Coons, Lenhan, Burfield. Cpl. McIntosh and Cpl. Manning are our new Corporals, and a couple of good N.C.O.'s they are too. Our W.D. Cpl. Anderson, we are sorry to say, we don't see much of, as she is always busy working on the records.

We are all sorry to see the smiling face of LAC McGhee, our former stock room man, leaving soon for overseas.

LAC Goodwin and LAW Kingston make a good job of handling the gas tenders and they have their troubles too.

LAW Foster is chief dispatcher. LAW Hadford, Thorne and Cripp are our A-1 drivers. Believe it or not LAW Crawford may be taking over the grease pit, by the look of her after a morning's work.

The rest of the section is made up of four new drivers, Beatty, Campbell, McElgunn and Jones, attached drivers and deferred aircrew who are all good scouts.

We do our best to give good service to all the sections; but people sometimes forget, when they are in a hurry for a vehicle, that we only have a limited supply of trucks, panels, station wagons, etc. It never fails to happen, when all the vehicles are out on a run, another call comes in for transportation. Try as we will we never seem to be able to catch the horses to send out instead. So just by way of fair warning to all personnel, please don't be surprised when a burly man with a wheelbarrow dashes up to escort you about.

The M.T. Gang.

A footnote from the Major proving we are not overworked:

Every year has	365	days
If we sleep 8 hours a day it equals	122	"
This leaves	243	"
If we rest or play 8 hours a day it equals	122	"
This leaves	121	"
There are 52 Sundays	52	"
This leaves	69	"
If we have half a day off for Saturday it equals	26	"
This leaves	43	"
We have half an hour for lunch per equals	28	"
This leaves	15	"
Two weeks furlough equals	14	"
Labour Day is a holiday	1	"
This leaves	0	"

Then it is evident with 48's and off duty passes we do no work at all, but instead we owe the government time.



Post-Office personnel are shown here at their place of business. Yes, we noted the scenic beauty in the front row.

THE ONE LETTER

What is it that keeps up our good spirit? What keeps us in good humor when we are away from all the things we used to love, when we are away from our parents, our brothers and sisters, our wives and children, our homes?

There are many factors that act on our mind and body while we are away from home; it does not make much difference where we are, overseas, or in an actual theatre of war, or in some camp in Canada herself. Our mind is influenced by surroundings such as mountains, water, cities, noise, heat, snow, night, and thousands of other things. Then it is influenced by the people around us, by the conversations we have with them, and by the language used in these conversations. Then our mind is influenced by the news we hear, war news, sports news, political news, and mostly by the news we get from home, by the letter that arrived at last; by the one letter that makes all the difference between despair and happiness. That is what I want to talk about.

A chap working in a post office in one of the big stations told me that story and I liked it, so I want you to know it too. It is about a fellow, an airman, who was new on that station; he came to the wicket three times a day asking if there was a letter for him. There wasn't. He did not say anything when his question was answered by "sorry lad, nothing here", he did look disappointed though. That went on for a week or so—still no letter. And then the young chap came only twice a day, and his question "anything for me?" sounded less hopeful. Another week went by and still no letter had arrived. The airman came with his question only once now and it seemed he had given up all hope. Then he did not come anymore at all. One disappointed man more in this world, one more airman who did not care how things went along, one young fellow more who did not put his heart and soul into his duty. Is he to blame? All he wanted was to hear from someone who was close to him, and that one person let him down. You can't blame him for losing his confidence; blame that one person who ruined the life of this lad—at least for a long time.

Let me tell you how it ended: at last the letter arrived, but it was not called for. My friend who worked in the post office and who remembered this young airman's name kept on looking for him till he found him. He gave him the letter.

It must have been a terrible struggle inside this young airman: he tore open the letter and read it over and over again, he looked as if he was learning it by heart, he was hungry for the words in it, and he ate them again and again. Then the nervous tension in his body broke down, he relaxed in a chair, and if you would have been there and would have looked closely, you could have seen an airman crying, crying because he was happy at last.

POST OFFICE

Linking you with your home, family, sweetheart

A Post Office with all the facilities of a regular civilian post office available to personnel of No. 19 S.F.T.S. Duties and responsibility are performed by an efficient staff of the C.P.C. and W.D.'s.

The C.P.C. staff, besides dispatching and delivering mail—handle all register, C.O.D.'s and parcels, sell money orders, stamps, postal notes and War Savings Stamps. These boys also operate a savings bank.

The general delivery of letters, cards and magazines is handled by the W.D. postal clerks. These girls find it a privilege and pleasure to form a link between you and your friends. Also they forward your mail upon posting. Thus the post office staff form an indispensible cog in the wheel, rolling for victory.

Sgt. Chas. Sargent, N.C.O. in charge, carries a successful load with a happy disposition.

Cpl. Randolph—better known as Bob—is always ready with a song and a smile to satisfy your desire.

Pte. Eddie Enders—the lanky kid interested in sports of all descriptions.

Now for our efficient staff of W.D.'s—LAW Powell "Vickey", a greeting with a smile to everyone who calls at her wicket. Next we have LAW Reid "Tony" one of our newest members—has already made a hit—and why not Tony—you can do it. One of the first W.D.'s on the station is Cpl. Ahara "Ann" hails from Saskatoon, usually found with a smile—says she just loves her work—(wonder why?). Last but not least is LAW Sharpe "May" though here only a short time—feels right at home.



"Mail's in, come and get it!" Through these wickets pass heart-throbs, smiles, and tears; to you and you and you.

OUR CANTEEN

This coffee isn't weak it's helpless . . .

No milkshakes today we have no ice-cream.

Cups! Cups! bring back the cups!

In the history of the human race we have seen many situations in which it would be more than understatement to say that things were a bit crowded. We need only mention two outstanding examples: Custer's Last Stand and the Black Hole of Calcutta. But if you think that it may have been a bit difficult to lift an elbow at Custer's Last Stand or hard to get a breath at the Black Hole of Calcutta, then you are evidently one of these persons who does not visit the Airmen's Canteen between the hours of three and five in the afternoon. For here, the present generation has for once surpassed history, as any stolid battler for a cup of coffee can tell you. In charge of this modern Battle of Hastings is F/S L. J. Roberts. He governs the coffee bar, and both the wet and dry canteens. Sgt. H. Leneard is the man in charge of the girls in the coffee bar, and holding corresponding responsible positions in the wet canteen are Cpls. Atkinson and J. R. Decarie. On the canteen staff also are the men working in the officers bar, in the Ensign Canteen, and in Central Warehouse. The work of these people is like a woman's in that it is never done. No sooner have things been cleaned up after a two hours' session than again the assault begins and again mob violence rules. But let us again return to our reading of history and the comparative peace and quiet of our ancestors' wars and leave this scene of pushing and shoving people and wailing juke-boxes.

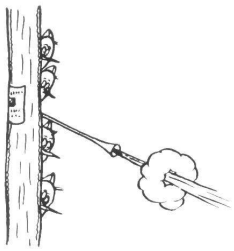


"Service with a smell" (typo. error). It's plainly seen that the back row brings the clientelle to the airmen's canteen, not the coffee.





ORGANIZED MAYHEM ENROUTE TO AIRMEN'S CANTEEN





Local Revenuers line up at the gates of the Bastille to be shot for our book. Current conversational topics are, 28 days, pack drill, and "who done it?"

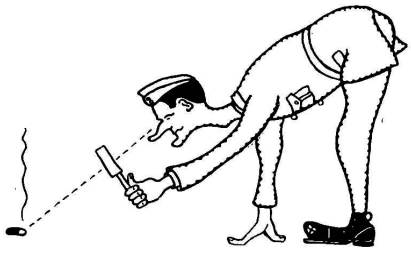
THE GESTAPO . . .

Probably the most respected or dreaded group on this station is that body of men better known as the "Service Police". These anti-crime mentors, whose methods and achievements bear no resemblance to such reputed organizations as the R.C.M.P., Scotland Yard or the F.B.I., come under the wand of one, P/O Tracey, who though the resemblance is indeed remarkable, denies being a kin to that hero of comic strips, Fearless Fossdick. He likes to recall that while still in the ranks he was once stationed at Goose Bay, the worlds largest Air Port. Wolcott hails from Sylvan Lake, but, being the big silent type is contented to leave all the noise to Clay, alias "the moaner", whose favorite remark is "Gee I'm Brassed Off." The one desire of this 5 foot Sergeant is to get posted East but when you consider that he sings about such things as paper dolls all day it is no wonder, while Docherty, a classy soccer player, is pleased to be out West and says he was stationed at St. Hubert so long he is seriously considering taking a refresher course in Basic English. Ward, with his genial smile, though only a twenty cent corporal, who never seems to have any cigarettes of his own, is probably the most popular of the Gestapo since he is always on hand to offer his assistance at any station activity. He offers an amusing sight at the station Variety Show rehearsals when he, a chunky flat-foot, is seen putting a chorus of girls through their paces in various dance routines. Reeves, though he spends considerable time endeavouring to teach Osborne and MacDonald the art of playing chess, still finds time to scribble out the odd poem and keep up his contacts with the Sally Ann. It is believed that Pawsey or Snow White, who is evidently alergic to fresh air, was once an incubator baby later graduating to turkish baths since most of his time is spent closing doors and windows even in the mid-summer days. This section boasts of three specialists: Willey, as a wolf supreme; Beaton, a model airman with an unsurpassed manning pool strut; and Yes Sir, a real Sherlock Holmes in the person of J. H. MacDonald, better known to his public as McGinty or Wing Commander. The latter regrets that the efficiency of the force is not what it might be since due to ear trouble, he is obliged to sport cotton batton thus preventing him from over hearing some choice rumors and plots. Though none of the boys enjoy being



sent out to Ensign in the course of duty, there is for some reason or other no end to the list of volunteers for that favorite position of guardian of the door at the regular "Wings Parties". I wonder why?

Since the writing of this article something new has been added F/S Goodall "ahem" thank you ladies, a prowler since childhood, who's stock expression is "There's no future in anything when you are unlucky in **cards and love**," is the chief's right hand man and may be seen any hour of the day or night, reclining in the Guard House Balancing the Scales of Justice.





CLOTHING STORES

Two sizes! . . .
too big, and too small,

If it's too big . . .
it will shrink!

If it's too small . . .
it will stretch! . . .

Theme song:

Closed for alterations
Closed for stock-taking
No socks
No towels
Your size will be in next week.

But we have P.T. clothing, overshoes, winter caps, winter mitts, brushes for cleaning on C.O. parade and every other parade.

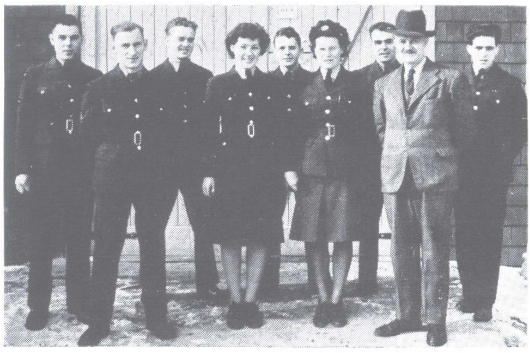
Flash: new arrival of "part-worn" Easter outfits—come one, come all—no charges. We have Jackets Khaki,
Trousers Khaki &
second hand skirts.

Now to introduce our staff:

First—is our very popular Sgt. Bob Williams; he is always busy but always finds time to assign you something—A. W. Biggins is our beautiful brunette clerk who takes care of all the forms etc., for issuing, exchanging, etc.—and Tally Cards.

Then there is our (hard working) popular LAC Lee Publicauer who, by the way, always smiles when W. D. Clothing Parades are due. Then there is LAC Milne, better known as "Al", who is always ready at five to quit work.—Aren't we all. Al is a newcomer but seems to know his work pretty well.

(Continued on Page 17)



Local Custom Tailors holding Annual Spring Style Show, are panned outside the salon.



Three rows of perpetual stock-takers.

EQUIPMENT SECTION

Where else could you find such a collection of interesting people, all wrapped up with yards and yards of Red Tape. Perhaps it was the vividness of such Red Tape that reached Ottawa and dazzled them in the awareness of forlorn and isolated No. 19; bringing us out on top with the Efficiency Pennant. Now, to our industrious Equipment Staff, responsible for the Station's health, wealth and happiness.

ORDERLY ROOM—S/L A. E. Turner, our jovial, but determined Senior soon to leave us for No. 8 B. & G., Lethbridge.

F/L "Vic" Johnson who will be taking over the responsibility of keeping the Equipment Section booming.

Remember WO2 O'Brien? Mischievous Master of Ceremonies Mike! Who entered into both work and play with vim and vigor. He is now stationed at No. 11 Equipment Depot, Calgary.

Replacing "Mike" we have our own lovable Ray Charlton, now Major Charlton—the lad famed for boosting local talent at No. 19. He now proves himself the "Man of the Hour" to his worried little Equipment staff.

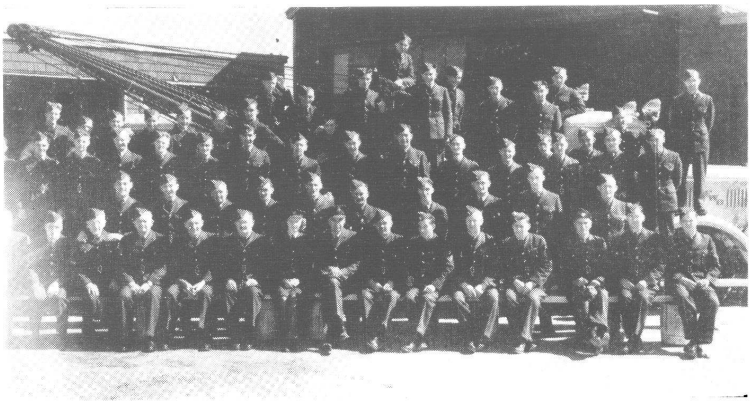
Cpl. "Major" Brown, world traveller and specialist in the transfer of Aircraft; LAC Thacher, the "Never dull moment 'Carl' " of L.P.O. acivities; Cpl. Alice Lawrence, of basketball fame, together with Fran. Campbell, recently from Clothing Stores, and LAW Rosalie Johnson—the make-up artist for the Players' Guild, all share the "headache" known as Tally Cards. Cpl. Clarice Chandler still struggling with Maintenance Sections, etc., over the Provisioning of equipment; LAW Margie Harrison, the song-bird of the Station Band, now our Registry Clerk, greets you with those never failing words "You can't have it" . . . A. W. "Little Chum" Hettinger and her assistants Jessie Lavers and Marg. Burns, who travel between Equipment and Central Registry. Our steno, Marg. Knight (when she is not attending Sport's meetings, etc.) pounds ye old typewriter for us all. Then we said a fond farewell to LAW (Mrs.) E. Drouin. Our Eleanor said good-bye not only to No. 19 but to the R.C.A.F.

PUBS? No, not what our English cousins would refer to,

(Continued on Page 17)



S/L Turner making out an E-42 for a new pen-nib.



Workers assembled outside Club Rooms.



F/L Crossing, Pivot-man at W. & B.

WORKS AND BUILDINGS

"You break 'em, we fix 'em." An aggregation of civil and construction engineers, draftsmen, electricians, plumbers, carpenters, cabinet makers, steam engineers, painters, glaziers, road builders, maintainers, storekeepers, stenographers, and G.D.'s with all manner of tools from bull dozers to screwdrivers. Expected to know everything from why windows break to why the Met Section are such poor guessers. Works and Buildings don't do everything they are asked to do but their batting average is pretty high, and W. & B. No. 19 S.F.T.S. compares very favourably with W. & B. Sections on other stations.

Unlike most units, W. & B. is unique in that it boasts at least one aircraftsman to every dozen or so N.C.O.'s. This cosmopolitan section is the pride and joy of F/L Crossing, an officer whose understanding co-operation and penetrating smile have won for him the respect and admiration of his entire staff. Our new Major Mathie who arrived recently from Hagersville, Ont., is a westerner at heart, consequently feels at home in this vicinity. F/S Johnson ("Boy, am I in deep today") whose excuses for repeated visits to the relief field, though seldom convincing are rarely questioned. F/S Wooffindin on the other hand, usually winds his way in some southerly direction when not ocupied at his specialized profession of avoiding work. F/S Wheatley feels obligated to the War Time Prices & Trade Board for refraining from such harsh measures as shoe rationing since hiking, his favorite pastime of late, which he attributes to repeated flat tires and blow outs would obviously have to be curtailed for the duration. The carefree boy of the section is Archer who lives only for 48's and pay days. Weiner's favorite pastime is causing untold confusion at station dances and wooing new and unsuspecting W.D.'s. Howe an old timer on the station having been here with No. 2 F.I.S. has but one worry, namely how he can get enough time off to get to Moose Jaw and back on a 48. In sharp contrast Cpl. Campbell of a more serious temperament with little time for harmless horse play who is constantly in a dither over, of all things, vouchers and stuff, what a guy! Baird, more intimately known as Santa Claus to W.D.'s, says that on his priority list ice cream and milk shakes are second place only to pin up gals, while Watkinson assures us that his sole feminine interest, that charming W.D. from Pearce, his wife;—lucky fellow. McCracken, the old war veteran who has rows of ribbons adorning his chest, is comely seen walking around the station with a plunger in his hand.

Amidst the daily routine of the Section we have Linden and Steenie, who reign over the Orderly Room, trying to do their bit, but sometimes they wonder why!

Then there is Ouerbach—the plumber—soon to join the Benedictine class. We sympathize with him but wish him luck.

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FIREMAN

Save my child!

Every morning a few minutes before six you are sleeping soundly on the pad issued to you by the airforce. At six o'clock you are no longer asleep for the piercing wail of a powerful siren has opened your sleep-filled eyes. The man responsible for your sudden awakening is Sgt. Seggie, the man who leads our fourteen firemen. Sgt. Seggie himself is awakened by the ring of a phone at two minutes to six, and to get his own back pushes a little button which sounds the banshee cry that awakens you.

Cpl. Edwards hails from somewhere in Toronto, street unknown, a little fellow likeable so the girls say. Writes home every day when he can borrow a stamp.

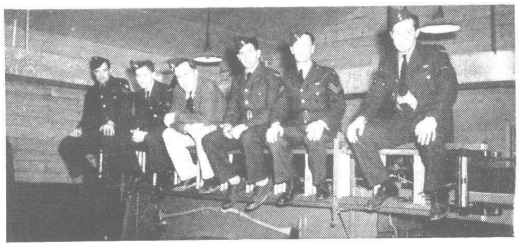
Cpl. Thorne from Gander Bay, recently married, a conscientious worker, likes to be in bed by nine o'clock.

LAC Furlotte along with LAC Drabik have been on the station since its official opening. Drabik taking an interest in dancing and picking potatoes in season, always happy as long as there is no work to do, native of Winnipeg.

Our fair haired boy, Jimmy Temple, (Chief Engineer) from Chauvin, Alta., has several hobbies, skiing and dancing

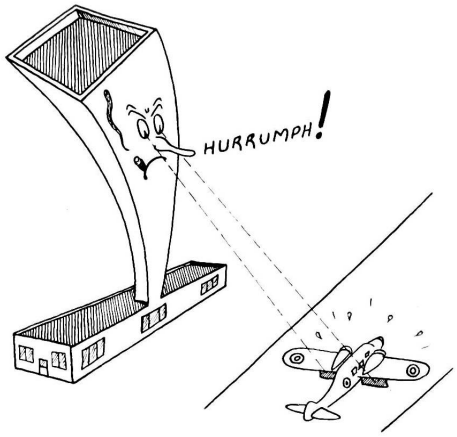
(Continued on Page 47)

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Our men seated on new lawn-sprinkling device.


TRAINING WING



OUR CONTROL TOWER

We think for you!

Sorry, no flight plans to Calgary!

A quarter to five . . .
They're on their mark! — THEY'RE OFF!

This is the place where things come from and go to. Lots of gen and bumph originate here to which none in our short memory has ever replied—or much less understood. Not that we care an awful lot anyway, because it all ends up in more paper work than the Consolidated Paper Company has paper. Memorandums numbered or otherwise are our pride and joy. If anybody has a good idea for a memorandum please suggest one for we are running out of ideas.

But seriously, we have made progress because our first boss, W/C Fraser, is now C.O. of the station. Our first adjutant F/L Boyd is now the Station Adjutant. W/C Jacox moved up from the position of O.C. of No. 2 Squadron to that of Chief Instructor (and a darn good one at that), and his place was taken by S/L Burroughs. F/L Deane-Freeman, the first Examining Officer of No. 2 Squadron became O.C. of Standard Beam Approach, and was replaced by F/L Howard. When No. 1 Squadron got going F/L Winchester was made O.C. and F/L Bater was brought into the tower as Examining Officer. F/O Lamb took F/L Boyd's place as adjutant, but he was only here a short time when he was posted to Airforce Headquarters. F/Sgt. McNaughton the first big push in the orderly room transferred to aircrew and we all wish him the best of luck in his new field. We now have W.D.s running the business end—A/S/O Brennan as Adjutant and Corporal Stephenson and Corporal Hodgson as N.C.O.s in the orderly room with the able assistance of AWs Studer, Hagerman, Schneirer and Eileen Crossing. Old timers in the Control Tower are the personnel in the Log Book Room namely Cpl. DeMoissac and AWs Welyti, Bonner, Harvey and Powell. We needed someone to keep track of the goings on and so we brought F/Sgt. Mortimer and his able assistant AW Donovan down from Headquarters. (Trainees beware).

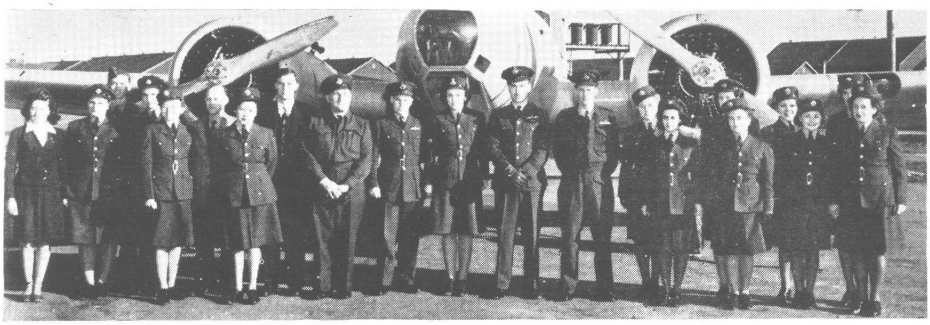
This may seem like a small building BUT if you ever tangle with it you will find it MIGHTY. Pilots have found that when they least expect it, somebody has seen something from there that should not be, which is always a great surprise, instilling in the trainees and instructors alike a fear of the little men that live in the glass house on top of the tower. Then, of course, the Tower controls the weather—or does it? Our personal experience is that the weather controls itself, regardless of the Met Section, the Tower or anybody else. Weird sounds come over the telephones here—it's the Gremlins from the Wireless Section who keep shouting in your ears, "This is Lightfoot Radio . . . This is Lightfoot Radio". . . . Who cares whose radio it is—it's our telephone.

The Tower is always getting ideas—bright or otherwise. The latest are: 1. Move the first half of the runway down past the second half, or tear up the first half, and do away with it altogether, or put the whole field on casters to be remotely controlled by each individual pilot so they wouldn't have so much trouble landing and staying on the runways, especially near the far end.

2. Build a subway under the Control Tower so that at least 5,000 of the station personnel would not walk down or hold conferences in the hall at least once a day.

3. Open up a Travel Bureau something along the line of "Cook Tours" so that all and sundry may procure trips to places known and unknown. The Bureau's slogan will be, "JUST ASK US, WE WILL GLADLY TELL YOU WHERE YOU CAN GO."

We can't think of a conclusion, so this is it.



Men and women of vision, looking out over the vast western plains into the future. They mold the destinies of our boys, of you and I, (no flight plans to Calgary), (your leg-book is incorrect), (six Joes to wax floors right away), (let's change runways, they're landing into wind!)

METEOROLOGY

Can you arrange
some bad weather?

Can we wash out
night flying tonight?

How is it at Calgary?



As I walked up the stairs of the control tower the other day, I heard a clicking noise somewhat like a typewriter but more powerful and more steady. I put my head in the door of an office which had a sign "Meteorological Section" in bold lettering upon the door. There I saw a man in shirt-sleeved civilian clothes standing before the source of the clicking which turned out to be the clatter of a Department of Transport teletype. I entered and this man turned and asked my business. Before I could reply he had turned to the teletype and said something which sounded something like, "Well, well, the wind has veered to west at Calgary." He then gave his attention to me and in our conversation I learned the information which follows.

When the station opened as a Service Flying School the Met. Section consisted of a Meteorological Officer, Mr. M. Jenkins, and two observers, Cpl. Ellsworth and Cpl. Kellough. The section was not left in this understaffed state long, however, for by the end of May knock-rummy playing Mr. R. N. Chester had arrived and with him Cpl. Hacking and LAW Krekoski. Soon after more W.D.'s arrived including LAW Paskweyak, LAW Thompson, and Cpl. Speakman. He had related this much to me when a serious looking young man with two bars on his shoulders walked in. He announced himself as the O.C. of night flying. "Can we fly to-night," he said, "we are two weeks behind." He received an answer, and then the shirt-sleeved gentleman continued his dissertation.

I learned that the section went through the summer with the staff he had named until the arrival of a new Meteorological Officer, Mr. J. A. Townsend, at the end of September. Mr. Townsend, who stands six feet five sans brogues, turned out to be very useful since on days when conditions prevented upper air observations being taken in the usual manner he merely wetted his finger and held it in the air to obtain them.

Recently the section has been rounded out by the addition of AW1 Brown, teletype operator, and AW1 Misner a remuster to met. When Mr. M. Jenkins was posted to Patricia Bay last month, another Meteorological Officer arrived in the person of Mr. J. R. Wilson.

After I had learned this information, I thanked him and turned to leave. As I passed through the door I saw him again turn to the teletype, and heard him say, "Well, well, that wind at Calgary has gone around to the north-west now, things are certainly happening around here today."

"SALUTING"

A paper would not be complete without a word on saluting. We often ask ourselves the question—where did saluting originate; and how long has it been in practice?

Saluting is supposed to date from the days of armour, the salute representing the motions of a knight raising the vizor of his helmet with the open hand to the front, showing that, though raised, it contains no missile. The practice of giving "eyes right" originated from the olden days when it was the privilege of men at arms to look their superiors in the face, while others must pass with downcast eyes. The salute therefore, is no sign of subservience; it is a recognition of comradeship and mutual trust between men at arms.

The following is a foot-note quoted from Brig. Gen. Forbes, "In its origin the custom (saluting) probably implied trust. Thus, when two knights met they would doff their casques or raise their vizors, putting themselves in each other's power. In the same way the lowering of the sword in the officer's salute, the pointing of the rifle to the sky in the present arms, the emptying of fire-arms in the feu-de-joie, and of cannon in the artillery salute all imply confidence and submission.

We also have a quotation from a Regimental order issued to the Royal Scotts in 1762, "As nothing disfigures the hats or dirties the lace more than taking off the hats, the men for the future are only to raise the back of the hand to them with a brisk motion when passing an Officer."

Authorities agree that the idea of saluting to honour the King's uniform is not founded on fact, as soldiers are required to salute a superior when he is not in uniform provided that he recognizes him as an officer.

In the same way that saluting with the open hand was a sign of mutual trust, the emptying of rifles one at a time in a feu-de-joie was also an indication that the rifles were emptied. The salute with guns in the same way in the old days was an indication that the ship was unarmed.

Thus it will be seen that in all forms of salute there is an indication of mutual trust and submission, whether the salute is by hand, sword, gun or colours.

A. C. S.

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EQUIPMENT SECTION

(Continued from Page 13)

but where bright little Pearl Tkachuk keeps your office supplies supplied.

TECH. STORES: Cpl. Trenholm gallantly holding his own against struggling invaders, who insist issuing hours never cease. His industrious helper, the popular Reta Brennan, and three fairly newcomers to the staff, namely, Marg. Bayliss (We discovered she sings too!), Hazel Bowes and Alec Miller.

THE I. & R. SECTION—the Clearing House for all incoming and outgoing equipment. Sgt. Stevenson (of Temporary Duty note) working steadily and quietly despite the red hair, has everything under control. What else! with the capable "Devina"—LAW Wyllie and Brother Bill Last. Remember? Nell Last's big brother. She left us for A.F.H.Q., but only after long months at Vulcatraz, did she say good-bye for a new life at the famed Princess Alice Barracks. But we cannot fail to mention "Sunny" Ernie Stewart and "Buzzing" Bob Taylor who take care of the freight run, not to mention Keith Green.

Enough you say! Well, we'll give you the tools (if you have ye old vouchers correctly prepared) and you can finish the job!

The three men—looking after the gas and who are part of the equipment field—LAC Bissett, AC1 MacLean and LAC Stinson, feel they also play a big roll in keeping 'em flying.

No. 1 SQUADRON

O.C. F/L WINCHESTER Testing Officer F/L BRATER

"A" FLIGHT

F/O Picken, F. C.; F/O Quirk; F/O Sinclair, J; F/O Pocock; P/O Hollingshead; F/S Hunt and F/S Adams.

F/O Picken takes great pains to teach his students to go away and land elsewhere if they see a white flare. Then he and F/O Pocock spend a few hours looking for a student who isn't lost. As a result of this they are both very good at starting large grass fires. F/S Hunt concentrates on making the odd spot of cash between flips, so that he can raise a large family after the war. F/O Quirk, according to the time-keeper, has teasing eyes—Eyes?

"B" FLIGHT

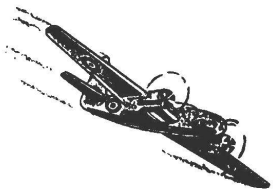
F/O Thomson, F. C.; F/O Wilcox; F/O Hynam; F/O Simmons; P/O Ried; P/O Garnier; F/O Ritchie.

Leading B Flight around Southern Alberta skies is F/O Tommy Thomson, a member of the caterpillar club and a standout on our station hockey team. Amongst the beavers and browned-offs serving him we note first of all Johnny Ried, former bank teller, whose most common remark is, "We had a dry week-end, we couldn't get any liquor Sunday night." Then there is our man Jeff Hynam who sends the local girls, but solid. Family man of this group is Chris Ritchie who had a wife and is it four children (?) waiting for him down under.

"C" FLIGHT

F/L Kerr; F/O Howat; F/O Starr; P/O Jones; P/O Crowshaw; P/O Rothnie; P/O Daubney; and Sgt. Telford.

F/L Bobbie Kerr is probably our leading Harvard man on the station, since nearly half of his instructing time is on that aircraft. He was once noted for signing his name F/O Kerr (18 months), but he feels better about it now that he has his F/L. F/O Waddy Howat plans on a men's haberdashery after the shambles is over. Spiritual types in the flight are P/O Jones, P/O Rothnie and P/O Crowshaw. They are regular attendants at Brother Sinclair's revival meetings.



"D" FLIGHT

F/O Campbell; F/O Van Norman; F/O Sloat; F/O MacGuire; F/O Hutchison; F/O Stansfield; P/O Leggat; and P/O Robb.

Commander in "D" Flight is young but married Jack Campbell, a small-moustached gent from down under by way of Dauphin, Manitoba. 2/ic of the flight is Frankie Sloat, who holds an M.A. in applied science from the University of British Columbia, and who has played Canadian Football in the East with Syl Apps of Hockey fame. Frankie has been instructing so long that he just gets in the aircraft nods off and gives the student dual by talking in his sleep. F/O Van Norman is the male half of the ideal station couple of Mr. and Mrs. Van Norman.



A FLIGHT



B FLIGHT



C FLIGHT



D FLIGHT

No. 2 SQUADRON

O.C. S/L BURROUGHS

Testing Officer F/L HOWARD

"E" FLIGHT

F/O S. English, F/O Crossley, F/O Etsell, F/O Keefe, F/O Ellison, P/O Fett, P/O Junner, P/O Slack, WO2 Ross.

Whipcracker of "E" Flight is F/O English, messing officer, in the officers' mess. WO2 Ross was a telephone linesman and trouble shooter before he began this business of teaching LAC's to fly the blowpipes. They might be able to use him as a trouble shooter in maintenance at some time when they can't figure out why one of the maytags isn't ticking over. Perenial eager beaver is Harry Etsell who in his short period of instructing has piled up over a thousand hours.

"G" FLIGHT

F/O Carson, F/O Barber, F/O Kiely, F/O Whitehead, F/O Reeves, P/O Betuzzi, P/O Hill, P/O Whitley, and Sergeant Clement.

Flight Commander popular Roy Carson hails from Winnipeg where he was known to play a little basketball. Roy shows a very keen interest in the development of synthetic rubber production—reason—his tires are no good. Eager beaver of the flight is F/O Bud Kiely who can be seen in the flight any morning fifteen minutes before wash-in time trying to beat the new P/O's to the aircraft. Sergeant Clement shows an interest in photography and did newspaper work in Toronto before joining up. Superwolf of the flight is Bill Reeves who is present at Lethbridge's beautiful dance spot, The Trianon, nearly every Saturday night finding himself a queen.



"F" FLIGHT

F/O Jeffs, F/O Quirk, F/O Williams, F/O Fry, F/O Keeley, P/O deWolf, P/O McDonald, P/O Castle, P/O Hammond.

Flight Commander is genial Jimmy Jeffs, Vancouver Island's gift to the air force and the world of women. Well known in Alberta before the war was Sonny Fry who led a sharp dance band up in Calgary. Sonny is the self appointed gag man of the flight and may be seen over in a corner laughing himself to death after one of his own jokes. 2 I/C of the flight is F/O Quirk who ought to go home and get married. That comet you see go out of here every other week-end is Fred Keeley on his way to Pearce.

"H" FLIGHT

F/L Whidden, F/O Winter, F/O MacClaren, F/O Eastwood, F/O Sinclair, P/O Bonnet, P/O McKeeman, P/O Gray.

Flight Commander is Hal Whidden who was in Course 2 of the air training scheme, and is the holder of the Air Force Cross. Big Don Sinclair used to do a spot of boxing in the army back in New Zealand. He doesn't bother much with the local sacks because he is in solid with a chic little chick back in Vancouver. 2 I/C of the flight is John Winter pronounced Wintah since Johnny comes from Frisco. His hobby is spotting the boys forty points at snooker and then winning cigarettes from them. He makes more money by accident than other boys do by trying. Apart from being very very browned off Ray-sorry-Wray Eastwood is the ladies man of the flight. He does his operating down at Lethbridge, but on occasions has even operated in the mess. He likes sliding down laundry chutes, and waking people up.



E FLIGHT



F FLIGHT



G FLIGHT

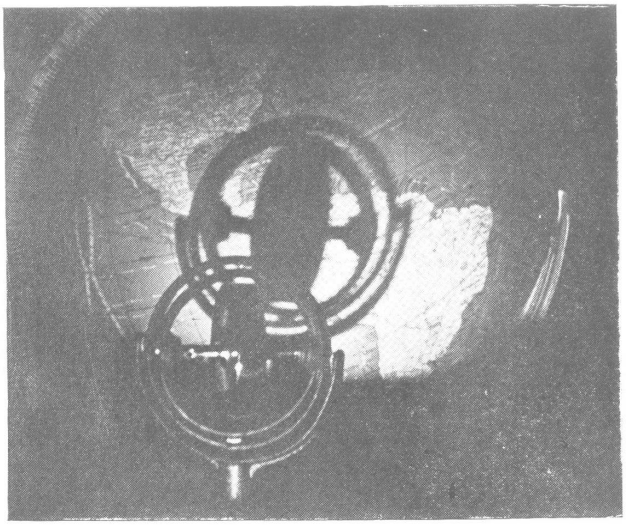


H FLIGHT

NAVIGATION

Where in thunder have you been?
You are two hours late!

When am I going
to get a posting?





The spirit of our Nav. Flight will guide our boys beyond the seven seas.

Navigation lads just back from a successful sortie to the bar. Many were reported 'downed'. Outside of wear and tear on the elbow no casualties were re-

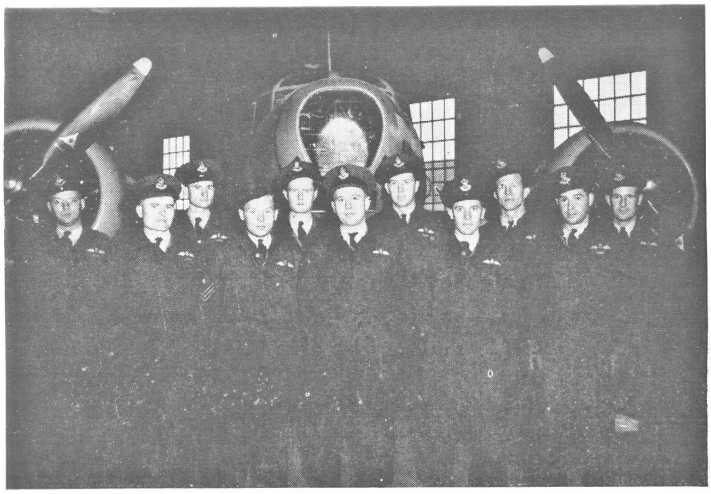
"For God's sake, check that Gyro." Yes you guessed it: these are the words most often spoken by Navigation Instructors. A helpless, bewildered student who is earnestly trying to do a million things properly all at one time puts the above command in the same category as a kick in the teeth, or a knife in the back—but the eager student merely grits his teeth and says "if I didn't want my wings so badly, I'd tell you what to do with your Gyro."

And so it goes. It's unthinkable to train pilots to fly in all this air without teaching them something about navigation and meterology and to that end the pilots and ground crews of Navigation Flight have devoted a large share of their service careers.

All Service Flying Training Schools have a Navigation Flight—but only Vulcan has the best Navigation Flight. Through our own ideas augmented with ideas borrowed from other Service Schools, we have built up what we consider to be the best Nav. Flight in the Training Scheme, and we intend to make it even better. Under the capable command of F/L Naftel, Nav. Flight has become the efficient working concern that it is to-day.

The ground crew at Nav. Flight is the best ever. Our aircraft are always in splendid repair. They work hard to make the instructor's job easier and safer. They couldn't possibly do more for us unless they were to fly as well.

The instructors are all eager to improve the flight in any and every way. Regular meetings are held where the instructors share ideas, iron out difficulties and talk about navigation generally. With that an opportunity is given to standardize instruction. Any student will tell you how perplexing it is to be told one think by one instructor and something different by another. We are all not long out of Service School ourselves and we know the problems confronting the student and it is our sincere desire to smooth over his difficulties as much as possible. All of us feel that the Nav. instruction we received at our schools as students was inadequate and disorganized and we are determined that our students won't feel the same way about the instruction they receive at this school.



Found in the back of No. 2 hangar. Reputed by archiologists to have been on the station for some time . . . Beam Flight.

❖ ❖ ❖

ARMAMENT FLIGHT

F/L McKiver, F/O Sinclair, F/O MacKeeman, F/O McGillivary, F/S Tucker.

Armament flight is situated in a rather remote spot, away down in No. 6 hangar. Nevertheless they are a very important part in the students training. F/L McKivor, our O.C. of this flight , has recently been posted to Mountainview, to take an advanced armament course. Mac is keenly interested in all forms of sports and has done a wonderful job on the Station sports committee. Any one who is interested in learning the gentle art of 'hit and hunt' (golf) see Mac and be taught, at a nominal fee. F/O Jack Sinclair a new addition to Arm. flight is a man of few words, and knows more jokes than anyone on the Station. He also is a sporting chap and takes a keen interested in boxing. F/O McKeeman, a boy from down under, hasn't been with us very long, therefore little is known of his prowess as yet. F/O McGillivary, the bronze lad with the deeeep blue eyes is as good a badminton player as he is a wolf. If he could only sing, and perhaps he can, we would have acquired a second "Swoonatra". Give him credit though, he never gives up. F/S Tucker, another boy from Australia, takes his armament work seriously in between visits to Nelson, B.C. We gather that his aim is very good and he very seldom misses at anything.

All in all they are a pretty good bunch this armament flight of ours. Their purpose is to teach the student pilot the correct proceedure to adopt, in order that the bombardier may obtain the best results when dropping his bombs. The student is taught all the elementary principles of an actual bombing raid, and the evidence of this thorough training is now being shown each night as our R.C.A.F. bombers go over Germany and carry out their softening up process.

❖ ❖ ❖

OUR BOMBING FLIGHT

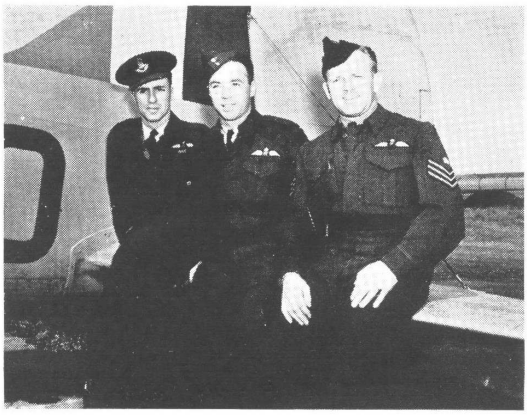
STANDARD BEAM APPROACH

dit-dit-dit-
dah-dah-dah-

How to go stark raving mad in one easy lesson!

Flight Lieutenant Deane Freeman, the able Squadron Commander of S.B.A. Sqdn. has quite a time with his dit-dah boys. His biggest job is to keep them from going to sleep on the chesterfield which graces the flight room. About the last straw was turned up when one of his flight commanders F/O Patterson by name seemed to have a pup. We've suspected something like this would happen for a long time, but never thought of it being a pup. The other flight commander F/O Cobban is someday going to have a nervous breakdown over all those figures he carries around with him. F/S Dalziel should try to cut down on Deane's work by sleeping at night instead of putting bad ideas into the pretty heads of the local debutantes. F/O Alvarez is still looking for a nice safe pilot to check him out in formation. If anyone is interested they can contact Johnny in Banff at any local church. P/O Leggat seemed quite surprised on the beam the other day when F/O Wilson passed so close to him that P/O Leggat's student was seen to pass a cigarette out through the window to F/O Wilson's student. P/O Leggat is a new addition to our flight—he will learn.

Standard Beam Approach training is comparatively new in the Service School course and is designed to teach the student approaches and landings in weather conditions of bad visibility and low ceiling. The 'Beam' is used to great advantage overseas and has saved many a pilot a crash landing in bad weather. We have a new gadget in the flight room now called a synchrophone. With slight modification it can be converted into a very reliable 'Juke' box. On wash-out days at 10c a head the beam flight instructors will be hosts to a jam-session if anybody is interested. No W.D.'s over 180 lbs. allowed.

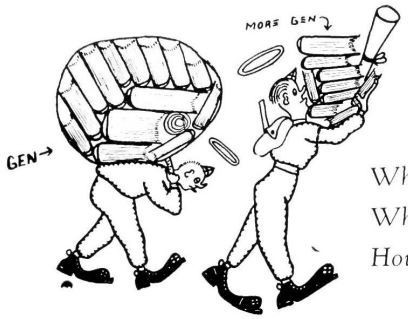




Rare photograph of twelve men, alleged to understand the Mark 9A bomb-sight. Our armament instructors.

It takes Brains as well as Brawn
Here you get "The Pukka Gen"

GROUND INSTRUCTIONAL SCHOOL



Why?
Where?
How?

"Back to school at the House of Gen."

Many a fellow has gone through high school or university and on the completion of his last examination has said, "That was the last damn course I am ever going to take." Unfortunately for these fellows a war came along and they decided to join the air force. To their chagrin they found themselves taking innumerable ground courses before they were even allowed inside an aircraft. They found that even after their flying training had commenced they still had to spend half of their time in a classroom learning about flying and its allied subjects.

At a Service Flying Training School this classroom work is done in a House of Gen, known more commonly as Ground Instruction School, or simply G.I.S. Here, from eight in the morning until five-thirty in the evening, can be seen tired but keen young men soaking up the gen which is given to them by a staff of capable instructors. These young men look tired for the simple reason that they are on the last stage of a tough course. A tough course that in a normal peace time airforce would take two years or more to complete. Small wonder then that these boys appear beat out at times when one considers that they are accordioning this two year course into the small space of eight months.

The course is tough, but doing their best to make it easier for the students is a group of well-trained officers and N.C.O.'s Heading this instructional staff is Chief Ground Instructor F/L Norvold Bick. "Norv" is well known both as past president of the station sports committee (where he did a fine job since he has a knack of joeing people in a nice way) and also for his willingness to co-operate with the flying instructors when they wish to find out how their "players are doing in G.I.S." Heading the staff of navigational instructors is F/O Ed. Elford, a former Alberta school principal who has turned over his pedagogical talents to the air force. Assisting him are a group of "Snips" including F/O Pete Kennedy, F/O Doug Holliday, F/O Doug Gilchrist, P/O Cam Stockand and F/S Pollared. At the head of the armament instructors is Dave Gibson who scares the pupils with WO1 badge on his arm which indicates long service and outstanding ability. On his able staff are F/S Smith, F/S Edwards, F/S Shortreed, Sgt. Vikse and Sgt. MacGillivary. Instructing in Meteorology is Jack Townsend, civilian member of G.I.S., who was captain of the up and down men's basketball team. His duties there will be soon taken over by Mr. J. R. Wilson, a new member of the met. staff, but an old hand in the meteorology business. There is F/S Prettie who deals in camera gen and the value of aircraft reconnaissance pictures. Chief wireless instructor is St. Hewes with F/S Henderson assisting him. All these men are specialists in their line and go to any pains to help their students even to the point of staying up and cramming with them the night before the final examination.



F/L Bick, Grand, All Powerful Potentate of G.I.S.

PHOTOGRAPHY



Men and women of Flash-bulb and Shutter, pose with some of their equipment.

If you are the type of person who likes solving mazes then you will find ample scope for your propensities along this line if you enter G.I.S. and then try to find the photography section. After much search you will find a small door at one end of the building which leads you to a very narrow staircase which in turn leads you upstairs. Here you will find several people of both sexes doing the work of a photography section about which we shall attempt to tell you something.

The regular days duties consists of two distinctly different types of photography. All students are instructed by the Photographic Section on how to fly for, and how to take aerial photographs. This is a very important training for operational flying. All exposed film from students' work is processed in the section and prints are made of each individual photograph; these prints, which vary in number from two or three thousand per month, are assessed for accuracy. The other type of work consists of ground photography. Pictures are taken of courses, and for identification of personnel recommended for promotion to warrant officers and commissioned officers. All aircraft accidents are photographed for records and possible reference use. Broken aircraft parts are snapped for maintenance, blueprints and charts are copied, and all station activities are photographed for the station diary.

The head of the Photographic Section is F/S W. G. "Tiny" Prettie. He joined the R.C.A.F. in 1938 in his home town Toronto. In September 1939 he went overseas as a LAC and was attached to No. 110 Army Co-operation Squadron which was later on changed to Photographic Reconnaissance Unit. There "Tiny" saw the Battle of Britain and was busily engaged doing reconnaissance work on the channel ports. In the fall of 1941 he came back to Canada as a sergeant, and became a photographic instructor at No. 9 A.O.S., St. Johns, Quebec. In November, 1943, he was posted to No. 19 S.F.T.S., where he now very ably heads the Photographic Section. He says his staff consisting of Cpl. W. Wallace, LAW's Ethel Williamson, Doris Bennett, Yvonne Valleau, AW1 Mae Hardie, and LAC Mike Raymondo, is very efficient and is doing a great job.



LINK SECTION



The chaps who introduce the sperry panel to our boys. Needle, ball and airspeed right on the button is their motto. Plenty of spins but no crashes as yet.

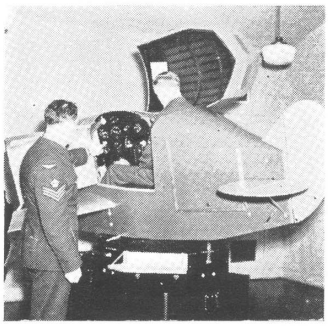
Straight and level through any weather on instruments

The entire population of the world might be divided into two classes: those who have and those who have not had anything to do with a "Link Trainer". The tremendous preponderance of the "have nots" over the "haves" accounts solely for the fact that not so far no large or important group of thinking men, have seriously predicted the entire collapse of the human race from a rational standpoint.

Numerous opinions, some of them printable, have been expressed concerning the aims of the program; boiled down it amounts to an attempt at teaching the flying of an aircraft by instruments only, and that accurately; and comprehensively as does a man read the time by a glance at his watch without consciously going into the details of the intricate mathematical problems involved.

The system revolves around a machine known as a Link Trainer, named from its inventor. The students definition very often might be summarized as "a hideous monstrosity, a diabolical invention of a degenerate brain, designed primarily for his special torment, with any resemblance between it and an aeroplane being purely accidental". Actually it is a very cleverly designed machine in the form of an aircraft, animated by an electric motor producing such suction as to balance the unit on a system of bellows. It responds to controls as does an aircraft and contains the principal instruments of a flying machine. Thus the student pilot learns instrument flying without the hazards, both physical and mental attendant upon similar work in the air. Furthermore an attachment known as

(Continued on Page 47)



Here the mysteries of the link are being explained to LAC Joe Rookie for the first time.

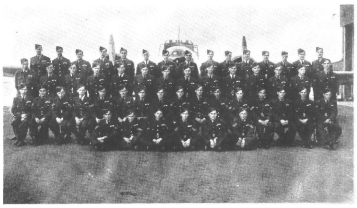
No. 19 SFTS
MAY 1943

ACHIEVEMENT
MAY 1944

On these pages you see the achievements of No. 19 S.F.T.S. in no mistakeable form: nine graduated courses of pilots with an average of sixty in a course. These men are now playing their own part in the allied battle scheme as staff pilots, army co-operation pilots, instructors, coastal command pilots, bomber pilots and fighter pilots.



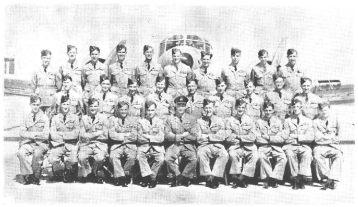
Course 82



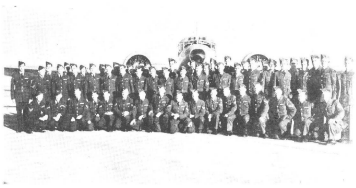
Course 88



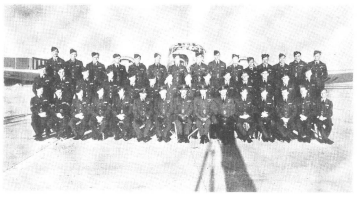
Course 84



Course 80



Course 90



Course 86



Course 94

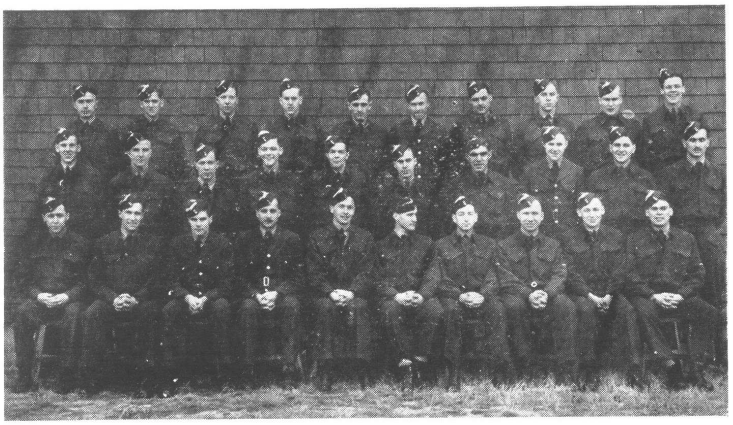


Course 92

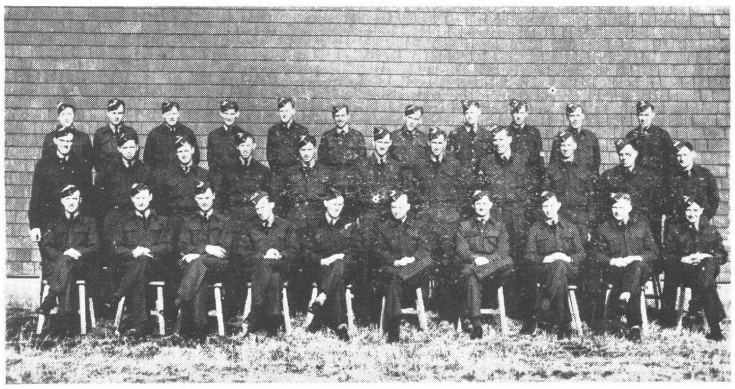
'TOMORROW'S HEROES,' NOW . . .



Course 96A



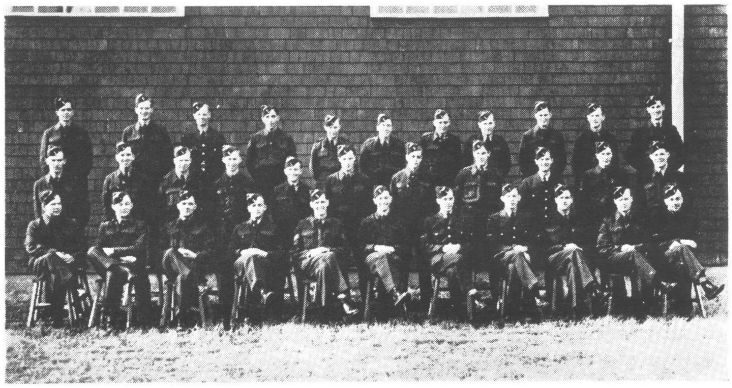
Course 100A



Course 102A

ENROUTE THROUGH No. 19 S.F.T.S.

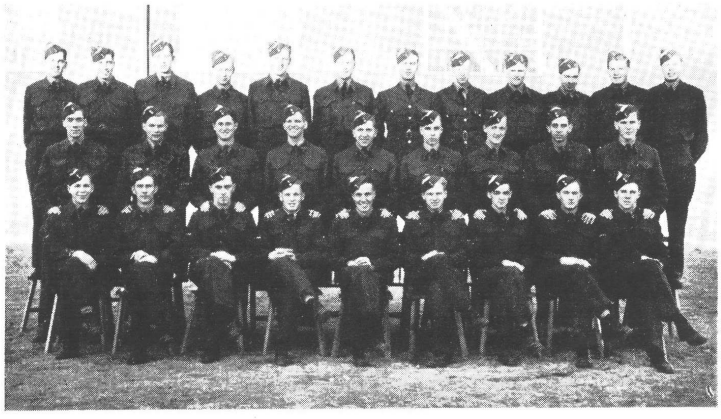
Course 96B



Course 100B

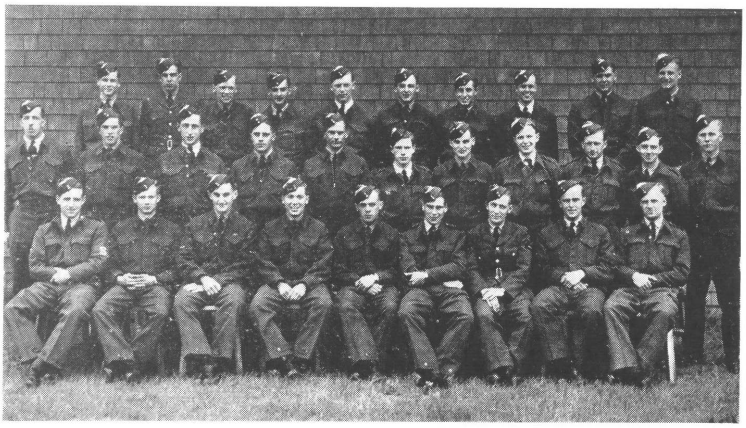


Course 102B





Course 104A



Course 106A

ON THE WINGS

A sudden roar, a mightly rushing sound,
A jolt or two, a smoothly sliding rise,
A jumbled blur of disappearing ground,
And then all sense of motion slowly dies.
Quiet and calm, the earth slips past below,
As underneath a bridge still waters flow.

My turning wing inclines towards the ground;
The ground itself glides up with graceful swing
And at the plane's far tip twirls slowly round,
Then drops from sight again beneath the wing
To slip away serenely as before,
A cubist-patterned carpet on the floor .

Hills gently sink and valleys gently fill.
The flattened fields grow infinitely small;
Slowly they pass beneath and slower still
Until they hardly seem to move at all.
Then suddenly they disappear from sight,
Hidden by fleeting wisps of faded white.

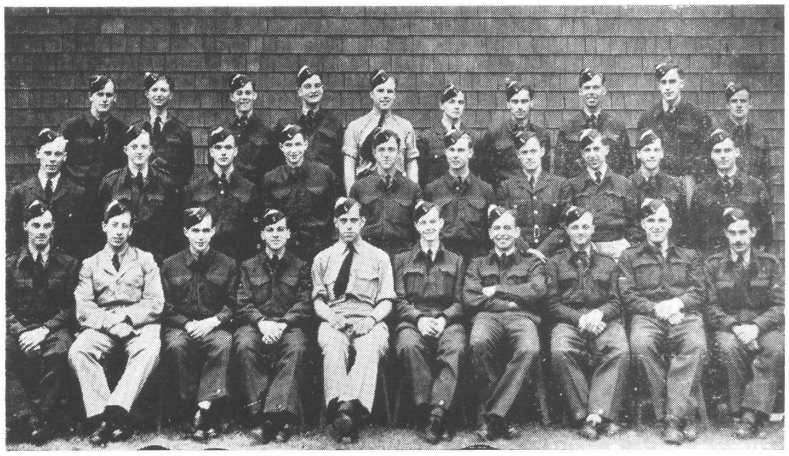
The wing-tips, faint and dripping, dimly show,
Blurred by the wreaths of mist that intervene.
Weird, half-seen shadows flicker to and tro
Across the pallid fog-bank's blinding screen.
At last the choking mists release their hold,
And all the world is silver, blue, and gold.

The air is clear, more clear than sparkling wine,
Compared with this, wine is a turgid brew.
The far horizon makes a clean-cut line
Between the silver and depthless blue.
Out of the snow-white level reared on high
Glittering hills surge up to meet the sky.

Course 104B



Course 106B



OF THE MORNING

Jeffery Day

Outside the wind screen's shelter gales may race:
But in the seat a cool and gentle breeze
Blows steadily upon my grateful face
As I sit motionless and at my ease,
    Contented just to loiter in the sun
    And gaze around me till the day is done.

And so I sit, half sleeping, half awake,
Dreaming a happy dream of golden days,
Until at last, with a reluctant shake,
I rouse myself, and with a lingering gaze
    At all the splendor of the shining plain
    Make ready to come down to earth again.

The engine stops: a pleasant silence reigns—
Silence, not broken, but intensified
By the soft, sleepy wires' insistent strains,
That rise and fall, as with a sweeping glide
    I slither down the well-oiled sides of space
  Towards a lower, less enchanted place.

The clouds draw nearer, changing as they come.
Now like a flash, fog grips me by the throat.
Down goes the nose: at once the wires' low hum
Begins to rise in volume and in note,
    Till as I hurtle from the choking cloud
    It swells into a scream, high-pitched and loud.

The scattered hues and shades of green and brown
Fashion themselves into the land I know,
Turning and twisting, as I spiral down
Towards the landing-ground: Till, skimming low,
    I glide with slackening speed across the ground,
    And come to rest with lightly grating sound.

THE SERVICE SCHOOL COURSE

A brief resume of what happens to "Joe Rookie" at Service Flying School.

Our No. 19 Service Flying Training School is one of the many units of the C.A.T.P. from which numerous thoroughly trained pilots are graduated each month. The graduates from No. 19 S.F.T.S. serving with the Royal Canadian Air Force in Canada and overseas have acquitted themselves, as competent Pilots in a manner fulfilling the confidence bestowed in them by all of us at No. 19, who co-operate to make their training the finest and most complete in the world.

The Student's course at an S.F.T.S. is by no means easy, and requires the best effort a man can put forth if he is to take full advantage in the training offered him. After successfully completing courses in Ground School and Flying at Initial Training School and Elementary Flying School the Student is posted to a Service Flying School, on the last and most intensive training program before receiving the coveted Pilot's Badge, better know as their Wings.

The Potential Pilot arrives at his new school and for the first two or three days is occupied with settling down in his now busy life. He is assigned to sleeping quarters, a Duty Watch and a certain flight in one of the two Squadrons of which Training Wing is comprised. The duration of his Service School course is five months, and until the completion of his Ground School Course he will fly alternately one morning or one afternoon, going to Ground School the remaining half days. The student is granted a thirty-six hour pass every second week-end during his stay at Service School, providing that his Flight Commander and G.S. Instructors are satisfied with his progress. His off-duty hours during the week will be largely taken up with a study, but the old adage also applies in the Air Force, that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." To this end various Station Committees supply plenty of amusement in the form of regular moving pictures, dances, organized sports and contests against other Stations. Daily Schedules of Physical Training and meals of a scientifically balanced diet keep the young trainee in full fighting trim.

At Service School the student receives a minimum of 130 hours of flying. This total number of hours is divided into the following phases of training; Clear hood sequences; Instrument flying; night flying; navigation exercises; Armament exercises; formation flying; Standard Beam approach exercises and photography exercises.

The Clear hood exercises consist first of all of soloing the new aircraft and then learning the correct method of doing different rate turns, forced landings, precautionary landings, power and gliding stalls, and in the case of twin engined aircraft, single engine procedure. The student must become proficient in all these phases of clear hood flying to qualify for his Pilot's Badge.

Instrument flying is a very important part of the student's training and revelant to all his future operational flying. Take-offs under the hood straight and level flying turns, climbs and let-downs, and bringing the aircraft back to level flight from an unusual position are all part of the students precision flying curriculum.

A certain number of hours solo and dual night flying are very necessary to the future operational pilot. The student becomes adept at night take-offs and landings. Also at night he receives two or three navigation exercises which give him practise in finding his way around the countryside in darkness.

The student's day navigation exercises which he does both as pilot and navigator give him an extensive understanding of the navigator's problems, as well as a good grounding in the fundamental elements of Air Navigation.

The short Armament course given to the Student Pilot at his Service School is designed to teach him the close co-ordination which must exist between the pilot and the bombardier of a bomber aircraft in order that raids over enemy territory may be successfully carried out.

A number of hours formation flying are given the student to acquaint him with precautions which must be taken and the care which must be exercised in this very essential type of operational flying. The student is taught to fly as the leader of a formation and in any other position in the formation which he might have to assume. He also learns the correct signals for changing positions in formation and the proper method of doing so.

The Standard Beam Approach has been recently introduced into the Service School course. It is a form of blind flying combined with signals transmitted by radio equipment from a landing field to an aircraft. Through a system of sounds transmitted by this radio equipment the pilot of an aircraft may bring his plane in for a landing although conditions of practically no visibility and no ceiling exist. The student is taught the fundamentals of radio operation and aircraft procedure for this type of flying.

The photography exercises are done in an aircraft specially fitted with an aerial camera. Three students are taken up at the same time on the exercises and take turns in operating the camera, acting as bombardier, and piloting the aircraft. The student acting as bombardier is in the nose of the aircraft where he operates a bomb-sight, and by a remote control switch takes pictures of the target over which he is sighted. The pilot, while this is being done must hold an absolutely steady course. The camera operator must watch the camera to see that the film runs through correctly and that the correct number of pictures are taken.

No less importance is attached to the student's ground training during his Service School course. If the student is to be a competent pilot his briefing on the ground must be every bit as thorough as his flying instruction.

The following subjects are taught to the student during his 11 week Ground Instructional School: Navigation; Signals; Airmanship; Armament; Meteorology; aircraft recognition; airframes; first aid; and engines.

Navigation in ground school deals with the theory which must be put into practise in the air. The series of lectures are so designed, as is every ground school subject, to follow in conjunction with the progress of the flying training.

The student learns the morse code in his signals lectures both on a key and by using a visual signal. He learns the methods of R/T procedure and the construction of certain types of radio sets in use at the present time. He learns to use a D/F loop to find his position in the air and the use of wireless in modern navigation.

Airmanship is to the pilot as the rule of the road is to the driver. There are definite rules of the air which must be adhered to in order to avoid collisions between aircraft. Airmanship is also a study of the care which a pilot must afford his aircraft, and the precautions he must take to safeguard the aircraft from neglect or damage on the ground.

The student is taught the theory of bombing on the ground so that he may apply his knowledge in the air to give the bombardier a better chance of scoring direct hits. He is also taught the weight, composition, and most effective use of each different bomb. Gunsighting and construction of the different types of sights are also given to the future operational pilot.

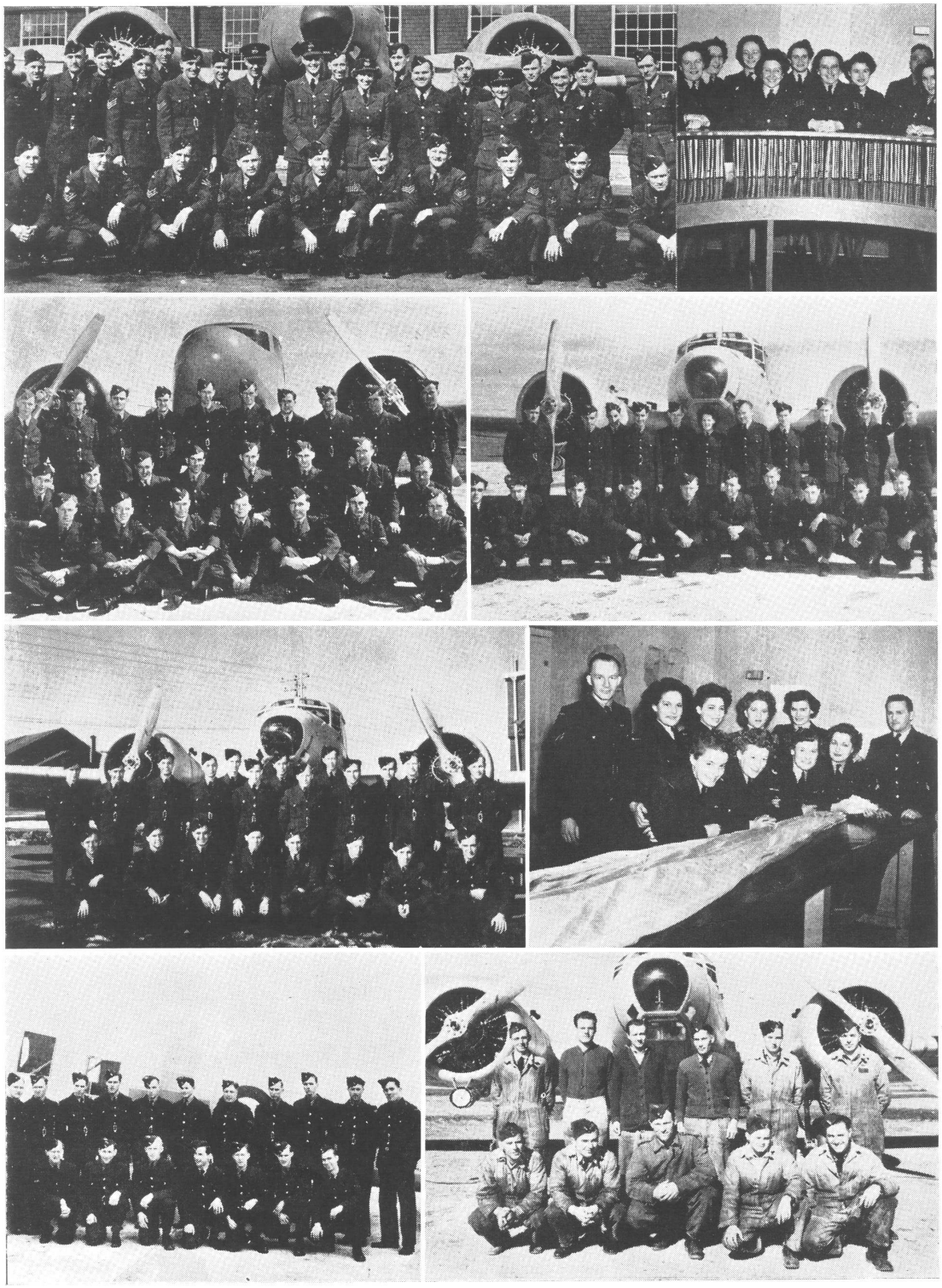
Meteorology plays an important part in every pilot's life and the student gains a fundamental knowledge of the types of weather conditions, and cloud formations. He learns the advantages and disadvantages of these facts as will be applied to his operational flying.

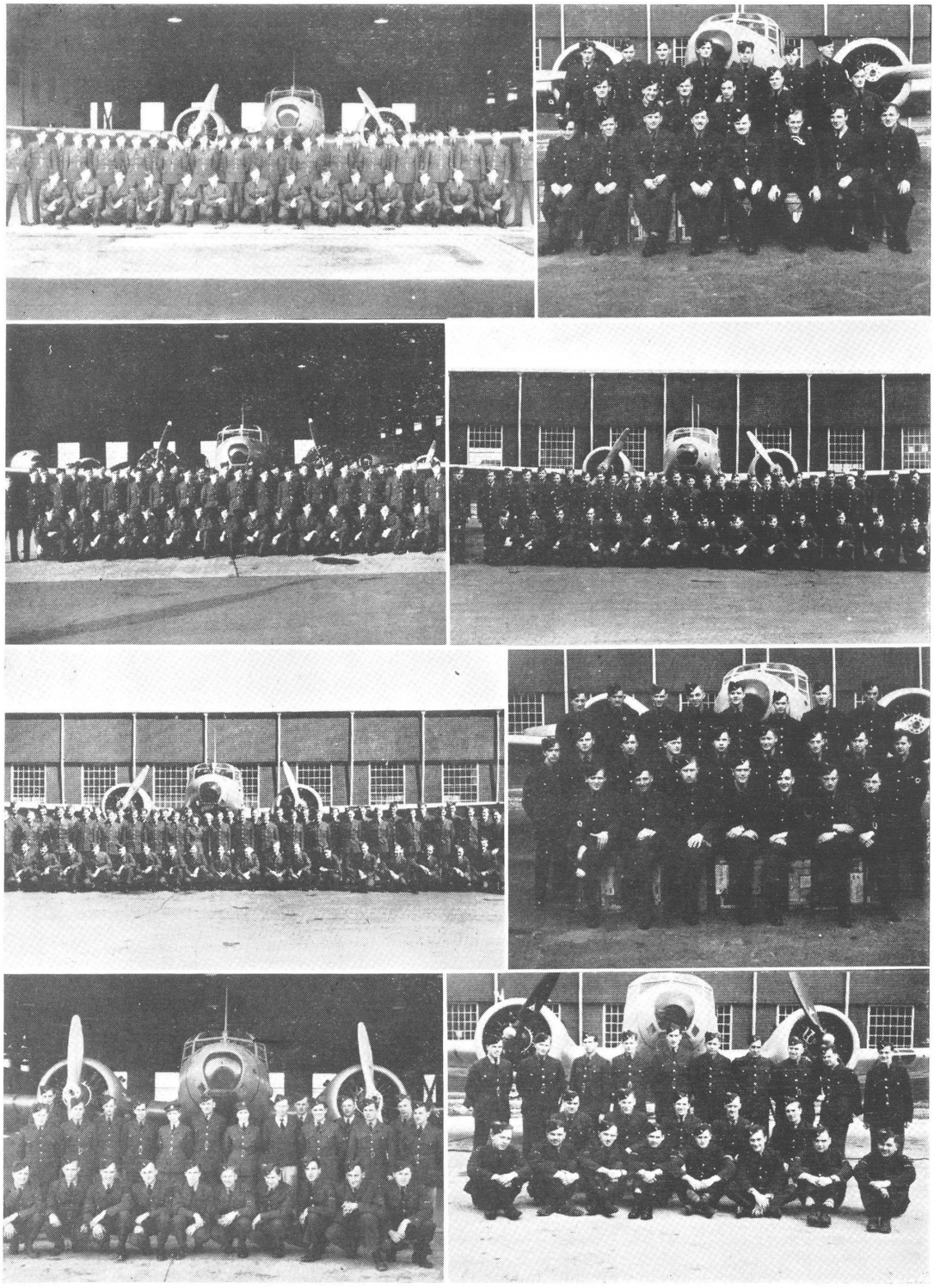
In aircraft recognition, he learns the various makes of all friendly and enemy aircraft, their wing spans, markings, and the type of work that each one does. He learns by means of picture silhouettes to recognize each of these aircraft at a substantial distance.

A short course in construction of the different types of planes is given the student to enable him to make comprehensive reports on the serviceability of his own aircraft. For

(Continued on Page 47)


MAINTENANCE





MAINTENANCE

Here is the brief story of all the guys and gals working up in the front line to "Keep 'em Flying" at No. 19 S.F.T.S.

F/L Thompson, the O.C. of Maintenance Wing. At the opening of No. 19 S.F.T.S. in May, 1943, he served in the capacity of Officer Commanding Repair Squadron. On September 25, 1943, he succeeded S/L Padwick, now a Wing Commander and the former C.E.O., now stationed at No. 8 B. & G. School, Lethbridge. F/L Thompson's success as a C.E.O. is evident, as the Aircraft Serviceability record is very high.

Aside from his duties as C.E.O. he is also President of the Station Entertainment Committee. His rendition of "Shoo Shoo Baby", at our Maintenance Dance held in the Vulcan Town Hall, was welcomed with so many cheers and whistles from the W.D.'s and women folk present, that the name "Sinatra the Second" was under serious consideration. It is evident, however, from the crowds attending the varied functions put on by F/L Thompson and his faithful committee, that No. 19 more than appreciate their pains and efforts.

Maintenance Administrative Adjutant—this title is deserving to none other than our well known W.D. Officer—A/S/O S. I. Pink, from Ottawa—Miss Pink replaced S/O Berry in December of 1943.

Coupled with the responsibility of signing leave passes and 48's for five hundred men of maintenance, is her great interest in Station activities. Concerts, music, tap dancing, and S.B.A. flying are her favorite pastimes. Her efforts and successes are known to everyone—good luck Ma'am.

Congratulations are in order for F/L Shaw and F/O Bristowe—both recently promoted. F/L Shaw now posted overseas, was O.C. Repair Squadron—and though he has left us, we still deem it a privilege to have his name and picture in our Annual. F/L Shaw was also president of the Sports Committee for Repair Squadron and what he hadn't planned for this summer—golf, tennis, softball, racing, swimming and volley ball, etc.

F/O Bristowe—O.C. Servicing Squadron. F/O Bristowe better known as Tubby, is another active member in the world of sports. With F/O Bristowe as the President of our Boxing Committee, No. 19 witnessed on the 15th of March, 1944, a card they will never forget.

ON MAINTENANCE AS SUCH

Maintenance actually had the editor of the paper worried. From their various sections and groups of workers—they flooded us with articles—we could almost have printed a magazine on Maintenance alone—perhaps that wouldn't be such a bad idea. However, with due apology to all who contributed—we are only printing a small portion.

Maintenance is divided into two large groups—Repair Squadron and Servicing Squadron. The former takes up one and seven hangar—while Servicing comprises two to six. About the importance and the efficiency of these two groups, one need hardly make mention. The fact that the serviceable aircraft usually tally around the hundred mark, is ample proof. The boys in Maintenance know that the efficiency pennant shows their credit in no small way. They also like to boast about the sports cup which they hold—and intend to keep.

REPAIR SQUADRON

Maintenance Log Room—also known as Control Room—keeps a record of all aircraft on the Station, both serviceable and unserviceable. By means of an inter-communication set they keep in touch with the various sections of Repair and Servicing Squadron.

Repair Squadron perform all major and minor repairs, inspections and repair crashes, etc. To do this work proficiently they have 32 crews—alloting 4 crews—4 men and a corporal to 4 sergeants. These men are known as fitters and riggers.

Under Repair Squadron are various sections—each performing their important job—towards assembling and repairing an aircraft.

The hydraulic section carries on work in both Servicing and Repair Squadron of Maintenance Wing. That means, this Section services seven hangars. Among some of the work done are installing engine driven pumps, undercarriages and flapjacks; replacing faulty lines, valves and selector units—and then the most difficult of all—that of "trouble shooting."

Workshops are usually broken up into 3 sections—wood, metal and welding shop. The woodshop will make anything from the various sections of the Anson to a radio cabinet for the Airmen's Mess. The Metalshop will take on a battered tail joining or make a sink for the hospital, while the welding shop will repair the Station plow, or heater box from the Anson, or even weld a handle on a knife for F/S Tiberio.

The electrical section's normal establishment is approximately 25 personnel including the 5 in the Link Trainer Section—known as 'Orange Box Specialists'. The section is divided into 4 crews—shop maintenance night crew, minor and major crews. The battery charging room—also a part of the electrical section—where all initial and regular battery charging is carried out.

The Instrument Section is responsible to keep every instrument panel in perfect condition—this is done by expending the minimum of physical energy as the manpower situation is top shape. The boys here feel proud of Cpl. Petroski—the man packing the potent punch—and is nearest the 'Jekyl and Hyde' pattern of life. While at moments a vicious killer in the ring—your friend, the down to earth "pipe and slipper man"—minus the pipe of course—for Franky is the athletic type.

The Engine Assembly Room has 4 crews headed by Sgt. Hosler. The Engine Room Crew keep the boys in the hangar supplied with engines ready to install. The cylinder room checks and repairs bad cylinders and pistons. Then there is the 'prop' Section—one can guess their job, and packing crew—who see that engines going back to be overhauled are packed to prevent damage and corrosion.

SERVICING SQUADRON

Servicing squadron does the alloting of aircraft to the respective flights—in accordance with their needs. This Squadron has a wonderful set-up for servicing. About 24 men for each hangar—working in two shifts—with a corporal for each shift—and a Sgt. for every hangar. These men service some 20 aircraft—the usual allotment per hangar. Besides refueling, performing checkovers and minor repairs they see that all aircraft are in at night and are kept clean.

Servicing squadron has been very ably handled by F/O Bristowe, a chubby chap who loves to fly and argue.

Control of aircraft and men is accomplished through the "Juke box" and hangar N.C.O.'s. Sad Sam Seipp is the engineer in charge of the "juke box" and the stagger board.

The hangar N.C.O.'s namely Sgts. Flynn, Korody, Jolly, Maddess and Wilkie can't win. Should they hope to keep their flight commanders happy they must give extra aircraft, so they promptly receive a "blast fro mthe juke box". If this isn't enough to ruin their day, there's always Flt. Briggs to reckon with. He thrives on finding fault—and isn't really happy unless he can deal it out.

The paper work is very capably handled by A. W. Galpin—that good looking brunette who does a lot, hears a lot and says little.

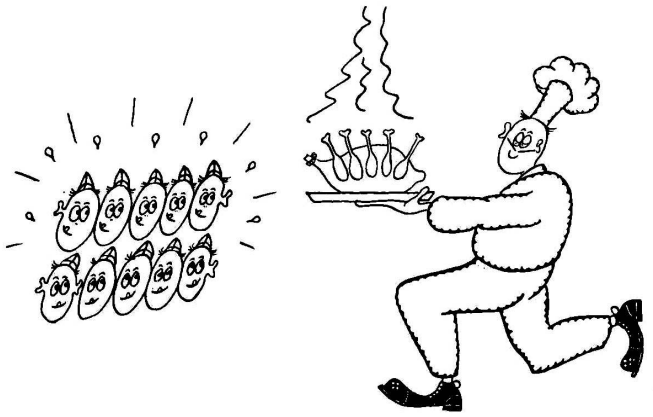
Night flying is serviced by a crew of eleven men and a corporal. Then there is also a percentage crew of four—who carry out spot checks. Each hangar has its turn, alternately servicing Ensign. Crew usually comprised of 14 men.

The Parachute section—part of servicing—also have their bit. They want to see the boys happy—should they float through the air. Their duty is to keep all parachutes well packed and ready for use.

The fabric workers—also operating from this section—do all fabric repairs on the mighty Anson. These girls—with brush and dope in hand, make some of the prettiest gremlins ever seen.

« » FOOD « «

Something New in the culinary field every day, Tomorrow, who knows? maybe a drumstick for all . . .



AIRMAN'S MESS

Introducing to you the Airman's Mess Staff—one of the biggest and happiest families on the station.

Yes, we can and do make our own fun over here, yet there are times when no one envies our position, times when we are forced to say: "Sorry—no seconds!", or when, every other morning, we must rise at 05.00 hours and make toast and fry eggs in our sleep, over a hot fire.

Our chief is Section Officer Myers, who really has a job, trying to make up appetizing meals from your ration allowance. Her able assistants are Albertan "Flight" Hyndman, and Sgt. Farrell of Ontario.

Two shifts take care of the day's work. In charge of one we have Corporal Ritchie. How we love to see him get excited, though he promptly denies having risen out of a calm.

Our three girls from "Newfy" are very happy here, even though they are so far from home. You hear them singing about the "Newfoundland Express' as they do their work. These three are: Loretta MacDonald, the girl with the dark eyes and dimples; Dorothy Butt, afraid of no one, and Anna Connors, our red-haired Irish.

Alberta can boast of having a few local girls. "Night Shift" Millie Broadhurst, and "Bakeshop" Barbara Miller are from Didsbury. Then the two from the far north are Trudy Frey of Peace River and Norah Ashbey of Athabaska. I suppose that cooking for airmen is no worse than cooking for threshers.

Nova Scotia, too, has its members. There is Georgie MacIntyre, our baker—you've seen her in those white trousers—quite a hockey player she is, and, of course, you've noticed our small strawberry blonde, Florence Edwards; she's even nicer than she looks—in fact, we think she's got everything, including a boy friend overseas—so sorry, fellows!!

From B.C. come Joyce Chaster, who plays basketball even better than she cooks, and screwball Carol Landreth, who just cooks.

Saskatchewan is ably represented by Lila Savage, whose temper is much milder than her name would imply. With stock, and stock pots, she's equally at home.

Then we have the head of the other shift—Pete Thagard of Winnipeg. He is more of a kid than any of us, and where there's fun, you'll find Pete every time. Ernie Biehler is the swing shift cook on call for any emergency. Then we mustn't forget the butchers, Jerry Walton and Harry George. You'll have to see them about why there aren't a thousand steaks per cow.

I tell you, the Mess has everything, including civilians. You are all familier with their faces about the dining halls. The girls are: Ethyl Diemert of Champion and Billie Hutchinson, who tantalizes you with one piece of butter out of a whole dixie full. Then there is Cora Folder, who knows her corporals and W.D.'s. Mr. Neville is the man who makes sure you have bread and milk when it is available.

The boys whom you see washing dishes, scrubbing floors, and doing other "Joe" jobs, are our G.D.'s They have an inglorious but most important job. Can you blame them if once in a while, they ignore the cry "Knives up!" or "Cups up!" The job of keeping all these fellows in their place is left up to Corporal Dollo, our JOE of all Joes. "Ration Room" Ralph LeMarquand has left us, leaving Joe Olzanski in charge of stores. Pots are polished by Arthur Yallup and Issie Schrie-

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For better or for worse they are responsible for what goes into our stomachs to keep us going day in and day out.

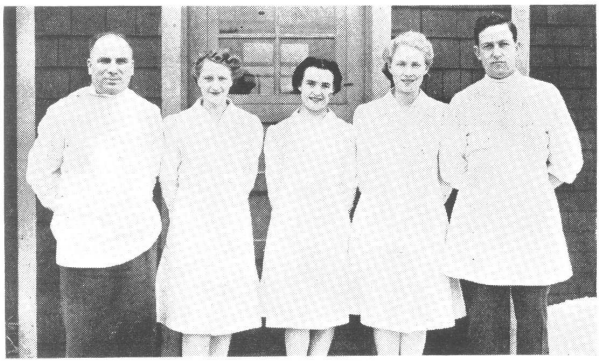


G/C Fraser opens hostilities on Christmas day by carving the first bird.

DENTAL CLINIC

That's my back collar
stud on your drill!

This won't hurt a bit,
Just tickle a little, that's all!



Three obvious reasons why our Dentists have so many callers.



Small, but looming six times its size to the small LAC walking nervously towards it, is the Dental Clinic better known to all and sundry as the original "Torture Chamber". Once within those dark portals, in Air Force slang "You've had it Chum."

The first noticeable thing in the Dental Clinic is the large table sitting in the waiting room, (no we don't mean Capt. Nicol) covered with gaily covered, cheerful looking magazines. This is a snare and a delusion and the magazines are the only cheerful things in the place. Some think that Lieut. Beatty has a radiant smile. Well it might fool the kids but it doesn't fool us. We haven't seen a better 'gloat' since the Dracula days.

Moving further into this chamber of horrors, you will be confronted by a tall blonde witch, who if she was anywhere but in here would look like a keen type W.D. sergeant. At this point you will become aware of a noisy buzzing sound punctuated by a throaty chuckle now and again. This is Capt. Nicol who must have learnt his drilling technique in a rock quarry. (It was just reported that his last job was with Grogan's Stone Works—no relation to Grogan's Alley). The witch is now beckoning you on past the throaty chuckles to the far cell. Here you can see what we mean about that 'gloat'. Lieut. Beatty is just untying and unstrapping a suffering patient all the while leering in your direction.

From here on it's entirely up to you. We just remembered an appointment with a couple of vampire bats down in the East end and I'll bet that we have a much better time with them than you have in here.

Seriously the Dental Clinic is an extremely important factor in keeping the station personnel in good health. Among things accomplished in the clinic are the following:

1. Elimination of oral infection;
2. Seeing that air crew are dentally fit before graduation;
3. Seeing that all personnel are dentally fit before being posted to any other station;
4. Maintaining a high standard of treatment for all personnel who are **fortunate** enough to get an appointment.

Captain Nicol is the S.D.O. in charge. He is one of the 'originals' of the station. His greatest kick is beating a well-known sergeant at golf. Scottish-Jewish stakes 5c a hole.

Lieut. Beatty is a recent and welcome addition to the staff. He is keenly interested in station activities and was one of the main springs of the officers show. He seems to have woman trouble and suffers from loss of sleep (or too much).

Sgt. Fraser (W.D.), Grace to everyone is a highly skilled Dental assistant, having worked at that profession before enlisting in the W.D.'s. She is a star basketball player and a loyal worker on the station. She is always turning up with some sergeant friend to have his teeth cleaned on a busy day (should install a "beauty dept.")

LAW Isla Low is highly regarded as a future receptionist in some high-class dental office. She is a Jitter-bug de-luxe and can be seen cavorting around the Rec. hall in dazzling array.

AW1 Margaret Smillie is rapidly becoming an indispensible member of our staff. We are worried for her future as she has matrimonial ideas.

❖ ❖ ❖

And one last eye-Q. No. 8644!

The chap with bad eyesight was examined by the draft medico—and placed in 1-A. "But my eyes are terrible," he pointed out. "I can hardly see anything."

"Look," said the doctor, "we don't examine eyes any more —we just count them."

* * *

Medical officer, after examining a mountaineer volunteering for service: "Sorry, we can't take you. You have flat feet, and they couldn't take it. You wouldn't be able to walk five miles with those feet."

Mountaineer: "That's too bad, 'cause I just walked 115 miles to get here, and I shore do hate to walk back again."

STATION HOSPITAL

Our present station hospital opened August, 1942, and has had a brilliant history since then. Upon the change of No. 2 F.I.S. over to No. 19 S.F.T.S. the hospital staff remained with the station which is now No. 19.

Some of this staff are still here today, and may be called the pioneers of our Unit. Among these is our popular red-headed nurse Ruth MacPherson (affectionately known as "Stinky" in the Officers' Mess). Strangely enough, at least so it will seem to some of you, she loves Vulcan and doesn't want a posting. At any rate we are very glad to have her and would hate to see her go. Others in this parade of pioneers are F/S Jerry Blanchfield the favourite Pharmacist, who may be also seen in Vulcan's popular Drug Store any Saturday night keeping his Post-War occupation in hand. Sgt. Tommy Barrowcliff, a staunch reminder of the sick parade hour, is another old timer.

Hospital Assistants are Corporal Bilton, Cpl. Toth, L.A.W. Arundel and L.A.W. Warren. Later arrivals are "Ole Lady" Young and Irene Cowley. These girls do a marvellous job in the Hospital and with their ready smiles and cheerful conversations have won the hearts of many patients. None of them show visible signs of being "browned off" at any time which is a wonderful tonic for any Flying Instructor who happens to find rest and quiet in the Hospital.

More recent arrivals to the Station Hospital are the Medical Officers who are all fine chaps. Our S.M.O. is S/L McManus who is a wizard M.O. with an awful eye for "lead-swingers". S/L McManus was with the R.C.A.M.C. from June to November of 1940, when he then transferred to the R.C.A.F.

F/L Caldwell craves a posting overseas, and recently was posted to No. 2 Wireless School. He is a very fine doctor and popular with all. Best of luck to him.

F/L D. Grant our tonsil (if you have nothing else to offer) burgler wears wings obtained in the R.F.C. during the last war. He spent several years in Equador, S. A., practising medicine before coming to Canada and joining the R.C.A.F.

F/L B. Pace has come from Calgary to take Dr. Caldwell's place and is generally thought of as a very good type.

N/S Ferguson is our tiny, vivacious nurse who takes a peculiar fancy to removing peoples shoes at Mess parties.



S/L McManus is in charge of our Hospital.

She and Cpl. Fuller are the X-ray technicians of our hospital and there isn't anything you can hide from either of them.

Cpl. J. Stachan Long, lean and not a little lonesome is a recent arrival from Brandon. LAC's Dunbar and Ramsey and L.A.W. Kother have arrived also during the last six months. Kother and Dunbar are practically the original pair of jitterbugs. It's anybodies guess as to which is which and where the other one is when they are doing a spot of jive.

The hospital chefs, the healers of that ever-present patient, the inner man work on the principle that a man will never get well unless he is fed sufficiently and well three times a day. Judging by the weight some of the patients acquire, their theory is not in vain. One must taste to appreciate.

The orderly room, of which every section has one and they all insist on seven copies of everything, is run very efficiently by F/S James recently a proud Papa. We are told that James will blush heavily upon reading this, but don't worry Flight, this is a long war. Congratulations. His able assistants in the pen-pushing Kingdom are L.A.W. McNally, A.W. Urbanovitch and A.W. Lemerick.

We are all very proud of our efficient hospital and are confident that they can cure us of anything. Congratulations to all the Hospital staff and the best of luck in the forthcoming year.



The only people in the Air Force who give you breakfast in bed.



F/L Grant, chief surgeon, is shown having a freckle removed by his able staff.



AN AIRMAN'S DREAM



RELIGION and EDUCATION



F/L Ross our Padre, and F/O Cooper our educational officer at their desks.

F/L Ross our Station Padre came to us from No. 2 Wireless School and we sincerely hope that he is enjoying his stay here as much as we enjoy having him with us. F/L Ross served overseas in the last war, and since his graduation from the United Montreal Theological College has worked in Trinidad and all parts of Canada.

In spite of appearances the Padre's job is far from being easy. Contrary to most beliefs he works hard not only on Sundays but every other day of the week. Each day the Padre has from fifteen to fifty persons in his office, who have dropped in to unburden themselves of some trouble or anxiety. This quite often necessitates trips around the station for the Padre finding the right people to deal with each particular case arising from these discussions. This incidentally is not the cause of our good Padre's flat feet, but it helps.

Every day of the week the Padre visits the hospital, cheering those who are sick and perhaps a little afraid of whether or not our famous surgeon, Doctor Grant, will attack them next. These daily visits also provide the Padre with new inspiration and make for him many new friends. Generally speaking the Padre's visits are of a cheerful nature, but sometimes his duties take on a more serious and tragic note. Frequently visits have to be made to homes in the district following news from overseas, and it is probably here that the Padre's job becomes most difficult. He has to build new faith and new hope around these people whose belief has been badly shattered by the fortunes of war.

Each day the Padre's mail is heavy and constitutes many and varied letters from personnel overseas, and friends and relatives of the men and women on the station. Oftentimes these letters require investigation, information, or other action, which keeps F/L Ross very busy. The letters and their subsequent interviews cover a wide range of subjects including postings, marriages, baptisms, church relationships, domestic matters and a host of other problems that concern the average R.C.A.F. personnel.

Sundays are of course a strenuous day for the Padre. He holds at least two services each Sunday and special services in between which fill up his day.

Finally it may be said that the foremost thought in the mind of every Padre is the hope that he will be of some real service to those with whom he works and that he may be instrumental in the building of God's Kingdom. In the case of our own Padre, F/L Ross, we feel that he is attaining this end, and we on this station are receiving the benefit of his effort. For the station as a whole we on this staff wish the Padre every success and the best of luck in his work on this station.

BACK TO SCHOOL IN THE EDUCATION SECTION

Our educational section at No. 19 S.F.T.S., very efficiently managed by F/O Cooper, is a section specifically charged with trade improvement and furthering the general educational qualifications of all our personnel. No. 19 has established an enviable record, for trade improvement, in the short space of time it has been open. N.C.O.'s and Airmen are given the opportunity to attend regular class-room and practical lectures, in their prefered trade, and when prepared, to take trade tests which when successfully completed will give the man a higher rating, and perhaps rank, in his field of work. In this manner the airmen are learning new trades, bettering a former trade, and discovering many places where they may fit in both in their wartime job and in the days of peace to come.

There is also the other side of the Educational Section, the one with which we are all very familiar. This is school as we know it of old. War years cause a lapse in most men's lives, during which they are mainly concerned with the business of making and winning a war. Their private businesses, education and home life all take a back seat during this time. On stations such as ours, the Education Section is able to combat these fruitless war-years by giving Commercial and Vocational courses in a wide range of subjects to personnel on the station. In the academic field courses are available from Elementary level to University level.

The Educational Section also conducts lectures and discussion groups dealing with Democracy, the Allied nations and their part in the War, and all phases of our progress during this present conflict. Rehabilitation and other Post-War problems provide a topic of ever-increasing importance in this field.

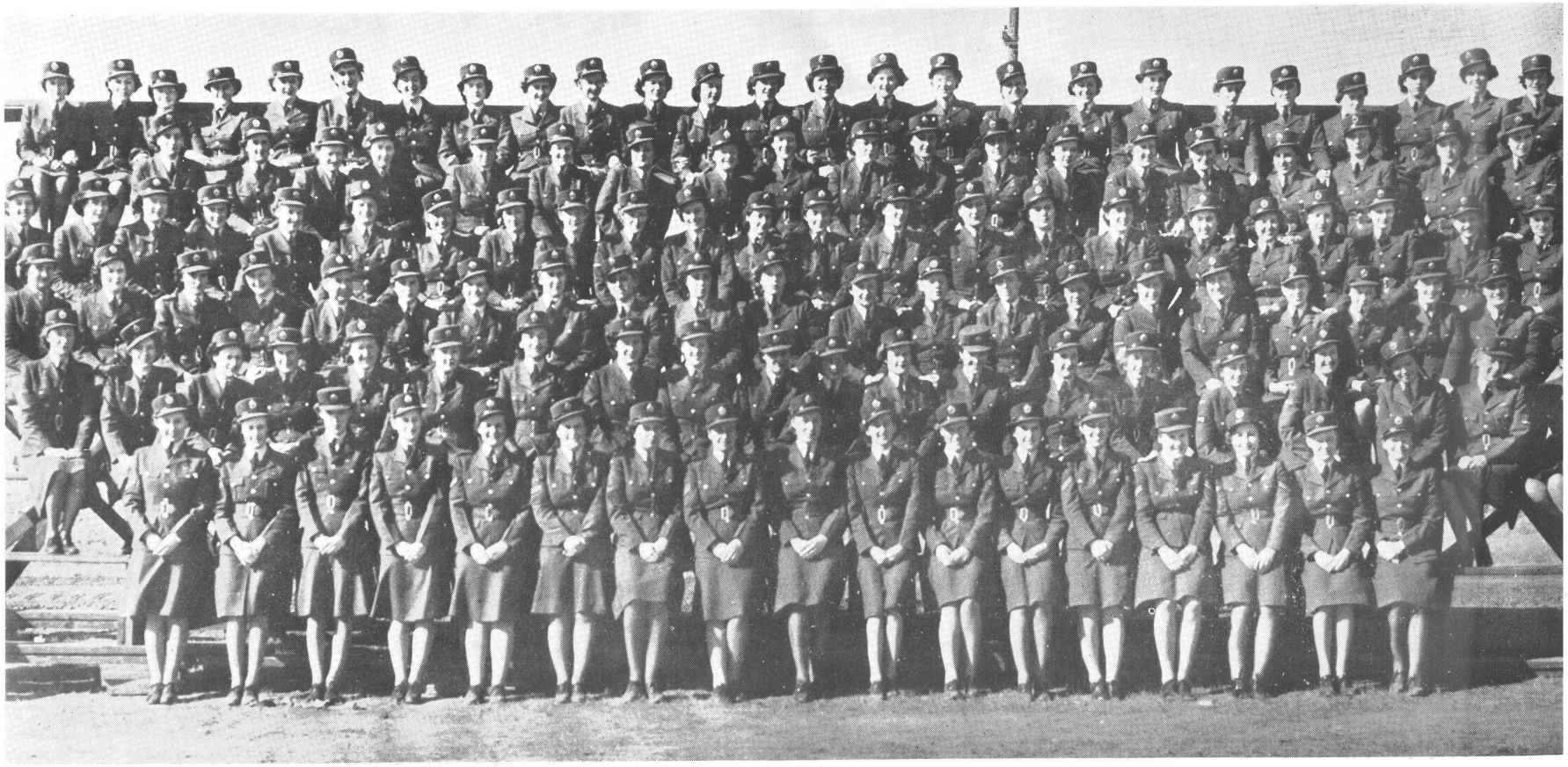
Appropriate employment is another major function of the educational section. The problem of fitting square pegs into square holes, thereby serving the best interests of the Service as a whole and also the individual concerned, is well taken care of by the Educational Officer of each station.

Educational Program of the R.C.A.F. depends on the whole-hearted support of every thinking individual, and gaining this, the efficiency of our fighting quality will be doubled. To win we must have "brains" as well as "brawn" and the Education section is doing a wonderful job of keeping our minds active and alert.



The Education Office Staff

WOMEN'S DIVISION



THESE W.D.'S OF OURS!

On October 12th, 1942, Thanksgiving Day, the first W.D.'s arrived at Vulcan. Of that first contingent, Cpl. Ann Ahara and Vicki Powell are the only two that are left; and their smiles today as they hand you your mail are just as cheery as on that cold, wintry day a year and a half ago, when they stumbled off the back of a stake truck and looked over this place which was to be their temporary home.

More W.D.'s arrived by twos and threes and after No. 2 F.I.S. folded up their camp and moved to Pearce, No. 19 S.F.T.S. came into being in May, 1943. The W.D.'s who remained were Hospital and Equipment Assistants and Postal Clerks, and that is the reason, when a group of girls are gathered, talking things over, you often hear the phrase "When No. 2 was here . . ."

Today there are W.D.'s in nearly every Section of the Station. You see the girls decked out in parkas driving gas tenders, smudged with dope from working on the aircraft, wearing hospital white—smart examples of starched efficiency. You see them in blue smocks giving out aircraft spares; you see them in white smocks behind the steam tables in the Mess Hall and you see them, fingers blackened with carbon, behind typewriters . . . and, remember last year, when the girls were working as timekeepers on the runway in all kinds of weather, you would see them clumping down the street in their big awkward boots and their heavy Eskimo outfits, loving every minute of their job. The slogan "They serve that men may fly" certainly applies. Every time a posting comes in for a remuster to aircrew and posting to No. 3 "M", every W.D. should know that she has helped to make it possible.

The atmostphere of B.B. No. 10 is one of friendliness and cheerfulness, often remarked on by newcomers. Each W.D. is interested in several Station activities, from dancing, badminton, the Station Dramatic Club, to softball, and basketball; and our Basketball Team is well known here in Southern Alberta with Sgt. Fraser as captain and Cpl. Solowan as coach. The ice hockey team, which started last winter, had several good games during the season. On Friday nights the W.D.'s have an "At home" in their Canteen and judging by the crowd that attends, the canteen will have to be enlarged somewhat to hold everybody. Thursday afternoon and evening, many of the girls attend classes sponsored by the Canadian Legion. Weaving, leather work, knitting, and embroidery of all kinds are learnt by the girls, who, although taking a man's place in the Service, realize the importance of maintaining their feminine accomplishments.

Yes, even though at times they do remember longingly the days of "civvies" and glamour bobs, and at times wonder desperately if they are becoming "Vulcanized", still they are a happy bunch. And although I don't suppose they even stop to think about it, they are happy in the part they are playing, alongside the airmen, in helping Canada contribute to that force which will ultimately regain peace for this country.

WOMEN'S DIVISION, WHY?

Sometimes when we visit a city such as Calgary, Vancouver, or Winnipeg, and see the swarms of Airwomen that are roving about, apparently doing nothing but having a good time, we wonder what the woman's part is, in this war.

We think of the millions of dollars that are spent on these girls for their uniforms, their food and lodging, their medical care, their training courses and their wages and we wonder "What are they doing to deserve all these?" Here we have the story of one of these girls.

"I enlisted in Edmonton, as a clerk general, in September 1943," says AW1 Jones, "and proceeded to Rockliffe for my basic training. I had never done office work, or in fact, any other type of steady job before, and I wanted to know the feel of the bit. I had just finished my grade twelve in June, and was not yet ready to decide on my vocation. I had always known the freedom of the outside and I wondered how I would like office work. In other words I was experimenting.

"Well, it's pretty hard to explain all the feeling that I experienced at Basic. One thing that I remember most vividly is the terrific fear and awe in which I held even the most humble Corporal. I was frightened to death of the officers and would go blocks to avoid one. I remember the torture of breaking in those new issue shoes with two hours of drill a day and one hour of P.T. I remember very plainly one day when I had been brought before the Sgt. for not wearing my gloves on parade. She had me nearly in tears, scolding me about my gloves when she noticed that my hair was much too long. And so away we went on another angle, Finally very humble and contrite, and very very near tears I escaped and headed for barracks with my head very low. Too low I guess for I was aroused from my reverie by a voice saying "Salute there!" There stood four officers in a group and I had walked straight past them and had not even saluted. Oh my shattered nerves. I saluted on the run practically and headed as fast as my legs would carry me to my barrack block and the baslm of my girl friend's sympathy.

"After basic I was packed off to Toronto where I was to receive 8 weeks training in clerical work; my girl friend having to remain in Rockliffe till she got her uniform. In Toronto I lost a bit of my fear for Corporal's, thanks to Cpl. Roberts and Cpl. Lamb my typing and theory instructors. In Toronto we learned to shift for ourselves and rather "came out" of the spell cast over us at Rockliffe.

"After I had been in Toronto a month, my girl friend finally got her uniform and came for her course, so we had one month together. She had worked in the kitchen for a month, and she had "Had it!" as the saying goes.

Then the time drew near for my class to graduate. We were to graduate on December 16, 1943. It was very near to Christmas and the girls were very homesick. I had made up my mind that I wouldn't kick even if I got posted to Halifax. Well what happened? I got posted out west near my home, and those who wanted to get home so badly got posted to Halifax.

"When I got to my new position, (as green as spring grass), I was placed in Central Registry until I should return from my New Year's leave. During my leave, my father became very ill and I applied for, and got, my furlough. On returning to my station I found I was to remain in C.R. Now, at last, I began my work in the airforce. I began to find the formula for getting along with so many different types of girls. I, who had been a selfish, tempery little beast, learned that "what you send into the lives of others, comes back into your own". At last I felt that I knew the secret of getting along with other girls. It gave me great satisfaction, and I think it was this feeling that allowed me to keep going in my times of greatest depression. I felt that, at last, I had mastered myself.

"I became very tired of my job. I felt nervy and trapped, in the office, and I came to know the drag of the bit on the spirit. How I longed for my old free life; how I hated this imprisonment. But I stuck. Perhaps it was because I couldn't have done much else, perhaps it was because I knew that my parents would be disappointed in me if I quit, or perhaps it was the stubborness in me that kept me working day after wearisome day. I could not have faced myself if, at the first real trial, I had given up the ghost, and let myself give up my obligations, to shift back to luxurious freedom.

"So I stuck it out, and now I am rewarded. I am proud of myself. If at times I am discouraged, I know that it will pass as it has passed before. If I get into difficulty, I know that again it will work out as it has before. I know that I have fought with myself before and won. I know that I will win again. This is what the airforce has done for me. Now, what have I, what have the thousands of other girls, done for the airforce?

"Ours is a showy job, not one that earns us medals, but I and all the rest have done our little bit. My particular

(Continued on Page 47)





YMCA

Leisure time is enjoyed amid these pleasant surroundings in the Y.M.C.A., the Airmen's Club.

There are two buildings on this station that are ruled by the Y.M.C.A. respectively by its representative Ed Smee. Everyone on the station takes it for granted to have a lounge, a writing room with an ample supply of writing paper, envelopes, and ink, a billiard table (which had been purchased with station funds) and ping-pong tables. Also taken for granted is a recreation hall where moving pictures are shown nightly, and where dances are held. But there was a time when this station had none of these and there was very little to take the airmen and airwomen away from everyday worries. Since May 1943 it has been a steady labouring to build up things to what they are today. Statistics show that in the ten months from May 1943 to February 1944, over 44,000 people saw the 144 movies shown (that is including the pay shows which are run by a special committee), and that nearly 26,000 people took part in 113 dances. These have been the most popular of the entertainments offered by the Y.M.C.A. Besides that, concert parties, musicales, sing-songs, bingo games, and lots of other entertaining evenings where held under the sponsorship of this great organization.

The writing room of the Y.M.C.A. building is well populated nearly all the time. No wonder that the "Y" had to distribute more than 67,000 sheets of writing paper and over 37,000 envelopes during the same period as mentioned above. How important the service of sending wires is, can be seen by the fact that 1,140 telegrams have been sent off by the Y.M.C.A. in the last ten months.

The library is one of the most popular offerings of the "Y". Some 1400 books are at the disposal of the station personnel and about 25 books are added monthly by our own station funds.

There are many other services the Y.M.C.A. offers to us but we all know about them, so it is not necessary to mention them. But it is entirely up to us to say "Thank you" and "well done".

Behind the scenes of these opportunities we see a few silent workers. As mentioned before Ed. Smee is the Y.M.C.A. representative. To many the lounge and show hall represent the Y.M.C.A. activities on the Station—but to those who are engaged in the many and varied club activities or committees that are functioning here at Vulcan there is the realization of just how far Ed. Smee has delved into the organization of most of the Station programs. The work of the Y.M.C.A. is one that extends wherever there are things of interest to the Station personnel—therefore we see his work as varied as it is extensive. Ed. Smee does not perform his job like a hired hand, but as one who is part of what he does—his readiness to help



Genial host and organizer, Ed Smee, is selling a good book to his staff.

each individual speaks for itself. His Ability can be greatly enlarged upon through the co-operation of those with whom he lives and works. And Ed has mentioned on several occasions how pleased he was with the wonderful co-operation he has received from everyone—and has never worked with a more congenial and friendly group of people.

Thanks Ed for your efforts—they have not been in vain.

Then we have the two well known, popular W.D.'s—Marion Argent, the little, friendly, dreamy-eyed brunette, assisted by Judy Swartman, with the temperamental disposition—never in the same mood twice. There are perhaps no other women on the station so well known and liked by so many.

Besides being pleasant to all the young men who come to the lounge, these girls are the librarians, typists for many jobs required in the Y.M.C.A. office, the senders of telegrams—accountants for small financial matters. Marion is interested in sporting activities and loves sewing on stripes, wings and props. It has been very difficult to fathom whether or not it is our library that attracts so many of the male sex into looking over the books or whether it is the presence of one or both of our popular W.D.'s.

Then there is the gentleman who waxes the floors, and cleans the place up. He is known to us as Louis Harper—punching bag expert and magician.

So if the lounge is a swell place to visit—it is only so because through the unceasing efforts of the ones in charge—your co-operation.

SPORTS

❖ ❖ ❖



F/O Rielly and his staff of music builders. Photo taken in the P.T. and Drill office.

NO. 19 S.F.T.S. SPORTS REVIEW

During the past year the personnel of No. 19 have actively and successfully engaged in various inter-station and inter-squadron sports contests. The Sports Committee together with our P.T. Officer, F/O Rielly and his staff have co-operated to make the sports activities on the station a great success. All manner of sports have been organized including basketball, softball, hardball, borden-ball, boxing, wrestling, hockey and track events.

The Sports program started in August of 1943 when a big field day was held in honour of the first graduating course. This course was comprised of R.A.F. lads who took part in the events and gave our Canadian boys some good competition.

Soon we developed several good basketball teams representing both the W.D.'s and the Airmen. On our men's team we were fortunate to have F/O "Wally" Mayers who had played with U.B.C. Dominion Champions and coached the Vancouver Maple Leafs, also Dominion champions. The W.D.'s teams were very well represented and played some fast smooth games between themselves and against teams from other stations. The Airmen's team played against teams from Macleod, Claresholm, Pearce, and Lethbridge.

Borden-ball became a very popular game on the station and competition was very keen among the different sections. A borden-ball league was organized and practically every section had a team competing. When the finals were played off Navigation Flight took the honours and won the league.

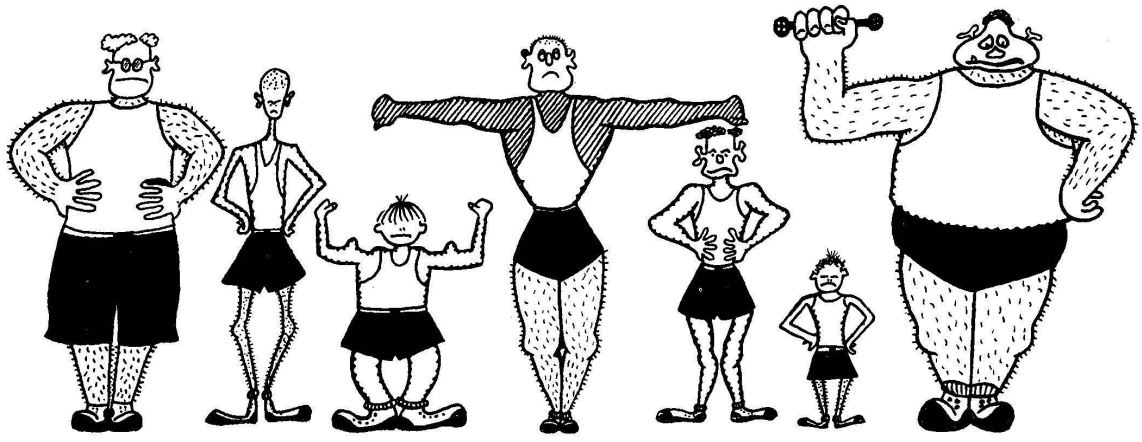
Softball and hard ball flourished during the summer months of last year and many of the personnel showed a marked interest both as players and spectators. The W.D.'s turned out some excellent teams and played several good games off the station. Our teams are starting up again this year and show possibilities of some very fine games in the near future.

In March of this year a boxing and wrestling card was held on the station, and drew a large crowd from the surrounding community. Corporal Frank Petroski, former Dominion Welter Weight Amateur Champion, represented No. 19 against Billy Peterson of the U.S. Army Air Corps. The resulting bout showed a good clean fight on both sides. Numerous other boxing and wrestling bouts completed the card and made a thoroughly enjoyable evening. 1st Lieut. George Regitko, U.S.A.A.F., refereed several of the bouts, and he and his Army Air Force boxers were the first Americans to participate in any sports activities at No. 19 S.F.T.S. Corporal Petroski is at present away from the station at a training camp getting himself in shape for a future boxing meet.

During the winter months hockey teams from the station made good showings in many outside games. In spite of a lack of practise on account of poor ice the teams were able to compete very successfully with players from Lethbridge, Pearce, Claresholm and Macleod.

On May 10th of this year a second sports meet was held celebrating the Anniversary of our Station. This meet took the form of novelty races, with teams entered from the Officers, N.C.O.'s and Airmen. The W.D. personnel were divided evenly between the three groups, scoring points for their respective groups. The Officers won the afternoon with a total of 85 points. In all fairness to the W.D.'s participating for the Officers, we must admit that they scored a majority of points for that group. Lieutenant Bill Beatty received the winning cup from Group Captain Fraser at a Sports dance held that same evening.

F/O Rielly has an elaborate sports program set out for the coming year, so arranged as to give everyone on the station a chance to participate in their favourite sport. The last year of sports proved very successful and in the future we at No. 19 S.F.T.S. hope to set up a sports record unequaled by any other station.



FIREMAN—SAVE MY CHILD

(Continued from Page 14)

being his favorite pastimes; likes old time dancing, and visiting fox farms. From Trail, B.C., comes J. Colligan, smoke-eater Junior, has three young daughters—wishes to some day surpass Eddie Cantor.

LAC McInnes, also from Winnipeg, now at Ensign, new comer to this station, likes to sit on Crash Tender, night flying. Hears from his wife every day.

Shorty Wilburt from Regina likes to spar with the big fellows, don't mind having his nose broke, likes to sing, and has a good voice; a typical Welshman.

Allsopp and Hazlett from regions unknown complete our strength. Both like reading and playing pool.

Cpl. Cummings who was here but a short time—lucky fellow, came here from Watson Lake, Yukon. Is married and has one baby daughter. At present on temporary duty at Moose Jaw. False Alarm.

(Editor's note: Who is on temporary duty at Moose Jaw?)

F O O D—AIRMEN'S MESS

(Continued from Page 37)

ber, who attack their job with scrubbing brush and lots of zeal—or do they? A couple of future pilots are serving behind the steam tables, so when Mier and Barber are S.A.O. and S.O.S., they'll know what to expect. We have a few perennial denizens of the wishwasher, includes Charlie Carwana, Lifty Lifshitz, Danny Eno, and Jimmy Lahey. The rest of our many "Joes" are aircrew and pre-aircrew lads who are in the mess temporarily on useful employment. They are the least joyful in our family, but we are happy to know that they soon will take their places in the planes which are waiting for them.

—Oh, yes, we nearly omitted the most faithful of our family. The Works and Buildings sections may be reached in the mess at any time—10.00 hrs. to 10.15 hrs., and 15.00 hrs. to 15.15 hrs. Could it be that they like their tea.

CONCERNING LINK TRAINING

(Continued from Page 25)

"the crab" faithfully records his efforts an a chart so that mistakes are easily discerned and corrected.

The Orderly Sergeant going through barracks is often startled, while passing the quarters of Sgt. Paul Sanson or Major Garvie, by the strange sounds emitted therefrom. "Air speed", ball—Horizon—Needle. The light dawns and solemnly scratching his head he moves on, sadly murmuring—Link Instructors.

The Link Instructor, the other half of the system, is he who tries to maintain a balance of reason while spending his days at the business end of the telephonic Communication System, instructing the man in the trainer. For his use is a duplicate system of instruments which react simultaneously with those in the machine and so he is able to observe the every movement of the suffering student and guide him along the rosy path of sound technique. His main assets are infinite patience and a self-sealing brain; for his trade is possibly the most monotonous in the service. For example, F/S "Mike" McCadden, several thousand hours ago must have looked as fresh as Sgt. Temperly just new off the course. Mike's "hangover" look is not all from a miss-spent youth, and only part of Sgt. Harry Hitchens gaunt appearance comes from his tooting of the trumpet in the station band.

The value of Link Training, like medicine, can never be adequately proven and opinions concerning it vary all the way from the profane to the ridiculous. Nevertheless it persists and some day when the last trumpet blows, who knows but that a heavenly host of "winged airmen" from the great beyond will arise in a mighty chorus and sing the praises of the link training program. Such is the hope of the hapless Sgt. Duke sitting in blissful ignorance at his desk with three much faded stripes on his arm and vainly struggling to swish that last and most persistent creeping pterydactl from his tunic sleeve under the watchful eye of Air Vice Marshall Whoosis, his erstwhile student.

THE SERVICE SCHOOL COURSE

(Continued from Page 32)

this same reason the fundamentals of engine construction and operation are taught to the student.

He also learns the elementary principles of first aid enabling him to treat minor burns and injuries if the need arises.

The link trainer and Bombing teacher also play an important part in the students synthetic training. Simulating actual flying conditions these two trainers go far to help the student in his instrument flying and armament exercises.

There are many other small but important features entering into the students training, such as patience and understanding on the part of all his instructors, the willingness of everyone on the station to help him and keeness of the student himself in all that he does.

At the end of his Service Flying School course the student receives the coveted Wings and goes forth to his advanced Training School or Operational unit with the knowledge that he has the finest training in the world behind him, and with this, the ability to do his utmost in bringing victory to a superior nation.

ACCOUNT SECTION

(Continued from Page 8)

AW1 June Watson and Cpl. G. Craig look after all invoices, standing contracts, etc., and seem to have their share of the little troubles that go with invoices in general. Cpl. Craig, George to us all, supplies the humour about the office and brightens up our dull moments.

Last but not least we have our very able clerk stenographer AW1 (Jeanne) Gale, who can always be found typing seemingly endless letters during the day, but who also can always do one more. Clerk generals AW1 (Betsey) Houle and AW1 (Ivy) Rogers are always to be seen typing, filing, or doing one of the many little tasks that comprise a days work in the Accounts Section.

—By LAW Codresco and Cpl. G. Craig.

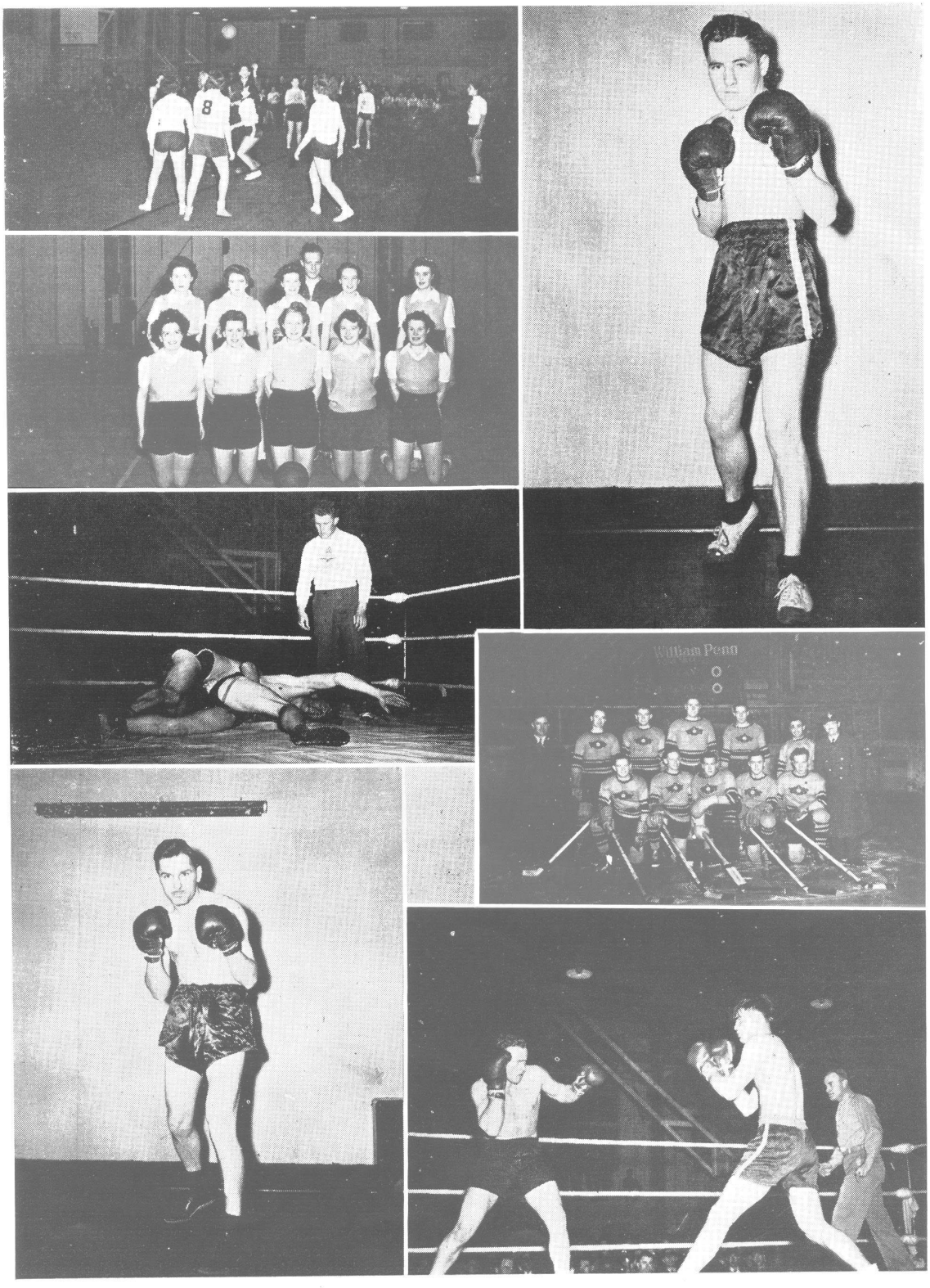
WOMEN'S DIVISION, WHY?

(Continued from Page 43)

section has the job of handling the official mail. It is our job to see that correspondence is kept intact, and where it can be reached at any time. There is no room for forgetfullness, no room for mistakes. The mail must be acted upon immediately and it is our job to check on this action, to be as extra hands to the officers, who are heavily burdened with the administration of so large an organization. We must cater to their needs, we must cater to their tempers. We must always be on hand, we must never be in the way. Such is the duty of every other girl in every other section. The work must be trustworthy, it must be perfect. Think of the responsibility of the parachute riggers. Many is the life that depends on their days work, and many is the pilot who sails safely to earth in a parachute packed by his female successor.

"This is our job, this is the main purpose for which we joined up; it is only after some time that we realize that we are doing another job, just as important—just as well. Can you guess what that job is? It is the job of looking after the boys while they are away from home. It is the job of keeping them happy, of keeping their minds from the grimness of their work. It is the little small things, that make up this job. The girls sewing on the boys stripes the night before a wings parade, the girls entertaining, at games, refreshment and dancing in their canteen; the girls at sports; a pick-up team putting up a game against the Australians at hockey; the girls softball team playing against the boys at softball; knowing the odds are great. It is in these things that the girls set the example for the boys, giving their all to the game even in great odds setting the example to the boys in that "Great Game against even greater odds." This is what I, and many other girls, are doing for the airforce, in return for that which the airforce has done for us. I think when this war is over, and our boys come home again to us, we will all feel that though we have received much, our slate is clean, and we are better women for it all." P. K. Hendel.

What's been cookin' . . . .



. . . . in the last year?



THE BAND

No Squares here . . .

All Solid Senders!



"Say, are you interested in organizing an orchestra?"

"I certainly am."

The two above sentences, spoken between F/O Bill Schon and Ed Smee, our "Y" supervisor at the end of May 1943, created the initial step towards a station orchestra. F/O Schon, with the co-operation of band members and Ed. Smee, have organized the work and practices of the band since that time. He has been manager, conductor, director and "Mother Confesser" to the band since its beginning a year ago. F/O Schon is now taking a leave of absence from his band-work and enjoying a well-earned rest. The band will be managed by F/O "Sonny" Fry, one of the originals and directed by LAC Lou Snider, who formerly played for C.B.C. in the piano team of Snider and Ross.

Four of the original members are still carrying on their good work in the present fourteen piece orchestra. Some of the musicians include Geoff Kemprud, formerly C.B.C., Vancouver, Lou Snider, C.B.C., Toronto, John Belcher, a professional violinist, Bruce Mills who played professional in Toronto, Bob Tipple, also a professional musician, Duke Avery, and Gil Preston. These are a few of those who comprise the 14 piece band which has progressed so satisfactorily due to the co-operation of all its members.

The instruments for the band have been provided partly by the members themselves and partly by the station with funds raised from dances, etc. They make all their own 'props' such as stands, music holders and when playing at dances on the station decorate their own stand suitably.

The station orchestra plays at all station functions such as dances and concerts, and has done so since they became a unit last year. A highlight in the bands experience was the music which they provided for the station show "Black and White Fantastics". The band at this time put out a terrific amount of work to make their part of the show a great success. The arrangements and the band's intrepretations of them, were exceptional contributions to the entertainment. Thanks to the band for all they have done and every success in the coming year.

INDIAN LOVE SONG

One night,
In June,
Stars shine,
Big moon.

In park,
On bench,
With girl,
In clinch.

Me say,
Me love.
She coo,
Like dove.

Me smart,
Me fast,
Never let,
Chance pass.

Get hitched,
Me say,
She say,
O. K.

Wedding bells,
Will ring,
Honeymoon,
Everything.

Settle down,
Married life,
Happy man,
Happy wife.

Another night,
In June,
Stars shine,
Big moon.

Ain't happy,
No more,
Carry baby,
Walk floor.

Wife mad,
She fuss,
Me mad,
Me cuss.

Life one,
Big spat,
Nagging wife,
Bawling brat.

Me realize,
At last,
Me too,
Damn fast.

UM END





AIR VICE MARSHALL HOWSAM PRESENTING "E" PENNANT TO GROUP CAPTAIN FRASER

The Efficiency Pennant Comes to Vulcan

The Efficiency Pennant won by No. 19 S.F.T.S. for the last quarter of the year 1943 was created by A.F.H.Q. to be awarded quarterly throughout the year, to the station attaining the highest standard of efficiency during a three month period. Schools throughout Canada compete for the efficiency pennant, one pennant being awarded each class of school. That is, all Initial Training Schools compete for one award; all Elementary Schools for another and all twin-engine Service Schools for still another pennant.

No. 19 S.F.T.S. attained the highest standard of efficiency for all twin engine Service Schools in Canada for the months October, November and December, 1943. Accordingly, the Minister for National Defence, deputized Air Vice Marshall Howsam, Air Officer Commanding No. 4 Training Command, to present our unit with the efficiency pennant, to be flown from February 1st till April 30th. Air Vice Marshall Howsam presented the "E" Pennant to No. 19 S.F.T.S. on February 10, 1944.

A. V. M. Howsam is well known and highly respected throughout No. 4 Training Command. He has shown a marked personal interest in all the stations under his command. It was indeed a privilege to us, and appropriate to himself that A. V. M. Howsam should present the "E" Pennant to the most efficient unit of his very efficient command.

Selecting the most efficient of all twin engine service schools in Canada is no easy task for A.F.H.Q. Each school is awarded marks on several points. For example: number of hours flown per serviceable aircraft; serviceability of aircraft; submitting all station returns and reports on time and without errors or omissions; and for educational progress and functioning of auxiliary services. Marks are deducted for A.W.L. cases, arrests and minor infringements of discipline. In short, every airman, airwoman and N.C.O. and officer on the strength of a unit contributes towards the winning of the efficiency pennant.

In its first quarter, No. 19 came fifth in the Service School competition for this coveted pennant. Now, as we reach the end of No. 19's successful first year, let us make every effort to retain the Efficiency Pennant by which we have shown ourselves superior to other schools. Yes, it can be done. If our school can maintain the high standard of efficiency, already shown in all its phases, the Pennant will continue to fly beneath our ensign. Therefore, fellow members of No. 19 S.F.T.S. let us keep up the excellent record, and remember the saying "A unit is judged by its worst points, rather than its good ones."

A NOTE FROM THE STAFF

In the production of this little annual there have been many problems, many headaches, and many just plain joe-jobs. Now that the job is done, however, the people who produced the year-book are glad they did put their time and effort into this record of a station's life. But there is still something to be done: the staff thanks all those people who helped to produce the annual whether their particular contribution could be used or not; and the staff wishes that Number Nineteen may carry on its past year of progress into the future. All is finished now and the staff wish that this annual may give you many happy memories of your service life and your service friends in the years to come.

THE STAFF

F/O BUD KIELY - - - - - - - - - Organization, layout

F/O RICH WHITEHEAD - - - - - - - - - - Cartoons

F/O PAT PATTERSON - - - - - - - - Editing, Articles

MR. JOHN TOWNSEND - - - - - - - - Editing, Articles

F/S W. G. PRETTIE - - - - - - - - - - Photography

F/O JACK SINCLAIR - - - - - - - - Sports, Pictures, Dates

AC2 HANS SWINTON - - Organization, Rewrites, Photography

AC2 TONY STEURT - - - - Organization, Rewrites, Articles

TO ALL PEOPLE

To all people comes an unguarded hour,
And war's dark shadow threatens at the door.
Putting on life, a dark veil of sorrow,
Seeming to stray forevermore.
But war's dark shadow parts
Like the drizzling rain.
Then people get into the sun again.
Wiping away that shadow of sorrow,
They look forward to a better tomorrow.