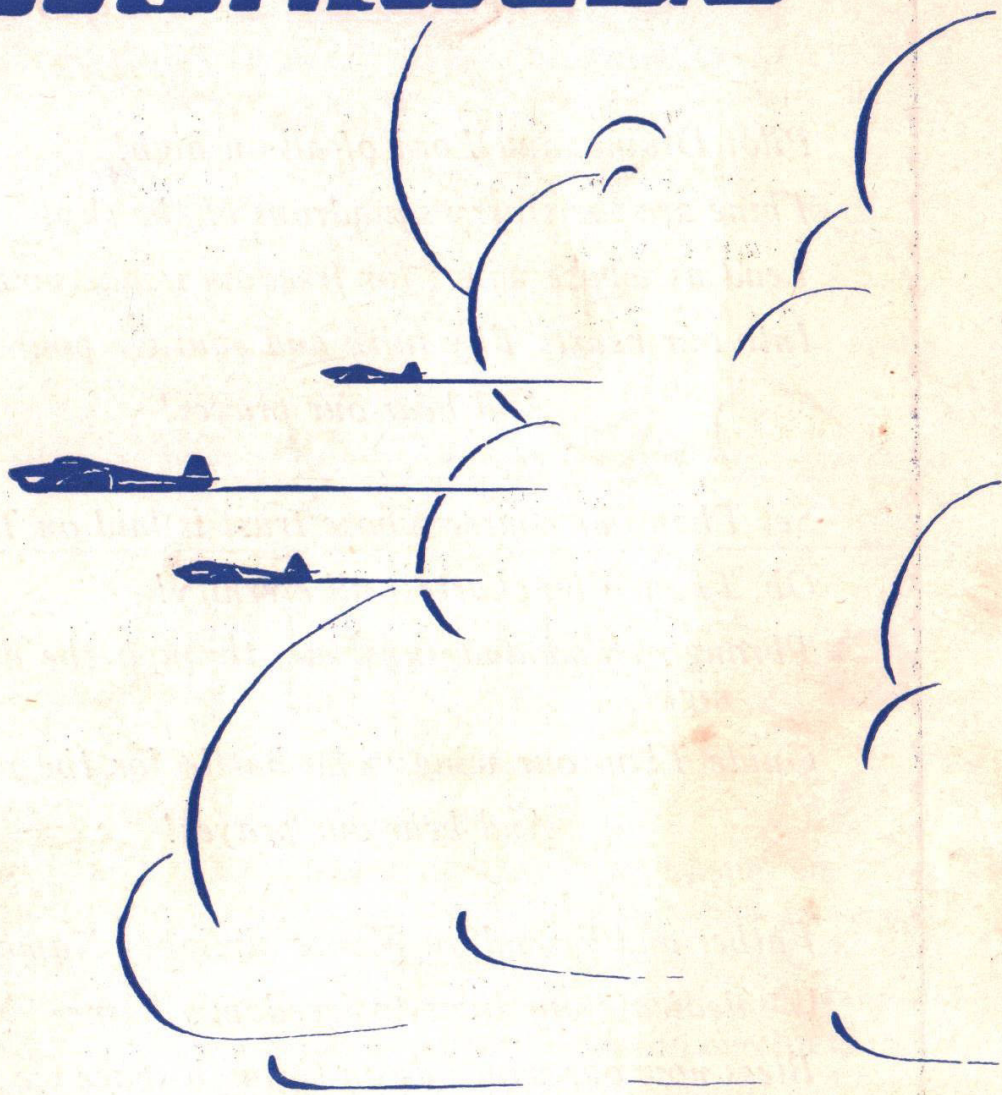


Western Wings



Airman's Prayer

*Pilot Divine, and Lord of all on high!
Thine are the starry squadrons of the sky!
Lead us whose wings for freedom's sake now soar;
Into our hearts Thy faith and courage pour—
And hear our prayer!*

*Set Thou our course whose trust is laid on Thee—
Oh, Thou Who chartest all eternity!
Through cloud and sunshine, through the darkest
night,
Guide Thou our wings who battle for the right—
And hear our prayer!*

*Father and Friend, in Whose almighty Name
We dedicate our lives to freedom's flame,
Bless now our wings as on through space we wend!
Bless us who to Thy care our souls commend—
And hear our prayer!*

WING COMMANDER G. L. CREED, R.C.A.F.

Western



Wings

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF WEST COAST CANADIAN STATION

Published Monthly by Kind Permission of GROUP CAPTAIN W. E. BENNETT, Commanding Officer.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Managing Editor—HARRY A. RENFREE (Y.M.C.A. Supervisor)

Assistant Editor—L.A.C. M. I. TAYLOR

Associate Editors—F/LT. W. C. DANIEL, F/O A. A. SMITH, A.W.1 E. G. MCKERCHER

Staff Artist—CPL. R. E. LEMOINE

Staff Photographer—FLT. SGT. F. E. WALSBY

Features Editor—FLT. SGT. D. J. MILLAR

Circulation Manager—W.O.2 W. H. BARTER

PRICE—TEN CENTS PER COPY

WESTERN WINGS receives material supplied by Camp Newspaper Service, 205 East 42nd St., New York City. Credited material may not be republished without permission from Camp Newspaper Service.

Vol. No. 2

JUNE, 1943

No. 3

EDITORIAL

By FLT./LT. W. C. DANIEL, CHAPLAIN (P.)

PER ARDUA AD ASTRA

The motto of the R.C.A.F., a heritage received with many fine traditions from the R.F.C., suggests a climbing fellowship. High above us lies the goal, whether success and victory for the individual life, or the victory of freedom and democratic ideals for which we fight. Life is difficult and dangerous. There is no place to-day for the daydreamer. Let the call of our western mountains challenge us all to strive upward.

An epitaph on an English grave in a Swiss village reads "He died climbing." He would not have died climbing had he not lived climbing.

Usually you cannot see the top when you begin to climb. The first part of the adventure is often a long pull through tangled underbrush, deep buried in forest. It is only when a high level is reached that the wider horizon appears, even then ridge by ridge must be conquered in turn.

It is wise to seek a guide—one who has experience, who has been up before, and who has the strength and courage to be a leader. Christianity has such a Guide to offer.

A rope in difficult and dangerous climbing is essential. It must be of the finest quality to take the strain. Best Alpine rope used to have a

scarlet thread woven in it, suggestive of the sacrifice and unselfishness necessary in a climbing fellowship.

Roped together, the members of a party assist each other. All are bound together for success or failure. A careless step on the part of one may plunge all to disaster. This speaks the truth so clearly apparent in our suffering world today. No individual, community or nation can live for self alone.

Care must be taken, too, lest a careless step roll rocks down on the heads of those who follow behind.

A final word of the Guide. He is first on the rope, choosing the path and the footholds. Number two follows in His footsteps, number three behind, and so on and up. Often the Guide is out of sight. It may be as in life, only when we reach the top that we see Him face to face.

* * * *

The above editorial, essentially a condensation of an address given by Flt. Lieut. Daniel on May 16th, is printed by special request. The Chaplain held his final Church Parade on May 30th, prior to his departure for another station.

SERVICE RELATIONS COMMITTEE

“To help us to dispose of problems or maladjustments to Service life, is never more essential than in wartime. Obviously an unhappy or discontented man or woman cannot be fully efficient. It would be foolish to pretend that everyone is, right at this very moment, happy in the Service. There are newcomers who find themselves in strange surroundings, and old-timers who may have gone stale and are fed up with their jobs. Others may be burdened with personal worries that affect their work.”

To help us to dispose of problems or mal-adjustments to Service life, there is established on this station a Committee of Service Relations. This committee, composed of Chaplain (P), Education Officer and Y.M.C.A. Supervisor, meets at 1330 hours each Monday in the Chaplain's office. Opinions, requests or complaints may be submitted to any member personally or by letter and will be treated confidentially. After consideration, if necessary these will be forwarded to the Commanding Officer. The committee invites the interest and co-operation of all who seek a happy, efficient station.

Flight Lieutenant

A. G. CHALMERS

By W.O.I K. PUGSLEY

OUR genial Senior Account Officer, F/Lt. Chalmers, has had a "Horatio Alger" like career both in and out of the Air Force.

His history previous to his enlistment goes back, for records purposes, to his graduation in Arts at Winnipeg. Without benefit of a formal University education he entered the Bank of Montreal, and a year and a half after, figuring that diversified training would prove of more value in later years, he moved to the Eaton establishment. Another year and a half saw another change, this time into the Stock and Bond business. A two-year term with the Ford Motor Company and back to the Stock and Bond business a few years, brings us up to the time of his enlistment.

After applying in June, 1940, he was enlisted in December, given a Commission, and arrived two days before Christmas. As he puts it, "My only memories of Brandon seem to be that it was one inoculation after another."

After a Christmas and New Year's of inoculations came a posting to Western Air Command. Still without benefit of a formal course, he arrived at Jericho as an Account Officer. A few months there, a few months on the Island and a year at Prince Rupert as Account Officer in charge of detachment, bring us up to the time of his posting here almost a year ago.

As Senior Account Officer his readiness to help everyone, airman or officer, with their troubles, calmly explaining the reasons for seemingly short pays, etc., have won him a reputation to be envied.

Tennis and speed skating were his former favorite sports, now a round of golf in the 80's and curling when home, are his favorite sporting interests. President of the Drill Test Board and Sports and Entertainment Committee serve as extra-curriculum work.

Thus, starting at the bottom and getting there the hard way, F/Lt. Chalmers has shown that the old success stories weren't so far wrong, that hard work plus an exceptionally fine personality give us an Account Officer fully worthy of the traditions of the R.C.A.F.

MUSINGS *after One Year*

By FLT. LT. R. A. KIRKWOOD, *Adjutant*

BEING in a reminiscent mood and stuck in a hospital bed has given me the urge to look back over the past year at this Station. With our constantly changing population, I find that although here only twelve months I am now one of the veteran officers on the Station.

Looking back, the point that stands out in my mind is the spirit of perseverance and co-operation displayed by all ranks during difficult times. Times when the airmen had tents to live in—Boreville and its horrors—the rains came—tents gave way. And still our esprit-de-corps was equal to the task. *Recreation*—originally the “Y” tent recreation hall—a stage on which many a famous name trod and many a performer’s white face turned black. Even with inadequate accommodation, our entertainment here has always been of the best—how Harry Renfree does it will probably never be discovered. Later, our Doherty Barn—such a terrific improvement—and our first dance—hostesses supplied by the Adanac Ria Club, one of our real backers.

Sports—Our mighty Rugger team sparked by that New Zealand one-man gang, Ray Dalton. A magnificent team spirit which overcame continual postings and lack of practice to rise to the heights and capture our first trophy, the Millar Cup, later to go down in a blaze of glory in the Provincial finals to a potent Navy team from the Island.

. . . Our “underdog” hockey team which battled against the starry “paper” teams of Vancouver and New Westminster with their many name players from the big leagues. A rousing stretch drive and again that spirit that hurdled all barriers to gain the Lower Mainland Title, after two grueling series. Even in defeat by the Victoria Army, eventual Allan Cup finalists, our team shone.

. . . Our basketball team sparked by Shuttleworth from Windsor might have gone far but those postings did it again. “Little Jim” refused to stay in Vancouver and win the individual scoring title when there was a much more important game to play “over there.”

. . . Our soccer team, hampered by switches in personnel and lack of practice, did not show too well in the soccer league, but were right in there pitching, I mean miskicking, all the way.

. . . Bowling turned out to be the sport enjoyed by most personnel, some ten teams playing in our own Station league. M.T. personnel for

some strange reason far outstripped the field. The Service League—with our genial thin man Court copping some prizes.

Lasting Impressions—S/L. Dal Russell delivering flying attacks on gun positions once a week. Our Guard of Honour assisting at the launching of "Athlone," Boeing's first Vancouver PBY, accompanied by beautiful formation flying of our fighters and some unexpected formation flying by a visiting U.S. Grumman Wildcat gang . . . S/L. Russell shyly accepting a gift Kittyhawk from the I.O.D.E. and another Guard of Honour. . . . The sweltering heat at dinner in the old Airmen's Mess last July . . . Our first Victory Bond parade complete with flying escorts and long march terminating in the colorful Commando Dagger ceremony in Stanley Park Bowl . . . Our excellent marching in parade at opening of "Eagle Squadron". Farewell to Wing Commander Chuck Greenway just before Christmas . . . Christmas Dinner in Airmen's Mess, Officers and Senior N.C.O.'s serving (?) and everyone welcoming a new C.O., Wing Commander Walter Bennett . . . Lots of beer for everyone at Xmas Dinner . . . Our Padre Daniel glowing all over at the Airmen's Mess and trying to engulf an enormous turkey leg. . . Church Services—first in the old Officers' Mess, then the "Y" tent, the "Barn," the Canteen and finally in our new Rec. Hall . . . All new arrivals passing Lung tests with the compliments of Sgt. Blissett . . . The same Sgt. Blissett losing a dollar bet through his inability to start his own car . . . S/L. Brad Walker's arrival and his subsequent display of an unequalled sense of humour . . . Arrival of a hard-shelled gruff and portly S/L whose main worries have been the Airmen's Welfare, and a burning desire to make Canada conscious of this Station. . . . Opening of new barracks—oh paradise! . . . Our "Y" tea wagon with the Maintenance Wolves pouncing gratefully on it . . . F/O. Buerling's visit . . . A.O.A.'s inspection—visit by the Chief of Air Staff . . . Full-hearted support for Victory Bond drives—always a large oversubscription of our quotas . . . Appearance of our long awaited Women's Division members and their quiet and systematic filtration into all types of work to release many airmen for long awaited air crew remusterings. . . . Our weekly sessions on the Wing Parade ground, with the odd respite due to rain.

On glancing back, I find that my musings have been very generalized but this is due to an inherent fear of the Censor. This Station has developed in the past year and will continue to develop in the coming year. With all hands pulling steadily, we will shortly take our place among the top-notch R.C.A.F. Stations in Canada—we have passed the pioneer stage and proven that "we can take it."

What are We Fighting for? . . .

By FLT. LT. J. J. MORELLI, CHAPLAIN (R.C.)

JUST a little over four years ago there echoed and re-echoed throughout Europe the sound of bombs and torpedoes, which a Government, with which our Mother Country was trying to find a peaceful solution of difficulties and problems, stealthily, insidiously, invaded the Low Countries. Our neighbours were attacked; faithful to our treaties and promises, there was no question as to the answer we would give. Overnight we forgot our difference of opinion, our cherished custom of criticizing and arguing national issues. A great body of freemen arose for war to defend its freedoms. Every ounce of our energy, every atom of our ingenuity, we resolved to use without reserve to tell the whole world how fallacious were the calumnies, maliciously spread, that we were so intent on our pleasures, so divided in our opinions, that we were incapable of a great war effort.

True, we were unprepared. Be it said to our lasting credit that we have never been a martial-minded people. We have loved peace and we have built our institutions for peace and not for war. We did not teach our children to hate; we did not devote our economy to making armaments; we did not train our youth for war manoeuvres. Our way of life was fashioned for peace and not for war. But we loved our freedoms and, with all the strength and determination of freemen, we resolved on victory against cruel crafty assault. We understood that our resources were needed to defend human rights and put down that thing which by the use of physical

might was trying to destroy right and tear assunder the fabric of western culture.

Horrible as is the spectacle of war, this uprising of a nation for the defence of its rights and institutions is a magnificent spectacle of our Democracy in action. We shall not put down our arms until vanquished are the enemies of human rights and the whole world is given again the invigorating air of Freedom.

To those on the home front, the men in the war zones are doing a trying and difficult task admirably. They need your help and have a just right to expect it. Pray for them, write to them, and send them the little luxuries that will be of invaluable assistance in keeping up their morale.

This terrible war is not yet won, but win it we shall, with God's help. Before the last cannon has been fired there will be dark and trying days, and sorrow will come to many Canadian homes. A large number of Canadian Soldiers will make the supreme sacrifice and I have no doubt that among them will be some with whom we have labored. But the bad news we will receive comes because we were peaceful and not a martial people. It is only a prelude. There will be good news and victory of justice and righteousness. And when the blessedness of peace brightens the hilltops and the valleys of the world we will give thanks to Almighty God Who has sustained us and led us to the harbour of a victorious peace.

NURSING SISTERS

“COULD you tell me where I might find Pilot Officers Olund and McKay?”

With the object in view of meeting the two latest additions to the Staff of the Station Hospital and interviewing them for the edification of our readers, I wandered over to the new hospital building this afternoon and upon entering the door almost stumbled over two girls in coveralls industriously mopping the floor. Stepping nimbly to one side to avoid being tripped by a mop, I ventured the above query.



P/O. Olund

“Why yes, is there something we can do for you?” they replied in unison, and all my carefully rehearsed interviewing speech disappeared in embarrassment and confusion. Expecting to see the trim uniform and flowing white veil, this was indeed a surprise. However, in a very few moments I was put completely at ease again by the gracious and charming manner of these two “Angels of Mercy” who, along with all the rest of the hospital staff were busy preparing the new building for occupancy.

Pilot Officer D. McKay is a Vancouver girl and a graduate of St. Paul's Hospital. She was appointed to the R.C.A.F. on December 30, 1942, and posted to the Island, arriving just in time to participate in the seasonal festivities at that unit. Pilot Officer M. Olund hails from New Westminster and received her training in the Vancouver General Hospital. She has been in the Service since February 3rd of this year and before being posted to this Station was stationed at Jericho Beach. P/O. Olund expects to proceed to Toronto near the end of May for a course, and is looking forward to the cross-Canada trip.



P/O. McKay

P/O. McKay's chief recreational hobby is golfing, whereas her partner's idea of a good time is a camping trip with plenty of opportunity to lie out in the sun. P/O. Olund had her first “flip” the other day and is looking forward to more of them. She is very anxious to be posted overseas.

Both nursing sisters are enthusiastic about this Station and the friendliness of the personnel here. I am quite certain that the future patients of our Station Hospital will be grateful for their presence here, and visions of the daily morning sick parade taking on “wing-dinger” proportions passed through my mind as I saluted and took my departure.

W. D. Ramblings . . .

By CPL. K. E. MOWBRAY and A.W.1 E. G. McKERCHER

"Well, the W.D.'s have finally arrived on the Station." — This from the boys. Yes, we arrived almost a month ago and are gradually getting settled down after nights of scrubbing and mopping trying to make our quarters as clean and tidy as the rest of the station.

We got along "fair dinkum" till Wednesday—Wing Parade. Were we nervous? Oh, not much! All we could feel were eyes staring at us from all directions—and to top everything we showed you a new movement in drill, the "double open order march"—and nearly mowed F/O. Smith, our commander, down. The shock of it all! Lor', we thought, does this procedure take place every Wednesday—and I get my 48's on the week-ends!

But we've got one point up anyway. Last week we played the C.W.A.C.'s at Douglas Park. Boy, what a softball game! They were almost as sloppy as we were—but we won by one run. It takes the Accountants to coach a softball team.

Sunday we were most honoured to have Princess Alice out here at the Station to inspect us. She is a really wonderful person.

And the latest now—unarmed combat training for the W.D.'s! Yesterday F/O. Beaumont had us outside showing us the various holds and how to break them. It's a good thing to learn. We've only started but something tells me we'll be specializing in the subject!

We would like to thank all those who helped us get our canteen in good working order—especially the Y.M.C.A. and the Airmen's Canteen Committee. We really appreciate everything you've done for us.

On the whole we have been treated really wonderfully at this Station. Thanks, fellows. It means a lot!

At present there are about 43 girls on the station, and we (the W.D.'s) have been rather curious to know what the rest of the personnel of the camp think of it.

Possibly we haven't been here long enough for many of the fellows to get acquainted, but just the same we went around and tried to get a few opinions and I do mean few—most of you had nothing to say, and some of it isn't printable, so I decided to write a poem.

I'M ONE OF THEM

Could you give me a clue
Why the boys seem to rue
The presence of girls in the Air Force?
Could you please put me wise
Why they seem to despise
The girls taking training from their source?
Can you tell me it's true,
Yes, you in the blue!
That you don't like a beauty on duty?
That the scent of perfume
Isn't pleasant—Oh don't be so snooty!
Now you'll have to confess,
As you sit in the mess,
That you've picked out a secret passion.
Does your heart take a twirl
As you look at the girl
And you don't pay attention to rations?
Come, own up, my lad,
That it would be sad,
If around the place there were none of them.
'Cause you see it's like this,
Hope it won't be amiss,
But it happens that—well—
I'm one of them.

"Y" PHOTO EXHIBIT DISPLAYED AT STATION

A beautiful collection of some sixty of Canada's best photographs was displayed in the Station Library during the week of May 9th. The group, including landscapes, child studies, animals, snow scenes, water scenes, figure studies, table top photography, etc., attracted great interest. It was one of ten travelling art exhibitions secured for circulation among men of the armed services by the National Y.M.C.A. War Services, this one displaying the work of the Toronto Focal Forum.

In addition to photographs, there will be exhibitions of oil paintings, water colours, etchings and graphic arts by Canadian artists.



"Tops" in



Nothing But the Best

Thanks to the spare-time efforts of Works & Buildings' Sgt. Johnson, Cpl. Smith and LAC. Goebel, England's Cpl. Brasseur, and Toronto's WO2. Blenis, plus the common labouring of Y.M.C.A.'s Hardy, Parker and Renfree, the stage in the Recreation Hall has undergone a face-lifting. Whereas a visibly-trussed, portable stage had reared its unsightly head at the

front of the Hall, the same platform is now an enclosed fixture bounded on the bottom by three-ply, the top by whitened ten-test and on the sides by two extra dressing-rooms, as yet sans doors. Although the work is not yet completed, a marked difference can be seen and already concert parties have remarked upon the excellence of the facilities.

The Western Air Command Concert Party "Tailspins" took over for a "First Night" unofficially, and Flying Officer Lister & Company put on a bang-up show. Our own Al Bestall's gags, Archie Davies' singing and Cpl. Pete Taylor's Orchestra combined to make the rafters ring as applause greeted their efforts and those of the other members of the party. Among others, the month also saw the appearance of the fresh, youthful Music Makers party from Victoria, the Hudson's Bay and Burrard Choirs, the Pro-Rec Gymnastic and Dancing Display, and the Calangis Radio Carnival. Professionals currently on tour . . . Harry Carrol, modern composer of such a hit as "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" . . . Polly Baker, featured singer . . . these and many others delighted capacity audiences.

Flight Sergeant Miceli's W.A.C. Orchestra of fourteen pieces again was in attendance for the May Station Dance, held in the Hall on the



Jessie Nicholson, Calangis' Star

ENTERTAINMENT



Concerts and Movies

evening of May 14th. Attended by the Commanding Officer and Mrs. Bennett, the dance was a conspicuous success, even surpassing the one of April 17th. The Adanac-Ria Club again provided the partners and refreshments were served in the Airmen's and Sergeants' Messes, thanks to the efforts of Sgt. Camp, his staff, and Cpl. Miller of the Canteen.

June 22—Wings for the Eagle: Story of building planes, starring Ann Sheridan, Dennis Morgan.

June 25—Pastor Hall: Drama, starring Wilfred Lawson, Nova Pilbeam, Sir Seymour Hicks.

June 29—Desperate Journey: Air Force action drama, starring Errol Flynn, Ronald Regan, Nancy Coleman.

"Y" MOVIE SCHEDULE FOR JUNE

June 1—Gentleman Jim: Boxing drama, starring Errol Flynn, Alexis Smith, Jack Carton, Alan Hale.

June 5—Boogie Man will Get You: Comedy, starring Boris Karloff, Peter Lorre.

June 8—You Can't Escape Forever: Drama, starring George Brent, Brenda Marshall, Gene Lockhart.

June 11—Saboteur: Drama, starring Priscilla Lane, Robert Cummings, Otto Kruger.

June 15—The Big Shot: Gangster drama, starring Humphrey Bogart, Irene Manning.

June 18—Pardon My Sarong: Musical comedy, starring Abbott and Costello, Virginia Bruce.



Danny Andrews, Boy Baritone



SPORTS



Softball has been the chief centre of interest in the way of sporting activity during the past month as the great out-of-doors has acted as a compelling magnet. The Station League has proved to be more than interesting and, with the playing of each game, the competition is getting keener.

There have been several surprises come to light in the talent which has been unearthed. The Commanding Officer shows that he is still able to cover the first sack with the best of them while F/O. Court still chucks the ball across the plate with the best of the younger talent. Flt. Sgt. Woods has proved that he is able to take any sport in his stride and plays a good game behind the plate. Sgt. "Gillie" Gillanders plays a bang-up game at the hot corner (third base, to you), but he is always casting anxious eyes at the left field position. Wonder why?

Along with the unearthing of the hidden softball talent, there has been a notable expose of Flt. Sgt. Mackie as an umpire. Mackie has done considerable umpiring in civilian life and is never too busy to come out and officiate at these games.



Along with this seven-team League, the Station has a team entered in the Inter-Service League. This team is made up of the stars of the Station League and, at the time of going to press, has not lost a game. The personnel of this team cannot be kept constant, what with 48's, temporary duty, postings, etc. LAC. McArthur, LAC. LeClair and WO2 Pottier have capably looked after the hurling duties and have been backed up with plenty of support in the other positions. This team has been getting stronger with every start and, as the season rolls along, should be a real threat for the championship.

Not to be outshone by the Airmen, the Airwomen have a team in the Women's Division of the Inter-Service League. They have played but one game so far, winning that by the close score of 12-11, thanks to Cpl. Mowbray's pitching and hitting and Cpl. Finney's fielding. This team, too, should show up well as the season moves along because the Airmen are taking a great interest and plenty of coaching is being supplied.

STATION LEAGUE STANDINGS AT MAY 17

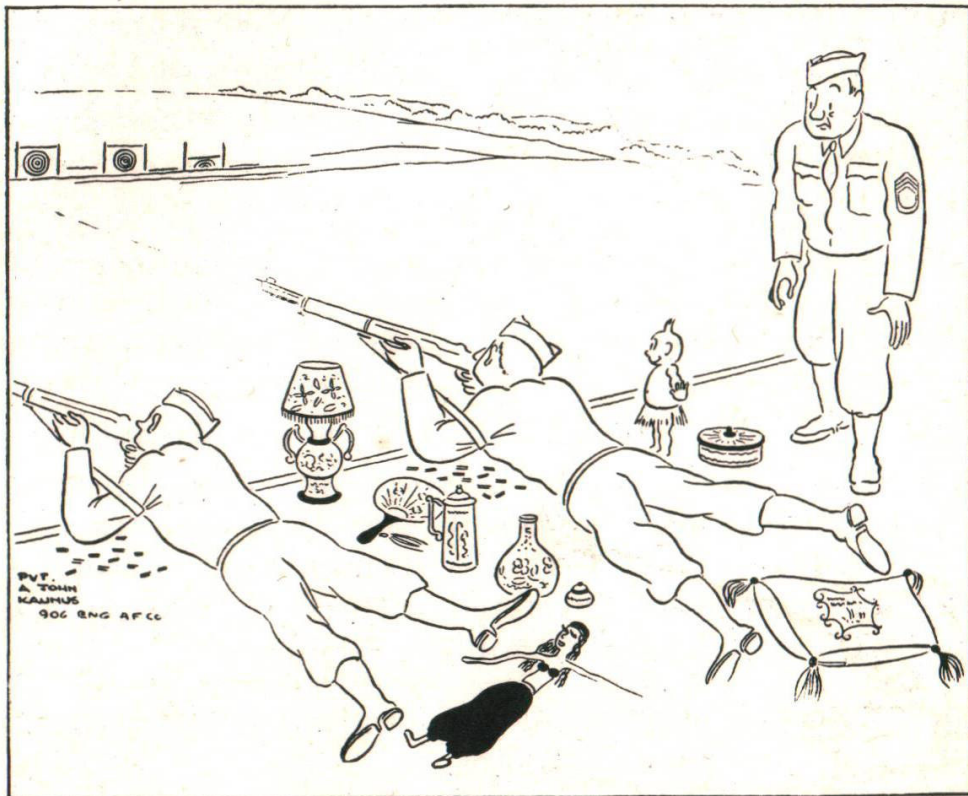
	W.	L.	Pts.
Headquarters	4	0	8
Firemen	3	1	6
Officers	2	2	4
Maintenance	1	2	2
No. 8 Squadron.....	1	2	2
No. 8 Detachment..	0	2	0
Armament	0	2	0

"BOUQUETS"

Very much credit is due to the firemen for their work in constructing the new diamond back of the Firehall. Due to the fact that fire-fighters are not supposed to leave their hall when on duty, our boys, being very anxious to play ball in the Station League, made the diamond come close to them, by constructing a field close to their hall. Nice work, fellows, more power to you.

PRESENTATION

On May 11th at a small dinner party held in the Officers' Mess and attended by the Commanding Officer and members of the Station Hockey Club Executive, Squadron Leader "Jim" Campbell received, on behalf of his wife, a suitably inscribed silver platter, a token from the Hockey Team and Sports Committee. In making the presentation, Group Captain Bennett spoke highly of the efforts which Squadron Leader Campbell had put forth in welding the group of players into the team which won the Mainland Senior Hockey Championship.





Transition and Miscellaney



The past month has again seen many changes in this Station—changes in faces . . . changes in contour (more trees planted) . . . changes in rank, etc. Each and every month sees changes such as these, but these matters vitally affect each and every one . . . and the list is large.

Looking around at random, we miss many familiar faces. F/O. Mayers is missing from the Rec. Hall, having been posted to I.T.S. LAC. Siborne, too, has “gone” aircrew, leaving for Edmonton Manning Depot. Wing Commander McKay is now, to use his own words, “piloting a desk at W.A.C.” Flying Officer Hannah, Sgt. Boulton, AC1 Grace, LAC. Jensen, LAC. Charland, LAC. Hardy . . . these and many others left us a short time ago. . . . Congratulations to LAC. Ullyot on the birth of a daughter, Donna Marie, and to LAC. Watts on the birth of his son, Donald, in Vancouver . . . Sgt. “Shorty” Brubaker left on May 17th for a spot of temporary duty in sunny Alberta. . . . The Sunday morning Church Parade will miss the cheerful organ and piano playing of LAC. “Tom” Fairgrieve . . . and Rugby’s LAC. Morton went with him. . . . But then, there are a large number of in postings . . . new friends . . . Sgt. C. D. Caulin, an A.F.M.; Cpl. “Marpole” Schirmer, not a new friend by any means, but one returning after a short term at A.I.D.; Flt. Sgt. McTaggart; AC2 Decker; LAC. Matteau, back to this Station again after a term in the bush country. . . . F/L. R. A. Kirkwood was discharged from the Station Hospital after a short spell in bed. . . . More congrats, this time to LAC. MacKenzie on the birth of a daughter, Donna, at Vancouver . . . orchids, too, to WO2 Boyce on completing a special course at No. 1 Wireless School, Montreal.

Among those granted Spring Leave is found LAC. Buckingham, who will be away until June 15th, and LAC. Packer, who will return on June 5th. . . . Commendation to former Equipment Assistant Cpl. J. D. McLennan upon his appointment to a commission. . . . Hockey goalie, Flying Officer George Hunter, has again returned to the Station. . . . Wedding bells were rung recently for LAC. Honeysett, who was married by Rev. D. A. Fowlis to Miss Helen Lochhead, and for Sgt. J. Telosky, married to Miss Mary Fraser by Rev. W. Arnold Bennett in Vancouver. . . . Congratulations to former Pilot Officer Lambert upon his promotion to Flying Officer; to newly promoted Flight Sergeant Brebner, Sergeant “Charlie” Howe; to WO2 Barron, raised from Flight Sergeant.

Changes, changes, changes . . . one cannot keep up with them, but each tells a story in which all are interested.

So You've Been Posted!

By L.A.C. FINKEL, S. R.

66 **Y**OU'VE been posted!" This is the one phrase that sends an airman's heart leaping to his mouth, making his blood run thick and fast and causing the color to surge to his cheeks.

From his very first posting (transfer to the civilian) the newly inducted airman is destined for a great deal of travel. On enlistment, the new Aircraftsman, 2nd Class, is posted to a Manning Depot. From there, he finds himself posted to a school to learn the rudiments and mechanics of his trade. After spending about several months there, he is then posted to a Station, anywhere in Canada.

Since the beginning of the war, many thousands of airmen, many of them in their early twenties, have seen the Dominion of Canada in its entirety, and quite a number of them have had the opportunity of traveling to and fro many times over. You'll find airmen of the R.C.A.F. in the U.S.A., in England, in the British West Indies—in fact, wherever there is action, there you'll find the boys who, not so very long ago, were the bank tellers who cashed your checks—or the salesmen who sold you that car you're driving now.

There are many interesting times in store for him when first he joins the Air Force. But the biggest thrill, no matter whether it turns out to be a disappointment or a joy, is the news that you've been posted. It means many things. Foremost, you're leaving your old Station entirely behind, and, although procedure is almost always the same in the Air Force regardless of location, methods and the different airmen you meet are still individualized. You're going to make new friends, but leave old and true ones behind. New scenes, new types of amusement, newer and stranger rules to comply with at your newly arrived location.

Of course, there are a few heart-breaks, too. You may be leaving your wife behind, your folks, your home and your home town. However, this is war, and though personal considerations are made wherever practicable and feasible, the Air Force has first call on your services for the duration!

Yes, that short but expressive phrase, "You've been posted!" is portentous of many things. How do such wonderful and mysteriously-tinged things come about? Therein lies an interesting but complex story.

The emphasis of all military operations, and particularly that of the Royal Canadian Air Force, is that the trade is paramount. There is no particular length of time set for any individual airman to remain on any particular station, unless, of course, he happens to be there solely for the purpose of temporary duty, which phrase is self-explanatory. However, some unit, or station, in British Columbia may have a shortage of qualified drivers, owing to some airmen of this trade being posted elsewhere. The call for drivers reaches a central office, in which authority is vested to post drivers from other units.

Upon receipt of posting advice, it is necessary that the airman, or officer, scheduled to move to a new station, be cleared from his old one. Clearances, the name given to the paper upon which is listed all departments and sections of the station, must be signed in order that the airman who is posted is able to get on his way. It is little more than a debit account of any deficiencies that the man may have on the Station, and before each officer in charge of a section signs the clearance certificate, he ascertains if the airman has any tools, books, parachutes, blankets, or what-all, loaned out to him.

After the clearance certificate is signed—sometimes this procedure, involving the entire station, takes two or three days—the airman, receiving his travelling warrant, is free to go, to report to his new parent station on the date advised.

There are many airmen who, since the outbreak of war, have been posted to many stations. Some, as many as eight or nine, or even ten, in the past two or three years. There are others, too, who have been to only two or three stations in that length of time.

The system followed by the R.C.A.F. appears at first blush, to the layman, to be utterly complex. And many airmen, too, find it difficult to understand fully and appreciatively. This Air Force, particularly so in war time, is big business in every sense. Not the business found in commercial, every-day life, but the business of training and turning out well-accomplished pilots, gunners and observers.

Yet, for all its size, the R.C.A.F. is remarkably efficient. If you don't believe me, ask some of the dead pilots of the Zero planes up in Alaska—or, better still, try asking Hitler why he couldn't make his speech on time the other day, when planes both of the R.C.A.F., the R.A.F. and the U.S. Army Air Forces, blasted away at Berlin!



HOSPITAL

By AWI A. A. GORDON

BEDECKED in short white hospital coats, which do absolutely nothing for the female figure, our Hospital Assistants rush about caring for the helpless sick; but despite the remarks about attire, Ruby Little always manages to smile with her shining brown eyes.

Sgt. Saunders and Sgt. Trotter share gray hairs over the increasing W.D. establishment, and will be glad to have them scattered in our new spacious abode. Sgt. Saunders can then sit quietly at his desk sans the continuous flow of personnel which pass daily back and forth and forth again to get something forgotten on the last trip.

Cpl. Watson is our latest contribution to the Commando Course, getting toughened up for our job of moving "in the near future." (AWI MacDowell, Cartwright, Blake and others will not have to take this course, having already given evidence on more than one occasion of their ability in combat.)

That long stretch between the Hospital and W.D. Sick Bay has developed LAW. Pontifex's stride into that of a marathon walker, while Mac and the rest of us are worn to a frazzle endeavoring to keep up, much less keep in step with her! AWI Cartwright is very proud of the pounds she has lost thanks to the mile trot.

We pause to welcome Cpl. Bossenberry to our Staff. LAC Crowley has been posted and we also bid adieu to the former Cpl. Collins, who appeared the other day in his new tweed "Zoot-suit"; he is attempting to join the "Y" Services—good for you, chum.

Sgt. Dando can cause some wierd and alwful odours to drift from his little room of medicine bottles! We often wonder how much of that sort of thing is necessary! Cpl. Putnam, just off night duty, assures us that's a mustache under his nose. We suggested a little mascara if he must wear the thing! LAC. Whitely is usually found in the M.I. room assisting on sick parade.

"Frenchie" is always up to some nonsense and never fails to say "I'm so sorry"—after he's played some fool trick on someone. Did you see LAW. Schwengers' new raincoat, girls, delightful new shade of blue (well, the coat's new anyway).

Preparing trays is the worry of LAW. Wilson and AWI Flockhart, and a day seldom passes without some patient asking for something not on his diet—or another piece of pie.

We wonder if there is any connection between F/L. Cantor's hand-waving in the general direction of the Admin Building and the amazing co-operation he has with Switchboard Service?

F/L. Perry, while making rounds, is apt to be interrupted a dozen times, leaving Cartwright, Asser, Blake or someone holding the tray and charts en route.

It fell to my unfortunate lot to prepare the Inoculation Parade the other day, and now as I come along the tarmac I get such remarks as "I'm riddled with as many holes as a pin-cushion"; others will say nothing, merely glare, and that's enough! I am sure a large percentage of the station would like to see us all lined up against the wall (a la Hitler) and jabbed in either arm (or both) by the largest syringe obtainable and a needle a foot long!

S/L. Nash appointed himself censor of this, but in his spare time he can be seen, on a fine day, with a

vegetable catalogue in one hand, and a trusty hoe in the other, busily mastering the art of growing the Victory Garden!

CANTEEN OR BEHIND THE 8 BALL

By LAC. "D. D." KEEGAN

THE other day I was resting peacefully after a hectic two and one-half hours' work, when in strolled the Y.M.C.A.—all of it. Glancing around like a couple of F.B.I. men, they spotted Cpl. Miller, N.C.O. in charge, looked him over, then shyly broke into the old familiar freeze. "We should like an article on the Canteen this month, Corporal, if it is at all possible." The Corp. put a hand over his face and said that he would like very much to rattle off a word or two about the boys but, funny thing, he had just sprained his wrist down at Birks. "But, you know I have a lad named Joseph . . . mmmm, yes, he'll do." Everyone, including yours truly, had some sort of an alibi, but, somehow, mine didn't hold water when the going got tough. It began to leak. My doom was sealed . . . and yours, dear reader.

Most of you know the boys of the Airmen's Canteen, but, for you new chaps, I'll give my impressions of 'em.

Cpl. "Steve" Miller, the N.C.O. in charge, is a businessman de luxe. If you don't believe me, try putting one over on him some time. He's quite a lad at bowling, too. When the ball leaves his hand it does everything except set the pins up again.

Cpl. "Dickie" Johnson is our silent Casanova, often in deep thought concerning fairer things.

LAC. Stan Buckingham, our good-natured "bouncer," is on farm leave. We miss him, as do three red-heads, two blondes and at least one brunette.

LAC. Stewart, better known as "Pop," has a hobby, collecting 48's. He always says that the next one's bound to be a honey.

ACI Chernosky (Gus to his friends) is a new member of our staff and is also a recruit for our newly formed Station Orchestra. He and his electric guitar.

LAC. Borm (Dave) is our Maths wizard—and I do mean wizard. Everything he does has a figure in it somewhere. He has a formula all his own for eating in the mess hall on a rainy day. One pace equals x inches. There are xx steps to the mess hall and the rain is falling at yz rate. Thus he gets $x = xx$ inches divided by xyz —or something—and the result is—he stays and eats a bar.

Cpl. Bartlett and ACI Rogers, our "Good Neighbors" of the Pool Room, have combined their talent and are writing a book, the title being "Under the Pool Table" or "Where the Dust Blew."

Time and tide wait for no man and when you gotta go, you gotta go, but I shall let Borm slide in this little note that LAC. Keegan, G. E. ("D.D." for "Donald Duck") is drummer on the above mentioned Station Orchestra, so his are the sounds coming from the Rec. Hall—not the groans of those taking the Judo course.

Cpl. Simms: "You know, no matter where I hide my money, my wife always finds it."

Cpl. Edge: "My wife never finds mine. I keep it in the basket with my undarned socks."

ROUTINE *Rumors*

By BEA A. GOSSOP

(Women Only)

GREETINGS, Girls. It strikes me that you must have heard the story of the Flight Sergeant who, after one day in the Hospital, took a turn for the nurse . . . or the tale of the three little abnormalities (morons to you) who needed a fourth for bridge, so one of them cut off his head so Riga Mortis could set in . . . or the little moron . . . oh, no I won't, either. This beautiful Spring weather does make one's fancy turn . . . and my head turn as I watch our Airmen and Airwomen strolling . . . but then I must turn to my knitting.

Secrets—but it's no secret, either, to the local girls that LAC. Harry Meadows is now off the eligible list, having travelled all the way back to Montreal to pick his bride and bring her here with him. But then, we hear, it was merely by the flip of a coin that Harry was able to stay here with her as he and LAC. St. Hilaire tossed to see who would take a trip to the bush country.

Sensations—In a recent softball game between the Officers and the Armament Section, LAC. "Bob" Fields made a thrilling catch of one of the Commanding Officer's drives, which was really ticketed for a two or three-bagger. Thereupon Pilot Officer George Wood called out a healthy "Bush Station, here I come" from the sidelines . . . but no, P.O. Wood was wrong. Bob was just posted to Mountain View a day or two later.

Scoops—Last month it was Flight Sergeant "Gandhi" Grant who went to sleep, and did so through the

Station Dance. This month sleeping honours go to LAC. George Siborne, who arranged to meet the Station Softball team at Connaught Park for a game recently. "Y" Supervisor Harry Renfree had to fill in for the accounts clerk, soundly asleep at his home.

Can You Imagine . . . Sgt. Youl coming in quietly at 2130 hours . . . Sgt. Youck dancing a nice, quiet waltz with the same girl he had with him the previous dance.

« *The Extraction* »

By AWI A. A. GORDON

The Major in his gown of white
Greets his patient with delight:
"Now just relax, and be at ease,
This won't hurt you—wider please."
The shining needle, long and thin,
Pierces, pushes through the skin.
Trays and dressings, sickening
scents,
And all those glaring instruments!
The forceps gleam beside his head,
(Oh, how he wishes he were dead!)
His hands are gripping to the chair,
Tattered nerves jump everywhere.
His eyes are closed, and body tense,
How can he stand this tight suspense;
Gnawing, grinding, digging, prying—
Oh Lord, how that man was lying!
With swollen jaw and sutures three
He sure could use some sympathy.
The S.M.O. said: "Take it quiet,
And put him on a liquid diet."
And though he grumbles bitterly
We feed him soup, and serve him
tea;
We give him many books to read,
And all the things that he might
need,
For we agree without a doubt
It's no fun having molars out!

Equipment Notes

HOLY DOODLE, here we are late again, but honest, Harry, we've just got to leave our vital statistics as late as possible or they won't be very up-to-date at press time.

Once again we have been rather fortunate with our fatalities, poor old Bill Townsend being the only victim to leave our happy home. In Bill's place we have a shipment labelled LAC Chapple (who we are sure will ring the bell. As yet this parcel has not gotten by the I. & R.).

This month we can thank Duke's pals at the Bay for releasing to us a trio of their best E.A.'s in LAC's Parsons, Barron and Dixon. Cpl. "Verne" has some competition now in Parsons, whose stick-to-it-iveness even has our Seniors worried. As a matter of fact, Sgt. Mullan has had Parsons' desk put out of sight; probably because comparisons are usually so o-dee-us—or has his example made that gang industrious—No fooling, though, these boys can all learn a lot from working under "Joe" Mullan.

LAC's Booth and Harvie come our way from Winnipeg and Lethbridge respectively, and are both at present being little help-mates.

Sincere "Welcomes" to all of these lads from we, us and company—somewhere in the West. Speaking of Clothing Stores makes us think of the nice little group Mr. Court has gathered about him in Stores Building No. 2. Besides those mentioned above, he has "Jack" Dickson and Blitz handing out, over and under-sized clothing, Bernie Spurr in Barrack Stores and Sid Collins,

who is still in the "You know what we call it" house. Congrats to Sgt. Charlie Howe, who is now with 163 Squadron.

Anyone stepping into the Main Stares Building these past few weeks certainly saw a beehive of industry. Besides trying to get all the stock arranged, binned and tagged, according to Section and Reference Numbers as shown in CAP 10, RCAF Vocabulary of Equipment, you must have seen and heard Major Warner measuring, sawing or hammering. Both he and Sgt. Mullan could pass quite a stiff trade-test in Carpentry and they deserve our congratulations for a lot of snappy jobs adding to our comfort and convenience. The paint, too, was splashed around to great advantage by a lot of the lads who also deserve considerable credit. As a matter of fact, from this scribe's point of view, a darn good job has been done by all and a better Equipment Section you won't find anywhere in the RCAF.

By the way, the Accounts' Section had been heard mumbling, grumbling, and threatening to put our gang on their Black List after last month's little truths. So far, though, none has given even a moderately satisfactory answer to our question, so it still stands and probably will stand for quite a while. Why? Oh! well, truth will out from all sorts of angles—eh, Sgt. Shortt?—and to think one of them even has a medal for singing. Oh my! Oh my!

Our scouts also tell us that F/Sgt. Lewis has been heard saying over and over to himself, "I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me; but what can be the use of him is more than I can see."—Well, we'll just let that one fall where it may.

No. 8 SQUADRON

How often have you heard some of the men on this station say "Coo! I'm lucky I'm with Good Old No. 8? Well, this is it—the Oldest and the Best.

We regret to announce the loss of our C.O., W/C. C. A. Willis (Chuck), posted to a larger sphere. Best of luck.

F/O. S. A. Tingley, Sqdn. Adj. Boy, what I could do with two weeks' furlough up in the Interior!

P/O.'s Deeks and Virr. What about a Bond, old man? No. A \$1,000 one!! What!! O.K. What salesmanship.

P/O. McArthur, the Squadron Intelligencia. How he gets around.

F/L. D. D. Thomson. What happened to that trip down south?

P/O. J. Manuel. How about a photograph, Joe?

WO2 Walker, J. What happened on the night of the Squadron's Party? We missed you.

Sgts. Hall, MacDonald, Gillanders and Buckborough—the Four Musketeers. Boy, what a crew!

F/Sgt. Johnstone, A. J. P. How about my promotion and fishing rod?

Sgt. Thomas, Discip. Gee, Sir, I can't—two men, that's an impossibility; try No. 163.

LAC. Moodie. Gee, they are a long time posting me to I.T.S. and Heagle—how about a 48 Johnny?

Well, by now you all must be awfully tired reading this column so I'll sign off. Cheerio for now.

JOHNNY (GT. B.)



NOT AT No. 1! It's the Curtiss C-46 "Commando," a low mid-wing, twin engine military transport. It has a large cylindrical fuselage. The center section of the leading edges of the wings are rectangular and the outer sections are swept back sharply. The trailing edges are slightly swept forward to rounded tips. Tapered tailplane has rounded tips and a single fin and rudder.

FIRE AT No. 2! It's the Luftwaffe's latest four engine heavy bomber, the Heinkel He. 177. It has the appearance of being equipped with twin engines but each nacelle houses two engines. The long narrow fuselage extends slightly behind the tailplane. The low set mid-wings taper to rounded tips. The leading edges of the tailplane are swept back to square tips and the trailing edges are straight.

—Courtesy Harcourt, Brace & Co.,
Publishers Aircraft Spotters by Lester Ott, C.N.S.

STATION COMMITTEES

LIBRARY COMMITTEE

F.L. W. C. Daniel (C11519).....President
F.O. A. A. Smith (C11180).....Secretary
R149940 Sgt. Youck, S. F.....Member
R162893 LAC Simmons, W.....Member

PARACHUTE OFFICER

F.L. W. R. Ramsay (C1223)

DRILL BOARD

F.L. A. G. Chalmers (C3560).....President
376 WO.2 Periton, R. D.....Member

SPORTS AND ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE

F.L. A. G. Chalmers (C3560).....President
R146248 LAC Pratt, J. W.....Secretary
R58282 Cpl. Frazell, R. P. E.....Member
R152625 LAC Benard, J. G.....Member
R50506 Sgt. Lowndes, K.....Member
141846 LAC Crone, S. D. R.....Member
Mr. H. Renfree (Y.M.C.A.).....Member

AIRMEN'S MESS COMMITTEE

P.O. T. L. Mitchell (C14953).....President
F.O. W. J. Beaumont (C7575).....Secretary
R114078 LAC Ambrose, J. F.....Member
R73636 LAC Meadows, H. D.....Member
R77594 LAC Lockhart, A. C.....Member
R106471 LAC Tivy, C. R.....Member
R73059 LAC Manchester, G.B.....Member
R100058 LAC Tetlock, R. A.....Member

FIRE COMMITTEE

F.L. J. P. Howard (C11733).....President
F.O. W. J. Beaumont (C7575).....Member
R81002 F/Sgt. Loughheed, N. G.....Member

SERGEANTS' MESS COMMITTEE

F.L. W. R. Ramsay (C1223)
Hon. President
2067A WO.1 K. Pugsley.....Chairman
376 WO.2 R. D. Periton.....President
4185 F/Sgt. Mosely, W. A.....Secretary

M. T. OFFICER

F.L. R. A. Kirkwood (C7627)

PHOTOGRAPHIC OFFICER

F.O. J. C. Jonason (C8016)

STATION FUND AND CANTEEN COMMITTEE

S.L. G. J. Moon (C1551).....President
F.L. W. C. Daniel (C11519).....Vice-Pres.
F.O. A. A. Smith (C11160).....Secretary
R95058 Cpl. Miller, S.....Member
R92052 LAC Harwood, D. V.....Member
R110193 LAC Eckhoff, L.....Member
R94636 LAC Legg, P. S.....Member
R146427 Cpl. Sims, D. A.....Member
R151774 LAC Fields, R. B.....Member
R124996 LAC Crawford, J. H.....Member
R85087 Cpl. Aikins, D. R. K.....Member

OFFICER MESS COMMITTEE

S.L. W. F. S. Carter (C1792).....President
F.O. J. C. Jonason (C8016).....Secretary
F.L. R. A. Kirkwood (C7627).....Vice-Pres.

CAMOUFLAGE COMMITTEE

S.L. G. J. Moon (C1551).....President
F.L. J. P. Howard (C11733).....President
F.O. J. C. Jonason (C8016).....Member