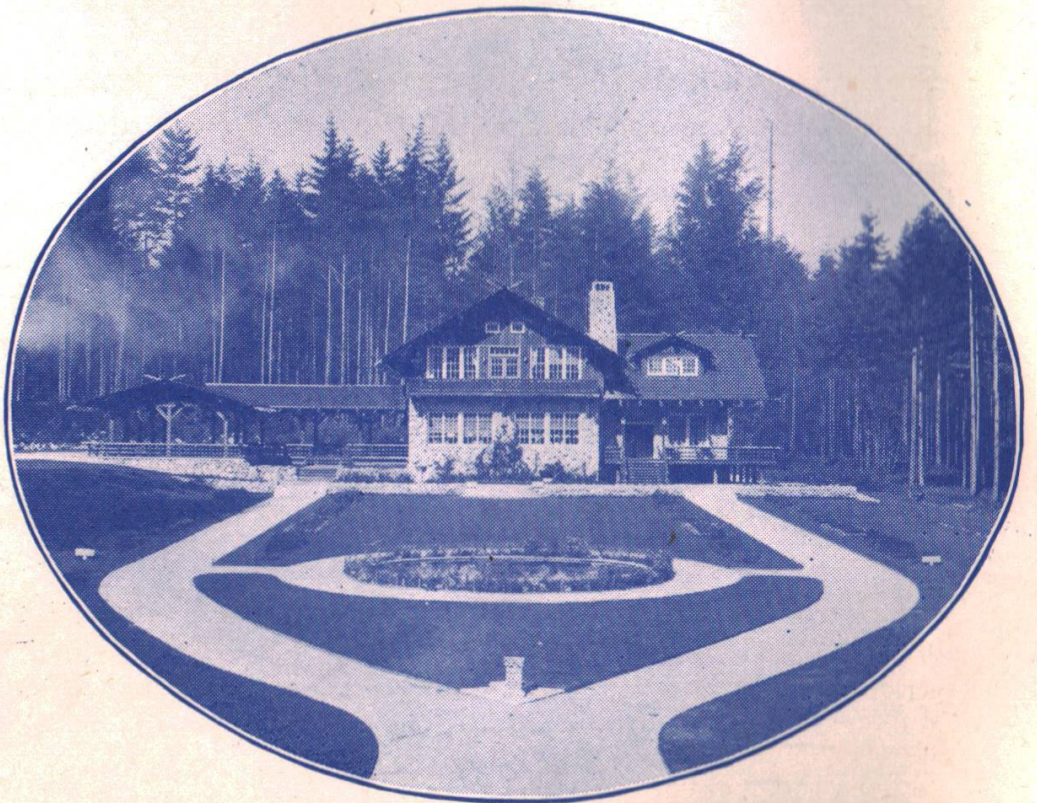


*Jaw Broad*

# Western Wings



Stanley Park . . . . .  
Vancouver, B.C.



# Western



# Wings

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF WEST COAST CANADIAN STATION

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

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PRICE—TEN CENTS PER COPY

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Vol. No. 2

JULY, 1943

No. 4

## EDITORIAL

*“Roaming free as the breeze;  
What’s to stop me and why?  
I can sing as I please;  
Open Road — Open Sky.”*

THESE words from the well-known song typify the spirit of Canada’s Far West and, especially at this time of the year, make their yearning call to all lovers of nature.

Is your home too far away to permit you to spend your fulough there . . . have you a “48” coming up and know not where to spend it . . . do you know of a place to spend the beautiful Western summer evenings?

Vast opportunities for communion with the great out-of-doors lie within easy reach. Such groups as the Canadian Youth Hostels Association, whose activities appear in an article within these pages, the Vancouver Tourist Bureau, the British Columbia Government Travel Bureau, the Victoria Publicity Bureau, offer a wealth of information concerning the available facilities.

Swimming, sea and stream fishing, hunting, hiking, mountain-climbing, bicycling, sea trips, train trips, bus trips—these and a host of similar pursuits may be had. Private camps are available where 48’s may be spent

with all meals supplied free of charge. The citizens of the City and District are more than generous in their offers of hospitality.

A call at the "Y" Office will disclose the details. Take advantage of the coming summer months in Canada's Evergreen Playground.

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To facilitate the direction of material to the editorial desk, a "WESTERN WINGS COPY" box is to be placed in a conspicuous place in the Recreation Hall. It is felt that a greater mass of literary efforts will be forthcoming if some such definite place for contributions is provided.

It cannot be over-emphasized that WESTERN WINGS is your magazine, reflecting your views—thus the greater the contributions the more representative are the contents.

Articles of all kinds are welcomed.

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## *On Boasting . . .*

By F/L. W. R. ASHFORD, *Chaplain*

Recently the world was informed that Yamamoto, Admiral of the Japanese Fleet, was dead. Some little time ago he boasted he would be dictating the peace terms in Washington. At the time he made the boast the Allies were having a difficult time. Japan had struck without warning, Hitler was consolidating his victories and reaching out for more. However, a few months of blood, sweat and tears brought about a remarkable change in the fortunes of our forces. Yamamoto was unable to explain it away. Was his face red! His death is shrouded in mystery. However, we can draw our own conclusions. Some other men in Europe are finding it increasingly difficult to explain reverses. I wonder if there is something prophetic in the Admiral's death?

If any boasting is to be done, it had better be left until the job is done. The strange thing is that the man who has done a good job and done it well is seldom in the mood for boasting.

Many a job looks easy until you get started on it, but it is marvellous how many difficulties can arise once a real beginning is made. Yes, boasting is a silly, dangerous business. Some fellows are boastful of their courage and strength of character. Others spread their ego over other fields. Such often fail and fall. If you wait until you have been tested as by fire, you will hardly be inclined to boast.

Belief in one's self is a good thing to have and helps a man many a time with a hard task, but it is well to keep it under a certain restraint for it gets out of hand rather easily.

# *Squadron Leader* W. F. S. CARTER

Our genial Engineer Officer is both an Easterner and a Westerner. Born in Winnipeg, he has a western outlook, but having been brought up in Montreal he is quite capable of holding his own in any east-west discussion.

Bishop's College School in Lennoxville, Quebec, was the scene of his first schooling. From there McGill University claimed him, and graduated him in 1936 with a Bachelor of Engineering Degree. The distinction of being a member of the Dominion Championship Freshman Football Team in 1931 was his and a serious enough attitude towards skiing to win a championship on his own occupied his spare time

His interest in things military dates from the spring of 1937 when he joined No. 1 Army Field Workshop, R.C.O.C. While at McGill he was a member of the C.O.T.C. and an original in that unit's Ski Platoon, the first in Canada.

After graduation came three years with the Ingersoll-Rand Company, first in the United States and later with the Canadian branch of that organization. Specializing in hydraulics and pneumatic equipment soon got him a name among his associates and a reputation which carried through to the R.C.A.F.

As his militia unit did not mobilize at the outbreak of war and as the R.C.A.F., in need of engineers had requested his transfer, he found himself in the R.C.A.F. in February, 1940.

On enlistment, he was, as he put it, "exposed to the first course at the R.C.A.F. aeronautical engineers' school." Upon his extremely successful completion of this course a posting to a West Coast station brought him to the land of Sunshine and Flowers. After a happy two and a half years at that station, we welcomed him here in March of this year.

Added to his successful handling of his job as Engineer Officer has been the Presidency of the Officers' Mess, a position in which his natural ability plus a keen sense of humor combine to create a feeling of exceptional organization behind the scenes.

Through the months he has been here, he has been ready to help, to advise and to be ever prepared to go out of his way to achieve his personal goal of harmony and outstanding organization on the Station. Everyone with whom he has dealt has gone away with the feeling that his personal problem was quietly and capably considered and a satisfactory arrangement made.

# Dependents' Board of Trustees

THE Department of National Defence is keenly interested in the welfare of families of men in the Armed Forces of the Dominion.<sup>22</sup>

From time to time questions are asked concerning the possibilities of special assistance in meeting extraordinary expenses. For the information of our readers, the following is quoted from a Dominion Government pamphlet on the Dependents' Board of Trustees. Further connection with the local Board may be made through the Chaplains or the Y.M.C.A. Supervisors.

1. *What is the Dependents' Board of Trustees (D.B.T.)?*

The D.B.T. is a Government Board created by Order in Council (P.C. 18) in January, 1942, to operate under authority of the Minister of National Defence. The D.B.T. has its headquarters in Ottawa and is represented throughout the Dominion by Regional Committees (known as Dependents Advisory Committees), the addresses of which are shown on this folder.

2. *What is the purpose of the D.B.T.?*

To provide special assistance to dependents of men serving in the Canadian Navy, Army or Air Force.

3. *What kind of assistance?*

(a) Financial—over and above what is already received under the existing Marriage or Dependents' Allowance regulations;

(b) Non-financial—the Regional Committee can offer advice, and can arrange for assistance to be given, in all types of problems, through the various organizations in your own community.

4. *Who are eligible for financial assistance?*

Dependents of members of the Canadian Armed Forces below the rank of Warrant Officer Class I *who are in receipt of Marriage or Dependents' Allowance and who are in special or urgent need.*

5. *How are applications made?*

(a) By dependents—direct to the nearest Dependents' Advisory Committee.

(b) By members of the Forces—through their Paymasters (Navy or Army) or Accounting Officers (R.C.A.F.).

6. *How are applications dealt with?*

Each separate application is carefully investigated for the Regional Committee by a qualified person. Financial assistance may be given only in cases of special hardship or to meet emergency needs that cannot be met in full by the dependent or members of her household.

7. *For what purposes may grants be made?*

To assist in meeting:—

Expenses due to sickness (Hospital, Doctor's, Dentist's or Optician's bills, X-rays, Surgical appliances, etc.);

Funeral Expenses;

Special Educational costs;

Losses due to calamities;

Living expenses of large families (more than 4 children),  
and in other cases of unusual financial difficulties at the discretion of the D.B.T.

Grants made by the D.B.T. are not loans; they are not repayable and they do not affect regular Pay and Allowance cheques. The D.B.T. does not offer "charity": its object is to help dependents in cases of special hardship or emergency.

If you are in need of help or advice or if you know of dependents in need—consult the nearest Regional Committee.

*Note*—Dependents who receive Assigned Pay *only* are *not* eligible.



*The Old World Comes to the New for Healing in Tunisia*

# BEHIND THE SCENES

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

IN these turbulent times, news, *not rumours*, assumes a grave responsibility and task. Everyone, nowadays, is quite concerned with what happens in Libya, Russia, England or China. Your brother might be with that regiment that made the headlines in the rout against the Duce's henchmen. Your father might be a Commando, participating in one of their many, ever-daring raids. Yes, the daily news surely does concern you. It is of prime importance now—more so, since war began, than heretofore.

When you pick up a copy of your morning, or evening, newspaper, you see a mass of news ranging from Hoboken to Timbuctoo. Where on earth do the newspapers accumulate such a wealth of information, and how? Therein lies an interesting story—much too long for this limited space to reveal all, or do ample justice to this absorbing and interesting subject. Let's take local news, as a starter, and proceed from there. No matter the location, there are only accepted news-beats, or, in other words, logical points from where news, as we have come to know it, emanates. The police station furnishes information about accidents, homicides, robberies and assorted forms of mayhem ranging from wife-beating to kidnapping. You can complete the list yourself, with little or no imagination. In conjunction with the station, there is, of course, the police court where minor disagreements are aired, patched up, or, in some cases, locked up. There are the hospitals, too, where, if you break your neck, leg, kick the bucket, or your wife has triplets, you may be sure that, oftentimes, you'll rate a line or two in the paper, even if it is buried somewhere on the twenty-sixth page. Hotels, transportation firms, and such like, can, in most instances, be relied upon to tip us off about impending arrivals, departures, registrations of people that are widely known, or highly placed. The City Hall beat is the one that produces news such as that your Poll Tax for the coming year will be upped another 100%, or that a new police commissioner will be inducted, or that the Mayor has indisposition of the kidneys. Provincial, or State-wide newspaper, operates pretty much on the same basis, with the addition that correspondents are located in key points, and that Government agencies and other provincial, or state-wide, institutions are enlisted for help in this great business of disseminating the news "that's fit to print."

So much for local and province-wide news. What about our nation? In Canada, the Canadian Press and the British United Press serve the mul-

titude of newspapers—be they morning, evening or weekly. Supplementing these organizations, and somewhat bigger in scale, are, in order of their importance, Associated Press, United Press and International News Service. These are the major news services and their symbols, AP, UP, or INS, are familiar letters to all newspaper readers. In England, Reuter's, the English counterpart of the American A.P., serves the Empire's journals. And France, before she fell, had, and may still have, Havas. A news service is exactly what the name implies. Member newspapers pay fees ranging from a few hundred dollars a year to many thousands, depending on their circulation, territory, and exclusive usage of their services. Bureaus, or offices, are located in practically all key points. Correspondents are maintained wherever news might break. Foreign correspondents, the upper stratum of the ordinary local reporter, are given assignments which send them to every imaginable corner of the earth, ferretting out the knowledge that you will digest next morning.

By means of cable, teletype, radio, telegraph, and in some cases, clipper mail, a continual stream of news pours into the main offices of these varied news services and major newspapers. This dictator has been assassinated (thank the lord!); that Government has been dissolved (more's the pity!); the Japs are at it again (the beasts!); you begin to realize the magnitude and scope of the world-wide "beats" these persevering writers cover. From the news services to which each paper subscribes, and the news they also receive from their own correspondents, a newspaper never lacks for material.

To the contrary. There is such a mass of material that it is the editorial staff's job to sift, revise, condense, reject or bluepencil the millions of words pouring over their desks each day in the year. To give you an example of what a variety and number of editors and writers there are on the staff of a great newspaper, take a hasty glance at these names: Editor, Managing Editor, Assistant Editor, Associate Editor, Editorial Director, Foreign News Editor, City Editor—but this is too much. My typewriter protests my continuation of all these magnificent titles. But I could go on . . . Research Editors, Consulting Editors, Financial Editors, Sports Editors, Society Editors—sometimes an "Advice-to-the-Lovelorn" Editor is included. Add to all these lofty gentlemen the battery of feature writers, rewrite men, reporters, and what not, and you can appreciate the care and toil that go into the making of the 5-cent newspaper you buy, or have delivered to your home, via the newsboy.



# W. D. Ramblings . . .

HELLO again, girls and boys, here I am again with more dir—pardon me, I mean more “stuff” about what’s been doing in the W. D. section of the Station.

If the facts were known, there wouldn’t be anything to write about, but I’ll polish up what we’ve got, and see how that goes.

On Tuesday, June 15, we were all C.B.’d until 1900 hrs. and we really put up a fight, but our meeting was such a success we didnt mind at all, in fact S/O Uglow had a hard time getting rid of us.

We came to the conclusion that the Sergeants of the Station are being ignored all too much, and we’re out to put a stop to it. Here’s how we figured it.

Our Canteen has never had a formal opening, so—we’re going to, in the not too distant future, have our Canteen opening, and all the Airmen up to the rank of WO1 will be invited. It’s going to be open house, so don’t forget, watch your D.R.O.’s around the 8th of July.

Oh yes, remember the nice little talk we had about the 1st of July. Well, in case you don’t, it seems there’s a big doin’s of a parade in town and we’re elected to represent the W.D.’s. Isn’t that goody? Something tells me Sgt. Finney is going to have an awful lot of girls on “sick parade” that morning. At least I know one—ahem!

We elected our committee for our Canteen, our Mess, and Sports: Canteen and Entertainment: AW1 Gordon, AW1 Lyon, Cyl. Pontiefex; Sports: AW1 Imlah, AW1 Johanneson, AW1 Kitley; Mess: AW1 Blake, LAW Jenson, AW1 Ling.

\* \* \* \*

## REPLY TO “I’M ONE OF THEM”

So, dear W. D.,  
You would infer that we,  
The men of His Majesty’s Air  
Force,  
Are inclined to resent,  
To a certain extent,  
That you should have followed  
up “their Course.”  
Well, we’re bound to admit  
That it did hurt a bit,  
But perhaps it was just psycho-  
logic;  
For now we can see  
That the W. D.  
In our Air Force is all very logic.

So we lay down our pride  
And cast it aside,  
And here’s to the Women’s Di-  
vision!  
Now if anyone tries,  
With unfounded lies,  
To treat it with scorn or derision,  
Us fellows in blue  
(And in summer dress too)  
Will tell them in terms quite em-  
phatic,  
That we’re proud of our gals  
Both as helpers and pals,  
And in future, to be diplomatic.  
---By an Airman

# CANADIAN YOUTH HOSTELS

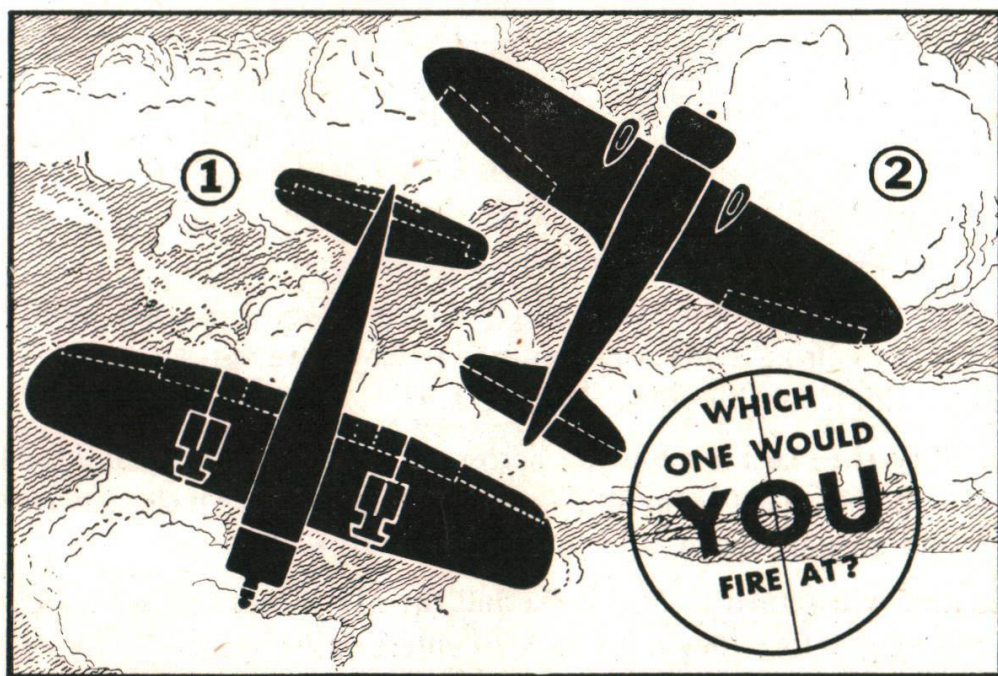
66 **T**O provide simple accommodation for those who wish to enjoy the countryside, and to afford especially young people, an opportunity to travel and enable them to come to a better understanding of the problems which confront the Youth of today."

This, from "The Open Road," Handbook of the Canadian Youth Hostels Association, explains in essence the aims of this well-known group. Existing now in more than twenty-five countries, the Association supplies simple accommodation for walkers, cyclists and canoeists on tour. Facilities are not elaborate, but bed, mattress or palliase with blankets are provided at the fixed rate of 25c per night, together with washing facilities, and sometimes shower baths, cooking utensils, us eof stove, pans, etc., are usually provided free, or for a trifling charge. Meals can usually be obtained in most Hostels.

Hostels as described above are available at Langley Prairie, Abbotsford, Maple Ridge, Cultus Lake and Harrison Hot Springs in the Fraser Valley and are easily accessible, as are Hostels on Vancouver Island—Yellow Point, Westholme, Shawnigan Lake, Comox, Campbell River, Departure Bay, Mudge Island, Qualicum Beach, Mud Bay and Victoria. Hostels are also available in the Interior, making three outstanding Hostel chains.

Membership in the Association, costing only \$2.00 per year, is open to Airmen and Airwomen and provides a means for a very worthwhile leave or "48."

Further information from Y.M.C.A. Office.



See  
Page 22



"Tops" in



## "Blackouts" Hits This Station

By AW1 E. G. McKERCHER

WELL, the "Blackouts" have been and gone, and the date of June 17 may well be remembered by the Service personnel of the Station and their friends. Because, on that date the Air Force Show, "Blackouts of 1943," came to the Station.

In a whirlwind of laughs, smiles and tears, they have left us in a state of expectation waiting for their return engagement, when we will have the opportunity of seeing them again.

The hit song of the show was "We're Flying to a New Horizon," written by F/O Wishart Campbell, the Officer in charge of the show, who was, before his enlistment with R.C.A.F., a prominent singer with the C.B.C. in Toronto.

The musical direction and orchestra were under the direction of Cpl. George Calangis of Vancouver. Special honors go to Mickey Horner and his Trumpet for the original song, "Bugle Boy Blues," which Mickey wrote and arranged.

The highlight of the show was "Harem Scarem," an act based on life in the Far East, with Fran Dowie and the girls. The hit song of the act was "You're My Acey Deucey," and the girls weren't kidding when they sang it to AC2 Pierce of this Station. The lyrics of the song were written by Cpl. Henry Singer of Edmonton, which proves that all the talent does not come from the East. (LAC Bestall please take note.)

The Blackout Show was started in 1943 under the direction of F/L Robert Cootes to bring entertainment to the boys and girls of the Air Force and we think they're doing a grand job.

Since May they've been touring across Canada and have done some thirty shows in the past two months—ten in Ontario and Quebec, twenty in Alberta and Saskatchewan, and so far two in B. C.

Later they will return to Manitoba and the Maritimes and we hope it won't be too long before they'll be back to entertain us again.

# ENTERTAINMENT



## *Nothing But the Best*

Headlined, of course, by A.F.H.Q.'s sterling show, "Blackouts of 1943," Major Bowes' travelling amateurs, and Nick Lucas, singing troubadour of radio, stage and screen, the concert series of the past month hit a new high. Summer or no summer, good weather or bad, the faithful at this station continued to pack the seats and "bring down the roof" as these stars and the girls' dancing troupe from Oregon State College, Fraser Wilson and the Grand National Opera Company performed.

"The most successful dance you've had yet"—these words from Miss Audrie Vincent of the Adanac Ria Club, hostesses, echoed the sentiments of the hundreds of revellers who attended the monthly Station Dance Swinging to the music of Flight Sergeant Miceli's Western Air Command Orchestra, the happy throng clamoured for more even after the 12.00 o'clock deadline had been long past. More than equal to the occasion, the band replied with a variety of tunes sufficient to satisfy the most exacting taste.

### Y MOVIE SCHEDULE FOR JULY

- July 2nd—SIN TOWN — Western frontier drama — Starring Constance Bennett, Broderick Crawford, Anne Gwynne, Andy Devine, Leo Carillo.
- July 6th — SERGEANT YORK — Drama of First Great War—Starring Gary Cooper, Walter Brennan, Joan Leslie.
- July 9th—PRIVATE BUCKAROO —Musical comedy—Starring Andrew Sisters, Joan Davis, Harry James' Band, Dick Foran.
- July 13th—LAS VEGAS NIGHTS —Musical—Starring Phil Regan, Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra.
- July 16th—SUSPICION—Drama—Starring Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant.
- July 20th — WEST POINT WIDOW—Comedy-drama — Starring Anne Shirley, Richard Carlson, Richard Denning.
- July 23rd — SING YOUR WORRIES AWAY—Sparkling musical film of fun and frolic — Starring Bert Lahr, Buddy Ebsen, June Havoc, Alvino Rey's Band and four King Sisters.
- July 27th — STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM—Musical — Starring Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour and forty-three stars.



# SPORTS



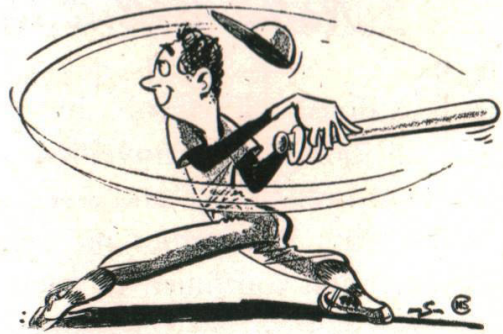
A pitchers' duel throughout, with A.C.1 Bobbis and L.A.C. LeClair matching strikes—this was the story of the first half playoff game between Headquarters and Firemen in the Station Softball League, Headquarters winning 2-1. This sudden-death game was made necessary through the position of these two teams at the end of the regular schedule, with five wins and one loss apiece.

At the end of the fifth inning the hook and ladder boys were ahead by the slim margin of one run, but the boys who work in the Admin. Building came up with a two-run rally in the lucky seventh to squeeze through with the narrow 2-1 win.

At time of going to press the second half is under way, with Officers defeating No. 8 Detachment by the rather enormous score of 16-2.

Can't be sure, but the present officers' team seems to be headed for top spot in the second half.

With their win streak finally stopped at seven by the hustling Ack Acks, the Station Softball Team started right down to work again,



defeating the team from Little Mountain Camp to the tune of 8-1.

With but three games remaining on the "B" Section schedule, the team holds a game lead over the second-place Ack Acks. Games remaining are with Merchant Navy, H.M.C.S. Burrard and 10th Signals

Playoffs with the other three sections of the Inter-Service League will commence immediately following.

## SOFTBALL RESULTS — STATION LEAGUE

### First Half

	Won	Lost	Points
Hdqts. ....	5	1	10
Firemen .....	5	1	10
Maintenance .....	4	2	8
Officers .....	3	3	6
8 Sqdn. ....	3	3	6
8 Detach. ....	1	5	2
Armament .....	0	6	0

## "Goodbye" and "Hello"

"The time has come for you to take another trip to the bush." With great apprehension I received these words and thought of all the pleasant associations and good times that I have had at the station. By the time that I got around to cleaning up my desk I reviewed my work here, day by day. I brought home to my mind the grand co-operation that I received from everybody on the station.

Co-operation is the basis of the work of any "Y" man. The co-operation received by the "Y" man on this station makes it a pleasure to work here and I can assure you that I will carry with me some very pleasant memories. I only hope that at some later date I will be able to renew some of my acquaintances and associations.

To each and everyone I want to say "thank you" for evrything you have done for me. My only wish is that you will extend to my successor, Harvey Orr, the same support that you gave me.

Now it is time for me to continue cleaning out my desk, and get on with my packing. Now in the language of the newspaperman, it's thirty

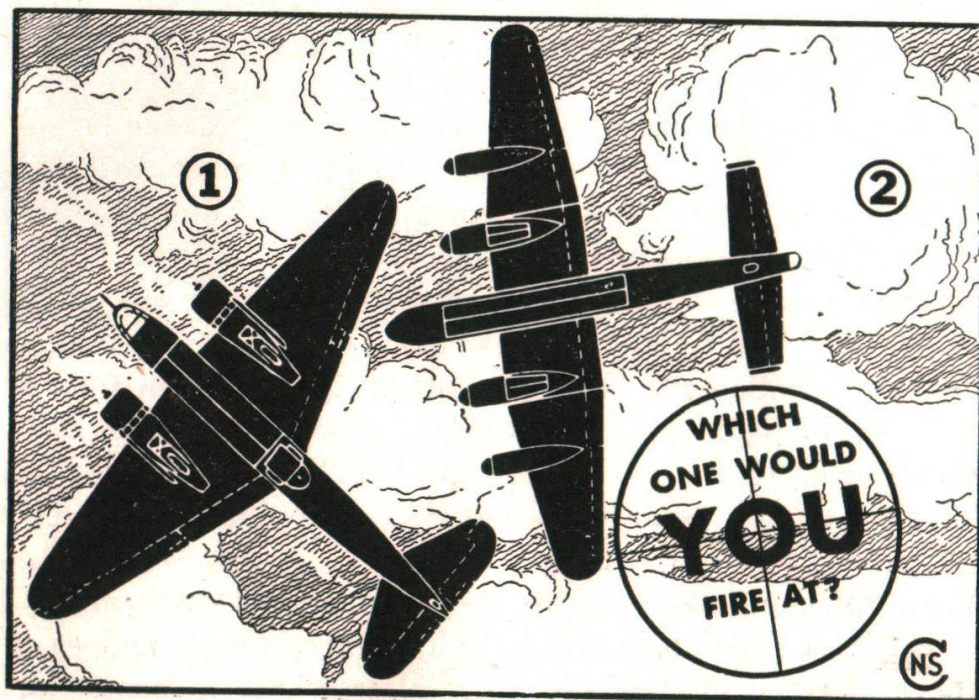
*Les Hardy, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor.*

\* \* \* \*

*Hello is a friendly word of greeting—*

*Let's seal our friendship in a personal meeting.*

*Harvey Orr, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor.*



FOR ANSWER SEE PAGE 22



## Transition and Miscellaney



"Always something doing" would be a very appropriate title for this little piece. For a new slant on how much does go on at your little home away from home just take a re-look at D.R.O.'s for about twenty-five or thrity days back. We'll bet you have a real surprise in store.

Taking a dose of our own medicine, we found the "Part II Personnel" columns to hold the most of those surprises. To begin with (and didn't we all?) no less than nine blessed events were chalked up by our lads. Nice going fella's. Then, lo and behold, we find *seventeen* others have been co-stars at seventeen Nuptial Celebrations which should man a much better score on item number one in the not too near future.

Most numerous, of course, are the "ins" and "outs" (O.K.! O.K.! Doug—the T.O.S.'s and the S.O.S.'s). How many are really a military secret, but to mention just a few, we see that Flt./Sgt. Douglas is now S.P.'ing for W.A.C. He will probably recognize, once in a while, some of our names on his lists of airmen who were seen in the 700 block on Granville Street (or thereabouts) with their hands in their pockets. Surprise packets, embarkation postings, to be exact, were received by L.A.C.'s Meadows and Hall of Headquarters and 8 Squadron Orderly Rooms respectively. Wonder how many hundreds of us wanted to trade places with them?

Many happy thoughts re the first few months of this station's career are engendered for some of us by the mention of W/C Willis, who recently turned over his duties as O.C. of 8 Squadron to S/L Lay and left for more active fronts. The "best wishes" of us all go with him and to Mr. Lay—our "welcomes". "Best wishes" also go with F/O Mayers and F/L Kirkwood to good old I.T.S.

"S.O.S.'d," too, we find, were Sgt. Thomas, that great big Discip. with that great big voice; our little English Corporal Brasseur, with his great big stories and great big grin; our basketball "ace," Jimmy Pratt. To them and all the others—"happy landings."

Balancing our roster we find T.O.S.'d along with many others, S/L Wilson, who comes to us from our friends of 147 Squadron; F/L Stevens—from W.A.C. to good old No. 8 Squadron; Cpl. Fahlamm from Rupert—to help our Firefighters in their chores. Among the young ladies fortunate(?) enough to join our happy throng, L.A.W.'s Broughton, Jenckes and Johnston in the Motor Transport Section, probably take the worst ribbing. Now see here, you fellas.

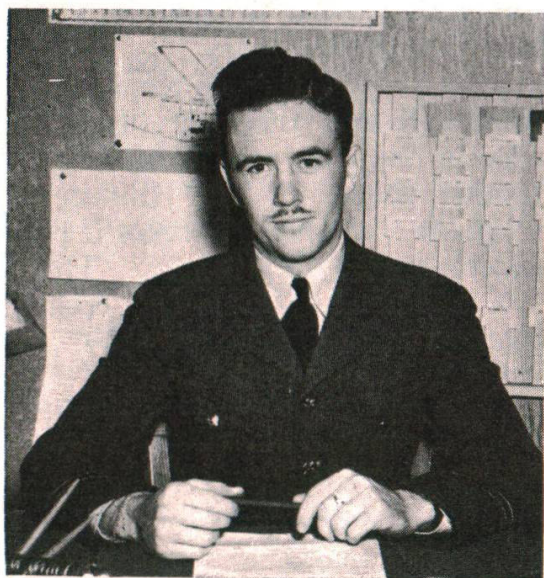
Also surprisingly numerous are the "Temporary Duty" entries. These are a great lesson in Canadian geography — Trenton, Winnipeg, Prince Rupert, Ottawa and most of the littler places closer to home—all cold, impersonal entries to most of us but just the same we'd like to ask—"Gee,

did you have a nice trip? How was the weather?", etc., etc., etc.

Then picking at random through the "Promotions List" we offer congratulations to our new Squadron Leaders, Mr. Briggs of the Equipment Section, and Mr. Watts of Operations. (No, no, Charlie, not that kind of operations); to F/L's Bray and Tinsley; to F/O Hill of the Accounts Section, and F/O's "Pappy" Deeks and George Wood, both A.F.C. men; to Flt./Sgts. Shaw, Youl and Camp; to Cpls. Ambrous, Robblin and Kasaboski, and to all the other men and girls who took their further step on the road to more important duties.

These entries, along with those on "Leaves," "Attachments," "Records," etc., do mirror the activity and changing personality of a station and it's kind of nice to look back at them and wonder what this fellow or that gal may be doing today. After all, we are the reminiscing veterans of tomorrow and these are the people our dreams will be made of.

## *Farewell!*



**S**INCE last going to press we have bade a reluctant farewell to two of the most popular Officers of the Station, Flight Lieutenant R. A. Kirkwood, Adjutant, and Flight Lieutenant W. C. Daniel, Padre.

The places of the Adjutant, who filled a difficult position with distinction and unfailing good humour, and the Chaplain, who served the interests of the Airmen and Airwomen without stint, will be hard to fill.

The good wishes of the Station follow them as they travel further afield.

# WHIPPIN' AROUN' with WOOZIE

**T**HIS column bears no resemblance to anything heretofore published, dead or living, and any similarity to anything is entirely accidental . . . or somepin . . . our motto . . . we print . . . all the dirt that's fit to squirt . . . We still like the crack that emitted from the mouth of the Cpl. in the mess . . . airman asks have you any soup on the menu . . . yeah, but we wiped it off . . . you can't win. . . . This month's King of Corn . . . Les "Husky" Hardy, Y. man . . . his contribution . . . I call my girl friend Hinges 'cause she's something to a door (adore . . . my shattered nerves) . . . there'll be a brief pause till the air clears. . . . We wonder if F/Sgt. Woods has turned in his air-cooled issue trousers. . . . since the night he so modestly displayed his B.V.D.'s on the baseball diamond . . . picturesque speech . . . his face looks like a door that's been slammed too often . . . or . . . he creeps up on you like a pair of issue shorts . . . well anyhow . . . Watch for the premiere of our new "Cee-I-Wye" show . . . it's marvellous . . . no kidding, it's swell . . . well, we like it . . . more info next edition. . . . Poem . . . quote . . . The cow is of the bovine ilk, One end gives moo, the other milk . . . with apologies to Ogden Nash . . . unquote. . . . Orchids to the Y.M.C.A. for another swell dance . . . WAC Dance Band really solid . . . especially Lance Harrison. . . . Thistles to whoever submitted this mess . . . Some DO! . . . meaning Sergeants' smoker June 10th . . . noticed Group Captain Bennett capably manhandling a defenceless little snare drum . . .

host Rod Periton dreamed up smooth floor show . . . where do you make connections like that, Rod? . . . wouldn't be the Mandarin, would it? . . . F/Sgt. Frank Mac-Millan, recent arrival in charge of Service Police, claims his men are being "joed" . . . tough, old boy . . . "Mac" built himself quite a rep for being hep at WAC . . . keep punching, Frankie. . . . Regret the absence of Les HUSKY Hardy, recently posted up the coast . . . he always planted his corn in the gutter . . . why?? . . . he liked his corn on the curb. . . . Welcome Harvey Orr, new Y.M.C.A. soup sup . . . a man that spent practically a decade on Tin Pan Alley . . . anyone interested in the entertainment world will find a volume of knowledge in one chat with "Harv". . . . Another poem . . . The Rhinoceros . . . quote . . . The rhinoceros is preposterous . . . unquote. . . . Thrill . . . ballads by Betty McCercher, singing star of Cee-I-Wye show . . . Did you hear the one about . . . you didn't? . . . well it goes like this . . . a certain young airman who was pleasantly polluted, having consumed about three gallons of stagger soup, managed to wend his way to the doors of the Hudson's Bay Co. in Vancouver . . . there he gazed upon the revolving doors for some time . . . at length a young lady entered and as she did a young man came out . . . the airman looked for a minute . . . whistled . . . and then exclaimed . . . Whew! What a quick-change artist. . . . O.K. . . . we're sorry . . . that's all for now gates . . . so until next time keep swinging. WHOOZIE.

# HOSPITAL

SETTLED in the new hospital, the staff is down to new routine. Hooks for Cpls. Pontifex, Schwengers and Wilson. The kitchen with its "Out of Bounds" is still an enticing spot to various people.

Postings for F/L Cantor and Frenchie Vigeant, departing for Aircrew. Welcome to F/L Sharpe to the staff, and F/L McKay and F/O Whitelaw on Temporary Duty.

Cpl. Watson busy on returns regardless of the time of month, while I am again searching documents for inoculations due, or just hunting for documents.

Night shifts are well-organized; the other evening one Assistant would not listen to the "SHADOW" before going on night duty:

*The night fell dark, and the wind howled low,*

*The halls were hollow and bare;  
A lonely nurse paced down the hall,  
Of the Ghost she was unaware!*

*But the Ghost of the Patients Past looked out,*

*Then followed her on her round—  
Stopped—stood in front of her, and glared;*

*He spoke without a sound!  
His eyes were red and his teeth were black,*

*His skin was withered and gone,  
His limbs were lean, and limp and loose;*

*Over these a sheet was drawn:  
Next day she told the others of the Ghost that she had seen  
But they assured her lightly that she must have had a dream.*

*At last when night began to fall,  
Our brave assistant paced the hall;  
Her wrist-watch said: "It's half-past ten,*

*Do you think he'll be around again?"*

*The Ghost of the Patients Past spoke clear;*

*"You foolish girl, of course I'm here!*

*I'm the one you have to fight  
An endless battle through the night.  
I'm disease and pain and strife,  
I can take away a Life!*

*I—" his long and knuckled hand  
Pointed—"I'm a curse in every land!"*

*She stood there and blankly stared;  
For this she was not quite prepared—*

*And to think that I had ever dared  
To say of Ghosts this girl was scared!*

*But now she hums a merry tune  
while trotting down the hall at noon.*

*She's free from her Night Shift at last,  
and from the Ghosts of the Patients Past.*

A. A. G.

## Life Savers

### Gas Attack



DO NOT use material or food which has been exposed to gas until it has been decontaminated.



REMOVE CLOTHING AT ONCE which has been exposed to gas. Leave gassed area. Then change your clothes.

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## Orderly Room

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The Entertainment Committee is planning an "At Home" to mark the official opening of the W.D. Canteen, with the tentative date set for Thursday, July 8th.

"Going to Press" at this moment finds us still with our heads together; but we expect to have fun; dancing, a small floor show, etc., so watch for notices and "Open House."

Our hats off to the Adanac Girls, not only for the splendid turn-outs at our Station Dances but also for the material support we understand they are giving the Hospital.

Of the W.D.'s it has been said: "Never have I seen so many women agree to wear the same style of hat!"

What have the Aircrew got that the others haven't got? (It couldn't be money, could it?)

A flash to Flash—what happened to the bombtruck?

Has the C.P.R. changed its schedule for the convenience of Corporal Wilson while on 48's?

Has Ling bought her Wing to fly to Sydney on her Fling?



## STATION Post Office

By CPL. G. McNEILL

**I**N the past fourteen months there have been so many changes. Some of you will remember our old Post Office, in one corner of the Air Men's Canteen, where mail, laundry and dry cleaning was packed so tightly one could hardly move. As time went by and Christmas was a few weeks away, we moved to a shack for the Xmas rush. There we

froze and carried on until March, when our new office was ready.

I would like to thank G/C W. E. Bennett, W/C. Greenway, now of Tofino, S/L Moon, F/L Rundle-Woolccok, F/L Kirkwood and F/O A. A. Smith for their efforts in making our Post Office what it is today.

W.A.C. and Patricia Bay gave us our four W.D. Postal Clerks—to bring new life to our important job of handling the Royal Mail. Their loss is our gain.

R. Johannson hails from Winnipeg, D. Sanghurst and R. Graham from Saskatchewan, and B. McKircher from Edmonton, Alberta. All are trained and capable of doing a very satisfactory job.

Letters chase men up and down the coast as often as the boat goes. Amendments, temporary duties, attachments, S.O.S. and all the rest of it: sick leave, spring leave, furloughs, every man on strength must be accounted for each day.

This is my contribution to WESTERN WINGS, and to our Editor, may you continue without a failing moment.

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### SHORT, SHORT STORY

Dice

Vice

Throw

Blow

Borrow

Sorrow

—H.M. in "Slipway"

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A waiter at a banquet dropped a plate of hot soup in the bishop's lap.

"Will some layman," implored the bishop, "kindly say something appropriate?"

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LAC Siborne: "I've been thinking it over and I've decided to agree with you."

Mrs. Siborne: "No use now. I've changed my mind."

# Guard House Gossip

OR

## *Dug up at the Digger*

**T**HE Service Police, like the spring, have been subject to many changes. Also like the changes of spring, they have not always suited us. We were very sorry to lose F/O Walden, our D.A. P.M., whom we had all come to know and like. Since his departure for the dusty prairie we have had one acting D.A.P.M. after another, but hope soon to have one more permanent again.

On top of all this we hear that F/S "Harry" Douglas is destined to pack his kit and walk many weary miles around camp with that little sheet of paper that means clearance. Well, perhaps the "Air Force Powers That Be" know best, but frankly we don't always agree with them.

Fortunately there is a credit side to our ledger. In it we can enter those two genial latest additions to our forces, Sgt. "Ernie" Tyler and Cpl. "Tommy" Hastings.

Dan Cupid struck hard at the Service Police this spring, and wrought his share of changes. With Cpls. Goodrich and McKay happily married off, also Sgt. Lemna before he was posted, it cut down to a minimum the number of eligibles left. But ain't love grand?

Cpl. Graham has been acting strangely lately. He was seen in a downtown store pricing little triangles of flannelette (hope he knows they are rationed), also other small articles of clothing. It was not noticed whether he purchased pink or blue. Note: Cigars are not rationed.

LAC "Chuck" Evans, who has been attached to the S.P. here for

some time, has left for up the coast. Too bad, girls, but these things will happen in war time.

Other S.P.'s and attached personnel are: Cpl. George Noble, who has a Victory garden and raises chickens and rabbits in limited numbers; Cpl. Oscar Nigle, who refers to Ontario as Canada; Cpl. "Lou" Carl, a prairie farmer while on leave; Cpl. "Red" Wilson, also from the wide open spaces; Cpl. Thompson, tall, dark and handsome, from New Westminster; Cpl. Philippe, of whom we know very little; Cpl. Jack Nickey, of whom we know a lot; Cpl. Harold Lacey, who cultivates a garden and a moustache (the garden does pretty well); LAC "Len" Koepke, who enjoys life in general; LAC Ridgeway, quiet but also gets a kick out of life, and ACI Bowdige, who seems to gravitate to a spot near Main St. and 5th Ave. of late.

Well, there's the low-down on the Gestapo, and anyway it's lights out.

### **THE OLD LAND CARRIES ON**

Never in the history of the world has there been so great a destruction of the homes of the people as under the Nazis.

If we leave out cases of broken windows only, the number of houses damaged or wrecked in England and Wales has been nearly three millions, about one in every five homes in the country.

What is truly remarkable is that ten out of eleven of these houses have been made habitable again already, leaving only 250,000 to be dealt with. Of these, 150,000 have been pulled down, leaving 100,000 unusable, although they have received first-aid repairs. But against this, 135,000 new houses have come into use, so that there remain only 115,000 out of 2,750,000 houses to be accounted for.



# Summer

*The summer days are come again;  
Once more the glad earth yields  
Her golden wealth of ripening grain,  
And breath of clover fields,  
And deepening shade of summer woods,  
And glow of summer air,  
And winging thoughts and happy moods  
Of love and joy and prayer.*

—Longfellow.

