

The

AIR-LOG



Nº 5995

APRIL, 1944

FIFTEEN CENTS THE COPY

L.A.C. - JUZAK. F.

12 S.F.T.S BRANDON · MAN ·

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

R.N.Z.A.F.

R.A.F.

R.A.A.F.

Aer-Log

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Articles, features, pictures of personnel, and general camp news, must be submitted to the AER-LOG office before the 15th of every month.

Winning a War

J. C. M.

A Global War is a mighty big war. We expect that there are many of you who fail to see very much connection between a mighty war effort and—by comparison—your little job. You may argue somewhat along these lines: I putter around and in and out of aircraft, or I push a loose-jointed broom across acres of hangar floor, or I peddle memos . . . hand out clothing. . . dish up food . . . slam gears in a noisy M.T. I'm not fighting any war. I'm Joe. I'm the man behind the man behind the man behind the gun. And that makes me a long way behind.

So what! Everything you have said may be quite true. But does that prove anything?

Maybe. Maybe it explains inefficiency and laziness and waste. It may explain a half-hearted will to work—hard. However, we are not discussing the results of your connection with World War II. We do want to figure out why you feel the way you do.

Just what do you think modern war is? What it actually is will be a surprise to a lot of people—maybe you are one of them.

War has grown up. It ceased to be an Art when gunpowder replaced the six-foot bow. War to-day is a Science. The glamour of our war can't hold a candle to that of the pageantry of the Middle Ages. For their bright and vivid colors we have ugly and drab camouflage. For their golden tapers and sun-flooded

plains we have thick grease, black oil and gobs of mud. For their knight-errant locked in mortal combat we have masses of khaki'd cogs grinding through hell on a global front.

That brings us to our second point. This war will be won by literally millions of people. It is a mighty big war—fundamentally different from anything before it. The little chivalric displays of a few centuries back provided personal expression for a handful of gallants. They weren't big enough to need the combined work of very many behind the scenes. Today's war can be of mammoth proportions simply because there are untold thousands behind the man behind the gun. Taken individually they are little people with little jobs. Taken collectively, they are an overwhelming force which can alone give enough power to the Front Line.

Thousands of others do their job as well or as poorly as you do yours. Your work well done doesn't amount to a hill of beans. But if your work is well done it doesn't stand alone. There are many, many more doing just as well and some are doing better. You can't consider your work individually—yours is one of a thousand—your work magnified a thousand times will give you a truthful conception of its worth. If it is well done it amounts to a vital and immense accomplishment—if it is poorly done it can mean tragic failure.

The First Page

Aer-Log presents . . .

Flight Sergeant Maxwell



It was with rather a timorous feeling that "yours truly" ambled over to the guard house the other morning to interview Flight Sergeant Maxwell.

However, "Max", as everyone on the station seems to know him, had a cheerful smile on his face (apparently it's there a good lot of the time, too!) but there was a bit of worry in his eyes. It seems that he was under the impression that he had to write this article. As soon as the matter was straightened out, however, Max became a new man, and over his pipe and my cigarette I managed to procure the facts about his life.

As the row of service ribbons on his chest indicates, Max saw service in the last World War. Joining at the outbreak of hostilities in August, 1914, he served with the 2nd Division, 28th Battalion overseas. Max seems to have led a fairly lucky life over there. Once, he said, he got buried in a trench, but in his own words, "I got out O.K.—I'm here today, aren't I?" With the cessation of hostilities in November of 1918, Max went with the Army of Occupation into Germany and stayed there the following months until February of 1919.

In May, 1919, Max came back to Canada with his discharge papers from the army, and settled down to farming in Saskatchewan.

After the outbreak of this war, Max decided quite correctly there was a place for him in the Air Force. So in 1941 he joined as Service Police. Of the three years' service he

has seen in this war, twenty-eight months have been spent on this station.

When I commented, "That was a long time," he came back with, "Yea, but don't put that in the write-up, the C.O. might read it!"

Seriously though, I can say with utmost confidence that I believe Max to be one of the best liked N.C.O.'s on this unit. Under the able guidance of P/O I. A. Irwin, he is running one of the best run sections in the station. Under him, too, are four N.C.O.'s who also saw service in the last war; Sgt. Knight, Sgt. McKee, Cpl. Bond, and Cpl. Carrie, who, along with twenty other N.C.O.'s, are giving Max the best co-operation in the world.

And so it was yours truly ambled out again after the interview feeling Max had made the interview very very interesting and very very cheerful with that smile. Also, yours truly came out feeling perhaps the guard house isn't such a bad place after all!

Padre's Corner

- April 3, Monday—Gladys
- " 4, Tuesday—Ida
- " 5, Wednesday—Gladys
- " 6, Thursday—Ida
- " 7, Friday—Gladys
- " 9, Sunday—Gladys

Noted this schedule in the Padre's office; what does he do on Saturdays?

BONDS ARE BULLETS

In backing up the forces we can actually, as well as spiritually, fight side by side with our fighting men. The money that we loan to the Government in buying Victory Bonds is the bullets, bombs and the torpedoes with which we can help the men who actually pull the trigger or press the button. The thing to do, reading today's headlines, is to shoot in the most effective way we can shoot—

PUT VICTORY FIRST
BUY VICTORY BONDS

K. of C. Korner

Our first Station Talent Show was a great success, and our hopes are to have another one for April 15th. We hope to put on a Station Talent Show once a month, so come out of your shells, you talented people, and help make our shows a success, because it is entirely up to you whether they are or not.

The Music Appreciation Hour, held every Sunday night at 2030 hours, is more and more becoming very well known on the station. May Dougherty is to be congratulated on the very fine work she is doing in helping to make this a success.

The rifle club is a new form of entertainment on the station, and it's proving to be a popular one. The grand opening took place on Wednesday night, April 5th. It is hoped that those who join the club will make good use of the equipment.

Everyone in the Drill Hall is happy now. The reason? We have finally succeeded in getting something we've needed for a long time—one of those very (we found out) scarce articles — a telephone. If its necessary to phone us, just ask for 50.

The boys at Chater get a treat twice a week when Jim Kennedy, the K. of C.'s famous projectionist, takes films out to show them.

The Hobby Club Room is now open to all members. Anyone who is interested in joining the Club should get in touch with Sgt. Walker, of the Equipment Section.

The services of the K. of C. are available to all. Drop in and see Fred Tadman at his office in the Drill Hall.

"IF"

If you can keep your lips when those around you

Are losing theirs to airmen stationed here;
Evade the fond caresses and embraces,
Never feeling once the urge to cuddle near.

If you can make negations regulations
Conform to Dix and all she writes about,
Scorn the skirt who flirts, shun the petting
set,

Never feeling once the slightest bit of doubt—

If these are things that you can do
While of you there are so few,
And there is still a 2 and No. 12
Though flirty at thirty, sporty at forty—
You'll still my dear be up there on the shelf!

The Tower

MET SECTION

Short spy story of the month . . . in the dirty dark hours of the early morning, a partly shaven man in threadbare civilian clothes slinks through the front gate. With aged hat pulled low over his eyes, he heads for the forbidden hangar area. Passing swiftly and silently between Number One and Number Two hangars, he dashes quickly into that nerve centre of No. 12 S.F.T.S., the Control Tower.

Later we see the same man poring over a paper, on which are written strange and weird codes. "Ah-ha!" he pants, "I'll stop all flying on the station today." Reaching into his pocket he pulls out a pencil shaped like a fire-bomb. He then writes "Overcast with or without Snow" and grins diabolically.

Cloudy Joe has begun his day's work.

The villain and/or hero of this little tale might be named Bill C. J. Mackie, Lloyd C. J. Morrison, or John C. J. Lauder, depending upon the length of his beard. In fact, that these gentlemen all have the same middle initials is due to the fact that the stork who brought them into this world had to fly through a Cumulonimbus cloud, with the results that they were ever afterward called "Cloudy Joe".

Being classified as officers, they naturally have RCAF guys and gals to do the work for them, the gals being named Hunter, Birston, and Davies, after their parents of the same name, but answering to the yell of Corporal, Lenore and Pokey whenever anyone desires any vital information. The one lone guy is AC2 S. Zeidel, a Mining Engineer, who reads the Northern Miner like his bosses read Dick Tracy.

Passing up one flight of stairs we reach the Tower, that glassy greenhouse wherein grow all the flying infractions, flight plans and several hard working men. Newest of these to this station is F/O G. K. Gamble, who comes to us with a coast-to-coast background in control work, as he has seen service at stations all the way from Nova Scotia to British Columbia.

F/C to Trainee: Well, what do you want?
Trainee: Nothing, Sir.

F/C: Did you bring something to fetch it in?

Trainee: No, Sir. I wasn't sure you had any left.

In the Sport Light

Off the Backboard

The series games between Brandon and Shilo ended up with Shilo on top, but that was the District Services play-off. The series was played off in three games, Shilo winning the first and last games.

On April 3rd, No. 12 defeated Rivers in a two-game play-off, and were entitled to play Portage for the area title. This series was taken by No. 12 who won both games. This puts No. 12 in line for the Command play-offs at Winnipeg.

The line-up for the men's team is Perrault, Flewelling, McKeachie, Moum, Nicolle, Brenton, Connoly, Abbey, Findlay. You're our only hope, boys, and we're behind you all the way!



Chatter

- S/L **Sawle**, who would that he might fly
Has other things to tend to 'cause he's our young C.I.
- S/L **Younge**, is often wanted, seldom found—
His monthly total proves that he must be on the ground!
- F/L **"Mac"** has acquired a terrific grin
Ever since the ban came off our beer rationin'.
- F/L **"Sky"** has acquired quite a strut
Resulting from most anything—claims his heel is cut.
Generally grinning too is F/L **"Pappy"**—
Not for any reason—s'pose he's just "slap-happy".
- F/L **"Slats"** is really quite a guy—
Shoots a line of chatter; is anything but shy!

W. D. Basketball Flashes



The W.D. Basketball team went to Weyburn to start the ball rolling for the play-offs. They came back the victors and then played McDonald here at No. 12, No. 12 winning by 18-17. Then No. 12 played a return game at McDonald and lost. They were the two best games of the season.

The line-up is Dunford, Rawlick, Turner, McLeod, Cassey, Thornton, Kolisnic, Best, Mobley and Scriver.

Smoke Gets in Your Eyes

Bad men would like their women to be like cigarettes. Slender and slim.
To be selected, set alight, and when finished with, just to stand aside.

But more fastidious men prefer women like cigars,
They are more exclusive, last longer, and are more comforting.
And when the brand is good, they don't give them away.

But nice men treat their wives like pipes, the older they get the more attached they become to them.
And when the flame is out, they may knock them gently, but lovingly, they keep them safe, and no man shares his pipe.

Send an "AER-LOG" Home

Features

Deer Mable:

Spring is heer, we hev finle and deafnit pruf. Remembur how weuzed two play mar-bulls in the spring when we wuz kids? The boys heer hev a game sumthin like it. They use two littul wite things like sugger cubes, only they hev blac dots al ovur them. They put some monee on the flor and then sum boddy sez rol them bones. So far i aint seen no bones in the game, but they alas sez that. Wich makes the gaim crezyur then evair, but wen they sez that sumboddy throws those too littul thinks lik shugre cubes on the floor and everwon gits edsited and crowds arund wat-shin. they say sillee things lik snaikeys wen their isnt no snaiks a tall, or sumtimes they seys a luky 7 wen the most dots their is on won off thoes things iz 6, and then sumboddy grabs all the monny. Its reely vairy compykated. Evairy wonse in a wil somwon blows on the suggre cubes too git the dusst ofn them, wee nevir ust to bothre about thet wen wee playd marbells. i figger thet im jest a littul two ould fer that game museluf. Butt evin thoe it iz child-dish itt duz shoe thet spring iz inn thee ayr.

Then their iz othair litul things lik seein the fellers lukin dreemily upp at the bloo skie. Lik you rembur the tim the grate fillossupher Mr. Smith at the corner stor sed wen hee saw mee kissin you good nite "in the spring a yung manz fanssy liteli terns two luv." Anway, the WDs seam two no it to, fer evary nite now i see sum ov them walkin down the rode outsid the stashun with a ayрман. the moon hez bin shinin britely allso, wich iz verree helpfull. But than az thee othur chaps sed when i menshuned al this too them, i hev a verree poatic natchur, tho wy they luffed a bout it i dont no. I hev a suspishun thet sum of them iz vairee ignornt ov thee poatic and artisstick sid ov lif. Onely I gess i shuddent axspect them al two hev the same hie apprehyashun of butee as i hev. Wy, just the othur afturnune wen i was wocking along the road I saw the purtiest critter, all brown and wite shee wuz, jest lik the Jersey yer pa hez. in fac, shee wuz so purty thet she imedjutly maid me think ov you, Deer Mable.

Luv,

Rufus

Could Be

For days now, our C.O. has been wondering who it was calling the telephone switch board at a few minutes before five asking the correct time.

At last he could stand the suspense no longer. He asked our operator, "Who is it calls each day and asks for the time". "I don't know, sir," smiled the wrong number girl. "Find out", said the C.O.

The next day our Commanding Officer asked again if the telephone girl had found out who was making the calls.

"Yes, sir," she said, "It is the Fire Department, checking the time to sound the 5 o'clock siren." Oh, I see," said the C.O., "and how do you check your clock," he asked.

"From the 5 o'clock siren", smiled the operator.

The S.P.'s

By Sgt. Webb.

The Service Police are the busiest guys
In this here gol darned war.
They try to keep the fellows straight
But are considered a bore.

When a fellow goes A.W.L.,
He sticks his neck out far;
He knows they'll catch him on return
And all his privileges bar.

But there are many who can't resist
To have their little fling;
They get locked up for several days,
As tight as old Sing Sing.

The Service Police must do their job
Or they'd get checked on too;
A Service Police put in the jug
No! that would never do.

So if you chaps sometimes resent
The reprimands you get,
Just put yourself in an S.P.'s place,
You'll change your views, I bet.



Phun

INGRATITUDE

She took my hand in sheltered nooks,
 She took my candy and my books.
 She took the lustrous wrap of fur,
 She took those gloves I bought for her.
 She took my words of love and care,
 She took my flowers, rich and rare.
 She took my ring with tender smile,
 She took my time for quite awhile.
 She took my ardor, maid so shy,
 She took, I must confess, my eye.
 She took whatever I could buy,
 And then she took another guy.

WO1 Monk loves babies — especially the ones born twenty years ago.

“Have you seen Lucille’s new evening gown?”

“No, what does it look like?”

“Well, in most places it looks quite a bit like Lucille.”

BIBLE AND “WEE DRAP”, HER DEFENCE

Writing her thanks to Canada for a contribution from the “Bundle for Britain” organization, an aged Scots-woman gave this recipe against air raids:

“When the raid warning sounds, I take the Bible from the shelf and read the 23rd Psalm. Then I put up a wee bit prayer. Then I take a wee drap o’ whisky to steady my nerves. Then I get into bed and pull up the cover. Then I tell Hitler to go to hell.”

ODE TO CASSIDY

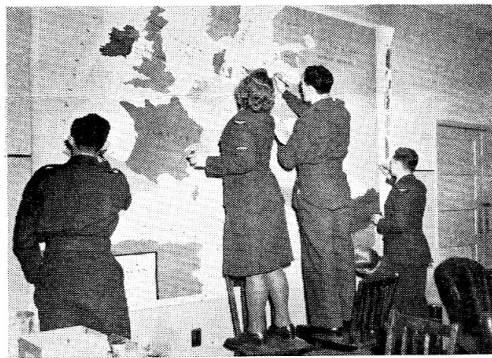
Sitting in this office
 Upon a little chair,
 Is a thickly padded cushion
 Especially put there—
 Soon to receive a warning
 As it never did before—
 Our Adj. is coming back off course
 An’ her feet are really sore!



“You may have got your wings but there’s no need to act as though you had a halo too.”

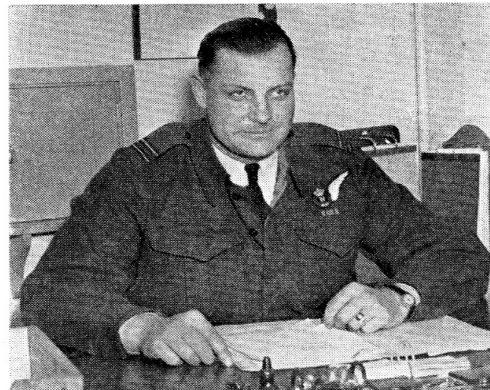


G. I. S. STAFF



Left:—LAW Atkinson and Assistants painting the large map in the Intelligence Library.

Right:—C.G.I. F/L "Bob" Burns



The Steam Shovel

Doris Atkinson.

For the past three years an important but little publicized institution of learning, namely, G.I.S., has been functioning without laurels or plaudits on this camp. Those responsible for the paedagogical manoeuvrings of the students' minds feel that they have provided that certain something without which a pilot's training would merely consist of chauffeuring an aircraft. Under the tutelage of a former High School teacher, F/L (Bob) Burns, the school consistently turns out classes of well informed students.

Poured into the skulls of our fledgling pilot is boundless knowledge and information on the subjects of Navigation, Signals, Airmanship, Meteorology, Aircraft Recognition, and Photography. It is also reported that in their spare time the students are exposed to a very superficial knowledge of Air Armament.

Armament provides the gen on bombs, gun sighting, pyrotechnics, aircraft recognition, theory of flight and bombing training. In this section are F/O (Hank) Wedge, Station Armament Officer; genial WO1 Monk, senior armament instructor and discip.; F/S Payne, the gunnery expert; F/S Smith and F/S Young, the prized bombers; Sgt. Larry Payne, O.C. of Aircraft Recognition; Cpl. Engers, bombing and gen. man; and Cpl. "Gat" Marushechka, in charge of Armament work shops. Then there's Cpl. Silvert who teaches theory of flying, leaving the minor practical details to the flights. The camera obscura run by armament section has three W.D.'s plotting and radio operating. LAW's Tortilla and Perrier and AW1 Wales.

The Navigation Section consisting of F/O McDonough, F/O "Rosy" Plummer and P/O (Scotty) O'Flaherty teach map reading, plotting and other little odds and ends. The latest addition to the cultural background provided by GIS, though not as luxuriously equipped as the Intelligence Library, is the SDRT under the able supervision of F/O Chambers, our snooker champ. Armourers with Lyle, Wirth, Perog and Scott are the general practitioners.

O.C. of the Orderly Room is Cpl. Hickling, our ever smiling Hicky. With her is AW1 Levine who never misses a 48 in Winnipeg—could be she's getting accustomed to civilian



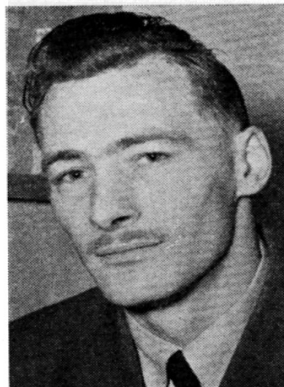
The Science of Bomb Dropping

life. Lena Lovatt is the lonely civilian but she doesn't seem to mind. Across the hall in "Pubs" are LAW Edmond and AW1 Pombert, the gals who make the lads pay plenty.

The real seat of Larnin' in this major institute of culture is the Intelligence Library. We deduce from the number of flying personnel eagerly entering the library that they all feel humble in the presence of the omniscient. The rugs, lounge chairs and other luxurious accoutrements give it the proper restful atmosphere where they may diligently apply themselves to the pursuit of Morpheus. This is not to say that the O.C. of education who specializes in trade improvement classes and furniture does not further, by every trick and courteous device, the pursuit of knowledge. It is here that the eager pre-aircrew classes find a benefactress in the tireless Sgt. Maxwell. "Recent additions to the Intelligence Library" are LAW's Flett and Gilpin who still display the boundless enthusiasm of new blood. Next comes Evelyn Hunter, tried and true member of the staff, who valiantly struggles away with trade improvement charts in co-operation with Sgt. Stiles. And last there LAW Atkinson, most noted for the purple smudges she ac-

quires on her face during the process of "making up" the news bulletins.

Of course, no account of GIS would be complete without mention of our loyal "Tommy" Jennings, a veteran of the Great War, who



**W.O.1 E. C. Monk,
School Disciplinarian**

quietly picks up all our coke bottles after we've scattered them throughout the building. With him is his able helper Vic Rowe.

Hidden away in the dark recesses of the Photographic department are F/S Melstead, Cpl. McFadden and LAW's Ennos and Erskine who owlishly emerge every once in a while to blink at the bright light of day. LAW Demenuk, after wide experience in pouring coffee at the WD canteen has now taken to pouring hypo, developer and other aromatic solutions. LAC's Kovalchuk and Webster have recently come to cheer the hearts of these lonely lovely women.

While we're still upstairs, let's visit the signals section, if we can penetrate that "Out of Bounds" sign. Ah, yes, P/O Poff has deserted No. 12 for a holiday in Winnipeg, under the guise of "Temporary Duty". He leaves to mourn his loss Sgt. Metcalfe, who has become "officer in charge". Then there's Sgt. Ranger, who has gone to look up the six WOG's in the tower. Tch, tch, Sgt. Ranger, how that accent goes over with the girls! LAC Oliver looks after the practical end of radioing.

While claiming no attachment to GIS the PT section is nevertheless proud to be located in our building. O.C. of Drill and Calisthenics is F/O 'Slim' Fitton, who, like the ancient Greeks, is concerned with the body beautiful as well as the mind scholastic. O.C.'s of sport are F/S Earles and Sgt. Price, while F/S Ste-

vens is the man who is responsible for most of the "up, down" on the station. These Knights of the Drill Hall, not as chivalrous as those of old, enslave one fair maiden, Cpl. McGlaughlin, to the duties of physical culture.

The day is not too long nor the hour too late for the doors of this hall of learning to welcome in the stragglers. This is the fount of learning and all who wish to come may drink up truth and wisdom ever flowing in well rounded out doses.

Adieu, . . . good friends . . . may you survive the Inquisition.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD UP-TO-DATE

Little Red Riding Hood, sleek as a mouse,
Tramped thru the woods to her grandmother's house,

She found there a wolf in her grandmother's gown,

And grabbing a mashie, she knocked to wolf down.

Said little Red Riding Hood, sizzling with spunk,

"We chickens today are not easy to bunk.

If you think I would fall for your line of hot air,

You're dumb as the barber, who bobs my black hair!"

The poor wolf got up and wobbled away,

And the bump on his bean lasted many a day.

Bad wolves and bad men, used to raise quite a row;

But they can't fool Little Red Riding Hoods now!



LINK

We lived up to our name "the missing Link" when we missed getting away any write-up for the last two Aer-Logs. Actually things have been moving so fast here that we haven't been able to catch up at all. No less than five of our old stalwart staff have been pried from us via postings. First to go was Sgt. Sig. Sig-widson, who was so to speak repatriated to his former home school Neepawa. Then F/O Stinson, F/S Sheeran and F/S Cole have one at a time left for that fateful course at Deseronto; we wish them every success. Then Scotty Swanson was called away to rejoin his clan at Carberry.

To take these gallant soldiers' place in our very active organization we have been endowed (?) with firstly Sgt. Jack Rye, who hails from Montreal and claims to be single, but has evidence to prove otherwise if the occasion demands it. That write-up in the paper—where even the bride's name was given, points to a hectic time on his last leave. Other instructors to arrive are Sgt. Watson, fresh from the Deseronto Course and Sgt. A. D. Walker from Winnipeg. We are also glad to see Sgt. Jim Yost back after a month's absence through illness.

The Command O.C. of Link paid us a recent visit and was very well pleased with the efficient manner with which our section operated.

MAXWELL HOUSE

By LAC Sloan.

Would you like to get away from it all? Do you feel tired and run down? Does your back ache from sleeping on hard mattresses? Do wolves keep you awake?

Come to Maxwell House! We promise to double all your symptoms in half the time it took them to appear. The accommodations at this station stopover are becoming very limited! So get your reservations in early. The price is still the same, one day's pay for each day's stay. Come early and avoid the beds with the knotholes.

April saw the long awaited arrival of a new D.A.P.M. He is a regular fellow, 6 ft. 4 ins. of sunshine and 190 lbs. of brawn in the person of P/O Irwin. This little man has come up the hard way and "knows the ropes"! So beware!

Buy Your Own Copy

Nav. Flight

Nav. Flight extends a hearty welcome to P/O Hanley, Sgt. "Ed." Merrifield, Sgt. Ridelle and P/O Roberts.

Congratulations to Maurice Hlady on your appointment to commissioned officer. P/O Hlady and "Bert" Jackson are our next postings. At present writing they are the "Ground School Kids".

Nav. "B" bowling team is still striking them down. To date, won 37 and lost 8.

The flight should have a full house soon. The "Boss's" pair of girls, and Bill Foster's expected 3 of a kind—What say, Bill!

"Mortimer" Milne now has a new handle, "Mortimer Von Milne". Get a load of the hair cut, fellows.

"I've been thinking" Findlay, still is fighting all comers for Anson 851.

Bolly Crowe, our new "Schedule Whiz", sighs "Once, I too, went a-flying".

"Andy" and "Jerry" our wizards of the time sheets, still amaze us by having the F17's and F42's balance.

Flying Records

Flying times have certainly been flying around the office lately, with Cpl. Esplin on leave and LAW Stewart getting her discharge. But now everything is well again and everyone is happy to see the Cpl. back again, single and all.

Replacing Stewart we have AW1 Cathie MacLeod, taking care of "C" and "D" Flight log books—More Headaches!

FAR HILLS

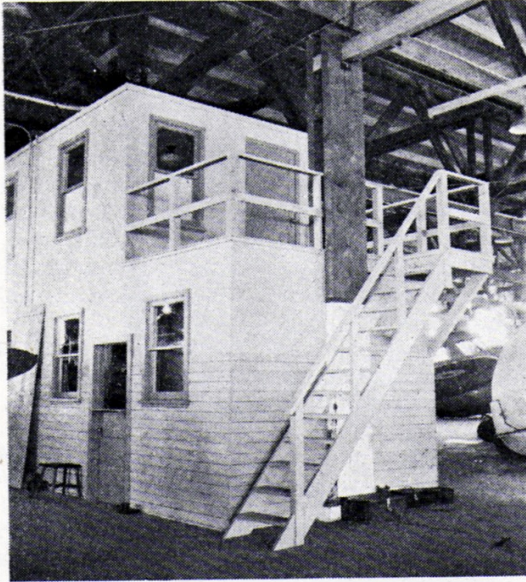
B. Bolt.

Burning gases, metal rhythm,
Engineered co-ordination.
Nothing dreaming, nothing magic
Swings us up into the sky.
Brimming gold on far horizons
Crimson fire on zenith clouds;
Promised warmth for those who fancy
High escape from winter dawn.
Up the thousand-footed stairways,
Striving for a fairy realm;
Finding nothing bright and sun-flecked
Only gray, wet, freezing wraiths.



Cunningham Castle

Sgt. Styles.



It could be dubbed a "penthouse", but why be so formal in an informal magazine. Consequently to get that necessary personal touch, in future, it will be referred to as "Cunningham's Castle". To those who are not so well informed it is necessary to tell you that this name is derived from two basic roots: The Cunningham is from the name of the man whose daily work is done within its portals, whereas the "castle" is derived from the state-ly design about which the building took shape.

What was the desired purpose in mind when the order came through to build the place? Well, here there is an opportunity to argue. The more conscientious will tell you that it was for convenience sake; while the poorer type (there are none of those in our section, however) claim that its erection was necessary, in order that the boss man (that fellow Cunningham) could keep an eagle eye over his flock as they flit about from one a/c to another and thus with his "butterfly net" that he keeps on the balcony be able to catch any wrong doer and bring him up via the "golden stairs" to the "sacred haunt" on the second floor.

One glance at the accompanying photo is sufficient to show you that this is far too large a place for one man to inhabit. The

Aid de Camp to F/L Cunningham also puts his feet under the desk in the portion just inside the entrance. Of course other than being a guard at the entrance to the sacred haunt, his official capacity is that of Technical Warrant Officer. Yes, WO2 Fraser and his bevy of Sr. N.C.O.'s are the men who assist in the supervision and successful completion of all work being carried on within the outer protecting walls of the castle.

The ground floor is occupied by F/S Richardson and his assistants in the New and Second Hand compartment store (it is hardly a large enough concern to merit a Dept. store rating). Incidentally there are no ration coupons necessary to deal here, the only insistence is that you return the worn out part.

Yes, people, it may be dubbed a "Penthouse" or "Cunningham Castle", but to many, it is a hive of ever increasing activity.

HOCKEY

From March on, No. 12 has played a big part in the hockey line of sports. On March 27th, No. 12 defeated the famous Winnipeg Blue Bombers 8—4, the game taking place at Virden. March 22nd Yorkton defeated No. 12, 8—4 at an exhibition game at Birtle, all proceeds going to the Red Cross.

On March 25th No. 12 defeated Neepawa at Neepawa. The score being 9—2. Rhur, Stewart and Baker being the stars of the Brandon team.

The Command Final lineup was completed, the teams being No. 12 S.F.T.S., Brandon; No. 4 S.F.T.S., Saskatoon; No. 11 S.F.T.S., Yorkton, and No. 3 Wireless School, Winnipeg. After a few changes the finals were played in Saskatoon. The winner turned out to be Winnipeg, No. 12 losing the game by one point after seventeen minutes overtime. So you can imagine what a game it must have been. Don't worry, boys, it was wonderful that you got right up to the last rung. Better luck next year.

The line-up was as follows: Jarvis, Stewart, Honeyman, Basseur, Harrison, Baker, Hay, Taylor, Fuhur, Savage and Sloane.

"D" FLIGHT NEWS

"D" Flight has now completed its flying at No. 12 S.F.T.S. For the last two weeks the students of "D" Flight have been attached to "BAT" Flight. Now we know what they mean when they ask "Are you on the beam?"

We received word the other day that our able and competent flight commander, F/L Fuller, has been posted overseas. Best of luck from "D" Flight. We will see you over Berlin!

We would also like to wish Course 105, the next members of "D" Flight, the best of luck during their course on this station.

We would also like to extend our heartfelt thanks to all the personnel who aided us in the completion of our course.

Thanks! and goodbye, No. 12 S.F.T.S.

—"D" Flight.

"A" FLIGHT

By "Downwind"

The month's report from "A" Flight contains nothing spectacular or particularly alarming—just the usual trials and tribulations that help to age our sorely tried instructors and bring woe to our brilliant students.

Take, for instance, the case of one "bright" student who, on his Test No. 3, with great visions of originality and initiative, decided that making a forced landing into wind was much too commonplace. He would make it downwind—which he did! Woe to such stupidity. Later on, this same student, on being asked to perform a wheel landing, attempted to fly through the ground, much to the annoyance of our exasperated testing officer and our badly shaken Crane. To him—the Boot and Bar!

Our heart aches for another "bright" lad who, after dozing along on his No. 5 Cross Country for some many minutes, decided to remove his head from the cockpit and pinpoint. Much to his annoyance our naughty Crane had wandered away from track (probably in search of better scenery). The next fifteen minutes were spent in discovering the name of a two-elevator town below. Of course he wasn't lost—just a rather large circle of uncertainty. Awarded the Boot.

We remember also the plight of LAC "Astro" who (on Cross Country), after many minutes of industrious writing in his log, decided to remove his head from the cockpit. But sounds!

The Boys in the Fire Hall

Should you have been there to see us, you too would be as proud as we are of a job well done. Over at G.I.S. there came to pass much swinging of fire axes, sky hooks and hose. That long awaited spring bath was had by most everyone at the scene of the fire—need we mention Leroy "Axeman" Gibb?

Our Section is blessed with one more N.C.O., Sgt. Dickens. Girls, oh girls, what curly hair! The Benoit's have set up home in Brandon, while the maestro with McDearmed ponders on fishing.

The lads express their deepest sympathies to Geo. Bridges on his recent sad bereavement, the loss of his mother.

Chief Wiskin has just returned from a home-going furlough, Kingston, Ont.

A blessed event took place recently at the home of Ewart Kirby. Through the medium of modern science the stork was last seen heading toward the home of Cpl. O'Neill.

Generous contributions on behalf of Messrs. "Corbitt" St. Dennis and Sandy Wood recently, to the City Council, may help the mosquito fund!

The boys are still waiting for word from that little ray of sunshine, Billy Urquhart, presently at Deer Lodge.

W. D. News

LAW Dougherty.

What is so rare as a day in Spring—

A W.D.—the sweet young thing!!

Hi you all! Yup, we had a Happy Birthday celebrating our second anniversary on the station on April 10th. Managed to properly stuff ourselves at the party so scrumptiously prepared and wear down our G.I. slippers at the dance in the canteen. Ziegfeld Follies have nothing on us when it comes to a floor show. Polly and Alex's interpretation of the "Dance of the Goons" by Loons was enough to give any one Spring Fever. Thanks to Cpl. Muriel Dawe for the contagious rendition of "Smilin' Through" as well as her untiring efforts behind all the festivities.

Cpl. Mary Wagner is now decorating C.R. with her beauty while LAW Helen Bowyer deserted F/O Clary in order to contribute her stenographic ability to the Accounts. "Black-eyed Susan" Ruth Sweet has been permanent-

(Continued on page 15)

MUSIC HOUR

Since our last mention in Aer-Log in February there have been many newcomers to the Unit and therefore we feel justified in reminding you once again of the weekly musical recital held each Sunday in the Station Library. "Music Hour" is hardly the appropriate description, since the programmes are now starting at 2030 hours and seldom finish before 2230 and even this period often seems inadequate.

As far as possible the programmes are composed of selections of your own choosing, though, unfortunately, many records are now almost unobtainable, especially those originally recorded in Europe. We have been fortunate in borrowing many recordings and also have the use of a very fine amplifying system, though it is hoped that our own equipment will be ready for use soon. In this connection, any of you having records of your own and willing to lend for an evening (or possibly donate?), are asked to contact LAW Dougherty in the Accounts Section. We are gradually adding to our own collection, and amongst those recently purchased are Saint-Saens, Rondo and Capriccioso, Tschaikowski's '1812' Overture and two albums of Chopin's Waltzes and Nocturnes. Your suggestions for future purchases are welcomed.

Watch D.R.O.'s for future programmes and don't forget—every Sunday evening at 2030 hours in the Station Library.

—F/O Raffé.

The Variety Show of April First

Well, we've had it again! Yes, another one of those very enjoyable evenings were spent in the Rec. Hall while we listened to a Variety Show put on by Mrs. Lovegrove and her travelling troupe from Winnipeg. It was on April Fool's Day, but anyone who stayed away from it would be "the fool" in this case.

The master of ceremonies was none other than Wilf Davidson, who is now in the Army, but who used to be one of the chief announcers over Winnipeg Station CKY. He did a very good job of acting the part of the expectant father, and also favoured us with a few solos.

Another item that really pleased us was the tap-dancing team, the Dale Sisters. They really could tap, couldn't they, boys? They showed us that they could also sing—in the Russian number. This number was quite colourful, in both acting and costumes, and it

contained most of the members of the troupe.

The Lovegroves did their share in entertaining, too, as Mrs. Lovegrove gave a very interesting monologue about a bride confronted with the butcher-shop and coupon problem. Miss Lovegrove sang for us, and did very well too. She also enacted a very "stunning" ballet dance to the tune of "Alice Blue Gown", and was the heroine of the Russian number.

I'm sure that the personnel of No. 12 appreciated the show immensely and we wish to have them return as soon as possible.

To a Bombardier

RAF Bombardier,
A noble aspiration,
My friend;
And the way is rough
With the going
Somewhat tough,
But neevr be deterred,
If you are going to be
A Bombardier-RAF!
Youth, you have
At your command,
And though you may be "joe'd"
Now and then
On the way you climb,
You only know, feller,
That this will help
You be a better man;
You say,
Your home in Manchester
So English and so nice,
And months, aye years,
Since you last saw your folks,
But they can't down you
Upon your upward climb,
These lonesome moments
For those you love
And miss;
To Canada, to New York,
Across the States
In America, your ally,
And then, with much regret,
Back to your base,
And we hated to see you go;
Climb, oh, Bombardier,
Look down upon
A harrowed and war-torn earth,
Destroy those baser elements
That scourge of man, Japan,
And other detriments,
And then climb up, up, to the sun
And bask in God's given glory,
To know the right and joy
Of ever being a free man!

Breeze from W. & B.'s

F/O Clendenning has taken over command of this section since our last notes were submitted and now has everything co-ordinated and functioning smoothly and efficiently.

We are glad to have Sgt. Elliott back with us after his sojourn in hospital and he seems to be just as good as ever he was. But we still don't know how he knew when that last snow storm would blow up. His timing was just perfect.

The tractor section as a whole have been congratulating themselves on getting through the winter with a minimum of trouble. Snow ploughs and compaction have been just memories of days gone by to most of them. Just recently they organized a very successful farewell party at the home of LAC Christensen to speed LAC Bergdahl on his way to Gander. The general opinion was that Phil looked pretty good in his new outfit, complete with Canada badges.

Just the other day we said good-bye and good luck to F/S Dick King. He leaves many tangible reminders of his stay of over two years on the station in the shape of miniature plumbing fixtures, etc. He is on his way to Vancouver (he hopes), but the powers that be decided he should make a stop-over at Claresholm for a time. Perhaps they thought it would be better to make the transition gradually.

The heating section under the direction of F/S Smith are all waiting for "der tag" which in this case is the day the heating system closes down for the season. Meantime their song is still,

"Someone got to shovel de coal,
Someone got to carry de ashes.
Someone got to say, 'you'll get heat to-day',
Dat's why firemen were brn."

Another sign that spring is here; Sgt. Bentley is getting all "het up" about football practice and organizing his "soccer" team for the season. He tells us he has some likely looking material in sight, and is looking for big things to happen. And a word of congratulation to Sgt. Kennedy on his recent promotion would not come amiss at this point.

The carpenter section are in the midst of their annual attack of spring fever. It usually manifests itself in April or May, and for a few days the main topic of conversation is

storm windows and screens, and whether the wind will blow up before morning. Blackboards, notice boards and signs seem to be the favourite scheme of interior decoration round the camp recently; so much so that it was found necessary to enlarge the carpenters' and painters' shops to accommodate them, but as Fred says, it leaves less wall to paint.

Sparks and his henchmen still make the rounds and find lots to do. Light bulbs and motors will persist in burning out or going wrong. The radio and iron-inspection business seems to have subsided for the present. Someone whispered that the Hydro-Electric are out of stickers which may account for it.

Bob and Johnnie in stores have still the same old slogan, "No, we haven't got it", but then we never do expect stores to have what we want when we want it. Consequently, no one is very greatly surprised or upset; besides it leaves lots of room for argument.

Perhaps we should include in our social activities the section party held in the mess hall some time ago. The featured artists were the "Corn Huskers" orchestra, "Ted and Irving", from Chater. A good time was enjoyed by all; though perhaps the outstanding number was the "solo" dance by Smithy and Blondie. It really was a "wow". We hope to have another get-together in the near future. I hear some one say "cut", which means sign off till next time.



M.T. Patter Compiled by a Putter

A romantic place indeed is the M.T. Section, with the culmination of a whirlwind courtship by the recent marriage of LAW McMillan and LAC Lidster.

The groom, formerly stationed here, is now at Estevan, Saskatchewan. The bride will remain here from force of habit or force. Best of luck, folks!

We and many others were very glad to welcome our Major back after temporary duty at Windsor, brushing up on his technique. Did he need it? During the Major's absence we were under the watchful eyes of Sgt. Bannister and Sgt. Grey.

Recent additions to our staff include Cpl. Robertson ("Robbie", the freight run kid), LAC Lavigan (the sound and projection man), LAC Kitley from Newfoundland, AC Burnie and AC Ransom (the ambulance expert).

LAC McIntosh has crossed the pond with thoughts of new worlds to conquer.

LAW Dunford was checked up recently for low flying one of His Majesty's vehicles. We don't believe it possible.

LAC Attree, fresh off temporary duty at Winnipeg, studying diesel engines, is setting out to prove he passed the course.

If the phone strikes a blue note Wednesdays, it's due to the fact that Cpl. Bright's feet reflect drill on Tuesday evenings!

Discussion Groups

No. 12 has really taken up the cudgels of battle in her discussion groups. Nothing escapes our argumentative colleagues from "German Fascism" to "How to be Happy though Married". Well, just about!

For instance, there's P/O Olson over at Chater leading his men into the intricacies of "The Possibilities of a Second Front" and "Canada's Future Aviation Policy". They've also settled on all the causes, effects, and what have you, of "The Rise and Fall of the French Empire".

And even the W.D.'s have ventured into argumentation in their Wednesday evening discussions, held at the canteen. They have thoroughly thrashed out their difficulties with regard to post-war plans, found a truer understanding of Canadian Government, and even decided that morale on this station is improving!

Further opportunity for discussion of world problems is offered you after F/L Kelschall's

An Hour at the Tower

S/L Jas. H. Baird, O.C. No. 1 Sqdn., has at long last been hooked, despite the red flares that were directed at him from personnel of the Control Tower. Our sincere congratulations, S/L Baird, but don't say we didn't warn you!

The Orderly Room is really busy; this course graduation business is certainly nerve wracking, especially when this and that in the procedure is being continually changed. Flight "Maggie" is well versed on his amendments, however, and with Marj. Kirk to back him, things, we keep telling ourselves, are well under control.

Sadie Carswell, our song bird and giggle girl, keeps up our spirit and moral. "Pass the Biscuits Mirandy" is her specialty—although Mirandy never comes through! Margaret Barry has been with us for quite some time, but, oh, is she quiet! The contrast in personalities around this building is terrific.

Take, for instance, Emily Irwin; she—well, she's not quiet. In fact, she was banished to the office next door, and, as the Adj., S/O Betty Cassidy, is "T.D.ing" it, she is kept busy. "Cass" should be back around about now, and that's none too soon; although she has been with the Flying Wing a little over a month, her absence is all too obvious.

The Flying Control people certainly have their share of flights on this station—they're up and down dozens of times day and night, and don't even get any flying pay. Stairs, of course, just stairs. (O.K. so t'aint' funny!) F/O "Dick" Ticknor should be able to take things a little easier now that a new Sr. Flying Control Officer has appeared on the scene. F/O Gordon Gamble made his debut to this section early in the month. The three corporals, Pawlak, Henick and Roadhouse, are busy little bees, what with spring cleaning and a new master with new ideas. The red-headed Scotchman, Sgt. MacDonald, is leaving us. We'll miss you, Serg., but here's wishin' ye a bar'r'r'el o' luck!

Tuesday evening lectures. If you have not yet heard Mr. Kelshall, we advise you that he is well worth hearing—just ask someone who has already attended one of his talks.

Do join one or more of these groups. You'll find that you will not only acquire a keener interest in world affairs, together with greater knowledge, but also the ability to develop and express your own opinions on matters of interest and personal concern.

W. D. NEWS

(Continued from Page 11)

ly relieved of duties in the Airmen's Mess. We'll miss your cheery "Hi" Ruth, but we're glad, for your sake. That isn't the "8th Wonder" you see walking around the station, it's just "Major" Hartley wearing a skirt whilst on temporary duty at the switchboard.

With basketball folding up after a lively season, baseball is just around the corner. How about it, girls, here's your chance to really throw your weight around and all be "Babes" even if you're not Ruth.

Here's a letter received — we know you'll ALL be interested!

Hello Kids: Here I am as usual lying around on the floor in the W.D. Canteen. Gosh it's awful to be getting dirty looks all the time and to just know you're a nuisance and cause extra work for the tired "Joes". If the kids that use me would only put me back on the counter then I wouldn't have the eternal fear of possibly causing someone to break their darn neck. And Y'know what gets me is how untidy and sloppy the place looks when it could really look so much like home. Guess these kids don't know I'm trying for my "A" Group so I'll be qualified to invite them in more often. Tonight's my laziest night 'cause it's Open House in the Canteen but between you and me I'd much rather see the show from the counter than the floor. Well, so long for now, old bean, and remember I like you 'cause you're the good type that doesn't throw me around after use.

Yours for more and better pickups,

AW1 Empty Cup and Saucer,
LAW Empty Coke Bottle.

'Bye for now—gotta get my new greatcoat.

A. G. I.'s Dream

Reveille isn't what it used to be, according to a service paper. No longer is it a series of grunts and groans accompanied by the harsh barks of a sergeant and the blaring of a bugle.

The reason? A public address system has been installed at some camp and the occupants of the barracks now hop out of bed to such familiar tunes as "Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey!"

The happy result has been that the boys are not only up ahead of time, but they come out singing and whistling!

Rhapsody in "Minus Blue"

By Pat Standing (Photo Section)

Each of you who take the time
A shutter speed, or di-a-phragm?
Please remember that the poet
Isn't one—but doesn't know it.

Did you ever see some gear box jam,
A shutter speed, or di-a-phragm?
No never!
Well, did you ever!

My friend, it is like this you see,
In the Photo Section you should be,
To witness all these curious things,
Owned by the Airforce, without wings.

Of course, the chemicals and stuff;
And cameras, are not enough.
The personnel is useful too—
Now stop it; there's no need to "boo".

What we work at all the day
You know it is not wise to say.
You'll find we really are not lazy;
The trouble is, we've all gone crazy.

Jumping Jean, and Batty Bess—
And Goofie Newfie, make a mess
Puddling round the dark-room there,
'Twould really give you quite a scare.

Frank, our Skeezi; Corporal Donna;
To know them all would be an honnah.
For they're the only ones who know
How the works around here go.

And as for "Mel" our good Flight Sergeant
I shan't say much, unless it's urgent;
For it isn't always wise
To make remarks about head guys.

Now you know our little section;
We're really quite a daft collection.

A deaf woman entered a church with an ear trumpet. Soon after she had seated herself, an usher tiptoed over and whispered, "one toot, and out you go".

Smelling salts are not sailors with "B.O."

Here's a tip to students who haven't already found out the hard way: walking into Navigation Flight over our well polished floors results in your coming back later to work on them.

A wolf is a diplomat who is adept at letting a girl have his own way.



PUT VICTORY FIRST!

Our Objective:

\$75,000



Have you bought a Bond. If not, buy one TO-DAY
from your Section Commander.

STATION THEATRE

May	2- 3	Lady in the Dark - - - -	Ginger Rodgers, Ray Milland
"	4- 5	Action in Arabia - - - -	George Sanders, Virginia Bruce
"	7- 8	Oklahoma Kid - - - -	James Cagney, Humphrey Bogart
"	9-10	Miracle of Morgan's Creek -	Betty Hutton, Eddie Bracken
"	11-12	Jane Eyre - - - -	Orsen Wells, Joan Fontaine
"	14-15	Up in Arms - - - -	Danny Kaye, Dinah Shore
"	16-17	Standing Room Only - - -	Fred MacMurray, Paulette Goddard
"	18-19	Tunisian Victory - - - -	Documentary
"	21-22	Passage to Marseille - - -	Humphrey Bogart, Michele Morgan
"	23-24	Cover Girl - - - -	Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly
"	25-26	See There Pte. Hargrove - -	Robert Walker, Donna Reid
"	28-29	The Lodger - - - -	Laird Cregar, Merle Oberon
"	30-31	The Purple Heart - - - -	Dana Andrews, Richard Conte

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FROM

Fl. J. T. HOGG

" 12 S. F. T. S.

BRAYDON



TO

MRS J. HOGG

ARGYLE

MAN.

CANADA

Fasten Here