

The

# AIR-LOG



3302

Nº

**FEBRUARY, 1944**

FIFTEEN CENTS THE COPY

LA-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

Published monthly by the personnel of No. 12 S.F.T.S., R.C.A.F., with the kind permission of Wing Commander T. R. Michelson, Commanding Officer.

Vol. 1, No. 3.

February, 1944.

## EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief .....	F/O J. C. McNabb
Managing Editor .....	LAC M. M. Levitt
Business Manager .....	F/O W. J. Jeffrey
J. Winkelaar	F/O J. V. Newton
F/O C. Cohoe	LAC W. J. Oppenheimer
Cpl. D. A. McFadden,	Sgt. G. E. Styles
(W.D.)	F/O C. Cohoe
AW2 M. Basaraba	Sgt. J. Bodz (W.D.)
F/S G. M. Pull	
Senior Advisory Editor .....	F/L V. P. C. Sutton

Aer-Log receives Camp Newspaper Service material. Reproduction of credited matter prohibited without permission of CNS, 205 E. 42nd St., N.Y.C. 17, New York, U.S.A.

## That Dark Brown Feeling

J.C.M.

We hope you are happy in the Service, that your work requires all your energy and enthusiasm. If you are in that position you are fortunate, for although that pleasure is not exclusively yours, there are others who are, alas, horribly browned off. It is to the latter that we direct our thoughts.

Have you ever realized the tremendous value of ignorance? Providing you recognize it as a blank in your character preventing you from becoming a worthier person, this ignorance can guarantee—almost exclusively—the absence of that dark brown feeling. Then the ignorant airman need never fear the effects of mental corrosion. Similarly, if you have begun to notice its discouraging symptoms appearing, the cause can only be insufficient ignorance. This, of course, presents a difficulty — you are not often told of ways of increasing your fund of ignorance. Regrettably, we too, are not able to show the way.

To illustrate the point however, let us consider the case of our Leader in Reverse, the blissful boy whose ignorance is unquestionably supreme, your friend and mine: Joe Rufus Erk. Joe is convinced he's ignorant and is fortunately convinced this leaves him unnecessarily blank, hence he decides to add some colour.

Joe gets started by picking up someone's dog-eared and discarded "Ultra Scientific Comic Book with forty pages of Ace McWhiffle and his Anti-Gravity Dislocator" but he decides this doesn't relieve his ignorance very much. Several months later Joe finds out there's a Library on the Station, he finds out where it is and makes a call. Our boy even finds out about Canadian Legion Correspondence Courses, the Brandon College Library, No. 12's Intelligence Library; starts turning up at Sunday's Musical Appreciation Hour and F/L Kelshall's Tuesday Lectures. There are three good bookstores in town, Joe gets into each one of them regularly. Mrs. Erk's little boy is ever so busy these days.

Not for decades has there been such an exhaustive selection of educational opportunities, pamphlets, magazines and books. Your chances of becoming an interesting enthusiastic individual have never been so good. By reading and education you will find this world to be a tremendously interesting place which desperately needs your informed, tolerant and capable help.

What happened to Joe? No, he didn't become browned off — the poor guy is so terribly ignorant that the more he reads and listens, the more ignorant he finds he really is!

# The First Page

## Padre's Corner

F/L J. Vance

This month we have said goodbye to one of the most popular men this station has had, our good friend F/L Dunphy. And we welcome his successor F/L Belanger from Lachine, Que.

Whether we be Roman Catholic or Protestant we can learn a lesson or be reminded of a lesson from the actions of F/L Dunphy. He had at least a speaking acquaintance with everyone on the station and with most he was able to call them by name and knew their individual worries. He also had a happy smile and a cheery word for everyone.

Such things are of inestimable value in an organization such as this Air Force of ours. To be able to think that your neighbour, whether you know him, or her, or not, has your happiness at heart and your interests are his. Those are the things that are meant by that illusive word 'MORALE'. We all want to feel that our station is a happy one and that we are enjoying ourselves here. Then make yourself responsible for your part of morale, make sure that the people working with you and under you know you; that they know you are one they can come to expecting a sympathetic ear for their troubles; and that you are ready and anxious to rejoice with them over good news and interesting incidents.

It is the duty of everyone to make sure that he is doing his, or her, bit to help the morale in the Air Force. While we have such an example fresh in our memories let us make a resolve to follow that method; get to know all those around you, all that you find it humanly possible to know; make their interests yours. You will then find that your life in the Air Force is ever so much happier. For such things are the best dividend-paying investments that a human being can make.

---

## AWAY FROM HOME . . . IN WINNIPEG?

United Service Lodge (279 Garry St., near Portage and Main) Not so much gen on this spot fellows. It was opened last December and used to capacity over the holidays. The comments — "Highly favorable."

## Under Cover

In the fond hope that some of you may have read this column in our last issue, we ask you to recall some words we mentioned on the subject of routine. It appears now that routine is a thing that the Aer-Log staff will never know. Especially when DAPS and leaves take a hand in our little game. O! the pity of it all.

But enough of our song of woe. Let's take a look at what's between the covers this month. The hospital occupies the spotlight with a full page of photographs, and an interesting commentary under Jean Bodz' byline.

Taking for granted that you liked our Features Page last time, we went ahead and improved on it we think, by adding a few ideas here and there that we received from Camp Newspaper Service. Hope you like them.

Good reading is the article on the back cover by LAW Doris Atkinson. Although it may seem to poke fun at the Intelligence Library, between lines a splendid opportunity is presented to you. Take advantage of it.

On this same page is a moral lesson to everyone of us. Written by one Padre about another, it carries a message none of us can afford to disregard. Read it and learn from it.

Permit us here to register a complaint. We haven't heard from all you malcontents just what you dislike in Aer-Log. How about dropping us a line or three, c/o Station Library? And in passing may we mention that a compliment wouldn't hurt, and it might raise our morale considerably.

We've decided to continue the practice of numbering the copies of the magazine and awarding show tickets to the holders of the lucky copies. Maybe the one you are reading now will be your pass to the theatre.

The afore-mentioned postings took a heavy toll of our staff this month and we are sending out emergency calls for replacements. Come forth and volunteer, all of you who have a bent for turning a phrase.

Now that we have had our say, turn the page and get a gander at what's cooking with AER-LOG this month.

---

**Buy Your Own Copy**



## *Aer-Log presents . . .* **WO1 Clay. Baldwin**

He might be diminutive in stature but there is nothing small about his character or personality. With everyone he is generous to a



fault, independent, and self-reliant. As far as women are concerned and it is safe to say he is concerned with women, he is a fine companion because he is witty, droll, and variable. His moods are changeable, and because he is enthusiastic in most things, he is sincere. He delights in defending the

under-dog, although sometimes it is to his own disconsolation. His absent-mindedness renders it almost necessary for him to tie his gloves around his neck on a string.

Now a bit of his interesting background: He was born and brought up in Ottawa, attending Glebe Collegiate and St. Patrick's College, where he was very active in matters of sport (athletic). His banner year, 1937, found him a member of both the Ontario inter-scholastic ski team and the Dominion championship inter-scholastic hockey team. Besides these winter sports he was active in hunting, fishing, and baseball, interests he has carried on to this day. He was a member of No. 12's station hockey team last winter and is an active member of the Gun Club.

His service career is a picture of steady and deserved advancement. He enlisted directly from school in Ottawa in June, 1938. He was stationed in Trenton and was still there when war broke out. By this time Clay was a confirmed Sergeant. He was then posted to Rivers in October, 1940, where after some time he became successively Flight Sergeant and WO2 Baldwin. Here he held the position of president of the Sergeant's Mess.

And so it was that the man in charge of our M.T. Section came to No. 12 in March 1942. Six months later he had attained his present rank of WO1. His administration of the M.T. has always inspired the best in his compatriots. Not being a slave-driver, he expects the best from his staff and they respond willingly. He has many pet expressions

## **K. of C. Korner**

Mr. Joe Winkelaar.

With every new course coming on the station, new needs arise and outlooks differ. However most of us are cut in the same mould—generally speaking our likes can be categorized easily. To cater to the appetites of the greatest majority of station personnel is the goal of the Auxiliary Service and to this end a program has been devised which it is hoped will satisfy the tastes of the Airmen and Airwomen of No. 12.

First of all, in conjunction with the Education Officer, we present such enlightening items as the weekly Tuesday evening Current Events lecture which is presently dealing with the timely subject of Credit Unions.

Each Sunday evening the Music Appreciation Hour is held in the Station Library. The classics are becoming more and more popular and it is not considered any longer a mark of would-be super-sophistication if one expresses a liking for this type of music.

It is but such a short step to another centre of musical activity. Our Tuesday evening Glee Club led by F/O Roberts (and who on the station will not accredit him as being the best pianist in this part of the country?) is becoming a source of joy to those expressive vocalists who love to make melody under their own power.

Another educational feature which has so far been suffering growing pains is our Hobby Group. Straining at the leash, a handful of enthusiastic wood workers, model builders and other craftsmen have been anxiously awaiting a shipment of lumber so that they can erect the proposed Hobby Room as planned, in the smoke room of G.I.S. This is the spot where you can see the tangible results of your artistic efforts.

Shortly, the Rifle Club will begin to function. Already S/L Hamilton has laid his plans, organization meetings have been held and progress is recorded in adapting the curling rink to meet the needs of the armament enthusiasts.

---

which we are sure are original. (Does a forticire or a Phanislab mean the same as a Whatzamacallit and a Dofunny?) An exceptional driver and skillful mechanic, as his MT Supervisor rating shows, he is the right man for his job.



## Special Events

AW1 Cathie Macleod

### STATION CONCERT

The second in our winter series of Concert Troupes arrived on the Station on Saturday, Feb. 5th, when the City Hydro "Victory" Troupe presented their show.

Headed by Mistress of Ceremonies, Mrs. Dorothy Johnston, the cast consisted of players of all ages, from little Billy Komar who won the prolonged applause of the audience for his accordion playing, to Mr. James Middleton, an experienced trouper who has travelled the circuit in and around Winnipeg many times, dishing out GAG numbers that had an aura of "Vrai Vielle" about them.

A varied array of talent was displayed, harmony by the Bilous Sisters, melody by Lee MacKenzie, and dance routines by the Victoriettes. An ex-Airman, Jimmie Soode, won plaudits for his clever impersonations and his promise to send the boys an edition of his new book in ten volumes "How to Obtain a Discharge from the R.C.A.F."

### SKATING PARTY

Saturday evening is not generally conceded to be a good night for Station Entertainment. However, this was highly disproved on Jan. 29, when the skaters hied to the Station rink for a session. Music flowed from our P.A. System and the new records provided rhythm for the gliding and sliding exponents of the steel blade sport. The ski-suits and bright sweaters added to the colorful surroundings.

Immediately following, hot dogs and coffee did a disappearing act in the Airmen's Mess; then the re-invigorated Airmen and Airwomen gathered round the piano to give vent to those feelings they had not lost on the hard, slippery surface of the rink,—F/O Cy Roberts supplying the rhythmic background.

It was suggested the next day that the benches in the mess and in the recreation hall be supplied with cushions.

### STATION DANCE

Thursday, Jan. 20, our first Station Dance proved to be a great success, when 700 showed up to dance to the music of the Manning Depot orchestra. Interesting feature of the evening was a floor show by the Quail Sisters, which won the boys' approval 100%. Outstanding among the attractions was a Jitterbug contest won by Cpl. Waffle of the Offi-



The Victory Troupe's Robin Sisters

cers' Mess and Cpl. Lemonton from Maintenance. F/L Young put on a splendid show as Master of Ceremonies.

Many thanks are extended to the 60 Hostesses who came from Brandon, to entertain our lonely Airmen and also to AW1's Cassey, Barrie and Scriver who served refreshments all evening. This was much appreciated by all who could afford to buy the cokes (the right ones, we hope). Dancing stopped about 0100 hours when the tired and weary found their way back to the Barrack Blocks.

### AWAY FROM HOME . . . IN BRANDON?

Canadian Legion Leave Centre (Manning Depot's old "C" Squadron to all you veterans) provides you with all the conveniences of a Stage Door Canteen. Listen to this: "... sleeping accommodation—50c a night—for 200 males in rooms containing 2 to 6 double beds . . . Games Room, Snack Bar, Dance Floor, Stage, Powder Room, Check Rooms and Lounge.

Won't you drop around sometime?

**Support your Station Magazine**





(1) Cpl. West in a generous mood gives his tonsils to S/L Williams. (2) Cpl. Collins and LAW Scott doing a swell job of appearing hard at work. (3) Busy — or bashful — Cpl. Tompkins, creator of cuisine superb. (4) LAC Shearer visits with the always-looked-for friends. (5) We'd say this was almost propaganda — every man and his — gosh, Viking isn't there! LAW Fisher is again the centre of attention. (6) Nursing Sister Dixon examining Diet Sheets and Charts and Stuff. (7) LAW Keith and Cpl. Lee scrubbing up in the Utility Room. (8) Sgt. Major (not to be confused with Sergeant Major) intent on the wobbling mercury of the — the — Blood Pressure Machine to you.



# Station Hospital

Sgt. Jean Bodz

This famous institution was erected amid the confusion and debris of the construction of our station in May, 1941. Weary pioneer airmen found it a haven of rest and comfort after strenuous hours of toil.

Flight Lieutenants Boyd and Allen headed the parade of famous Doctors. In August, 1941, S/L Williams, present Senior Medical Officer, joined the staff of the Angels of Mercy, and to him goes the credit for the rapid progress of this miniature replica of the Mayo Clinic. A graduate of the Toronto University, with a post-graduate course in Surgery, he joined the R.C.A.F. in 1940. In the course of duty, he was stationed at St. Thomas, Rockcliffe, No. 1 Recruiting Centre, Dunville, and Yorkton, prior to his arrival here.

The hospital accommodates approximately sixty patients. The cases are not confined to No. 12. No. 2 Manning Depot, Souris, Neepawa, and Portage have all contributed bodies requiring repair by surgery. The patients' well-being and thorough recovery is the responsibility of Flight Lieutenants Brown, Fraser, and Duncan (Whitwater). Nursing Sisters Todd and Dixon, with the recent addition of Nursing Sister Cleary, of Newfoundland, complete the professional list.

WO2 McCutcheon, in the dispensary, is a licensed pharmacist, graduate of the University of Saskatchewan. His medicinal cures require a permit, before withdrawal is authorized. He is also a magician who can detect foreign bodies in the smallest drop or smear of blood—in medical terms, he is a "technician".

Genuine or imaginary ailments requiring first-aid are administered to by LAC Gibling. If a feeble patient requires further attention he is placed in the capable hands of Sgt. Major, W.D., the proud owner of a moniker that would twist even the Ripley brain.

Reservations for the wards are not a matter of cash—but of good fortune. If a patient is blessed with an intricate complication of questionable spots, he will want to be alone. His priority for a private ward rates high. On the other hand, if a repair job performed in the operating room results in undue delay in reconstruction, then to him is bequeathed the semi-private ward. For comparatively minor modifications to the chassis, there is a large

ward where a fellow can have a jolly chat with the neighbors, if he feels so inclined. At this time, the diagnosis will have been reached, and recorded on the chart, carefully guarded in the chart room. Great decisions for treatment are then hatched. In the treatment room, weird concoctions are brewed by the Nursing Sisters, which seething potions are then administered by the W.D. Hospital Assistants. Their duty also is to record the strange reactions of the heart. Little wonder the pulse races madly and temperatures take a sudden high pitch when they appear on the scene to perform their allotted duties.

The problem of coaxing the patient's wandering appetite back to normal belongs to Cpl. Tompkins, W.D. cook. The delicious odours, wafted to one's sensitive nostrils, have a healing power more effective than any drug. Diets to suit your ailment are her specialty.

Provisioning for the many and varied supplies required for effective operation of this hospital is efficiently carried out by Cpl. Doak.

The X-Ray room is now almost ready for use. It will be a pleasure to pose for LAW Best, cute blonde radiographer from Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, who boasts that the finished picture will practically reveal your innermost thoughts.

The W.D. Ward has a definitely feminine touch. Decorated by the Officers' wives of No. 12 S.F.T.S., the curtains, pictures and easy chairs really tempt the patients to prolonged convalescence.

Throughout the wards, everything is done to make the patient as comfortable as possible. Entertainment in the form of movies, is indulged in once a week. The station fund contributes towards ice cream, drinks, bars, and magazines for the patients.

In the Orderly Room, where F/S Armstrong is in charge, all records of the patients, complete with diagnoses and cure, are combined into a history and filed for future reference. The members of the staff of the hospital, in spite of the many cases they contend with every day, are a genial lot. The up-to-date devices and their manner of service are a great asset to the general good-will and health of this Unit. Therefore, to the wearers of the distinguished caduceus we extend our heartiest congratulations for the miracles they have performed.



## The March Graduates



### ... PART OF COURSE 93

Back Row (left to right): "Andy" Covell, Andy Harland, Clive Yeoman, Ray Davies, Staurt Wood, "Ben" Bolt, John Lavin, Miro Hathaway, Cecil Forsythe, Eric Williams, Alf Lyall, Fred Rush, Bill McCrea. "Red" Henderson, Pat Nolan, Jack Salmon, Frank Brown, Max Heath.

Centre Row (left to right): Mic Sushames (Sue Shames), Greig Johnson, "Eddy" Thrall (R.A.F.), "Red" Smith (R.A.F.), Dick Tinsley (R.A.F.), John Cronin, Eric McKenzie, Bruce Millar, Clarrie McMillan, Ken Jensen, "Barney" Logan, Bill Norman, Ian Shepherd, "Dagwood" McVicar, Stuart Ellison, Doug. Garner.

Front Row (left to right): Stan Walker, Ron Morris, Tommy McClennan, Frank Steven (R.A.F.), Ray Lyons, Pat Hoult, Ren Pope, Clive Marshall-Muir, Trevor Gibbs, Ray Sturgiss, Ron Latimer, "Sparks" Taylor (R.A.F.), Stan Parker, Joe Ketko, Morriss Lilly. Andy Baggot, Ron Phillips.

## "E" and "F" Flights

New Zealand is not connected to Australia, but for the last few months, a small but active part of it has been joined to No. 12 S.F.T.S. Reference is made here to Course 93, as fine a bunch of Bolshevik floor polishers as ever left Aotearoa (long white cloud) the land of sunshine, milk, honey, and honies.

We regret the loss of some of our cobblers to the keepers of Maxwell House and subsequent courses, and we have added to our clan several RAF blokes, who we hear are very anxious to go back to England to help the RCAF bomb Berlin.

The 'wild' New Zealanders are quite an aggregation of 'characters', to use a Canadian phrase. Hathaway was found crying in a corner the other night, as he counted the stubs of hairs which had been frozen off his chest. The loss of the W.D.'s piano was quite a blow to Harland, who now smokes ten packs of cigarettes a week instead of six. He is not so badly off, though, as he still only buys two packages a week.

Sushames is an unconfirmed teetotaler, whatever that is, and an Earl Carroll talent scout. (New Zealand expression for wolf).

Another scout is Marshall-Muir, who spends his 48's at Boissevain. There's something cooking and we think this wolf is right in there after the chicken.

Paging E. Philips Oppenheim—come around and watch Logan and Sturgiss practice murder during P.T. periods. For a sideline they play basketball — their own version of the game.

Flight Senior is Morriss Lilly, connoisseur of classics,—Bach Beethoven, and Belles. Never heard of anything written by that last one, did you? Almost forgot to mention Covell, the miracle man from Taranga, who modestly assures everyone, in his usual retiring manner, that he's an outstanding pilot. Wonder if anyone ever believes him?

As we say it at home, Kia Ora. (Farewell).

(Ed. Note—We hope that you fellows have enjoyed your stay in Canada (there are some who will dispute the fact that this part of the country is Canada) and that you will carry back a few good words with you. We must say that No. 12 will have to go a long way before it houses a nicer group of men.



# Flight Room Patter

## No. 1 SQUADRON

### Course 101

(Ed. Note:—These boys are learning to fly the hard way — by playing nursemaid to Chater for a few weeks prior to their inclusion in Training Wing. Because of, or in spite of this, we have the following contribution from LAC Terry:

PER SANGUINA ARDUA AD ASTRA  
(With apologies to the late R. Kipling's "IF")  
When all the world is throwing work at you,  
If you can sing while peeling spuds and carrots

And never care what dirty jobs you do,  
If you can grin at other fellows flying  
When greasy pans are all you ever touch;  
If you can keep your language clean and decent

While searching 'round for "5 in 1" or  
"Dutch",

You'll find that even "joe" jobs have their humour

That working in the Cook House can be fun.  
You'll find that Life is only what you make it  
And, what is more, you'll earn your wings my Son.

\* \* \*

### Course 95—"C" Flight

For "what the well trained course should do"—consult G.I.S. bulletin board after our approaching final exams. The science of navigation is less mysterious since LAC Angus ceased to alter course from air position and LAC Howard began to use maps on square search flights. Even LAC Gillis now joins our own circuit and LAC Lamb has chosen C.A.P. 12 as the immortal classic. Since the Saskatoon posting, LAC Lawrence has settled down—she does come back on 48's though. "Brad" will collaborate with F/O Cane on the new drill manual since the showing our squad made for the Air Cadet officers. Our two Australian instructors, P/O "Barney" Oldfield and F/S Gilhome are leaving our midst — our good wishes and "an early trip home" go with them.

\* \* \*

### BAT Flight

Congratulations to Flight Lieutenant Jimmie "Tex" Hamilton. Of course you know why—his recent promotion. We know everyone was pleased to hear of this well deserved break. F/O Ronnie Logan has brought his wife and wee chile to Brandon—hope you enjoy your new home, Mrs. R.!

## No. 2 SQUADRON

### Course 99—"G" Flight

Perhaps our more observant personnel have noticed aircraft careening down the runways of this, our beloved Station—therefore it is not necessary to point out that Course 99 has arrived and is airborne. "G" Flight has their usual quota of bouncing and enthusiastic students. We understand that most of them are to be with us for the coming several months and we are endeavoring to make their stay here as un-noticeable to the Tower as possible.

If you see on the by-ways of this Station, a young man apparently weighed down with new responsibilities, it will be F/O Doug. Peden who has just assumed the duties of Flight Commander for "G" Flight, replacing F/O Bill Bullard, our "Brandon Boy", who has been posted to G.R. F/O Bullard has been almost a permanent fixture around No. 12, we wish him the best in his new work.

**Help Wanted:** We will be looking for two Instructors in the near future to replace F/O Oldenburg, the Yank who is longing to wear khaki, and F/S Clifford, the boy from Down Under who has been posted to Macleod. Applications will only be received through the proper channels: Box 17.

\* \* \*

### NAV Flight

Here you are at the most important part of this fine magazine — yes, it's Navigation Flight News. After stepping inside this busy little flight you might not be noticed for a while, but have good faith, our industrious Flight Commander will get around to greet you in his usual jovial style. While you stand waiting you will hear dull roars coming from the back room. It is the irritated cries of the nine or ten bodies that try to make themselves comfortable on two chesterfields. The roar becomes deafening as one of the more conscientious chaps turns on the lights to get his flying togs.

We do not see very much of F/O "Smiles" Mackenzie these days, he is holding down a seat in G.I.S. in preparation for his posting. Another very valuable man whom you have no doubt heard on the telephone (quote: Navigation Flight—Co-hoe here) is leaving. Yes, you may never hear him again. The rest of the boys will just have to dig in and make up for these great losses.

## Hockey

On Wednesday, January 26th, after many postponements, No. 12 and Manning Depot met in their first clash of the season. Although weakened by the loss of two players our squad was able to set the Pool back by a score of 6 to 4. It was a bang-up game all the way through, vis., — our star forward, Don Morrison, came out of the battle with four stitches and a black eye. Taylor opened the scoring for No. 12 early in the first period and we were never headed. Outstanding in this game were Savage and Quinn for No. 2 and Morrison, Harrison, Sloan, Taylor, and Jarvis, for No. 12.

The next game with Manning, played at our rink, was a different story. With a full line-up our boys left the Manning Depot sextet out in the cold, winning by the staggering count of 13-7. Jack Stewart former defense star of the Detroit Red-Wings, easily handled the opposition's stars, Quinn and Savage. The count was started by Sloan early in the first period and No. 12 held the lead from that time on.

The game that won us the league title was played at Neepawa on February 7th where No. 12 overcame the Army, 5-4. This was a fast exciting game from start to finish. The score was tied 4-all half way through the third period.

## Double Dribble

On Sunday, February 6th, No. 7 A.O.S., Portage, conducted a Knock-Out tournament for their challenge cup, inviting nine different Air Force and Army teams from Manitoba to compete. We managed to outlast the eight others and are now proud possessors of the Cup afore-mentioned.

In the first round No. 12 played Rivers, coming out ahead of this team by a 43-21 score. Following this we came up against quite a good team from No. 7 A.O.S., led by some West Coast stars, including "Busher" Jackson. However we turned back their bid, final score being 45-28 in our favor. The latter game being a semi-final, we advanced to the finals, coming up against our old rivals, the Manning Depot. This game proved to be the highlight of the evening with no more than a few points separating the two teams at any time. At the conclusion of regular time the count was tied. After a rest period the teams continued for five minutes of overtime and No. 12 managed to obtain a slight lead just as the whistle went to end hostilities. At a dinner held after the tournament the cup was presented to the victors by the C.O. of No. 7 and although we were a tired bunch of athletes, this time we had something to show for our efforts.

## In the Sport Light

Edited by LAC Walt Oppenheimer.

### Bowling Flashes

Our entries in the Brandon City League are holding up our reputation as first class sports. (In more ways than one). The Senior N.C.O.'s are in second place, one point behind the powerful CNR team. The Corporals are two points behind the Sergeants and are strong contenders for the top place. The Junior N.C.O.'s lost three games just before deadline, to the Prince Edward aggregation. This league is one of Western Canada's toughest, so our boys are really putting on a good show.

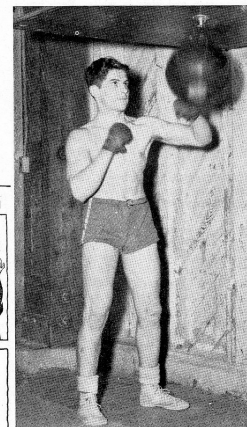
The individual standing for the first half finds Sgt. McBain in 8th place with an average of 218, F/S Jimmie Clarke is in 11th with 214, and farther down the ladder Cpl. Herb Wilson holds 24th place with 207, followed by Sgt. Knox with 204.

Maintenance Bowling League holds the spotlight Friday night from 7 to 9 p.m. Keen competition has evened up most of the teams in the league standings. The Isn't Its led by the Orderly Room pilot F/S Howie Ross are on top with 11 wins. In second place we find Sgt. Knox with his Spark Plugs, LAC Roehon and the Blue Bombers along with Cpl. Doak and his Hospital crew of Hypodermics are next with 9 wins each.

Accounts are in action every Monday evening. The Quaffers are leading the league

with the Bar-flys three games behind. The Chasers are down in the cellar, one win below the Knock-outs.

The Team-Captains in this outfit are quite an aggregation of characters. F/S Jimmie Wilson of the Quaffers is quenching his thirst lately on beers won from a certain perspiring P/O Wallace, who doesn't seem to be able to keep his mind on his bowling when there is a small wager on the outcome. Sgt. 'Curly' Jacques, of the Bar-flys is not bowling his regular scores, possibly because he is concentrating on the wrong pins. Cpl. 'Poke' Pake, of the Knock-outs, keeps muttering to himself something like "Three wins today". First sign of insanity, they say.



Battling Burke  
... he biffs bags

### Male Call

BASIC FIELD MANUAL  
FURLOUGH NOMENCLATURE  
(UNOFFICIAL)



by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"



### Rear Echelon Don Juan





# Feeding a Station

F/S Gord. Pull

"Eat to keep fit and work to win." Some fellow gave us that slogan and there is certainly a lot to think about in those words.

The food you eat in the R.C.A.F. has not only been scientifically prepared, the variety and balance has been checked and re-checked. You, as a member of the fastest team in the world are being given the best food obtainable.

If you could wander through the hallowed grounds of the mess kitchen you would see the spotless pots and pans, huge cooking kettles, dish-washing machines, meat-cutting machines, potato-peelers (not the old type K.P.—unless you visit Chater), but honest-to-goodness machines that will do all the peeling while you are saying, "mashed potatoes, please". The kitchen is a hive of industry with its men and girls in white. Each has a job to do under the expert supervision of an Officer and a Senior N.C.O.

In the old days K.P. was a duty that even the hardest feigned to undertake. Dish-washing is a real chore on a station this size. Pictured in the comic strips, it would mean stacks of dishes to the ceiling with a lone befuddled airman ready, but not willing, to wash them. Today these ideas have changed, dish-washing machines are ready to handle 540,000 dishes a month, with an added 324,000 pieces of cutlery.

Running down to the meat market would be of no use were you to take on the job of feeding hungry airmen and airwomen. For one day alone the order would be 650 lbs. of beef, 140 lbs. of bacon, just to supply the proteins, Vitamins B1 and B2. Another protein supplier that is very necessary is eggs. For one day 1,700 eggs are required, amounting to about 42,000 dozen eggs a month. These staggering quantities of food are not guess-work, but the results of days of study to determine what is necessary to give you stamina and split-second reaction necessary for all-round efficiency.

When you line up in the mess-hall everything is in readiness, worked out in minute detail to see that you who fly, and you who keep them flying are given all the necessary rations to keep you in top physical condition.

Cooks have a special school to attend. Upon graduation they receive a certificate of efficiency. However, they still work under the supervision of a Messing Officer and a Senior



N.C.O. Baking of pies, cakes and making up of numerous desserts are all part of the infernal (pardon us, internal) workings of our messing staff.

So, if you are the kind to rant and rave when the occasional meal doesn't quite please you, try and bear with A/S/O Roland and her compatriots who are doing their utmost to serve you appetizing and healthy meals.

## R.A.F. GEN

A.F.R.O. 1408 suggests that you might be interested in the following high quality red tape.

First—browse through A.M.O.A. 389/43.

Second—finding yourself so far from home and in such a condition that you require financial relief—and fast, simply make application to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund (Canada) in the following duly approved manner:

- (a) Service personnel requiring relief are to make application through the Commanding Officer of the unit at which they are serving.
- (b) Personnel requesting assistance are to complete the necessary application form. It is important that each question on the form be answered fully. Copies of the standard application form, published as the appendix to this order, are to be prepared by units as required.
- (c) The completed application form is then to be referred to the Commanding Officer of the unit who is to add his remarks and recommendations before forwarding it to the Honorary Secretary.
- (d) Commanding Officers may make application for assistance for immediate relief on behalf of the dependents of deceased R.A.F. personnel, but an official application form, duly completed and signed by the person for whom help is required, must be attached.

This Fund is administered by the United Kingdom Air Liaison Mission. Air Vice-Marshal L. D. D. McKean, C.B., O.B.E., is chairman of the Applications Committee. Applications and correspondence won't get lost if addressed to:

The Honorary Secretary,  
R.A.F. Benevolent Fund (Canada)  
United Kingdom Air Liaison Mission,  
Lisgar Building,  
Ottawa, Ontario.



## The Parachute Section

Sgt. George Styles

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Hardly seems appropriate here, since a parachute weighs considerably more than one ounce, but all the cure in the world won't help the poor unfortunate soul whose 'chute fails to open. So here we pay a visit to those folks who see to it that such a calamity never occurs.

Of course there are those individuals who totally ignore the few regulations that are made to help the section in proper care of the parachute. These people are not only a menace to themselves, but also to those who may someday borrow the same chute, and have to use it in an attempt to save their lives. So think twice before you use your harness for a tug-of-war or your seat pack for a mattress.

The section is located on the south side of No. 2 Hangar, and is a very quiet spot, especially when your reporter drops in to gather a little scandal. This much we did learn:

Sgt. "Boomer" Martin, one of the station's originals, is in charge, ably assisted by sign-painting Cpl. Stoneman, who has a re-muster to aircrew pending. Of much more interest to this scribe, who happens to be of the male clan, are the W.D.'s employed in tending to the afore-mentioned 'chutes.

Blond Cpl. Hartenburg claims that shellacked tables are not the ideal thing to sit on, and getting off (or was it falling off?) can sometimes be quite painful, almost as painful as doing P.T. LAW Marie Dopko, the sections' rep. in the rug-cutting class, has been wandering around with a far-away look in her eyes (what eyes, men!) since the recent graduation of course 89. LAW Gladys Bedwell, sewing machine attendant, has quite a varied agenda. Besides working on parachutes she does many odd jobs of mending and has even prepared a trousseau on her trusty machine. That leaves LAW's Robbins and Hanis, who objected to us saying anything about them, wonder why? It wasn't that there wasn't anything to say.

Routine of the group requires that every parachute on the station be re-packed every month and aired for 48 hours in the process. Seems the silk loses its resiliency when kept out of the fresh air, something like my lungs. The job of packing the silk into the canvas takes one person about half an hour. Not very much but multiply it by the number of 'chutes on the station and you will realize that the gang are kept quite busy.

## W. D. Sketches

LAW 'Polly' Polito

Wasn't it a surprise, gentlemen, when you emerged from restful slumber one crispy morning to see so many of the fair sex at breakfast bright and sparkling bedecked in slacks, gay shirts, and teddy-bear suits? You see we have to give you all a treat in more ways than one, men, "While we serves, we must have curves", is our motto. Two of our members left for Rockliffe recently, LAW's Doris King and Pat Standing. While we are on the subject of postings, we mention the hospital's loss of Cpl. Irene Campbell, sent to her home town, Calgary.

Congratulations to LAW Kuntz on her engagement. It's a beautiful dazzler, girl. Let's get busy. Leap year comes but once in four. One of our pirate crew fell out of her upper perch the other night, but in half a minute she was right back in again. Couldn't lose a moment's sleep you know, must be one of those five minutes to eight risers. Whereas the rest of us, poor souls, thinking a bomb had dropped in our midst, wearily settled down again.

Our basketball team is to be commended on their excellent playing. Proving that women can co-operate after all. We all enjoyed the recent skating-party. Why not make them a regular feature? Especially the hot dogs and relish later.

Glad to see you back and fully recovered, LAW's Betts and Dorrance. We know that forthcoming marriages are nerve-racking, Betts, but why try so hard to prove your point?

Our canteen is really the apple of our eye. The linoleum floor is so beautiful we think that curb-service should be installed. Of course, this has actually been in effect for some time. Remember, boys? LAW Demenuk, canteen stewardess, recently re-mustard. Well, there is more outdoor exercise and less night life, anyway.

Corngrats on receiving hooks LAW's Dawe, Cruikshanks and Collins. You haven't changed a bit. (WE fervently hope.)

Cheerio, pip-pip, and what-have-you, for now.

They proudly state that the occasion has never arrived on this station when a pilot or his crew has had to resort to his 'chute to save his life. But they are prepared, in case such an emergency should arise. It's a nice feeling to know that your 'chute can be depended on should you have to use it.



## Features

### Deer Mable:

Things hav sertainly chanjed on the stayshun—the old life and zip has departed, for we have suffered a grate loss. The airbommers have bin posted—all of them — and every-wun is asking—“hoo is thair now to releeve the WD's for activ serviss.” But then Paulson stayshun likely needs new life. Alas —no longer will I be able to strole threw hut number twenty (west) any our after 1130 in the morning and heer the musikal rattle of the spotted cubes when the S.R.D.W. is in seshun. The Society for Redistribushun of Welth has a kleen record, and kwote the presedent, who sed with pride: — “We undoutedly hold the worlde title for speed in removing pasteboards, chips, and uthar incendiary matter in the face of the onkuming enemy.”

And speaking of WD's going on activ serviss i do not want to pose as a profit, but i can see that dae cuming when they will shoe the way. onely three weeks ago we saw sum fine evidens of wut must of been sekret comando traneing. Sum of the gerls from Macdonald were down and under the guize of a basketball game they stajed a piched battle. The referees wair later commended for their marvellus restranet in not bloeing the wissels too offen.

Well, Mable, just like we always sed—Ime good ofiser material. I got a job in the officers mess for a wile, and am sertainly pikking up a lot of tips on how to ack when I get my comishun. Take noon ours for instans—after lunch you sit around wun of the blue tabels silently watching your cards wile everywun chimes in with such appropreeate remarks like “You hoper-pikker — summerfallowing agen eh—or ile take this wun temperairily.” Then sumbuddy bangs the table and the rest groan —“Cut me off, you sunofagun—falsed on a double—or I've had it.” So you see Mable, even though they did take bak that SP decorashun I had, there's still lots of opportunity for wun of my calibre who isent fedup with the setup, or nerviss in the serviss. You can depend on me to strive on to grater glory and onner.

Luv,

*Rufus*

### MY DREAM

LAC “X”, R.A.F.

I dream of you by night and day,  
I dream of you in every way,  
I dream perhaps that one day you  
Will make my fondest dreams come true.

Your curves are really quite unique,  
Not Roman, French, nor even Greek,  
But they will never cease to be  
A source of sweet content to me.

My eyes have seen you oft before,  
But you did always pass my door,  
I long to hold you next my heart  
And never once to let you part.

But I'll be patient yet and see  
If time will not be kind to me,  
Reward me, you, pride of kings,  
A shining pair of silver wings.

### A W.D. PRAYER

AW1 Clare Lamothe

Dear God: I pray to Thee each night,  
That I may help to win this fight;  
Give me the strength not to complain,  
Even when we drill out in the rain.

Each night at twelve-fifteen o'clock,  
Our Corporal wakes us with a shock,  
By flashing in our face a light,  
To see if we are tucked in tight.

Please help me overlook such things,  
Keep from my voice sarcastic rings,  
And make me strong and healthy, please,  
To do the hardest Air Force deeds.

I didn't know I could do such work,  
If I can help I will not shirk,  
For we must keep those planes up high,  
But will such things help them to fly?

Perhaps I just don't understand,  
The way this Victory was planned,  
However, Lord, I will not kick,  
Just let this war be over quick!

Send an “AER-LOG” Home

# Phun

The young recruit, a university graduate, was appearing before the Army examination board at Winnipeg.

The first intelligence question was: "What is an adjutant?"

Came the reply: "An adjutant is a large bird of uncouth appearance. It has an almost bald head, a tremendous capacity for eating, and acts as a public scavenger. It can swallow a cat with ease."

The examining officer almost fainted.

A subsequent investigation, however, proved that the recruit was correct. His was an almost word-for-word definition as laid down in the National and Everyman's Encyclopedia.

It is reliably reported that F/L MacMillan has asked Gypsy Rose Lee to become an honorary member of No. 12 S.F.T.S. because of her beautiful takeoffs.

Science has found something smaller than the atom. It is an AC2's pay.

A certain young frail, Henrietta.

Always wore an extremely tight sweatah, Three reasons she had.

To keep warm wasn't bad,

But the other two reasons were bettah.

"Daughter, your hair is all mussed up. Did that young airman kiss you against your will?"

"He thinks he did, Mother."

Then there is the story about the young bride on her honeymoon, who, upon registering at a hotel, was very much concerned when she noticed twin beds in the room, as she had certainly expected that she and her groom would have a room all to themselves.

In the Samoan Islands two hula girls loved the same man so they pulled straws for him.

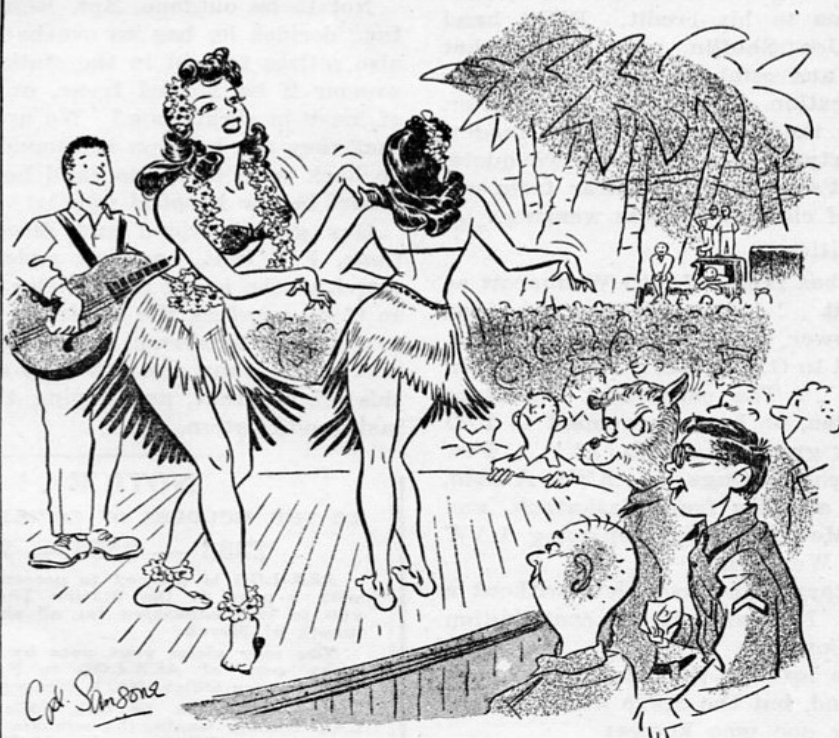
Here's to man—he can afford anything he can get. Here's to woman—she can afford anything that she can get man to get for her.

## The Wolf

by Sansone

Copyright 1944 by Leonard Sansone, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service

(In Hawaii)



"Look at the guitar—only three strings!"



## Tower Chatter

AW1 Clare Lamothe

Never a dull moment in our little corner of the station. Nor a quiet one, with the noise of Cranes warming up on the tarmac pervading every nook and cranny of our little "joint". But if all were sane and normal how could we make a contribution to AER-LOG?

K. R. (air) and A.F.R.O.'s have been rearing their ugly serpentine heads too often for comfort lately, in the offices of our C.F.I. and Squadron Commanders. There's a reason, but . . .

We sometimes wonder how the log-books ever get out of the Flying Records Office on time. Remember, girls, "cleanliness is next to Godliness."

The Met. Section has been besieged lately by requests that they do something to change the weather. Herewith we print their reply, "the Air Force never taught us anything about that."

The event of the month is the AER-LOG debut of the Aerodrome Control Section, at the top of the tower. (Their war cry is "We want an elevator") Section Commander is F/O Ticknor, an ardent hunter, very efficient with a pistol. To date, he has five Cranes and two Ansons to his credit. Right hand man is P/O Joe Sheflin, who opines that hangar flying and cribbage are far superior to long navigation flights in the winter. Spokesman for the carkeepers of the tender, "Martyr" Martynuk, says, and we quote, "Brrrrr". That's all we could hear from out the mountain of clothing he was wearing.

**Odds and Oddities. . .**

S/O Cassidy has replaced F/O Wonnacott as Tower Adjutant . . . Cpl. Hickling who has been in the tower since the station opened, was transferred to G.I.S. Her place was taken by Sgt. Kay . . . The usual best wishes to Cpl. Nikki Esplen, on her engagement to P/O Leppert, recent graduate of No. 12 . . . Few changes through postings — AW1 Arnold, Orderly Room addition from Saskatoon, and AW1 Davies, Met. Observer, replacing LAW Olson, now at Weyburn.

Our commentary is not complete without a literary effort. Following is our contribution to the Poet's Corner:

Don't make love by the Airport gate,

Love is blind, but the S.P.'s ain't.

(by one who knows)

The White Checkered flag is up, and we wash-out for this issue.

## Works and Buildings

By F/S Philp.

A few structural changes recently authorized by Command have been under way in this section.

F/L Peters, who had been Works Officer since the station opened, was moved on to Rivers. His place was taken temporarily by F/L Finch from No. 2 T.C., who incidentally is architect and designer of the much-talked-of "Deanna Durbin" house in Winnipeg, the grand prize in a big "Milk for Britain" drive. He in turn handed over the reins to F/O H. V. Clendenning, from Gimli, who assumes the position of Works Officer, and is now checking inventories just in case he might be lacking a tractor, Sicard, or some such trivial piece of equipment. So far, we haven't heard of any serious discrepancies.

With the advent of winter weather we observe the frown on F/S Smith's brow gets deeper and deeper, as the daily consumption of coal soars, while the tractor section do their daily rolls as the snow sifts and blows. And adding to their worries, Sgt. Pidgeon of the heating staff, thinks this is the psychological moment to get acquainted with Scarlet Fever, of all things, and is hors-de-combat in the isolation hospital for a while.

Not to be outdone, Sgt. Elliot, of Tractors, Inc., decides he has an overhaul job due, and also retires to rest in the station hospital. We wonder if he missed Irene, or has he a spot of leave in sight soon? We are glad to learn that they are both on the mend and will soon be back with us bigger and better than ever. (Must be the hospital food.)

Our genial friend and director of operations, F/S Pull, has now added to his other activities the job of copy writer for AER-LOG, so if he survives the strain he should be able to get back to normal in the near future. The rest of the gang are still busy as ever making this, fixing that, and hoping this will be the last modification.

### NOTICE ! !

TO THE HOLDERS OF COPIES NUMBERED  
2333 — 2555 — 2777

AER-LOG is pleased to present each of you with a pass to the Station Theatre entitling you to free admission for all showings in the month of March.

You may claim your pass by showing your lucky copy of AER-LOG to F/O Jeffrey in Maintenance Office, No. 4 Hangar.

Congratulations to Cpl. Effie Collins and LAC Tommy Ganin, the winners of the February passes. Who was the third lucky holder?

An unknown senior N.C.O. who evidently doesn't like shows—he didn't bother calling for his pass.



## Station Services

The boys in the Fire Hall are reverting to childhood days with a new version of the old hooks and ladders game—trucking along up the promotion ladder with their newly earned hooks, viz.: Corporals 'Pat' O'Neill and George Bridges and Sgt. Joe Muloin, still one rung up after adding his new third.

No reason to get excited over the unusual amount of movement around the Hall these mornings:—it's just Flight Wiskin's boys getting acclimatized. Sgt. Muloin claims that in a short time the crew will outmanoeuvre the Commandos. The training helps in the nightly round of the canteens and inspection of carelessly thrown butts, and here the Smoke-Eaters indict the whole station.

McDiarmid, packed and heading east, just realized that getting clearances signed doesn't always mean a trip. He remains here along with newcomers, Wally Wolosnick, Harry Gilbert, and Jimmy Benoit.

Maxwell House regrets the loss of four room clerks, Cpls. McGregor, Bruce, Wade and Larmour. Despite the loss of these very efficient fellows, this haven of rest has had a "No Rooms" sign out for some time but the situation is clearing up, so make your reservations early and avoid the rush.

The Maitre d'Hotel is under the weather again, having retired to recuperate in hospital. We all hope it doesn't last long, "Max". If some of the boys don't stop eating eggs, they're going to break out in a rash and join you, but they will possibly need a padded cell.

### Motoring Minutes:

Moved by all M.T. personnel—that the weather man make up his mind. W.D. drivers are debating as to whether they should 'wear' a black winter front with snap fasteners or their new mesh insect shields with the deep decollete.

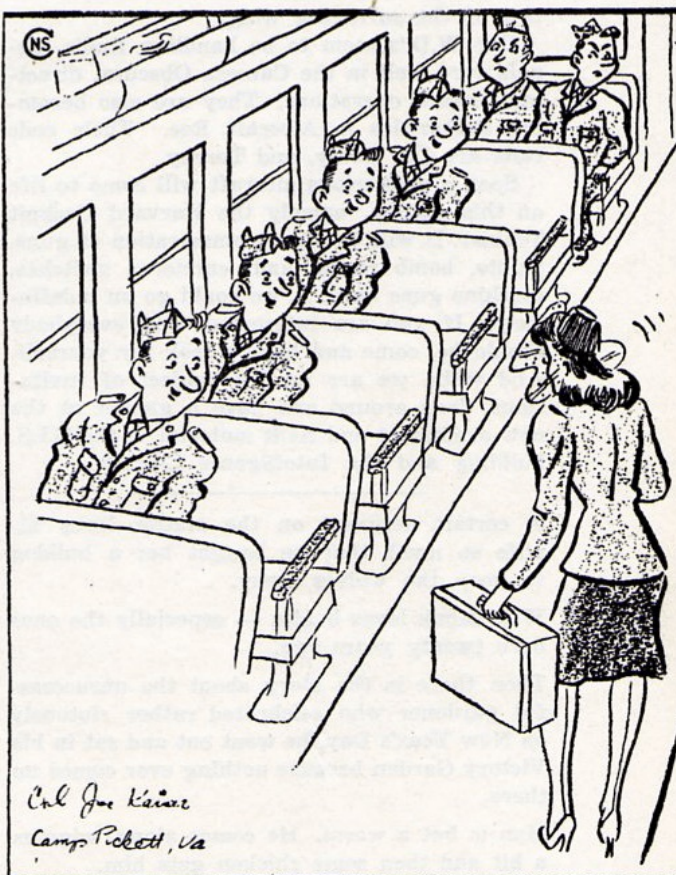
Suggested by No. 2 T.C., seconded by Sgt. Bannister and Cpl. Hoyes, that they proceed to Oshawa ((hockey games) and Windsor (burlesque in Detroit) respectively to attend General Motors and Ford mechanics' courses. Carried (by C.P.R.).

Moved by LAW Polito, seconded by Sgt. Bentley (W&B) that the curling rink be converted into a chicken farm complete with Buff Orpingtons (if you like that shade), Leghorns, and Plymouth Rocks (see, I'm getting boulder as I go along!) Objected to by several 'big

Shots' in the Rifle Club. Objection over-ruled by 1200 Airmen. (Naturally). Suggested by Corp. McLennan and LAC Price (i/c re-fueling tenders) that filling stations be installed in front of every hangar complete with heated Rest Rooms. W.D. attendants in fur-lined parkas will check tires, clean windscreens, and tell pilots if their navigations lights are on. Passed, but with some misgivings — and if Miss Givings won't do it, the Misses MacMillan and Hartley certainly will. Moved by Tractor Section, seconded by Yehudi, that a snow fall of some ten inches be provided by the Met. Section. The shiny new "Cats" need a work-out and that rotary snow-plow—tons of snow hurtling into the air—what fun!

Meeting adjourned till next issue.

AC2 Joe sez that sergeants are not born but issued.





## Armament Section

F/O H. Wedge.

This small but active section is still plowing right along although it has suffered a number of casualties since last mentioned in Aer-Log. First of those to suffer a change was AW1 Florence Osborne, who, whilst on leave, did take unto herself a husband, Sgt. Bock, of the R.C.A.F. Flo. came west and left her husband amid preparations for overseas. Hearty congratulations and best wishes for the future to our leading steno.

F/S Blight left our little home for Dafoe and Major Monk has gone to Mountainview to get the latest gen on Armament. We expect that Cpl. Engers will go on a similar course in the near future.

Recent additions to the gang are F/S Cooper, and fledgling armourers ACZ's Hogle and Earl. F/S Cooper, an R.C.A.F. fitter armourer, has just returned from a three year stay overseas with the R.A.F. His varied experience over there includes periods of duty with 112th Reconnaissance, 402 Fighter, and the 415th Torpedo Bomber Squadrons. He also spent some time with the 8415 Echelon, a section of the salvaging wing.

Our W.D.'s seem to be handling Radio signals very well in the Camera Obscura, directing bomber operations. They are also becoming authorities in Aircraft Rec. Their code calls are Lil, Gerry, and Torchy.

Soon a mysterious aircraft will come to life on this station, namely the Harvard Cockpit Trainer. It will be a conglomeration of guns, sights, bomb racks and carriers, switches, machine guns and . . . we could go on indefinitely. If you are interested, and everybody should be, come and have a look for yourself. And while we are on the subject of invitations, drop around and have a gander at the new armament and ACR material in the G.I.S. building and the Intelligence Library.

A certain sergeant on the station loves his wife so much that he bought her a bulldog to keep the wolves away.

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

Then there is the story about the unsuccessful gardener who celebrated rather riotously on New Year's Day, he went out and sat in his Victory Garden because nothing ever comes up there.

Man is but a worm. He comes along, wiggles a bit and then some chicken gets him.

## AIRCRAFT RECOGNITION

Sgt. Larry Payne.

"One of our prime weapons in this all-out war is Recognition; it is a weapon we cannot afford to misuse."

There have been many instances where Allied A/C have been mistaken for enemy and vice-versa. Incidents like the one printed below should and would not happen were air crews properly impressed with the importance of correct and instant recognition.

From an official Air Force publication.

"Near the French coast a Mustang sighted an aeroplane flying at 300 feet. The Mustang dived at the plane which made a steep turn away. The Mustang identified it as a Ju.88 and fired one burst, but the attacked machine straightened out and as the Mustang drew closer it was identified as a Beaufighter. By this time another Mustang joined the attack and fired two bursts. Fortunately the Beaufighter got away. It landed safely and reported that it had been attacked by Me.109's and had beaten them off."

This subject is of equal importance to ground crews. Overseas it is the ground crew who operate the aerodrome's defensive armament and they must be able to identify friend from foe in case of attack.

Conditions like these warrant the stress laid on Aircraft Recognition at training centres. Synthetic training devices have proved their use and they are available at all times for your use here at No. 12. Drop around to G.I.S. and see them. Your time will not be wasted.

## Music Appreciation Hour

Records, records everywhere and not a note to break — so ended a recent meeting of the Music Hour. But in spite of this and a few mechanical mishaps, the faithful attendance of the undaunted audience has proven beyond a doubt that the younger generation are definitely turning to the Old Masters of Melody for moments of musical musings — even if the chairs are hard to take.

The Library on Sunday evenings is one spot where we are all on a common ground of appreciation and understanding. Even Germany has a show when Wagner permeates the premises. So put away your troubles, bring your favourite slippers and pipe and relax with the classics every Sunday evening in the Station Library at 21:00 hrs.

# It's a Secret

LAW Doris Atkinson.

So of course it's in the Intelligence Library. Now wait a minute, don't let that word "Intelligence" overcome you . . . most of us in the Education Office aren't any brighter than you are, it's just our reputation that getsus down.

Going back to the subject again (secrets . . . remember?) . . . we have the most beautifully bound, high grade, first quality, superior secrets to be found on the station. And all encased in fifty delightful, carefully filed and indexed little precis.

Our secrets are useful, too. For instance, some day when you're flying along in your little old Cessna you may sight a German battleship. Hurriedly you recall precis 28, file 106, subsection B, para (a) which mentioned something about a Cessna being no match for a canoe, so you reason out quite logically that discretion in this case is better than valour. Which, of course, all goes to show that you're becoming intelligent too.

Occasionally people do come in to read our Secret Documents (capitals because of their importance, please note.) Of course, it's only that freakish type of individual who turns out to be an honour student, or a DFC, or something equally fantastic. He comes up to us and in tones of great awe (inspired, no doubt, by our reputation as members of an Intelligence Library) humbly begs for a Secret Document. Impressively we whisper back, "We'll have to have your name, number and rank." Visibly he straightens his shoulders as he realizes the importance of the step he is about to take.

Every morning our Secrets are carefully displayed to the light of day . . . light for Vitamin T6. Our eagle eye searches carefully for any newcomer who might violate our trust by swopping a precis without leaving a name and number. Then at night our Secrets are gently laid away for their ten good hours of slumber in a well padlocked cell. But even at night and in spite of locked cell we do not neglect our sacred trust . . . we have six small holes in the cabinet to ventilate our precious charges.

Incidentally, if you haven't been scared off before this, we personally consider that we have the best upholstered chairs on the whole station for you to sleep on while you read our Secret Documents.

---

*4/L J. B. Kelshall discusses . . .*

## Western Europe

During the last month the emphasis in aerial bombardment of Europe has switched from strategic blows aimed at Nazi factories and depots in the rear to what looks very like tactical blows at the invasion coasts. These raids on the coast and the communications immediately behind the coast have been causing quite a bit of speculation. The official reason given for them is that they are an attempt to knock out "Rocket Gun" emplacements the Germans have built in those areas. For all the dark talk by Adolf about the terrible and effective secret weapon he still has up his sleeve, and for all the recent development of rocket propulsion, I am still with the large body of opinion which holds that these French coast raids are really the commencement of a softening-up process. If the raids really were against rocket gun emplacements, I doubt that the Air Ministry would have announced the fact so glibly. No

doubt there are new types of weapons waiting on the coast for our invasion barges. We ourselves, in the South Pacific, are using rocket guns mounted on landing barges to aid our landings and such guns could be used even more effectively from shore. Yet I think that we are attacking these new weapons, whatever they are, simply as one part of the general softening-up operation. Invasion day is coming fast.

Interesting is the scope of the raids we can now sustain. At least two series have been carried out with over 2,000 aircraft. The greatest was a record raid in which 2,750 aircraft were used. These figures were attained by using vulnerable RAF bombers during the day. Owing to the necessity for fighter cover they are limited to comparatively short distances, but over those distances the punch which the RAF-USAAF combination now packs is terrific.



## STATION THEATRE

March	2- 3	Gentleman Jim	- - - -	Errol Flynn
"	5- 6	Madame Curie	- - - -	Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon
"	9-10	Battle of Russia	- - - -	(Documentary)
"	12-13	Three Russian Girls	- -	Anna Sten, Kent Smith
"	14-15	The Heat's On	- - - -	Mae West, Victor Moore, Xavier Cugat
"	16-17	See Here Private Hargrove		Robert Walker, Donna Reed
"	19-20	Princess O'Rourke	- - -	Olivia de Haviland, Robert Cummings
"	21-22	Old Acquaintances	- - -	Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins
"	23-24	Destination Tokyo	- - -	Cary Grant, John Garfield
"	26-27	Phantom of the Opera	- -	Nelson Eddy, Susanna Foster
"	28-29	Rationing	- - - - -	Wallace Beery, Marjorie Main
"	30-31	Swing Fever	- - - - -	Kay Kyser, Marilyn Maxwell

Send an "AER-LOG" Home

Buy Your Own Copy

FOLD HERE

FROM

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

1c  
STAMP

TO

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

CANADA

Fasten Here