

The

# AIR-LOG



**JUNE, 1944**

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# 12 S.F.T.S BRADON · MAN ·

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

R.N.Z.A.F.

R.A.F.

R.A.A.F.

# Aer-Log

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Published monthly by, and for 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.

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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.

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## *A Message from the Commanding Officer*

Instructions were recently received from No. 2 Training Command to the effect that the Service Flying Training School course would be extended to 28 weeks, effective immediately. A.F.H.Q. and No. 2 Training Command realized that such news might result in the lowering of morale, and they took the trouble to explain just why such action was deemed necessary.

As Commanding Officer I feel it my duty to request all personnel undergoing training at this Unit to maintain the same spirit and diligence which they have shown up to the present time.

It is appreciated that the extension of the course will create certain hardships and disappointments. Nevertheless, I feel that these will be more than off-set by the ultimate benefits which will be derived from the additional training.

The expectancy with which we all look forward to overseas service is appreciated, and unquestionably this ambition will be realized long before the struggle is over. As good airmen it is expected that we will carry on to the best of our ability, in spite of seeming obstacles. I know you will not let us down.

T. R. Michelson, W/C,  
C.O., No. 12 S.F.T.S.,  
Brandon, Manitoba.

## The Old Man's Parade



Starting out . . . no, it never rains.

Why it never rains the morning of C.O.'s parade is a phenomenon not treated in science texts. The men at the weather bureau just shake their heads and plead ignorance.

Amazing too is the fact that although every airman knows that it does not rain on the morning of C.O.'s parade, you will find him in his barrack block on the evening before, looking out the window and silently praying for dark clouds.

They are never there. The evening before the big "do" the stars are all shining brightly, quite frequently you will see a nice full moon grinning at you. Yes, grinning. For the night before the C.O.'s parade the moon *does* grin, and I know some fellows who have even detected a definite fiendish twinkle in its eyes.

The moon's grin, the twinkle in its eyes, bright stars, all add up to black shoe polish, Shino, a button stick and plenty of elbow grease. Not to mention the flat iron.

The recorded words of a barrack room of airmen engaged in polishing up for "the old man" would make an interesting conversation piece, but it is debatable whether or not it could be printed.

"Lights Out" puts an end to all the polishing panic, and the room settles down for a semi-quiet evening's sleep. I say semi-quiet advisedly, for if you have ever lived in barracks, one night of insomnia will tell you that it is far from quiet. There is the usual snoring, of course. Add to that the chatter of men talking and groaning in their sleep. The screeching of metal springs as chaps toss in their beds. It's a weird fantastic symphony.

Come the first rays of the sun—and, would you believe it, the sun also smiles on the morning of C.O.'s parade—and there is a cer-

tain Air Force legend to the effect that it sends out gremlins hours in advance during the night to clear away all the clouds. You've guessed it—there isn't a trace of a cloud—not even a slight wisp. Just clear blue sky.

In Air Force language, "You've had it!" There is no chance now of escaping. The orderly corporal makes doubly sure of that. He thumps through the rooms shouting, "Wakey, Wakey! Anybody sick?" Turning on all the lights—as if it wasn't bright enough anyway.

You have to move fast this morning, You've got to get shaved—everybody wants to remove their whiskers at the same time this morning. Odd, isn't it? You've got to hustle off to the mess for breakfast. What a long queue this morning! Queer, isn't it? Then back to the billet for a last quick rub with the cloth. Boy, how those buttons do shine!

You're lining up now. In three ranks. Tallest on the right. Roll call. The flight-sergeant bellows name after name.

"Zilch?"

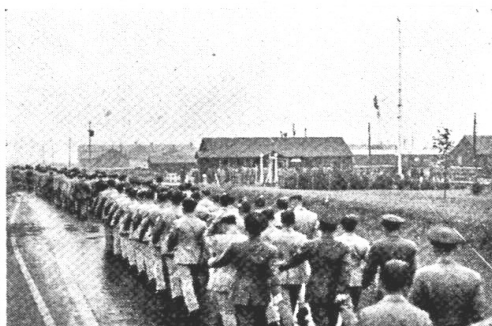
No answer. Then somebody shouts, "Sick parade".

Awfully peculiar, but Zilch invariably gets ill the evening before C.O.'s parade. It couldn't be . . . ? It's one heck of a long way down to the hospital though. Ah, so that's why they put the hospital miles away from the barracks.

"Flight will advance! Right turn! By the left! Quick march! And away you go, tramp, tramp, tramp. . . right onto the square.

When the sergeant isn't looking you adjust your belt. Holy smoke, how did those buttons turn upside-down? The command, "Halt", comes unexpectedly and the guy in

(Continued on page 14)



The home stretch . . . no laggards here.



# In Morpheus' Den

By LAW Atkinson.



F/O Clary and Staff . . . more discussion groups



The Intelligence Library . . quiet and restful



War Maps . . . here today—tomorrow . . . ?

Have you a secret yen to throw a boot across the barracks at your neighbour who's always yapping and never, never, never gives you any peace? Stifle it, my friend; we have a more effective, less pugnacious suggestion which will bring you that quiet contentment, that restful, homey atmosphere for which you long. . . and you will not have earned the lasting hostility of your loquacious neighbour.

Way down at the west end of G.I.S. is our station Information Room. (Fooled, weren't you? . . . thought we were plugging Smith, Smith and Jones Purple Sleeping Pills for Sleepless Knights.) "A thing of beauty is a joy forever" so the poet says. Well, our Information Room really is a thing of beauty with its freshly varnished floors, its contrasting bright blue air force rug, comfortable chairs, (we really mean that, too,—we're installed in one of 'em right now) and oodles of new books. And as for the line about "Its loveliness increases" . . . well, yes, we can vouch for that too; it continues to increase all the time.

Like music? Photography? Dress designing? Would you care to improve your personality? (Or if you're the original Personality Kid, please forgive us). We have a brand new stock of books related to all these, whose colorful wrappers make you go back to your "read a book for the pictures" days. Or maybe you're of a more serious frame of mind and want to know what's going on in the world around you. We have two large maps of the Pacific and European war theatres on which we daily change the battlefronts. You can see just what is happening everywhere at only a glance. Beside the maps you will find illustrative panels classified into war fronts. And do you like "Time", "Popular Science", "Flying", "Aviation Review", "New World", "Macleans", "Harpers", the Digests. . . "Magazine", "Science" "Readers" and "Empire"? We have them all, and many more besides.

Why not plan to visit the Information Room and see for yourself all the information panels, books, magazines and current events displays? You shan't be disappointed; we promise you. And think of those comfy arm chairs . . . home was never like this!

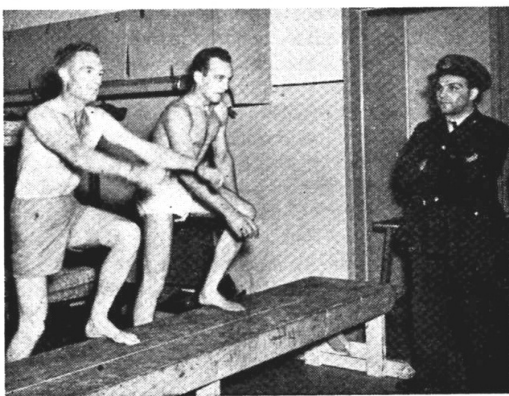


## Padre's Corner

The days that we are going through on these stations today are hard days; extension of course, no posting overseas, and seeming uncertainty about many of the things in our lives. But this can be a time when we all reap a great benefit out of these same hardships. One of the greatest and hardest lessons to learn in this life is the lesson of patience, and this is the time to learn it. For what good is continual beefing going to bring to us. None. Rather, it is going to have us placed in lower esteem by many whom we would wish to look on us with favour. There is a scheme behind all things even though often we cannot see it at the time. And there is something definite and real that we are each one intended to do in the scheme of things. Let us take this disappointment as not altogether a hardship in our lives, but maybe it will bring to us greater joy and glory and honour than would have been ours had our wishes come true. So often our own wishes are selfish ones for our own pleasure and benefit only, whereas the results we are really looking for are for mankind as a whole.

Certainly these new disappointments are hard to take and the added training is going to be hard on our short patiences, but they are going to bring benefit of some sort to us if we only give them the chance. Patience is a virtue that it is hard to acquire and almost harder to hold onto once you have it. But it is well worth having.

F/L J. R. B. Vance, Padre.



**THE HARVARD STEP TEST**  
F/O's Tyrrell and High—and  
F/L (Simon Legree) Brown.

## S. P. PATTERN

Re-write by Sgt. Webb, H.

### WOMAN (W.D.'s?)

If you smile at her, she thinks you're flirting,  
If you don't flirt she thinks you're an iceberg.  
If you try to kiss her, she wishes you were  
more reserved,  
If you don't, she'll seek consolation elsewhere.  
If you flatter her, she thinks you're simple,  
If you don't she thinks you don't understand  
her.  
If you talk of love and romance, she thinks  
you're asking her to marry you,  
If you are a good guy, she wonders why  
you're not human.  
If you return her careses, she doesn't want  
you to.  
If you make love to her, she thinks you are  
cheap.  
If you don't, she'll go with a guy who will.  
If you go out with other girls, she thinks you  
are fickle,  
If you don't, she thinks no one will have you.  
WOMAN! God bless them—they don't know  
what they want.

\* \* \*

Re-write by Cpl. Coulter, R.

### THE S. P. IS MY PROTECTOR

The S.P. is my protector,  
I shall not stray.  
He maketh me abide by air force laws;  
He restoreth my property;  
He returneth me to camp;  
He leadeth me in the path of righteousness  
For mine own sake.  
Yea, though I walk through a red light  
I will fear no evil,  
For they are with me.  
Their brassards, and their guns,  
They comfort me.  
They prepareth a guard before me  
In the presence of mine enemies;  
They hold me with a steady hand  
When my cup runneth over.  
Surely Air Force Regulations shall direct me  
All my days here at camp,  
Or I shall dwell in the Guard House forever.

\* \* \*

A team composed of Service Police was playing a Soccer Game with a team of AC2's. The Instructor was outlining the principles of the game. "If you can't kick the ball", he said, "kick one of the men on the other team. Now where's the ball?"

"Never mind the ball," shouted a big AC2, "let's get on with the game."

## Personality of the Month

By AW2 P. M. Doig.



LAW Doris Atkinson

Pitter pat, patter pit sings the typewriter in the Education Office these days, spreading the news of the day in front of our personality of the month. Time out to check these maps, dive for that form, and meditation for a few seconds getting all the business lined up for the busy day in store for her. We refer to the "Guiding light of the Intelligence Squad", L.A.W. Doris Atkinson.

This blonde blue-eyed girl with the turned-up mouth has built up strong personality and achievement (to her credit) at the early age of twenty-three.

Life for her started back in the town of Beamsville, Ontario, in the heart of the Niagara Peninsula. As a child Doris was one who was called a mischievous brat, always willing to run away from home to discover something of interest, that is, until her mother stopped her with the aid of a strong piece of rope and an unyielding post on the verandah.

Later, mischievous attractions were replaced by education and she started early on this career by walking away with the Proficiency Scholarship at Beamsville High. This was followed up by diplomas for elementary Agriculture, Physical Training and outstanding

marks in her chosen work at Queens College, Toronto, in Economics and Philosophy.

Doris' talent was unlimited. Her mind swayed to music and as a choice she mastered the art of the piano, and once again won a diploma for junior music at the Conservatory of Music in Toronto.

Now was the time to choose her work for the future. After three hard, studious years at Normal School, Doris taught one and all of the up and growing population, from Grade one to Grade nine. She spent one summer at the Thousand Islands teaching the deaf and dumb children. This work she liked most of all, giving something to those, that with teaching could learn to take part and enjoy life with the rest of us.

War came upon us, and influenced their happy home by the absence of her only brother, who joined up and gave his services to the R.C.A.F. Following this Doris found a difference in the everyday life she was living and decided to do her bit too.

Brandon has been lucky to have such a W.D. for most of her twenty-two months of service, not excluding the fact that she has seen a great part of Canada — from picturesque Vancouver to the cosmopolitan city of Montreal.

She finds her work interesting as an Assistant in Education work and will carry on with it although her trade has been reclassified as a Clerk General.

Life doesn't stop here for LAW Atkinson. Ah, no! Doris fits right into the social world and enjoys semi-classical music which she enriches with her musical voice. Her dancing feet get a tryout at least three times a week. Mention swimming and you're in for a discussion of her favourite pastime. Doris wastes no smelling salts when Sinatra sways them, although she admits Bing really does something to her. Have you wondered where "Deer Mable" originates? Well, now, you've found the answer. Weakness? Everybody has one, and in this case, its delicious, tantalizing, ravishing raisin pie. Ambition? Lots. Would you have enough to hitch-hike or bicycle (Quote "Whichever proves the easier" Unquote) all over the American continent?

Doris, like everyone, is anxious to see the end of this war, and we know when the time comes for her future civilian life she'll still be classed as a "Special Personality".

## Deer Mable,

thee ayr forse hez now startrted A nue forme ov orgynized comandoe traneing. Wonse a weak the gesstappo gits a hole bunch ov uss 2gether in litul groops all ovur the stashun 2 practiss it. Ov coars, deer mable, you must treet this informashun verie confidenshally, sinse it is hiely secrut.

Their is surtain definit rools of proseedyour. The biggest gie inn the bunsh tels everybuddy too shut up sew that sumbuddy elsee can tawk. everybuddy vues the cize off thee big gie and then desides two lissen. The othur chap then starts in tawking about sum crazie subbeject that nobuddy noes anything about, lik "why wee ar fighting" We then practiss thee nobul art of self restrainte four about ten minutes wile he says that heizent going tawk about wy wee ar fighting untill hee first tels us wy wee hev this comandoe traneing. Butt that's the ownly part ov the thing that everybuddy does no. You see, its to find out whoo can get tockin loud eenuff too droun out al the rest furst. As sune as sumbuddy wins, then the big fellow in charge says "wee musst dis cuss the matur like ladees and gentulmen" wich inn ordinary english meens too dry upp.

Wel, after the chap haz dutyfuly explaned wy wee are gathured heer 2gether in the presunce ov hour fello ayr men and ayr wimin, he starts inn on thee subject at hand. This iz wer everywon starts two gett intyrested, for it meens that hee ownly has two tawk about ten more minits be4 wee get started.

Dureing this peeriod everybuddy looks at everybuddy els with a very hostyl ayr and desides who lookes the hostylest sew that he can avoyd him. Thee idea iz not two lett your emoshuns run away frum you during this ten minnits and it proviids excullent traneing. After the leader stops tawking their iz an om-inus silense wile everyone draws a deep breth. Then the fun begins. At first everywon mildly sugests ideas with a sho ov politines, but be4 verie long everybuddy noes that everybuddy is mad at everybuddy els. You can sea the lite of battul flashing from evry ey, the clammer rizes too a miled ror, you contimplait throeing things att yer best frend, everybuddys hare stand on end, and then sumbuddy says too sumbuddy else "do you want to maik sumthing ov it" and then thee chareman steps in and brakes it all up. Its reely wunderful wile its in ful swing. i wish you culd sea it deer Mable. Inn genral, the hole idea ov the thing seams tu bee two sea how madd you can get everybuddy without geting hit. its reely a very intyresting ocupashion too promout strength threw joy or combat without bruzees or sum sutch idea and i fiel verry proud two bee a member.

wel Mable, i heer sum of our come mandos practissing doun at the othur end ov the baracks, and sinse this is unorganizd traneing, its libul two hev a fite inn it, sew i will hev two leev you now,

Luv,

*Rufus*

## NAV. FLIGHT NEWSETTES

By F/O C. J. Sheflin

This month we introduce some new members of Nav. Flight, Flying Officers Farbota, Lewis, and Philips. F/L Bill Fuller has been with us for some time now. Flying Officers Ralph Sherwood and Gene Tibert were attached to the filght for a month; but since the arrival of the Harvards they have been busy little "Harvard Kids", checking the fellows out on the Harvards.

F/L Rolly Crowe is our Nav. wizard. He lost only 7 marks on his navigation exam. and believe it or not, fellows, it was a compass swing. P.S.—(Rolly was in charge of the compass swings before he went over to G.I.S.)

On the fifteenth of June Jack Quarton and Bert Jackson (now on Mosquitoes) received their commissions to Pilot Officer. Con-

gratulations to you both.

The Boss's twins are growing fast. According to him they are beginning to stand by themselves. (Oh, yeah!)

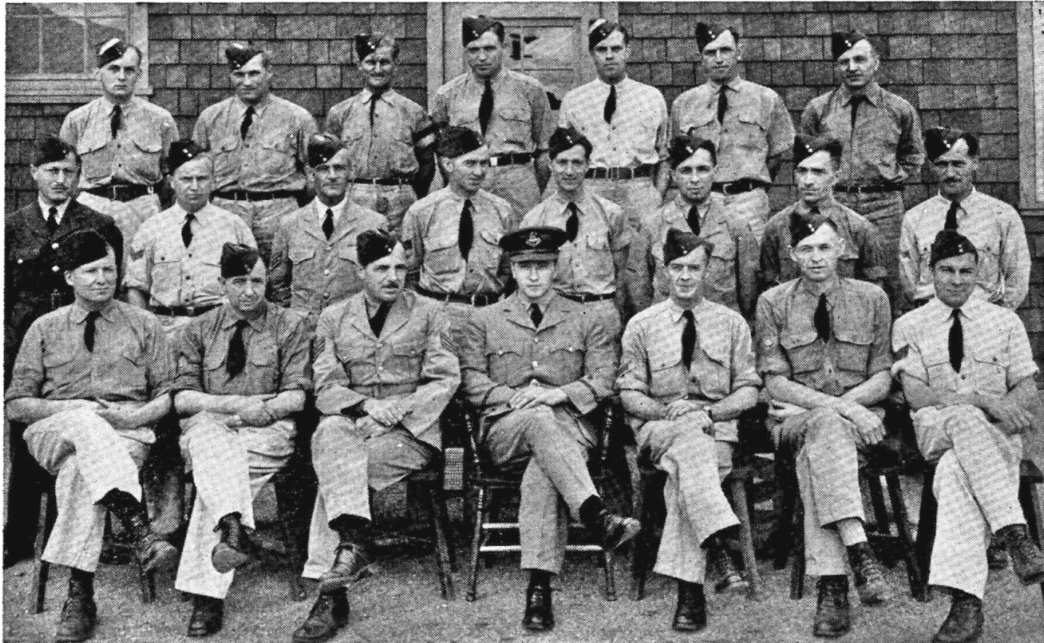
P/O O'Flaherty (The Wild Irishman) is now back in the flight flying, after his tour of duty in G.I.S. P/O Fletcher has taken over a course in G.I.S.

Our floors certainly look grand since so many of the lads like to come over and give us a hand at the waxing and polishing. We appreciate your efforts, lads, just keep up the good work.

F/O Al. Perreault has been appointed our new Deputy Flight Commander; and he sure is a Simon Legree.

So-long for now.





Front (l. to r.)—F/S Smith, C. F., Stat. Eng.; F/S Lovell, J. E., Stat. Eng.; F/S Pull, G. M., Foreman of Works; F/O H. V. Clendenning, Construction Engineer; F/S Philp, W., Carpenter; F/S Elliott, A. V., Tractor Operator; Sgt. Turner, F. R., Electrician.  
 Centre (l. to r.)—LAC Lehrer, B., Clerk Eng.; Sgt. Pidgeon, M. K., Stat. Eng.; Sgt. Bentley, S., Stat. Eng.; Sgt. Lamontagne, A. J., Carpenter; AC1 Burling, H. E., Pumpman; LAC Chappell, A. H., Draughtsman; LAC Fedirchuk, J. W., Clerk, Acct.; Cpl. Stritz, R. J., Carpenter.  
 Back (l. to r.)—LAC Lence, S.; LAC Baldwin, H. W. P., Tract. Oper.; LAC Baker, W. G., Tract. Oper.; Cpl. Spicer, E. W., Tract. Oper.; LAC Sturman, L. A.; LAC Fearn, J., Tract. Oper.; Cpl. Evans, R. G., Tract. Oper.  
 The following personnel are absent from the picture: F/S Haywood, C., Sgt. Johnson, B. H., Fitter Generals; LAC Peeling, H. L., LAC Fleming, F. M., LAC Southern, E. G., Tract. Oper.; Cpl. Dunham, C., LAC Scott, R., Firemen.

## Gen from the Works and Bricks

By F/S Philp

It is with a great deal of regret that we say good-bye to F/O Clendenning, who has directed our operations for the last six months, and is now posted to MacDonald. We wish him all the best of luck in his new station and feel sure he will get all the co-operation from the staff there.

"They took our Sunshine away", when Blondie left to go on a P.T. course. We wonder who misses her more than we do. So now Frances answers the phone in addition to her other duties, which reminds us of a conversation overheard the other day:

Bud: Hello! is that Works & Buildings,

Fran: Yes.

Bud: Say, I'd like to have enough wood to make some shoe trees.

Fran: I'm sorry, Bud, but you have the wrong number. Try Forrest, tree, tree, tree, tree.

We are glad to welcome F/S Lovell back after a protracted tour of temporary duty at Yorkton. The old arguments are in full swing again, and he seems to have picked up a few new angles while he was away.

F/S Smith and his staff are busy overhauling and repairing the heating plant, so perhaps there won't be any more smoke and dust in our barracks next winter (we hope).

F/S Haywood has taken over control of the "Fitters General" Section (just plumbers to you) and every little thing seems to be flowing smoothly at the moment. His chief complaint is that Brandon water doesn't agree with him (we wonder if it's just the water), so he has gone on leave to the west coast to try to find the right kind of pick-me-up. Meantime, our recently promoted Sgt. Johnson is carrying on very efficiently, and "traffic jams" are no worse than usual.

Sgt. Turner and his merry men are still doing their utmost to keep the "bright lights burning". This is a special concession to "Torontonians" who, seemingly, never can "see" any good in the west!!!

The carpenter section still seems to bear the brunt of the "scrounging curse" which, like the poor, we always have with us. It seems as though every other man on the station is an amateur Wood Butcher and the demand for the wherewithal on which to exercise their perverted ideas seems to continue as usual. We had hopes that the call of the great outdoors might help to ease the pressure.

There has been much checking of inventories in the stores section recently, Johnnie having got notice he is posted to the west coast. Out where the west ends seems to be a long, long way from home for him, but we hope he will like it.

Meantime, in spite of a depleted staff, our motto is still "Business as Usual".

## REFLECTION ON POSTING

By LAW May Dougherty.

My posting came—yet I didn't know  
Whether happy or sad I was to go.  
Many things seemed yet undone,  
Yes—hard work, but a lot of fun.

Friends are made in ten months span  
That are harder to break than a Scottish clan,  
They covered the world—Aussie, Newzie,  
English and Canuck,  
All of them bidding "The best of Luck".

I boarded the train—happy yet sad,  
Remembering the times I had had.  
The music hour I'll hear no more,  
Nor RAFFE'S humor and pleasant roar.

And the Aer-Log, too—I'll miss the days  
We scratched our heads for material and ways  
To fill the pages; and to bring you stuff  
So you'd pay your dime without too much  
guff.

It's nice down here—but I'm feeling blue,  
I miss No. 12—and you—and you;  
I wish I were back—you're such a swell  
crowd,  
I'd better stop before I cry aloud.

Au revoir, my friends—I wish you the best,  
When the invasion is over, may you all rest.

## Ode to Messrs. Fixit

We're Works and Bricks, just a bunch of hicks,  
Who labour day by day,  
We work and sweat, the things to fix,  
That always go astray.

When the septic tank, with odors rank,  
Seep through the cookies lair,  
It's Works and Bricks with pails on sticks,  
Send the perfumes on the air.

The kitchen sink goes on the blink,  
And floods that spotless floor,  
Come Works and Bricks with bags of tricks,  
And soothes the Sergeant's roar.

On inspection morn at break of dawn,  
Some bloke to ease the strain,  
Chucks a handy rock, in the barrack block,  
And smash goes a window pane.

There's a frantic call, for the glazier small,  
With his putty and glass so clean,  
He puts it right and out of sight,  
Ere the C.O. views the scene.

There's the office door, won't shut no more;  
And the drawer that always sticks,  
The roof that leaks, and the door that squeaks,  
All jobs for Works and Bricks.

With putty and glue we'll make like new,  
The kites that downward crash.  
For Works and Bricks with nails and sticks  
Fix anything you can smash.

The instrument bunch, have a funny hunch,  
That 'bout clocks they all do ken.  
Why Works and Bricks, with wire and sticks,  
Could jolly well fix Big Ben.

The Buckshee Boys add to our joys,  
Their wants to us they tell.  
A bit of three ply, about so high,  
Some nails and screws as well.

Our special joy is the "A" flight boy,  
With his smile so bright and wide,  
He softly asks, Can you spare some glass,  
For that cage we built inside.

But the Air Force lad is not too bad,  
If you know how to touch his heart,  
He'll do all his tricks for Works and Bricks,  
If you came from the same home part.

When across the foam, you all go home,  
And there's no more jobs to do,  
Then back in the sticks, go the bunch of hicks,  
Known as Works and Bricks to you.



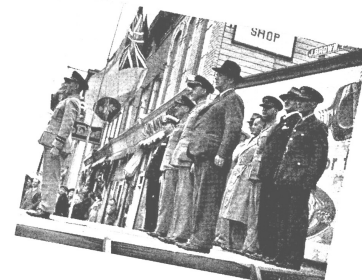
## Brandon Air Cadets

Air Cadets from Brandon and District were given ample opportunity to show their wares recently. Over a three-day period, in succession they had their annual inspection, held a sports field day, and took part in a Decoration Day parade. Scenes show: above—the march past on Decoration Day, with Air Commodore Ashton taking the salute; below—Wing Commander Michelson approves of a smart display.



## In Week-end Activities

Above—march past by flights, with W/C Michelson taking the salute from Brandon Collegiate Squadron; below—A/C Ashton and other service and civil dignitaries, on the reviewing stand; centre, top to bottom—our Commanding Officer presents "props" to a deserving cadet; Air Commodore Guthrie awards the prizes to sports program winners; the importance of good food is stressed in our mess hall.





## Electrical Sparks

By Sgt. Snell.

Hello everybody! This is the thirty-odd electricians saying that and wishing you all the best. Just in case you run across some of these personalities sometime and don't know what they do or who they are, we will try and give you a little low-down on those hard-working lads.

First, there is W.O.2 Stuart who is doing a good job in keeping the boys in line and looking after the Sergeants' Mess as president. He holds forth in No. 4 Hangar, but may be seen looking after all the section, in almost any Hangar or in the Link Section as well.

F/Sgt. Coskay, who is the next i/c, has been in the past few days, recuperating from a case of the "Trade Board" and has not had much energy left—says that pretty soon he is going on a summer vacation.

Cpl. Kubas, another who really sees to it that the boys do a good job on periodics, and signs almost anything if he feels at all well, says that it is a hard job to have such a bunch to look after both night and day, but gathers them to him at night to tell them an easy way to defray expenses home on "48's".

Cpl. Schwartz, who is also from No. 4, has been on loan to Servicing Squadron, taking Cpl. Servant's place who has been on holidays. But aside from doing that, Norm. has been showing the Sgt. how to run Service and doing a good job too.

Cpl. Tuisku, i/c of Link, has everything under control. With his new "Bike" and the help he gets from his crew he should have easy riding.

Pickering, who is single, will soon be double. The best of luck to you and also to Byle, who beat you to it.

McLaren, who is sometimes known as (93) has a bowling team entered and says that he would be doing better if, when they play the senior N.C.O.'s, they would lay off getting refreshments during frames.

True, Trew has his troubles. Just ask for the Loan Card and then forget to return the things. . . . ?? There are a lot of others not reported on in this issue and not least of these is McNaughton, who spends most of his spare time at Chater taking lessons from some school teacher. So-long for now—will include the rest in the next issue.

## W. D. Gleanings

By LAW Atkinson.

Births—none.

Deaths—none.

Marriages—none.

Question—Don't the W.D.'s do anything at all?

But definitely!

Haven't you seen Cpl. "Molly the Riveter" McGlaughlin tripping the light fantastic? Maybe you didn't know she once won a jitter-bug contest in Winnipeg. Can that gal dance! One of the feature attractions of the Wednesday night Open House in the W.D. canteen. The other feature attraction is lunch around eleven o'clock. Or should we be more precise and say 2300 hours?

And then there are our sports enthusiasts. Like "Andy" Anderson who takes baseball so seriously that she now hobbles around with a crippled knee. Oh yes, she also cracked a finger bone in one of these major conflicts. . . . darn effective way to escape the drudgery of a typewriter, but personally we think it takes a bit too much courage.

You knew, of course, that LAW Mae Dougherty had at last wangled a posting back to Canada. It does give the rest of us Canadians an optimistic hope that some day . . . if we're awfully, awfully good . . . Well, anyway, we have suffered a real loss in Mae's posting. Mae is the organizer of our Music Appreciation Hour, Aer-Log and anything else which required some executive ability. In fact, it got so that every time we encountered Mae we wondered what she was going to have for us to join this time.

Maybe you didn't hear about how keen some of our W.D.'s have become on the subject of Discussion Groups. There's Cpl. Howey who insists she can take care of herself without them. Then there's also Cpl. "Sandy" Sanderson up at the hospital who's praying for a posting before her turn to lead one comes. As for Pokey Davies . . . well, she's still arguing about all the problems of Canadian government, but we hear she's getting it all settled about what we're going to do with Germany after the war. Another group leader is Cpl. Hartenburg, familiarly known as "Hearty", who takes the whole matter quite philosophically. "What must be, must be" her resigned expression seems to say.

Oops, m'gosh! There goes the five o'clock siren. Quitting time . . . s'long.

## OUR NEW BABY

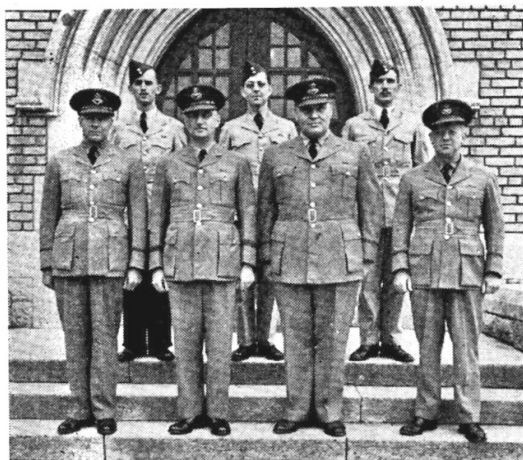


Classroom instruction . . . now, boys,  
it's like this.

No. 25 Pre-Aircrew Education Detachment, a Unit attached to No. 12 S.F.T.S. on adoption from the old No. 2 "M" Depot, is Brandon's initial seat of learning for W.O.A.G.'s and A.G.'s, first organized in November, 1942, under the present Chief Instructor.

Situated in the Science Building of the Brandon College, on Eighteenth Street, this Unit's purpose is to provide a necessary educational base to the above categories of aircrew.

The Staff, under the Chief Instructor, F/L C. E. Spencer, is comprised of F/O V. C. Hardy, F/O G. R. Ling, and F/O J. Wooff, the latter recently posted to the Western Air Command. Sgt. S. W. Thatcher, Sgt. T. D. Price, and Cpl. G. F. Dvorak are the Detachment's N.C.O.'s.



The Staff . . . good men, and true.

## Sales Talk Behind the Bargain Counter

By Sgt. E. Bodz.

It was a worthwhile sight, to watch our expert sales clerks roll up their sleeves and pant legs and wade in for the great clean-up bee for the A.O.C. Carloads of surplus spares and other equipment were crated and returned to Depots, so that more room could be had to display goods more prominently and attractively.

We were all happy to see S/L Hamilton's release from the Hospital, less eight pounds, around him, leaving quite a dashing figure. He is positively beaming these days, as Mrs. Hamilton has arrived from Ottawa for a visit.

F/L Smith, we are happy to announce, is coming around again. The great strain of removing water from the gas pumps, dampened his ardor considerably. Now that gas is flowing once more, in its pure and natural state, likewise also F/L Smith.

It was with heavy hearts we watched the departure of our "Little King", Major Giroux, to No. 2 Training Command, Winnipeg, to take his seat with the mighty. Though gone, he will not be forgotten, and we do sincerely wish him a speedy rise to fame and fortune.

Now occupying the exalted throne, is our "Chiefie", F/S Stewart. You're right in when you hear his congenial greeting of, "What can I do for you, Laddie".

Going down the Bargain Counter you'll appreciate the new L.P.O. Clerk, dickering with the local merchants of Brandon for the best offers. Nice going, Lahd, you are learning the hard way, and I am sure that Boyd, after two weeks' leave, will be fit to be tied.

We know that Spring is usually the time for love and romance, but better late than never. Some similar substitute has hit Herbie Hike. She wants a posting to Souris, but has settled on a change of 48's. It always seems to rain on her's. We hope the sun approves of this new schedule.

Ches. has a new type of Major Equipment in mind these days. Her transfer orders on the ponies haven't been too successful—but she is hoping they'll make more horse-cents in future. It could be they are time-expired.

Betty Grable's passion dance at the show the other evening, knocked Doug Drinkle right over on his ear. Not figuratively either, but

(Continued on page 16)

# 1000 Bomber Raid

By "Dranreb"

Sleep well you citizens in your warm beds  
While the roar of engines go over the roofs,  
History is made right over your heads—  
You make your promises—where are the  
proofs.

Tall young men in fleece-lined boots,  
Bronzed young men in fur-lined suits.  
Flying the night in their metal craft  
While others slept they flew and laughed.  
Laughed at the danger, bullets and flak,  
Laughed, though some would never come back;  
Are laughing still though their eyes are old  
With searching far into the cold  
And endless night; that takes them far  
Over the earth, and way over the bar  
Marked out there by the swinging bell  
Rocked by the sea in it's effortless swell.

Manifold pressure and pounds of boost,  
Rate of climb—Hell is loosed,  
Into the night that's blacker than hell,  
Save where flak flares up from the well  
of blackness, dropping beneath  
And blanketing all like a final wreath.

Bomb doors open, left, left, steady;  
The bomber calls; Now he is ready,  
Waiting to drop his lethal load  
Into the cauldron, the new railroad,  
Crissing and crossing like lines on the map  
Held in it's clip on the bomber's lap.

Air speed constant and keeping his height,  
Watching his revs by the little light  
That glimmers behind the countless dials,  
All of them tested by countless trials.  
Watching for ice on the edge of the wings,  
All is quiet, till someone sings  
Breaking the tension and easing the nerves.  
(If one gives up there are no reserves.)

They are turning for home and bacon and  
eggs  
And a cup of tea. Oh, to stretch those legs,  
Cramped for hours sits tense,  
Keyed for the fray, yet he has a sense  
Of apartness—away from it all  
As he sits hunched up in his perspect ball.

Hello control, may I come in?  
The kite is rattling like stones in a tin.  
Permission to land comes over the phone  
And he lets her down while the motors drone.  
They too are tired after nine hours flight  
Into the dark and endless night.

Just a few of the thousand that went away  
And struggle home at the break of day.  
Some of them crippled, some of them whole,  
Some of them for whom no bell will toll.  
These are the men who follow the kew,  
And fly through ice and mist and dew,  
Into the dark and endless night,  
On and on, out of sight.

## M. T. MEANDRINGS

We thought that after Major Baldwin's  
marriage and honeymoon were over he would  
settle down and never more roam. It seems  
Boom Town—Dafoe, Sask., is his next port  
of call.

It is with sorrow that we see him go,  
For isn't it true he was gentle,  
thoughtful, and kind.  
Troubles and woes he never seemed  
to mind,

He settled everyone's difficulties with  
a fine hand,  
And kept peace and harmony in our  
little band.  
From day to day we don't know how  
we will fare,  
With our Major away off far, some-  
where.

We view with pride the record of the war  
veteran in our Section, F/S Punton. With four  
years of service; four times wounded in World  
War I; nothing daunted he has spent 38  
months overseas in World War II. One year  
of which was spent in charge of London's  
Headquarters Motor Transport.

LAW Brown has had to take a sudden fur-  
lough. Her father was taken suddenly ill. We  
trust he will speedily recover.

Two new arrivals are LAC Lorgan (Triple  
MT) and LAC Burges (Driver Transport).

An evening's outing was enjoyed by the  
members of the section. We had a rare old  
sing-song around the campfire with weiners,  
rolls and liquid refreshments.

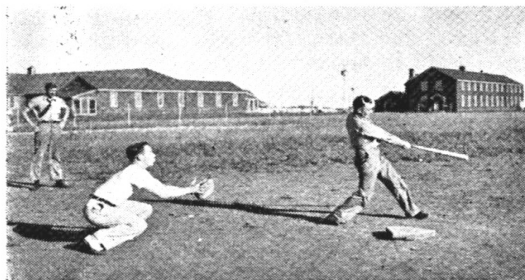
LAC Schoor recently acquired a jalopy. Be-  
ing a Triple MT we expect to see the jalopy  
take off at any moment.

So-long for now. Hope to run into you  
sometime.



## Softball Season Off to Fine Start

By Sgt. G. Styles.



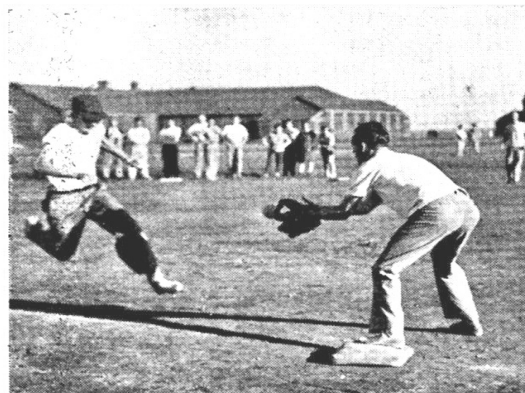
"S-t-e-e-r-i-k-e One!"

"Play Ball!" And with those words ringing in his ears the pitcher (F/O Plummer) let the first one go. It was a strike, and likewise the following two balls went over home plate with the result the lead off man was out. The first strikeout of the inter-section league was thus registered.

The game in reference was, of course, G.I.S. vs. Headquarters, which was taken by G.I.S. by a score of 11—0. The standout feature of the game was the stellar pitching of Bill Plummer, who pitched to twenty-four men in seven innings, allowing only one hit.

In the second game of the league, Officers of No. 12 won a game from Chater by a score of 8—4. Chater lost the game in the first inning, when their pitcher allowed five men to cross the plate on walks.

The Officers have already challenged G.I.S.



Out at first (if Doug catches the ball)

P E D E N

to a game, but will have to wait until their game is scheduled before they take a beating.

Watch Notice Boards for ensuing games, as competition is keen and a defaulted game results in a loss of two points.

## Junior Course 105

By LAC B. Tattersall.

We had imagined in our youthful innocence that by now we should be a fair way on towards Wings Parade, instead of which we are informed we are only a quarter of the way through.

Our introduction to the famous interceptor-bomber, "The Bobcat", (Crane to you, and not to be confused with the Hellcat, a mere single engine kite), has now been made with rather disastrous results to eight of our fellows whom we are sorry to see go to Gimli, Paulson, and Portage. Perhaps a certain instructor's remark was true after all, "Did you really go to an E.F.T.S. before coming here?" There are times when we are in doubt ourselves.

We are pleased to know that the water-gas fuel experiment has been discontinued after its first unsuccessful debut. Could it be litmus paper that another instructor carries with him now?

We prefer not to mention any names, for security reasons, but one of our respected members was given a personal and private pyrotechnic display the other day on landing. He is rumoured to have described the multi-colored star effect as very fetching and not a little fascinating. He loved the colors, too. The control tower lawn now has a newly mown appearance.

W.O.1 McTaggart has applied for a license to have mass sun-bathing periods on the path outside "D" flight. "D" flight HQ readily agreed to the sunbathing, but suggested it be done on the garden itself among the weeds, rather than on the path, which, as everyone knows, is gravel and doesn't need weeding anyway. To rest his weary limbs after such an outburst of energy, the major is believed to frequent that sanatorium for AG's—the Prince Edward—from time to time.

"Take-em-off" Thomas has decided to press those pants of his on his post-graduation leave. If you look carefully there is an inch or so of crease, just at the bottom of the left leg.

We look forward to our mid-term leave—We can dream, can't we! And so, to a successful stay at good old No. 12.

## THE OLD MAN'S PARADE

(Continued from page 1)

front brings his heel down on your shining toes.

"Right dress!"

On this command you turn your head sharply to the right and forward or backward until your eyes line up dead on the Adam's apple of the guy second to your right. (And boy, has he got a gargantuan A. A.).

The padre steps onto the square to say a few words which gives you a chance to relax. His prayer is brief though and you're soon back to attention.

"Open order march!"

If you look out of the corner of one eye you can see the officers in a huddle. You wonder what they're going to pick on this time. Last week it was tie-pins. There they come!

Slowly they move down the front rank. They've stopped. You can see the C.O.'s lips moving. An airman's hand fumbles under his shirt. So that's what it is this week—Identification disks. And that just happens to be the one thing you forgot. Perspiration begins to form on your brow—brother, you've got to think fast.

They're tapping the boys on the back now for haircuts. Slowly but surely they are making their way. In a matter of minutes they'll be right on you. The sergeant is taking down some poor blighter's name and number. (Wonder what he'll get . . . C.B. . . . a day's pay?)

Maybe they'll skip you and just walk right by. (Why in the deuce didn't you go sick—even if it is a long way. C.B.—a day's pay. . .)

You can see them coming now. The C.O. has stopped in front of the chap right next to you. Ye gods, he did ask him for his identification disks.

He moves on. He's going right by. No. He's stopped. You've got to look straight in front of you. You can't look directly at the officers. Will it be . . . "What kind of polish do you use on your buttons, corporal?"

A short gulp, and you manage to whisper. "Shino, sir!"

"An excellent job, Corporal."

"Thank you, sir." (And boy, will you get razed when you get back to the barracks.)

You feel rather good about it though. It could have been worse. If he had asked to see your tags. They're coming down the back. It's okay though because you got your hair cut three days ago in town.

Slap!

"What is your name, corporal?" It's the sergeant. "Last three numbers? Report to the Station barbershop. You're confined to barracks until your name's stroked off the list!"

A service haircut? What will Sally think! They can't do this to you. Why you just got your hair cut three days ago. And all those barbers do is butcher, butcher . . .

You're still thinking about that haircut when you march past the C.O., left, right, left, right.

"To your duties dismiss!"

It's all over now and you feel much better about everything—except that haircut. How in the deuce can you possibly face Sally looking like . . .

And then Zilch, beaming, just returning from sick quarters, asks you, "How was the C.O.'s parade, Tom?"

By Nelson Lohead,  
in Chatelaine Magazine:

## A Foolproof Scheme

By F/Sgt. (Santa Claus) Paton

After the war is over (soon, we hope) there is going to be quite a discussion on how to keep the Germans from building up another army, and all the necessary equipment.

There is no use passing laws or having them sign treaties, as they can tear them up faster than we can write them. So we must get some system that is absolutely foolproof; one that no matter how they scheme, connive, beg, or pray, they will never be able to procure the necessary supplies.

We, of the R.C.A.F., have the answer to this vital problem. All that is necessary is to set up a stores system in Germany similar to the system we have adopted. Make it compulsory for them to sign E.42's, E.26's, E.93's, yes, even E.56's, when they require materials. It's a cinch they'll never get what they want, and, as a result, their hands will be tied.

Simple, isn't it?

### Some Theory

"Your wife is a very systematic woman, isn't she?" asked Robinson.

"Yes, very," replied Smith. "She works on the theory that you can find whatever you want when you don't want it by looking where it wouldn't be if you did want it."

## A.O.C. Opens Our New Alleys

Well, folks, at last we have been able to acquire a set of bowling alleys, which were opened, as you know, by A. V. M. Guthrie on the occasion of his annual inspection.

The committee have lined up a schedule comprising four leagues of eight teams each. At the time of going to press there were a lot of absentees on some of the teams, but there is quite a waiting list so we don't anticipate any difficulty in filling the teams.

Being new alleys, a lot of the scores were not what might be expected, but they will come up with a little experience. The high game, so far, has been a score of 305, and the all-time low, by LAW Sweet, was zero.

It is hoped that all personnel will assist in keeping these fine alleys in good shape and that a lot of good clean sport will be had by all.



He cuts the tape . . . .

## Major and Minor Repairs

By W.O.1 J. H. Pickering.

Just as the last issue went to press there was quite a change taking place in No. 4 Hangar. First of all W.O.2 "Jerry" Fraser was moved to Service Squadron and replaced by W.O.1 "Jim" Pickering from No. 8 R.D. Then F/L Cunningham packed up for Weyburn (now at Yorkton), and his place as O.C. Repair was filled by F/L Algie, late of Yorkton and Estevan. Then the C.E.O., S/L Fenn, was posted to Yorkton and replaced by S/L Rosborough, from No. 2 T.C. S/L Rosborough is no stranger to No. 12, as he was here before as an F/O.

With these changes came a number of changes in operation, one of the major ones being the Engine Room, which has cut down the time of engine changes by about 300%. An organization chart was made up and posted in the hangar so that everyone knows who is in charge of each section. Coupled with this are two personnel boards in Major Pickering's Office, covering Service and Repair Squadrons.

During the spell of miserable weather we had one week-end, there was no flying, therefore no maintenance, and we were able to get all our equipment painted and all the corners cleaned out. Result—a very commendable report from the A.O.C. Incidentally, if you want to see a smart outfit on parade, take a look at Maintenance Wing. The boys are right in there pitching.



and rolls the first ball . . . .



but she rolls the high score.



## News From Course 103

We, the members of "E" Flight, Course 103, submit our first bulletin to Aer-Log, to give you, in the phraseology of the R.A.F., the Pukka Gen. As everyone is aware that by Royal decree the course has been lengthened to twenty-eight weeks, we should see the commencement of another winter at No. 12. Five of the original members of the flight have departed from our midst—we wish them luck in whatever branch of the service they have now entered.

Under the enthusiastic guidance of the Flight Commander, F/O Roberts, we began to organize a gen room and now the seeds of our labor are flourishing and bearing fruit. The only member of the flight who gives any trouble is LAC Gould, a Scotsman no less, who will persist in gabbling in his native tongue. However, in the transfer to the flight of LAC Messer, who is of the same nationality, we have secured an admirable (?) interpreter. LAC Leadbetter is losing his worried look, but still persists in repeatedly checking night flying lists. LAC Brunning, our very questionable tenor, keeps instructors and students alike, rolling in agony on the floor, which serves the purpose of keeping the floors clean and tidy. The flight would like to extend its sympathy and, at the same time, wish the best of luck to LAC Ferguson, who was recently transferred to Course 105. LAC Bruton will persist in worrying the Flight Commander by wearing no belt with his issue. Mr. Roberts feels that some day disaster will occur; let us hope we are not on C.O.'s parade at this unfortunate time.

The Aircrew Leadership program, under the management of F/L Hamilton, is well under way, but as arm bands for Aircrew "Officers" and "N.C.O.'s" are now appearing, concern is felt as to what insignia the Aircrew Orderly Corporal will bear.

In conclusion, "E" Flight would like to thank those concerned in the half-day grant in addition to our usual 48 hour pass.

## SALES TALK BEHIND THE BARGAIN COUNTER

(Continued from page 11)

rather painfully. Little wonder, as no Crane chassis in Maintenance ever jived like that.

We wish to congratulate Ruth Sweet, who successfully passed her trade test at No. 2 Training Command recently. She is a keen

sports woman, having achieved a perfect goose egg bowling score the other evening. Nothing like that has ever been witnessed here before.

The W.D. Clothing Parade last month was a masterpiece in advertising. Sgt. Walker had the counter attractively festooned with dandelions, grouped around a sign welcoming the W.D.'s "Who serve; that men may fly". That gesture was well appreciated as with the new extension to the flying course they'll be serving a lot longer.

This will wind up the gossip for the month, and we hope for bigger and better scandals next time.

## The Maintenance Kid

By LAC MacKalski.

He's just a mechanic, the world may say,  
Tinkering on aircraft, the whole long day;  
Just a grease-covered Joe in coveralls clad,  
Two years ago but a carefree lad.

The guy that signs the planes out—and says  
"er OK",  
Just been inspected this very day;  
Changes the spark plugs, slaps on the dope,  
He's plenty busy, no time to mope.

So when you see him all grease'n grime,  
Don't sorta chuckle, he too would look sub-  
lime

In a clean outfit'n buttons that shine.  
But he's doing a big job 'n doing it fine.  
Remember those "Mechs" are keeping 'em  
flying.

## A Start

They were sitting on the veranda in the moonlight. No words broke the stillness. She began to yawn.

"I say," she said, suddenly, "suppose you had money, what would you do?"

"If I had money," he said with enthusiasm, "I'd travel."

He felt her small hand in his. He closed his eyes and sighed happily. When he looked up again she had gone.

In his hand lay a bright new dime!

## The Happy Man

Binks—I'm the happiest man in the world:  
I have the best wife in the country.

Banks—Well, who wouldn't be happy with his wife in the country?

## STATION THEATRE

### SCHEDULE OF ATTRACTIONS FOR JULY

Sun. and Mon., July 2 - 3	- - - -	Show Business
Tues. and Wed., July 4 - 5	- - -	Man From Frisco
Thurs. and Fri., July 6 - 7	- - -	Prisoner of Zenda
Sun. and Mon., July 9 - 10	- - -	Once Upon a Time
Tues. and Wed., July 11 - 12	- - -	Make Your Own Bed
Thurs. and Fri., July 13 - 14	- - -	Hitler Gang
Sun. and Mon., July 16 - 17	- - -	Address Unknown
Tues. and Wed., July 18 - 19	- - -	Up in Mabel's Room
Thurs. and Fri., July 20 - 21	- - -	The Woman of the Town
Sun. and Mon., July 23 - 24	- - -	Tunisian Victory
Tues. and Wed., July 25 - 26	- - -	Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs
Thurs. and Fri., July 27 - 28	- - -	Buffalo Bill
Sun. and Mon., July 30 - 31	- - -	Cobra Woman

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