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FIFTEEN CENTS THE COPY

L.A.C. - JUZAK.F.

12 S.F.T.S. BRANDON · MAN ·

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

R.N.Z.A.F.

R.A.F.

R.A.A.F.

Aer-Log

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Under Cover

Anyone saluting an Army Officer around camp on March 4th and receiving a "hi ya" as recognition of that arm-breaking salutation will be surprised to know they were quite normal and not hearing things—Yes, it was Joe Winkelaar in person, brass buttons and all. This came about when Joe was posted overseas as Auxiliary Supervisor attached to the army. Everyone's good wishes go with Joe, for he has left on our station, a host of lasting friendships, ranging from the indispensable AC2 to the C.O.

However, don't get the impression that the K. of C. Office has ceased to render its well known service, to service personnel, because from Mountain View, Ont., comes a Supervisor who fits perfectly into Joe's place, in the person of Fred Tadman. Fred hails from Toronto and Winnipeg, and is making his home now at the latter. The organizing of the Station Talent Show, Saturday night, March 11, in which Fred played a large part, is indicative of the fine work we can expect from him in the future.

In case you are in dire need of money, which we know never happens on this station, drop in at the K. of C. Office and send message 102 and we guarantee an answer even if it is message 110. Drop in any time between 9 and 12—1.30 and 5 and we will be glad to do anything we can for you.

An airman overseas wired his wife asking for a divorce. His wife wired saying: "We have been happily married for ten years, but if you want a divorce you may have it. Is it another woman?"

"Of course it is," came back the reply.

His wife wired back: "What has she got that I haven't got?"

"Nothing," answered the Airman, "but she's got it HERE!!!"

—And the AER-LOG wants it here. Surely somewhere in the spacious entirety of "12 S.F.T.S." some inspired soul has dreamed that someday, somehow he was going to find a niche for himself in the golden realms of journalism. Perhaps it was a novel—or maybe a poem. Whatever literary attempt you may have envisioned, the Aer-Log now affords you the opportunity to portray your artistry in bold, effaced type. Perhaps, you have unrealized talent—a novel style or an original idea. Carry a pocket-sized notebook on your person, and each time that brilliant light flashes in your intellect simply jot down your inspiration . . . (note-book also recommended for telephone numbers).

With the last drops of editorial ink, we ardently stress the importance of your interest and co-operation in YOUR magazine, the AER-LOG.

The First Page

Padre's Corner

A spirit of co-operation and goodwill is one thing that is especially necessary in the units of the armed forces. Co-operation between senior officers and their men who make the rank and file. I think that one way in which such a spirit is best built up is by all concerned remembering that old and well known phrase that has been named the "Golden Rule". "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you". Those who are in positions of authority then would remember at times when the men appear before them, to answer for any wrong, that they would wish to be dealt with in a human manner if they were in similar positions. The men under one's command, whether it be a regiment, or a platoon, or a section, or a station are not just so many bodies to be dealt with as sacks of sand. But inside these sandbag effects there are human spirits and minds that make up human beings. Treat the man under you in every way as you would wish to be treated, allow him to do his work in the best way possible and make it his responsibility to see that it is done.

This rule does not by any means apply only to those in authority, those who are under must also remember that they bear a responsibility to the others above them in rank and position. When doing something that may not be quite in the line of regular action and circumstances catch up with you, then do not whine and ask for assistance that cannot be given to you. You would not be very lenient if the positions were reversed, so do not expect any more than you would give. Your responsibility is to remember the position of those in authority and co-operate by not creating trouble.

Co-operation amongst individuals in an organization such as we have in the Air Force means justice at all times. And justice means kindness, for it is not always kindness to a man to forgive him or be too easy to him when he has done wrong. It is often much kinder to punish him the first time and then he will have something to remember for the second time that that same temptation assails him. "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you". Remember those under

Common Sense

How much is one dollar worth to you? Thousands of people have made inspiring sacrifices even to extent of setting aside the necessities of life—and, supreme, is the loss of life itself. Many are behind the barbed-wire entanglements of enemy prison camps. More are tasting the physical suffering and mental stress of a military field hospital. Is the dollar that you spend for a few hours of entertainment worth more than affording relief to those within the gun-guarded fences and morale-corrupted field hospitals? To those of you who have never experienced the bitter tang of lost pride—when the little, accepted things of life become a blessing beyond gratification—the Red Cross cannot appeal to your sympathy. But we will appeal to your common sense. The skeptics will claim, no doubt, there is disorganization in the Red Cross. Unfortunately there are still a few self-centred cynics who place the importance of their pocket above thoughtful consideration. But there is corruption in every organization. Should the resultant accomplishments of many be cast in the shadow shed by a few individuals who have lost all sense of personal responsibility?

One last ardent appeal—exercise a little discretion or plain common sense with that dollar. Don't just "contribute". GIVE! And thank God that you still maintain the right to spend your dollar the way you please!

The Red Cross appeal is not just a periodic drive—remember! Contributions are gratefully accepted three hundred and sixty-five days of the year!

your authority that they may look to you with admiration and respect for justice well understood and administered. Remember those under whose authority you come that they may look upon you with admiration and respect for the spirit of mutual responsibility and understanding that then exists between you.

A milkman, inducted into the Air Force, wrote back home from camp: "Bessie, I sure do like this Air Force life. It's nice to lie abed every morning until five-thirty."

Send an "AER-LOG" Home

Aer-Log presents . . .

Our C.I.

"Could be Sawle here", such is the somewhat unexpected greeting that one often receives when phoning our Chief Instructor, S/L C. L. T. Sawle. Although a young man he is yet one of the old timers on this station, having been here almost since the idea for a station here was conceived.



S/L C. L. T. Sawle

S/L Sawle was born in Edmonton, Alberta, 25 years ago. He attended public and high schools there, obtaining his senior matriculation. He entered the Royal Military College at Kingston, Ontario, in 1937, as a student in chemical engineering. He took an active part in college life, both scholastically and athletically and was a member of R.M.C. track

and field team. Before he had finished his course in chemical engineering war was declared and in December of 1939 he received his certificate of qualification and in January of 1940 he joined the Royal Canadian Air Force as a Provisional Pilot Officer. He received his wings at Borden, Ontario, and, much to his regret, was posted to a Flying Instructor's Course at Trenton.

In May, 1941 S/L Sawle was posted to this station as a Flying Officer, and has been here ever since. He has progressed up the line from an instructor through the various stages of Flight Comander to Squadron Commander to the position he now holds, Chief Instructor. This position he attained in September, 1943. In April, 1943, he was awarded the Air Force Cross, a decoration which really counts for some good work well done.

Being Chief Instructor of a Service Flying Training School is no easy task, but S/L Sawle has proven himself well capable of handling the job. Flying has always been his chief interest in life, and as with most flyers, it will probably remain so.

So when you come to add it all up you find that our Chief Instructor is a pretty darn good head, and seems to know his stuff. Yes, we must admit it, "Could be Sawle Here."

Rehabilitation

During the trouble years since 1939, the question has often been asked: "Why is it that the Government can find billions of dollars for war, but never seems to be able to raise money to feed starving men in times of peace?" Perhaps the answer to this question depends not so much upon economic factors, but upon that mysterious unknown quantity, the human element.

Just what is this omnipotent body, the Government? Ever look in a mirror as you powdered your nose or shaved in the dim light of dawn? Yes, ladies and gentlemen, you are the Power that is spending all that money, you are the Body so miserly in peacetime. Remember the next time you cuss inefficiency or lack of effort on the part of the government, that some of that efficiency and effort should have come from you.

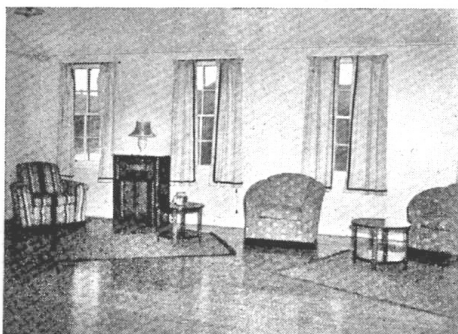
Luckily, for the post-war world, the Government is planning to carry on your affairs in a more orderly manner. Possibly you think that this rosy-hued post-war world is something for the dim distant future, and that to think of the days when everyone will be a civilian again is premature. Remember that the war analysts are busy telling us the day and hour the war will end, and that Air Minister Power is busy "rolling up" the Air Training Plan. It does not seem out of place to think of what is going to happen when the war ends.

The Dominion Government has already announced, in part, the programme for rehabilitation of those who have served in the Armed Forces. A booklet "What will I do When the War is Won" gives detailed answers to nineteen questions that might be asked with reference to what will happen to service men and women after the war. Far be it from us to suggest that Aer-Log readers become avid students of deep literature, but here is one book that all members of the R.C.A.F. should read. Not because it is a concise, clear outline of facts; but because it will give you an insight into what jobs will be available, and how you can obtain training to fit you for such jobs.

Whether you want to buy a farm, get a university education, build yourself a home, or merely be sure of getting your old job back, the Government stands ready to help you.

(Continued on page 16)

Special Events



Our W. D. Canteen

After two weeks of seeing the curiosity-raising but delicate shades of paint, the bright linoleum and cretonne lying around the W.D. canteen, it was with much eagerness that we attended the re-opening on February 23. W/C Michelson lent an air of dignity to the occasion with his fitting remarks and good wishes for our future enjoyment of our recreational gathering place.

The writing room is a delight to any feminine heart. Dainty pink walls, rose lounges and chairs, coffee tables (which, incidentally, are being carefully preserved from any sign of coffee!) and bright cretonne curtains. Of course, the inevitable writing room is present; letters may be a nuisance to write, but it's really grand to have such an inspiring room in which to write them. The same dainty atmosphere prevails in the smaller but nonetheless picturesque corporals' room.

The large rumpus room presents a more enduring and masculine appearance with its combination of pale and dark green. Our new red with black bordered linoleum is our major delight, and is acquiring, to our surprise, more shine with age.

Of course, our private WD room required no alterations, but it did manage to acquire some of our new pictures. Have you seen any of these prints yet? Some of them are really quite charming. General favorites are the pair over the piano.

Let us all strive to keep our newly-decorated canteen just as it was when the painters left it.



Sgt. Pilot and Mrs. M. G. Sweet

Wedding

On the 24th February, Sgt. Pilot Morris Greenfield Sweet took as his bride LAW Rosemary Ruth Bettes. The ceremony took place in the Station Chapel with F/L's Hepburn and Vance officiating. The bride was attended by LAW Lahd and the groom by P/O Massier. Earlier in the day the groom was presented with his wings by his bride, in the graduating exercise of Course 91. The wedding reception was held in the mess hall.

Among the many gifts received by the bridal couple was a handsome over-night bag which was presented by the mess hall staff.

The Aer-Log and its many readers would like this opportunity to wish this latest Air Force couple life-long happiness.

Congratulations are also extended to Corporal Bill Goodwin on his recent marriage to Betty Guthrie, of this city.

Many a wife claims she plays contract bridge, but the cost usually indicates she must be playing toll bridge.

Buy Your Own Copy

Headquarters in Action



No. 1—F/O J. A. Rolfe, station Adjutant; No. 2—W/C T. R. Michelson, Commanding Officer; No. 3—S/L G. L. McIntosh, Senior Accounts Officer; No. 4—Headquarters' Orderly Room with added attractions; No. 5—Accounts Orderly Room; No. 6—S/L V. P. C. Sutton, Senior Administrative Officer.

Station Headquarters

Some call it the "White House", others, a haven for lost souls. Actually, Headquarters is where the administration and welfare of all personnel is tended. If you want a holiday (say, in the Maxwell House), see the C.O. If you want a divorce, find S/L Sutton. If you want the C.O., see F/L Ness. If you want compassion, see S/O Lester. If you want a job, see the S.W.O. If you want, see F/S Ross. If your dad wrongfully lost some pay in the last war, see F/S Wilson. If you can't account for that stiff elbow, see F/S Wood, or Sgt. Jacques. If you want "service with a file", see Cpl. MacMurchie.

This rendez-vous of idealists is ably administered by very capable specialists such as S/L Sutton, S/L MacIntosh F/L Ness, F/O Paull, P/O Wallace, and S/O Lester (O.C. W.D.'s).

This so-called "White House" has always been since the organization of No. 12, and will continue to function until such time as deemed necessary to shut down, so respect its purpose and thus aid in the workings of a more efficient Unit.

Let us glance at a few personalities that go to make up the staff of Headquarters building, and who are responsible for all of its many functions.

W/C Michelson—Our Commanding Officer, whose zeal and earnest desire to "get on with it", together with his valuable background of experience, have contributed immeasurably toward the smooth-functioning of No. 12.

S/L Sutton—"The man behind the gun." Our sincere congratulations to S/L Sutton on his recent promotion. The accompanying photograph reflects, even more aptly than words, the character of our S.A.O.

S/L McIntosh—His pleasing personality compares equally with the benefits derived by his staff of financial wizards.

F/L Ness—Our new Adj. who has a weakness for the "weaker"? sex. Watch out girls! (Single, too!)

S/O Lester—Small in stature, but doing a fine job as mater of our Women's Div.

P/O Wallace—Presently O.C. Non-Public Funds, who is looking for any available gen on a "Course for Padres".

F/O "Eddie" Paull—Quiet and unassuming, but has won the respect of all for the fine job he is doing as Pay Master.

F/S "Jimmie" Wilson—Jim is an old hand at

No. 12, who has one of the toughest jobs of all, and has the knack of getting them done in a limited time. What are your hours, Jim?

F/S "Stan" Wood—Sometimes known as "Pappy Yokum", or just plain "Leery". Anyhoo, he's the big noise in the Accounts Section. He really has a wife, too!!

Phyllis Dunford—Has been at No. 12 long enough to save enough dough for N.P.F. to build our bowling alleys.

Cpl. MacMurchie—She has the reputation of being N.C.O. i/c of the best C.R. in Command. A very pleasing character, whose smile is known to all.

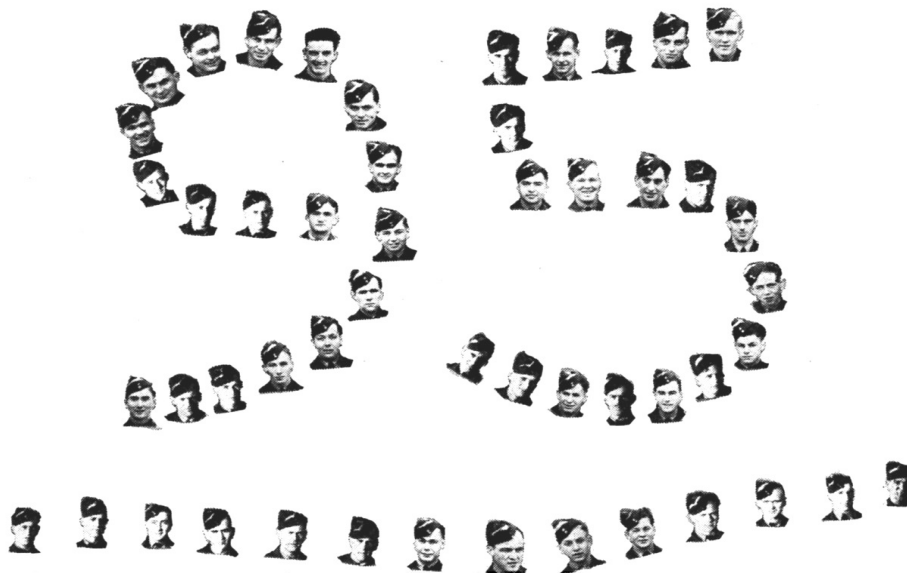
Sgt. "Fay" Ford—Usually found on duty 24 hours a day in Station O.R. Her soft-spoken and pleasant manner conceal a profound knowledge of Service Regulations which stands the test of many questions from all quarters.

Cpl. "Blondie" Proudlove—"The round man"—Our sturdy Corporal i/c Gestetner Room, whose rosy countenance and bland manner are well known to all, and whose most often heard moan is "A thousand copies! Where am I going to get the paper? Don't you know there's a war on?" But Earl always manages to take care of the needs of all sections and his efforts are certainly appreciated.

F/S "Howie" Ross—Has lately shown signs of absent-mindedness, and is often seen holding his head in his hands! But those of us who know him suspect that he is merely in deep thought! Seriously, Howie is the guiding light of the Station O.R. His cheery disposition and willingness to lend a helping hand are an inspiration to all, and contribute largely to a smooth-functioning organization.

W.O.2 MacDonald—Would appear to be a spark plug that never wears out, judging from the numerous parades to the C.O.'s office, which disturb the peace of O.R. and C.R., and wake everyone up with a start. But we can rest assured that WO2 MacDonald is always on the job and takes good care of bad actors! and earnestly endeavors to help all concerned — plays no favorites.

As space in "Aer-Log" is limited we regret it is impossible to mention all of our staff. But to say the least, they are all doing an essential job to aid in an ultimate VICTORY.



"C" and "D" Flights

Even in this day and age the name Columbus is a by-word in navigation, when Course 95 came through final G.I.S. examinations led by none other than our own 20th century "Chris" Columbus. In addition to being outstanding in navigation, "Chris" led the course with an average of 89.6%—a very creditable effort. The remainder of the course followed through to mark up a course average of 79%, which is one of No. 12's best showings.

At time of writing "D" flight is at Chater, while "C" is in BAT flight. It is expected that the floors at Chater will not require too much wax when "C" arrives but representations are being made to pension authorities to include "Housemaid's Knee" and "Dishpan Hands" as permanent service disabilities—just in case. Operations at Chater are under the direction of F/L Fuller, o/c of "D", and F/O Findlay, o/c of "C".

In the graduating class Canada is well represented, from coast to coast, not to mention Cpl. Culm and his "RAF Chaps" and the boys from New Zealand. Brandon has been fortunate to be graced with the many and varied outstanding personalities, especially Port Alberni Jorgenson of Vancouver Island, and Gentleman Jim Gillis of Cape Breton.

Ottawa's gift to the west (not to mention the W.D.'s—and his initials aren't W.D. with-

out good reason), is none other than "Dick" Ostrom who silhouettes his midnight pantomines with station street lamps — without charge. Cpl. Culm's RAF chaps maintain the dignity of the RAF with their carefully descriptive adjectives. "Jock" Campbell's humorous stories are usually reserved for 48's to give us time to separate the humour—Saccharine tablets, for example. New Zealand blesses our midst with CEC. Cotter, Eric Williams, Graeme Nichols, "Ben" Bolt and the redoubtable Cormick who pays his log book rumbles "with interest" in his own inimitable way.

Sergeant "Jimmy" Ewart, our course senior, is the veteran of the gang, a remuster from accounts. He cites promptness and ever reminds us—"Take Finch for example". Oh, well, Stan knew a man who was there. Last but not least, "Stew" Heath, the former Ottawa redcoat, is a zealous frequenter of Intelligence library—we did use a "z".

And so we look forward to Wings Parade, the big day in all our lives, well knowing that the parade will be half over when Angus brings his foot to the floor in the halt. We have accomplished much work together and we have had a lot of fun. If we carry the same spirit with us when we leave No. 12 the future will hold much for us. To our instructors, one and all—our appreciation.

News and Views

W.D. FLASHES

Everyone agrees that shiny noses just aren't the order of the day for any young lass. However, the shiny beacons you've seen around camp during the last week were due to a round or two with Ye Olde Grindstone of Study—for the Trade Test. Yes, the girls were quite the little stay-at-homes, while they crammed for that test. Our congratulations to those who were successful in obtaining that coveted higher grouping.

The many empty beds in the barack blocks are but mute evidence of the emptiness that come into the lives of many of us as we carry on the Battle of Brandon while our buddies are posted to other fields. To them, and to our four girls who are at last gaining their "extended leave of absence", we tender our best wishes for Happy Landings.

Hut 20 East was the abode of Sgt. Wilson, when she was at home to her many friends in the Women's Division, but her welcome presence often brought sunshine to the members of the other hut, 32, where she spent many hours. Needless to say, we miss her, but our loss is Dauphin's gain. Good luck, Sgt. Beth Wilson!

The burning question of the day concerns the exodus from Hut 20—and we do mean 20 East—to Hut 32. Could it be because of a paint job now in progress in Hut 20.

The Station Hospital seems to be a popular place for the W.D.'s to congregate these days. Of course, you know, we are only going to visit our friends who are confined there. You will soon have to get that cast filled with names, Florence, because there's a new one coming up soon, we hear. Notable among the absentees is LAW "Polly" Polito, who is spending some time in Deer Lodge, in Winnipeg. Hurry back, Polly. Incidentally, there is a song bird missing in Hut 32E, and the canaries aren't the only ones who miss your whistling, Mae.

Second question of the day—was a "hot-foot" the only way of raising the temperature in Hut 20E when the heat went off the other night? Ask Corporal Chesney, who is expert in the "Hot-Foot-a-la-Iron" business.

Two sets of congratulations are on their way to sweet Ruth Betts, now Mrs. M. G. Sweet; one for a happy wedded life, and the other on the success of her battle against the measles.

One last question, may I? Why did Major

"HOSPITAL INJECTIONS"

The motto of the Medical Branch of the R.C.A.F. "Necar Dua Terrent" means we are not afraid of hard work, for many busy days and nights have been put in by our organization.

Oft times our M.O.'s, S/L Williams, F/L Duncan and F/L Brown face a morning Sick Parade, which compares favorably to a Pay Parade in its length. The guardian of our lengthy parades is LAC Gibling, who patiently ushers the sick and malingering into the Medical Inspection Room.

In addition to our doctors, we have three very capable nursing sisters. The Senior Nursing Sister, Sister Cleary, is in charge of the "up patients" whom we are told, work their way out of the hospital.

The atmosphere of the operating room is considerably brightened by the presence of N/S Dixon, who for the information of any curious "post-ops" is engaged. Completing the roster is N/S Todd, who most of us know on sight.

Upon admission, the newcomer soon becomes acquainted with Sgt. Major, everybody's darling; busy Cpl. Lee and LAW's Sanderson, Surko and Fisher.

Across the hall from the operating room is the sanctus sanctorum of our good friend Cpl. Doake and his able assistant LAW Erskine.

Our Orderly Room boasts two old timers, Cpl. Collins and F/S Armstrong. Aiding and abetting these veterans are LAW's Rawluk (Cuddles to you), Scott (very shy) and Thornton.

Attending the welfare of the patients is Cpl. Tompkins and LAW's Thompson and Moffat. We understand that Moffat is an avid correspondent with a Sergeant in Winnipeg.

Completing our informal tour of the hospital is the dispensary. In this all-important section WO2 McCutcheon and LAW Best can be found mixing up their health-restoring potions, pills and powders.

Hartley have so much trouble getting into her bunk one night last week? Could its elaborate wrappings have been in retaliation for the attentions the Major lavished on so many bunks earlier in the afternoon of the same day, or is it just that title, Major?

There's the checkered flag. Guess I'm washed out until another month has rolled by. Fly 'em high, W.D.'s!

Behind the Kingpin

The third quarter of the Brandon City League ended in disaster for the Corporal's trundlers who found themselves well fixed in the cellar. The Senior N.C.O.'s lost to the Canadian National Railways aggregation by one game.

With the finals approaching in the fourth and last quarter our Corporals have found a new life, and are at present in the play-off position with a two-game lead.

Maintenance Bowling League finished its third quarter with those pin-pushing Hypodermics punching in a three game finish to win the quarter, one game ahead of the Isn't Its, Blue Bombers, and Spark Plugs. The Wolfdens have served notice, after holding down the cellar position all season, that they are going to be in the play-offs. LAC Powley and his gang are right on top of the league in the final quarter tied with LAC Rochon and his Blue Bombers. Bowling averages at present find Cpl. Hamata on top with an average of 241, LAC Adams and F/S Jimmie Clarke 224, Cpl. Cherpeta 222 and Cpl. Soucy 204. In the ladies, Cpl. Herb Wilson's wife, Marjorie, leads the fairer sex with 169, followed by Marj. Kirk of the Control Tower, with 167.

Off the Backboard

The male hoop squad portrayed a high degree of skill and tenacity in their twenty-three games this season. No. 12 backboard artists dropped only five of these tussles throughout their numerous brilliant performances. Their next engagement will be a play-off series with A-15 at Shilo and from all indications it should provide some keen competition from both aggregations.

Early in February the boys copped the Challenge Cup subsequent to a close victory over "M" Depot. Unfortunately postings subtracted a potential winning strength from our team when Martin, Wright, Aband and Oppenheimer acquired their clearances.

The following week Paulson made a bid for the Challenge trophy and after a well-fought battle walked off with the silverware. Oppenheimer once again stepped into the spotlight but this time for the B. & G. boys.

LATE SPORT FLASHES

March 15th, No. 12 hoop squad won out against A15 (Shilo) basket artists, 37-35. Moun starred for No. 12 while Mason was the spark plug for the A15 boys. Nicoll of our squad did a fine job in holding Kerr, the Shilo ace, to 4 points.

In the Sport Light

Across the Blue-line

The March 7th hockey clash proved disappointing for the supporters of our station hockey aggregation. After dropping the first play-off tussle to Shilo 6-3 on February 28th, No. 12 pucksters retaliated with a 6-2 victory, locking the series for the third and final event. The final took place at Neepawa. It was a case of "do or die" in which we unfortunately didn't "dood it".

Shilo shattered our hockey "dreams" very abruptly and advanced further into the play-offs by decisively eliminating our squad in a 10-3 overthrow. The A3 puck-chasers deserved their victory but the score certainly was not indicative of the play. The foray was an exceptionally fast and ruggedly-played battle with very little to choose from between the two teams, with Shilo capitalizing on a few breaks.

All of us enjoyed our series with A3 and sincerely hope they maintain their sharp blades throughout their oncoming series with Dauphin.

We wish to express appreciation for the invaluable assistance afforded us by the untiring efforts of our manager and coach, Captain Goodison.

W. D. Basketball Flashes

Once again Coach "Doug" Flewelling lived up to his reputable name by supplying the station with a capable, well balanced and well organized basket ball team.

Last month the girls came through with flying colors when they defeated Rivers, 38-20. This was followed by another triumph when they defeated Shilo 28-18, keeping No. 12 on top of the league. Shilo and Rivers have another game to go and the winners will compete against our girls. So let's turn out in full force and support them.

Although Paulson is not in our league, they played a fine game last week, ending up with a score of 27-21. Captain Phil Dunford and "Cuddles" Rawluc of our own squad, flashed into the limelight with a brilliant performance, although it was not sufficient to overcome the smooth passing attack of Paulson.

Turning the Spotlight on the Girls

Phil Dunford is captain of the aggregation, and an all around good player. Pat Patterson is one of our best forwards and the long shot artist. Eva Turner is excellent either on offensive or defensive. Cuddles Rawluk is a star forward and no matter what the angle it's a basket. Clare Casey, guard, is the squad's tower of strength. Gathie McLeod, recent addition to the team, is proving to be a good forward. Clair LaMothe, also a newcomer, is a sharp shooter. Dot Thornton, our blonde bomber, keeps a careful eye on the basket.

Mary Sriver, forward, and our tallest player, is a thorn on the side of any opposition. Audrey Mobley, a recent addition, has all the showings of a good player. Babe Best, fresh from an operational unit in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, is a real hustler. Tommy Thompson, a good checker, knows all the tricks. Jean McLaughlin, best conditioned player on the team, is a decided asset to the team.

The basketball team wishes to thank S/O Lester for the keen interest she has manifested towards the basket artists.

The hockey sensation of the season happened Tuesday, 14th, when a former Montreal Canadian star, Savage, sparked the No. 12 pucksters to a 10-2 victory over the Invincible Yorkton. The team-work of Stewart and Savage on defence was the highlight of the evening.

Male Call



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



I Dream Of Genii



Cross Sections

EQUIPMENT SECTION

The monthly advent of the auditors into our section, is indeed ample reason for palpitating hearts and generally causes a case of the jitters for all.

Nonchalantly we let them in to browse around, and hope against hope that they will admire the efficiency with which we have juggled the ledgers.

Then comes the rude awakening! One character has started to itemize lists, and with a grim look goes to town and counts figures which unfortunately run into thousands. Of course, he can't count! His final figure does not even compare with what we have proved in black and white. Further, he uncannily brings to light a deficiency whose full day of reckoning was postponed pending this audit visit. Unhappily we proceed to unearth all past history and in so doing, cause a few more of our best customers to have the jitters. There is one consolation: we have stuck with our motto—"WE WILLINGLY DISTRIBUTE OUR WORRIES WITH OUR ISSUES". It is with a sigh of relief and a wiping of fevered brows that we bid the auditors farewell after their monthly visit.

THE AIRMEN'S HOME AWAY FROM HOME

"One beer, two beer, three beer, one coffee", that's the way things run in the Airmen's canteen. In one corner of the huge lounge there are to be seen a few industrious young fellows with their noses buried in a book (studying, of course), in another corner are the boys who like to write letters or sit quietly and chat, in the remainder of the room are the boys on the station who like to sit and shoot — pardon me — I mean play bridge. Papa Wright is always on hand to settle any disputes and anyone who feels the need of a fatherly shoulder to confess their sins upon, has only to look around for Papa Bill and there it is. In the dry Canteen, where the food is unsurpassed, are a great number of the more conscientious boys who prefer a good stiff milk shake to what is usually called one of the "finer arts". In the wet Canteen it is a different story—very few of the boys are ever seen walking out of there. (They usually have to be carried out.) Well, fellows, there

ACCOUNTS SECTION

Money here, money there, in fact, there is money everywhere, but just try and get it. Yes, even we lament the fact now. Oh well, maybe those auditors will leave soon.

Our poor little F/S Stanley Wood gapes up with a blank look on his face when he is asked o'er and o'er, "What's this Flight?" And by the way, Anne Poole, did you try converting the Conversion Voucher Register? Please! Not that of all things. Auditors really are such nuisances.

All Headquarters was aware of the fact that Alec Rowbottom, now a P/O Auditor, was back on the station last Friday. No, he hasn't changed a bit. Congratulations anyway, Alec, you look very smart in your new uniform.

S/L McIntosh was convinced this week that "Great McCrea" was a reality when a faint da-da was relayed over the wires from Lethbridge. You may have priority with your wife, sir, but it certainly doesn't appear that you have priority with the Trans Canada Airways.

We were all sorry to say goodbye to LAC Bill Surtees who was posted to Gimli recently. The best of luck to you Bill at your new station.

Surely all you tall, good-looking airmen on this station have quit complaining about the girls around this place being too short. Or have you met the new addition to our staff? No, you wouldn't have to perch her up on a higher step at night. Ask Cpl. Mary Bright about her kid sister Lois, she'll co-operate, you may be sure.

Mr. Wallace, did you take your revised edition of Webster's Dictionary with you on leave? It has been so quiet around here for the last week that we thought of appointing a protom. However, on second thought, we decided to forget the whole matter. For we began to wonder if all those beautiful, soft phrases were even in your revised edition.

Sorry, but we must say toodle--oo for now. See you in the next edition.

doesn't seem to be much more we can say about the canteen except—"Have you a guilty conscience? Which side do you frequent?" Tch, tch, I don't blame you, things do get very boring at times, don't they?

"Oh, give me a home—"



Civilian Stenos.

Greetings from the civilian clerks and stenographers in this our first contribution to the "Aer-Log".

We made our debut at No. 12 S.F.T.S. in the spring of 1941, during the months of April and May, and so have been able to witness the growth and development of the station since its inception. In fact, Frances Lovatt of Works and Buildings, has seen it expand from a small collection of insignificant huts to its present size, having been employed by the Engineer in charge of construction in the fall of 1940.

May we then, in retrospect, take you back briefly to the days when No. 12 was still in the process of construction and undergoing all the difficulties of reorganization preparatory to taking its place in the B.C.A.T.P. Bringing that into the cold light of reality, it simply meant to us that bus transportation was nil, the roads in and around the camp area were quagmires, and the offices were in a general state of bare necessity.

However, our problems had their amusing moments. One incident in particular is recalled. (We hope Vera won't mind!). It occurred one day when we were compelled to walk from the highway down the newly graded road, which was a veritable sea of mud and slush due to the spring thaw, and down which no respectable car would travel. We had struggled valiantly for some distance before we noticed that Vera Higenbottam, who works in Maintenance, was in difficulties, having got stuck so firmly in the mud that she lost both rubbers and shoes, and it required the assistance of an M.T. vehicle (or was it the driver?) to free her!

Until the spring thaw was over, progress on road construction was delayed considerably,

and many an officer and airman were seen lifting their trouser legs daintily to avoid the mud!

At this time, too, in view of the fact that this was supposed to be a flying training school, aircraft were very conspicuous by their absence, and the odd few which arrived during that first month were a source of great interest to all of us. Of course, now we don't even notice them!

But enough of reminiscing. Coming back to the present, with almost three years of experience at No. 12 behind us, we can acknowledge with pride the valuable contribution which this station has made toward the fight to suppress the tyranny and evil forces of Nazism which rose as a threat to the freedom of the whole world.

We regret that at the time the above photograph was taken, Jane Tomlinson, C.R. clerk, was unable to be with us due to having to undergo an operation for appendicitis. We wish her a speedy recovery and are looking forward to her return.

Also missing from the photograph are Barbara Townson of the Equipment Section, Nora Grainger, of Accounts, and Mary MacAuley of Maintenance, who have joined our ranks more recently.

Murmurs from the Mess

Many and loud are the murmurs these days as hungry airmen wait in line for their meal. Cheer up, fellows, it won't be for long, but the mess staff have to get in their furloughs before the first of the month you know.

Incidentally how do you like the newly painted tables? We like them and take this opportunity to thank those responsible for having them done.

Have you read the notices on the bulletin board lately? No? Well, you'd better get busy. We want lots of criticisms and suggestions to say nothing of praises at our next Mess Committee meeting. Just pass on your "beef" to a member of the committee and F/L "Tex" Hamilton will see what can be done about it.

Now the end is in sight and not a word about staff this month. Confidentially we think maybe some day we're going to have our "pictures took" and then you'll all hear about us.

So-long for now — we'll be seeing you at supper time.

Features

Deer Rufus:

Moleville.

Heering about yer wonderful progrerss and advantsments has maid me so happie. i alwas new you wud maik a grate ocifer, but i never thot even you cud get to the ocifers mes so fast. you keep tockin so much about wot the WDs is doin tho and i dont like that. Do you no them al? i hop they dont leed you astray. i hv heerd they are an orful bad lot in fac i saw one on the trane wen it past thru yester-doe and she wax smoking and had sum of that redd stuff on her lips that city gurls where so i no she wax a hussy.

Things back hear on the farm is the same as ever. Pop stil sleeps in ontill five o'clock and them says oh deer why dint i get up earlyer now I'll neevr get the chores did be4 the boys get heer for thede mornin crap game and he saves time by skeppen breadfast and just milkin Bess on one side but i dont think she likes it coz she bellers orful fr awil.

I chernd for pounds of butter this mornin. it tooke a hec of a long time comin, and i dont know why coz the milk was out in the woodshed all nite an was alreddy thic from the ice when i started. Wen i was workin it it slipped out onto the floor 3 times but eye dont think that hert it eny coz it wuz about twicet as big when eye was thru. Ma sez I'll make a good exnomical farmers wife coz eye always make the most of things like that.

Pop still doesnt think a gal with all my educatun shud Mary a ignoramus lik you but eye keep tellin him wot a success you ar and how everyboddy iz sew produe ov you and eye think he mite give in yet.

Ma is hevin a awful lot of trubble. She keeps scratshun and scratchun and then a littul black thing crols aweigh. i don't no wot they are but last Sundy that stuck up misses Smith who sits behin us in church started too screem and sed one of the black things got on her i dont no why shees so fussy wot would she do if she had thousands of them like me. The preacher was nice tho, and he told ma that if she'd tuk a bath once a month instedd of ject in the spring and fall she'd get ridd of em. It sounds awful craizy to me, and I dont see how it kin be helthly, but it waz swell of him two try 2 be helpfull, I no he ment well. He preeched a good cermon after that about

Washout

(Ode to U/T Navigators)

My flying days are over
My helmet's laid away,
My wings are clipped close to my sides,
My dreams have gone astray.
No longer can I . . . like the gull
Soar, dive and fly.
No longer can I chase the clouds,
Chained to earth . . . am I.

How well my mind still visions
My classmates eager, true;
They toss their hearts up in the sky
To chase it in the blue;
Soaring, climbing, banking, diving,
Graceful birdlike things.
Oh . . . how I envy those who fly,
I wish . . . that I had wings.

Yet still I know 'tis not for me,
My niche I haven't found;
Perhaps 'tis written in the book
That I stay on the ground
To keep them flying . . . Planes and men
Must be the job for me.
For deep inside . . . I burn with pride
As wings . . . spell victory.

bean kind to thoes who dont no as much as you do so wen i went in to see your Uncle Ezry on the way hom from church & found him writin a letter to you i shoed him how you spell hoarses with a oa in the middle so i don my good deed fer twoday & i no it wud mak thhe preecher verie happie.

Well i got 2 go and taik sum pies out of the ovin now. they been in too hrs and it smells kinda peeculyiar.

Luv,

Mabel.

PS These is fer you XXXXXXXX
PSS So is these OOOOOOOOOO
PSSS Aint PSs handy?

RABBITS

Rabbits have more fun than people.
Why do rabbits have more fun than people?
Because there are more rabbits than people.
Why are there more rabbits than people?
Because rabbits have more fun than people!

Phun

WAR IS HELL

"Well, men, there's our objective,"
Our valiant Sergeant said,
"The zero hour approaches;
Our course is straight ahead."

Our men stood grimly waiting
To meet their supreme test;
They knew that in this battle
Each one must give his best.

At last the Sergeant signalled;
We charged and charged again.
The dust of combat cloaked a mass
Of bloody, milling men.

A few stormed the objective,
The rest lay where they fell;
That's how we catch the bus to town—
Yes, brother, war is hell.

The shades of nite were falling fast,
As for a kiss he asked her;
She must have answered "Yes!" because
The shades came down much faster.

A man's hat is like a girl's stocking be-
cause it is often felt.

THE 12th PSALM

The Anson is my plane,
I shall not want another.
It leadeth me down the runway
It maketh me to take off.
Yea, though I soar through the shadow of
clouds
I fear no evil, for I have a navigator.
Surely section lines and railroads shall help
me,
And I shall reach No. 12 Service safely!

Ruth rode on my cycle car
Directly back of me.
I hit a bump at sixty-five
And rode on ruthlessly.

Some girls will neck in cars, it's true,
But there are lots that won't.
In fact, compared with those who do
The woods are full of those who don't.

Airman—How about a little kiss, honey?

W.D.—No! I have scruples.

Airman—That's alright, I've been vaccin-
ated.



No darling, it wasn't a stork. It was a man in a Crane!

By E. N. Sharpe.

SHORT STORY

MOONLIGHT ILLUSION

"It had been raining all day but with the arrival of night the sky had cleared. Overhead a moon shone down on the slow rolling fields of un-cut wheat. In the pygmy valleys of the foothills had accumulated a waist-deep mist and as the scene slowly unravelled before me the mist seemed to be lonesomely wandering like a spirit, everlastingly seeking a home. It was one of those nights when the very soul is gripped with the intensity of the beauty and is filled with wonder. Even the jarring of the wheels on the rails added in some fantastic way to the situation.

"I had had to run hard to catch the freight and now lay exhaustedly panting, with my stomach against the floor of the car, watching the changing scene before me. It was some time before I caught my breath, stood up, and glanced around me. I had had a cold and fever from the rain all day and as a consequence was feeling very light headed that night, and upon seeing a pile of straw in one corner I settled down and was soon fast asleep.

"It must have been some hours later, for the position of the moon had changed, that I woke with the feeling that I was not alone. I wasn't.

"He sat well back in the car on a pile of straw, half hidden by it, so that the lower section of his body was not visible. His face and arms showed clearly though—almost too clearly in fact, for as I looked he seemed to be, in the half-light cast by the moon—transparent.

"I swallowed, trying to convince myself it was merely my imagination or a trick of the moonlight that had made him seem as he did.

"'It does seem weird,' he said as if the topic were the unreality of the night. A pause, and then, 'Do you believe in the supernatural?'

"I was, to say the least, rather startled by the statement, and even more so by the question, but thinking he was joking, I replied in a jesting manner that never on any occasion had I had any social contact with spirits and furthermore I didn't believe in such a thing.

"In the darkness he seemed to smile. 'Well,' he said, 'it was on a night exactly like this and not far from here that I once boarded a freight. The moon was a faint mist, making the scenery seem distant and then close; sta-

tionary and then moving, as if one were seeing things in a trance.

"'I climbed aboard,' he continued, 'just as you did a few minutes ago, exhausted from my run, and lay down for a while before I realized someone was with me. I came over to him and we talked for a while. We discussed the night and its ever changing panorama or at least I did, for he remained very quiet, until some sixth sense warned me that everything was not as it should be. Somewhere, somehow, something was lacking in the make-up of the man. Possibly it was the sallow appearance of his face as the moonlight played on him, or maybe the manner in which he inhaled his cigarette, letting the smoke sink deep into his lungs and never seeming to exhale it.'

"The train rounded a corner so that the moon shone fully upon him. I glanced fearfully at him and realized with a sinking sensation in my stomach that he himself was not exhaling the smoke, but seemed to be absorbing it into his body. This time I was sure he was transparent. My fingers on the dunnage bag were clenched as rigidly as death. Rivulets of cold perspiration began to course down my face. Vaguely I wondered if I had the strength to run. I looked closer and my strength left me completely. Never while I live, do I hope to have occasion to look upon such a face of agony, despair, loneliness and sorrow that showed in every line and hollow of his cheeks. His eyes seemed to hold the secret of the sorrow of life and death, the regret of all things yet to be done or left undone. The pity for all men's strugglings, and the anguish of a soul in pleading torment were in them. These things were etched into my memory from the depths of his haunted eyes.

"He went on . . . 'I can still feel that awful sensation as he told me in a low voice that he

(Continued on page 16)

NOTICE !!

TO THE HOLDERS OF COPIES NUMBERED
4000 — 4255 — 4666

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.

This 'n That

Ten Commandments of Courtship

Under the direction of their pastor, the Rev. Dean Parker, the young men of a Michigan church drew up the following decalogue for the girls of their acquaintanceship on the matter of boy and girl relationships:

1. Thou shalt have no other boy friends before or after me, for I am thy lord who has brought thee out of bondage and shown thee a good time.
2. Thou shalt not make thy face like a graven image, or likeness of anything that is found in a drug store advertisement or a popular magazine.
3. Thou shalt not boast of other boy friends, for I, thy lord, am a jealous boy friend, visiting vengeance upon them that cross me.
4. That shalt not take the name of thy boy friend in vain or gossip about him.
5. Remember thy date to keep it holy, and break it not at the last minute. Six days shalt thou labor to make thyself attractive, so that on the seventh we may have an exceedingly good time.
6. Honor thy father and thy mother that thy dates are not too long and thou comest not in at 2 or 3 in the morning and provoke them to anger.
7. Thou shalt not steal another girl's boy friend.
8. Thou shalt not kill thy friend's affection by emptying his pocketbook.
9. Thou shalt not covet expensive luxuries such as super banana splits, four-course meals. T-bone steaks and orchids.
10. Thou shalt not bear false witness by handing thy boy friend a line which causes him to think you are an angel from heaven.

MISTAKES

When a plumber makes a mistake he charges twice for it.

When a lawyer makes a mistake, he can ask for a re-trial.

When a carpenter makes a mistake, it's just what he expects.

When a doctor makes a mistake he buries it.

When a judge makes a mistake it becomes the law of the land.

When a preacher makes a mistake, nobody knows the difference.

But when an OFFICER makes a mistake, GOOD NITE!

It is rumored that the girls and boys in Vancouver wash their hands and face in the mornings and neck at nite.

The Jap's "Zero" resemble a pair of step-ins in that they need only a yank to bring them down.

A girl you'd like
Is little Ramona.
And best about her
Is her silk kimona.



Little Red Riding Hood had only one wolf to contend with whereas the modern girl meets one on every corner.

Azimuth—A bronchial disease cured by living in a hot climate.

Odds 'n Ends

SHORT STORY

(Continued from page 14)

had the power of foreseeing the future and stated that around the next turn the tracks had been washed out by the recent rains. I was too startled to move and the next instant he slowly began to disappear from my view. But before he went completely he told me that if I died that night I would be doomed to ride that freight on that road constantly keeping a lookout for riders.

"Slowly he was disappearing from my vision . . . But I barely heard his last words. 'I am warning you, make the most of your time. The tracks at the next turn are washed out. Jump now. It is the next turn. Jump!'

"I remember screaming in my sleep, and then waking with the cold sweat running down my face. Still ringing in my ears were the words of warning, 'Jump now!'

"But somehow I couldn't. Every muscle in my body seemed paralyzed. Try as I might, nothing moved. Long shudders began to run through me and my legs began to tremble. Suddenly the train gave a lurch. I know this saved my life, for something snapped inside of me. I remember stumbling across the sway-ink car and diving for the door. As I struck the ground and rolled over, I heard the grinding and screaming of metal as the engine hit the next turn and jumped the track. That's all I remember!

"The doctor and his white robed assistant smiled. 'You'd be lucky if you remembered half of what you did with that fever and the broken leg you have.'"

When a guy can read a gal like book, he's usually just poring over her lines.

MOMENTARY LAPSE

Wife (to drunken husband): "Dear, let's go to bed."

Husband: "May as well, I'll catch hell when I get home, anyway."

—Airforce Review.

During a quiz held in the foyer of a hotel, one Miss was asked what she preferred in a husband—talent, appearance or wealth. Her answer was: "Appearance—and the sooner the better."—Calgary Herald.

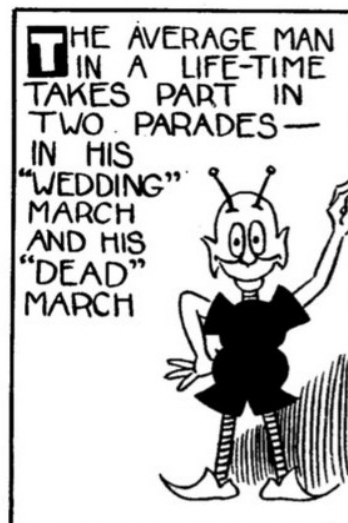
REHABILITATION

(Continued from page 2)

Suppose, for example, you wish to obtain that farm and it was priced at \$6,000. You would be asked to come through with a down payment of \$480—here is where those Victory Bonds will really be useful. After monthly payments of \$16 plus the inevitable taxes, the place will be your very own. In a similar manner a commercial fishing outfit, or a home for a man employed in commerce or industry may be purchased. In all of these arrangements, the Government not only finances the scheme, but also pays a large part (approximately one-third) of the costs outright.

Plans for vocational and technical training, and university courses are wide in scope. There should be no complaints that time spent in the services has robbed a man or woman of the opportunity to learn how to earn a living in civil life. Everyone has a chance to learn, whether you wish to complete your Grade 6 or take a post-graduate university course.

But read this booklet and learn all about it for yourself. At the same time remember that the war has to be won before we can put into practise any thoughts we may have regarding those fine homes and wonderful civilian jobs we are all going to obtain in the post-war world.



*Film Attractions for
April, 1944*

April	2 - 3	The Desert Song
"	4 - 5	Flesh and Fantasy
"	6 - 7	None Shall Escape
"	9 - 10	Song of Russia
"	11 - 12	The Frisco Kid
"	13 - 14	Tender Comrade
"	16 - 17	The Heavenly Body
"	18 - 19	Escape to Danger
"	20 - 21	No Time for Love
"	23 - 24	What a Woman
"	25 - 26	In Our Time
"	27 - 28	The Uninvited
"	30 - May 1	Broadway Rhythm

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FROM

Flo J. HOGG

" 12 S. F. T. S

BRANDON, MAN.



TO

MRS J. HOGG

WARREN,

MAN.

CANADA

Fasten Here