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MAY, 1944

TEN FIFTEEN CENTS THE COPY

L.A.C. JUZAK, F.

12 S.F.T.S BRANSON • MAN •

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

R.N.Z.A.F.

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R.A.A.F.

Aer-Log

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

Editorial

With this, the May issue of Aer-Log, we inaugurate a new policy and a reduced price.

The new price of this magazine will be 10c per copy—the new policy, it is hoped, will make it worth a great deal more than that.

It is intended that Aer-Log will be a magazine not only for the personnel of this Station, but also by them. Contributions of any type or description will be most welcome and, as far as possible, will be used, as space permits, under a by-line giving credit to their authors. Where, because of circumstances, an article must be rejected, an acknowledgment will be forwarded to the contributor explaining the reason for rejection and urging him to try again.

At various strategic points on the Station are located Aer-Log Suggestion Boxes. These were placed there for the sole purpose of making it easier for everyone to contribute items of interest to their Station magazine. If this magazine is to be made interesting, you and you only can make it so. Your fellow airmen and airwomen are all potential items of interest—things that others on this Station would be glad to hear about are often noticed in the most unlikely places. Dig them out and write about them, and send in your contributions to Aer-Log.

If it's printable we'll print it.

The First Page

(Contributed)

Almost since the first day of the war people have been talking and thinking about the day when the war would be over. Many of the boys who volunteered for service the first week of the war were afraid, in their thirst for action, that it would be all over before they got there. Many people shared that belief. But we soon discovered that we had a real fight on our hands.

It wasn't long though, before the post-war discussions popped into prominence again, in a demand that Churchill and other leaders state their post-war policies. At the time, no one could be very certain that these policies would not be dictated by an ambitious planner from Berchtesgarden.

During the past months military events have taken a definite turn for the better. Almost everybody now has his own private post-war plan—domestic or international. It really looks as though we are on the road to victory. Once again we are finding men, as at the beginning of the war, who fear they will not finish their training and see action before it's all over. The idea has become very prevalent that the war is practically over.

Let's hope it is. But on the other hand we may be as mistaken in thinking it is all over now, as were those who thought, at the beginning, that it would last only a few weeks. There are two grave dangers in this attitude. Relaxing in our efforts and thinking we can coast to victory; and growing so war-weary, if victory does not come in the short time we expect it, that we are willing to make a deal with our enemies in order to get it over with.

The news almost any day ought to convince us that neither the Germans nor the Japs are the type of enemy against whom we can coast to victory. They are tough, resourceful and well trained, and no more inclined to give up easily than we are. The whole history of the war too, should convince us that neither the Germans nor the Japs are the type of people with whom to make deals. Not, at least, until we have clipped their claws and pulled their teeth.

The people at the fighting fronts appreciate these facts. Back here we are apt to get extremely concerned about our rations of butter or beer. We have become so used to the headlines that they no longer shock us. Thou-

sands are starving in China, India and Greece; other thousands are dying on the Russian front; half the people of conquered Europe are literally slaves; families are ruthlessly broken up and civilians murdered in cold blood; Canadian, British and American prisoners of war have been tortured and murdered in Japan; we hear, but the facts do not register.

But there is a war on still. The blood, sweat and tears are not all over yet. It is up to us in Training Command to put just as much energy, thought and devotion into our jobs as the boys on the fighting front are doing. Training and morale are two of the important factors that mean the difference between winning or losing a battle or a war. The way you and everybody else on this station does his job is what makes morale. It is our attitude toward our work and the spirit we put into it. And, believe it or not, the quality of training given and the morale developed at this station will affect the length of the war. Maybe you think your job and your station are pretty grim. They're just what you make them. But brother, think it over, as far as we're concerned it's a pretty comfortable war. Let's put all we've got into it now, and bring in that post-war world as speedily as possible.

An amusing letter from the mother of an American soldier to her soldier son, serving in Australia, is published in an Australian newspaper. This is what she wrote:

"Just a few lines to let you know that your father commenced work yesterday—his first job in 40 years. He is earning 21 dollars and 67 cents per week, so we decided to instal one of those new-fangled bathrooms. It was installed and completed yesterday. In one corner there is a big white trough like what the pigs drink out of. Well, you get in this, and have a wash all over. In the other corner there is a basin and you have a light wash in this, such as the face and hands. But in the other corner, well you have no idea. You put one foot in and wash it, then pull the chain and you have clean water for the other foot. There were two boards supplied with this. One we are using for a bread board, and we have framed father's photo with the other one. They are a marvellous firm to deal with, for they also sent us six rolls of writing paper."

K. of C. Korner

By Fred Tadman.

Mixed in somewhere between parades, route marches, fire picquet, duty watch, lectures, etc., we hope all of you will somehow find time and energy to participate in one or more of the Station activities.

One of the most popular is the Rifle Club, which meets Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday evenings, from 1900 to 2200 hours, the range being in the Curling Rink.

Another activity which is becoming increasingly popular is the Hobby Club. Sgt. Walker, in Clothing Stores, knows all the angles in regards to this Club—so if interested please contact him.

For the Airmen who like to mingle with the girls (are there any who don't?) the Wednesday night Open House in the W.D. Canteen affords them this golden opportunity. Then, too, the W.D. Canteen Saturday Night is now "in bounds" to the Airmen!

If you are interested in some of the better things in life (and we don't mean W.D.'s!), then we trust you have been attending the Music Appreciation Hour held every Sunday evening in the Library Lounge. If you have not, you've been missing something really worthwhile.

For sports enthusiasts, equipment is available for softball, hardball, soccer, etc. Golf can be played on the Brandon courses, and we hope to have a golf tournament arranged very shortly. Work is being done on our Tennis Courts, and these should be ready before the end of the month. As in former years, there will be an inter-section softball league, as well as a station softball and hardball team, and we hope all you people interested will get out and play!

The K. of C. Office is open to anyone, and we want you to feel free to drop in at any time.

I wish I were a Kangaroo
Despite his funny stances,
I'd have a place to put the junk
My gal takes to the dances.

M.O.: The best thing you can do is give up smoking, drinking and women.

AC2 Patient: What's the next best thing?

RIFLE CLUB

One of the most popular "after hour" activities on the Station is the Rifle Club, which meets Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday evenings from 1900 to 2200 hours. Just present yourself at the Rifle Club (in the Curling Rink) on any of the above nights, buy a membership for twenty-five cents and a box of ammunition, either at the club or at your canteen, and you are all set—guns and targets are supplied. Paid membership at time of writing stands at 156, which gives some idea of the interest in rifle shootin'. Regular competitions are planned with suitable prizes to the winners. It is expected that Range Masters will soon be available in the afternoons so that night workers will have an opportunity to test their shootin' ability. Come on out and join in the fun!

M. T. Musings

By LAW "Polly" Polito

The Section notes with regret the absence of Sergeant Bannister, who was posted to Calgary. His sunny ways are missed, and we wish him the best of luck. F/S Punton very ably replaces Sergeant Bannister.

The Sound Truck Man, LAC Gavigan, was quite happy to hear of his posting to Fingal, Ontario—close to home. LAC Dinsmore is now in charge of the big noise, and with the arrival of AC1 Ferris, from Montreal, he has an able helper.

The forthcoming marriage of Sgt.-Major Baldwin is looked forward to by all the section as the Event of the Season.

Cpl. Knight, LAC Cairn, and LAC Bjarnson, are new arrivals this month. With the return of Cpl. Langtry from temporary duty at Oshawa, Ontario, LAC Ruberry has embarked on a course at Winnipeg.

If mutterings were heard from the grease pit there was a good reason for it. You see, there is a drainage pit at one end filled with waste oil and stuff. Unbelievable as it sounds, both LAW's Brown and Polito had the unfortunate experience of slipping into the pit. We assure you they just as quickly slipped out of it again.

See you again next month! There is still rationing, so can't be "gassing" away too many coupons.

Padre's Corner

We are all looking forward to the day when the great invasion of the Continent of Europe will take place, the "Second Front". That will be a time of hardship and heartbreak for ever so many people. The casualties, as we have been warned time and again, will be tremendous. Let us be prepared for that time, mentally and spiritually. Any such large scale operation takes a good deal of mental preparedness, we must accustom ourselves to the fact that many more of our own Canadian men will be left on the battlefields of Europe; there will be a great many of our airmen lost in operations over the enemy territory, and our sailors will more than likely receive a great battering on the sea. That is the time when a good solid faith to fall back on is something worthwhile.

Many of the men and women in the armed forces are not what could be called strong church goers. They attend once in a while, but one is often afraid that their spiritual life is not of the strongest. When the time comes that we must face the enemy, whether on land, on the sea, or in the air, a solid working knowledge of our religion and our God is necessary. I remember reading in a letter from an officer who was killed on the Italian front, a sentence, "There are certainly no atheists in the trenches; you can't be there and be an atheist". And also I once heard an airman who had been through the Battle of Britain, remark, "When you are right at grips with the other plane, and you are sure things are going to be hard for you, you just naturally pray and pray hard". Let us all be prepared for these hard times that we are going to face soon, build up this one bulwark good and strong, that we may at least have that one thing to fall back on.

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

Sunday School Teacher: Mary, can you tell me where good little girls go?

Mary: Yes, Ma'am. To Sunday School.

Sunday School Teacher: Good. And where do bad little girls go?

Mary: Down to the bus station to see the Airmen come in.

A Hollywood star, when asked what she thought of a new leading man, replied: "A charming fellow, but at bottom a very obnoxious person."

Music Appreciation

By F/L G. A. Raffé

For some long time past we have been hoping to present a full recorded version of an opera, but for one reason or the other something has always prevented us from so doing. One of the main reasons has been the fact that many of those who come along on Sunday evenings had little opportunity to go to an opera before the war, and consequently are unfamiliar with the various plots. This, coupled with the fact that most of the best recordings are in a foreign tongue, tends to make two hours of uninterrupted music rather boring. The only feasible solution that presents itself is to provide the listeners with a libretto which will enable them to follow the whole story whilst the opera is being played. And so by the time this article is published we hope to have performed "La Boheme" in this manner. At the moment it is rather hard to say with what success this experiment will meet, but should it be as popular as we anticipate, we can repeat it at some later date—possibly with the "Mikado" or "Madam Butterfly".

We are adding further to the present collection of records on the Station. Among those purchased last month are Smetana's "The Moldau", Grieg's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in A Minor, and various vocal recordings by Galli-Gurci, Jussi Boerling and Paul Robeson. At last requests are beginning to come in, and with these in mind, we expect to enlarge our library again in the near future.

Since the decision was made to commence the weekly recitals at 2030 hours the Station "Flicks" now starts its showings thirty minutes later. In view of this, it has been thought more practical to go back to 2100 hours, as this will tend to cut down interruptions in the early part of our programme.

It was the raw recruit's first turn of sentry duty, so his voice was rather shaky as he exclaimed: "Halt! Who goes there?"

Out of the darkness came the startling reply: "Foe."

"Have a heart, chum," the sentry protested. "I haven't had time to learn the answer to that one yet!"

Does your husband talk in his sleep? No, and it's terribly exasperating; he just grins.

Personality of the Month

By Sergeant E. Bodz.

LAC Wells



LAC Arthur Henry Wells, quiet, reserved Equipment Assistant, attached to Clothing Stores, is our nomination as the May Personality of the Month.

Born in 1895 and educated in Kent, England, he was the son of a Forester connected with Lord Beresford-Hope's estate. As a young man he hobnobbed with royalty when employed as a footman for Lord Goshen, son of the first Lord of the Admiralty, and later served in the same capacity for Lord Henry Bentnick.

At the outbreak of the first Great War, Mr. Wells saw the first enemy aircraft that flew over England and which was shot down at Tillbury Docks. He also saw the first Zeppelin which blew up the billet next to the one where he was quartered. He joined the 18th Division in 1914 and went to Amiens, France, with the infantry. In 1915 he was promoted to Quartermaster-Sergeant with the 55th Brigade, and in 1917 King George V, on a tour of France, decorated him with the Meritorious Service Medal. Mr. Wells retained the position of Quartermaster until hostilities ceased, and returned to England in October, 1919. He worked as a contractor for a small building firm, and after his marriage he came to Canada to reside in Winnipeg, where he was employed with the Fairbanks-Morse Company, until November, 1941, when he joined the R.C.A.F. After completion of basic training he was posted to this station, and has remained here since.

Arthur Henry has several interesting hobbies—in Winnipeg he was a member of the Men's Musical Club. This musical leaning extends to his son, Richard, who learned to play the piano at the age of five, and has won high honors at the Winnipeg Musical Festival four times in seven years.

Mr. Wells hopes to get overseas again, and while we hope, for his sake, that his wish is realized, we sure would miss him at No. 12.

Maintenance

When a horde of men come storming
To the Mess Hall door for food,
And rush across the Mess Hall floor
In roaring, merry mood;
To gulp the meat that's offered them,
Though roasted, fried or stewed—
That's MAINTENANCE.

When men go forth in bitter cold
To work on all the planes,
And then appear on Duty Watch
To dig deep, dirty drains;
When they get smeared with oil and grease
And not a man complains—
That's MAINTENANCE.

When men march smartly on parade,
Each one in proper step,
And turns are made at "Hip, pause hip,"
With vigor and with pep;
When their pride is spit and polish
And each jealous of his rep,
That's MANNING!

—From the Gimli Gen.

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

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

Dressed fit to kill, Mandy was strutting down the main streets of the town. She had on earrings, a new gown and wrap, patent leather shoes and silk hose. On her head was a beautiful hat. A friend accosted her: "Why Mandy, where did you get them beautiful togs?" "Ain't you heard? I just been ruined!" Mandy giggled.

The Boys on the Ground

By WO2 Wilson (formerly of Maintenance Staff)

When you hear the roar of motors and you look into the sky,
Your first thought is the Pilot—I've often wondered why!
Do you ever think of the others, the others on the ground,
Who seldom get attention through the medium of sound,

I mean those behind him, to keep him in the air,
Should he get all the credit, do you really think that's fair?
What about our stout men—Yes, our women, too,
We're all in it together, we've got a job to do,

Right to the unsung hero who never gets a break,
The guy who washes dishes 'till back and arms just ache.
There's the lonely guardsman, all night he makes his rounds,
And challenges the minute he hears unfamiliar sounds.

Who'd take his place, I ask you, in the winter when it's cold,
The safety of our slumber is in his hands to hold.
Now take the telephone for instance—wouldn't it be a fright,
If someone wasn't working on the board both day and night?

What about our drivers, they surely do a lot,
A lot of sitting; did you ever give that a thought?
When their post is the control car or the ambulance to wait,
By the time the night's half over, they really curse the crate.

Just come off their jobs on which they never roll,
Not forgetting for an instance, Aerodrome Control;
There's another branch of the Service you rarely hear about,
The guy who fires the "Very Light", and gets the "Markers" out;

Did you ever think of the Pharmacist, Orderlies, too,
Nursing Sisters, Cleaners, and the thousand tasks they do;
A gang you seldom hear about sets the cans in rows,
Sometimes they get defaulters to help them out a mo';

But there's a million jobs in the Service, I've covered only a few,
Each time you turn around, there's something new to do.
The Firemen, are the boys who must never ever tire—
The only time you see them is a practice or a fire;

The Cooks are always working on the job both day and night,
They can't slow down for a minute, they can't swing the lead,
For they've got us to think of, the thousands to be fed.
But to get back to the guy in the aircraft, the guy who has most fun,

He knows who is behind him to make those motors run,
To keep him flying level when the going gets too tough,
Are the boys who handle the Wireless, instruments and stuff.
Now "stuff" covers all angles from the Airframe to the floor,

I could go on for hours, and tell you so much more,
There are a thousand jobs not mentioned, I beg you to forgive,
But the Pilot—we'll keep him flying and flying so he'll live.
So when you hear the roar of motors and look into the sky,
Think of those behind him who keep him flying high.



THE GANG FROM THE EQUIPMENT SECTION

Back row (left to right): AC1 Wilson, LAC Boyd, AC2 Robertson, Sgt. Drinkle, LAC Sparkes, LAC Read, Cpl. Strong, AC2 Code, LAC Wells, F/S Stewart.
 Centre row: Mr. Roberts, Sgt. Walker, LAC Johnson, LAW Kent, AW1 Chesley, AW1 Hunter, Miss Townson, AW2 Sedgewick, LAW Ziegenhagen, AW1 Emanuele, AW1 Hunt, Mr. Henderson.
 Front row: LAW Houck, LAW Sweet, LAW Guest, Cpl. Chesney, WO1 Giroux, S/L Hamilton, F/L Smith, Sgt. Bodz, LAW Lahd, AW1 Smart, LAW Kolesnick.

Equipment Quips

(A Co-operative Effort)

ORDERLY ROOM:

S/L Hamilton—"Kingfish" or "Hammy", "Daddy of them all", a good shot with a rifle and, therefore, respected by all his staff.

F/L Smith — "Flash Gordon", "Reddy", "Willing", and "Swish".

WO1 Giroux—"The Little King", Almighty ruler of this Cosmopolitan Crew". Sees all, knows all.

Sgt. Drinkle—Congratulations as of 10th May. "God's gift to women". Even the Lord is suffering a depression these days.

Sgt. Bodz—(Buggs). Never forgets to remember.

Cpl. Chesney—(Ches)—A.O.G. Traffic Control Officer of Major Equipment.

Barbara Townson — (Steno.) — S.E.O.'s sweater girl.

LAW Guest—(Joyful Babs)—Simon Legree of the Stock Control.

LAW Lahd—(Laddie)—One time Messing Officer of Publications, now trying it on Major Equipment.

AW1 Hunt—Dimpled huntress of missing vouchers.

AW1 Hunter—A pleasant transfer was consummated.

LAC Boyd—L.P.O. Man. Stooge for better bargains for the Air Force.

TECHNICAL STORES:

F/S Stewart (Chiefie)—Quiet, unassuming. Thrilling Scotch twang.

Cpl. Crookshanks—Up and coming connoisseur of spare parts.

AW1 Smart—What's in a name, by Shakespeare.

LAC Wilson — The ghost of Technical Stores. He has been heard but not seen.

LAC Johnston — Future poultry farmer. Trying to count his chickens before they are hatched.

CLOTHING STORES:

Sgt. Walker—Authority on what the best dressed man will wear, but he hasn't got your size.

Mr. Henderson—Civilian tailor—only three days a week. He makes that perfect fit?

LAC Wells—He keeps Virden from running ragged.

LAW Kent—Emily Post of Clothing Stores.

AW1 Sedgewick—Emily Post's able companion.

LAC Code (Curly)—What a beautiful head of skin.

GAS AND OIL:

Cpl. Strong—The gas and oil magnate. "No coupons Strong".

LAC Read—Gas Controller appointment by Cotterell.

AC1 J. P. O'Neill—J. P. meaning Jackpot. Contemplating a Bazooka band.

BARRACK STORES:

B. O. Roberts—(B.O. having nothing to do with Lifebuoy Soap, but meaning Barrack Officer).

AW1 Pargeter—Officio of Wiper Towels Incorporated.

LAW Chesley—(Oh! Sugar). What, have you never heard of Punnicy?

LAW Sweet — From Cookie to Interior Decorator. Quite a leap, Rosie.

AC2 Robertson—Sheet House Doug. He recommends 33D/3 with the hustle bustle suds for whiter wash.

AW1 Cassey—Read your copy of forced landing instructions.

PUBLICATIONS:

AW1 Emanuele—Present Messing Officer of Publications. How long will it last?

LAW Kolesnik—(Bubbles)—A little package that goes with every order of stationery.

LAW Ziegenhagen—On her way overseas. Hitler, you've had it!

I. & R. SECTION:

LAC Sparkes—(Sgt. Sparkes to his business associates). "Does the C.P.R. tell the C.N.R. what they are gonna do."

LAW Houck—(Herbie Hike)—Pin-up girl of the I. & R. Section.

LAC James — Home James — packing note enclosed).

MAINTENANCE SECTION— (SQUAD STORES):

LAC Doran—The Cassanova of the ballroom. He dances a mean jig among the nuts and bolts of Squad Stores.

AN AIRWOMAN

She stares at you with glassy glare,
You wouldn't think she had a care;
Her hair is up, her skirt is down,
She's always wearing an awful frown;
Her nails are bare from polish bright,
You've never seen such a well groomed sight.

Are those the orders in A.F.R.O.'s?
If it is, then it's joe the crows—
We want our girls to be smart and gay,
Both trim and neat in every way;
We needn't worry about flowing tresses,
For girls with pride just won't be messes.

They'll shine and polish away like mad,
And make the Air Force mighty glad—
That each and every one of us, will
Do what's right and fill the bill.

HOSPITAL ASSISTANT

By LAW Rita LaMothe

A world-wide traveller at twenty-one,
Did you ever read that sign?
You stopped and thought, wouldn't it be fun
To travel all the time.

I know I did, I thought a lot
And finally—me, the poster got;
Since then I've travelled far and wide,
I've seen a lot of country-side.

From Manning to Brandon we came full of
dread
To start our career at making beds,
But what came next was tougher to take—
We were sent to Isolation—that took the
cake!

But now that we are getting along,
Taking it all with a grin and a song,
It's a real good life, and that's no line,
We thank Good Fortune we saw that sign.

World-wide travellers at twenty-one,
The Hospital Assistants still have their fun!

LAW Cossar—The Princess of Cunningham Castle, now known as Algie's Igloo.

AC1 Kalynuik—(S.S.S.S.) Salesman Sam of Servicing Squadron.

AC1 Killen—Killer Killen. He slays them with his Frank Sinatra appeal, which charm is wasted among spare parts.

Hoop-scooping to You with W.D. News

By LAW May Dougherty

The Time—2230 hours, Sunday, May 14th, 1944.

The Place—Station Library.

The Setting—On a cushion, on some magazines, on the floor!

Puccini is giving me tremendous opposition but I told him he'd have to take a pill, or something; for everyone wanted to know that blonde LAW Betty Kerr, finally landed in the Headquarters Orderly Room, while Cpl. Nickey Esplen is the dark subject of interest in the Maintenance Orderly Room. Already we miss Zeigie and Torch, now on embarkation leave, prior to crossing the Pond (the lucky devils!) That cheerful note missing at the switchboard is LAW Mel Sabko, now "plugging" away at No. 3 Wireless.

Somehow or other we can't get out of the habit of saying "Hicky"; we all wish the best of luck and happiness to Cpl. Hickling, now Mrs. S/L Sawle.

F/S Doug. Flewwelling must have had an eye for business, when he led our luscious LAW Kathryn Kay to the altar. He knew a good cook when he saw one. A truly swell couple. Happy Landing, kids—and a word of advice to you both—if he gets ornery, Kay, just dump him in the soup; and if she retaliates, Doug, just tip her in a basket. Wonder what Joy Goodridge is hatching in that incubator in the hospital. She's been there long enough to look like an Easter egg.

LAW's Anderson, Atkinson and Flet, from the Intelligence Library, really had an opportunity to display their intellectual artistry the other day. In fact by the time they finished their subject, it was so clear anyone could see through it—washing the outside of the G.I.S. windows. Nice form you displayed, gals!

Stiff muscles and swollen knuckles haven't as yet daunted the spirit of our baseball team. The girls are really in there pitching, and from all appearances it looks as if the "E" Pennant won't be a lone wolf at the end of the season.

The vote appears to be unanimously in favor of .10c per person at our "Open House" on Wednesday evenings, in order to cover costs of a real "Live" orchestra. The charge

is negligible in comparison with the advantages derived therefrom. (May sure throws the words around, eh?)

Say, gals, here's your opportunity to show what you've really got. Come on out to our "Talent Show" meetings (watch D.R.O.'s.) You don't have to be a professional or even a rank amateur—just rank—and we can use you. It's a heck of a lot of fun.

In closing, may I remind you this is your corner, and any bits of news that come to hand, or incidents in barracks, or such, that would make this more interesting to one and all (could be), won't you please jot them on a piece of paper and drop them in one of the Aer-Log Copy boxes. Don't worry about grammatical form or composition, or you'll show us up.

The Boys in the Fire Hall

By LAC W. Ryzik

In this publication, we are going to mention those characters who didn't quite make the previous sheets.

By no means will there be any great detail, as you all know some of our characters would occupy the whole of our magazine — how true, Charlie.

A character you may pick out by doing daily fire inspections around the station (his pet buildings B.B. No. 20E, and B.B. No. 32—you guessed it, W.D. quarters), is Harry Gilbert. His mysterious alias of Jake the Barber has Chief Wiskin buffaloed. Harry comes from Fort William. Even Falstaff would shun such a fabulous vocabulary.

'Phoning Sgt. Muloin from Chater the other night, Harold Wood begged for more time. Could it be those jokes on farmers' daughters run true to form?

As we go to press, Cliff Babbirk is hustling with his packing to get the early Chater run for a busman's holiday of seven days.

We hope you haven't forgotten the little farm girl who always went out with city fellows because the farm hands were too rough.

First Smoker . . . A Real Success

By Flight Sergeant G. Pull



The Mannettes—They Stole the Show



The C.O. Tells a Good One

Over the telephone one night came this message from an excited female: "Two boys are trying to climb into my room through the window!" "Wait a minute, lady, you've got the wrong number," answered an irate voice, "this is the fire department, not police headquarters." "I know," said the voice, more sweetly, "but my room is on the second floor and the boys need a ladder."

"I've just returned from a trip to my home town," said a man to his friend. "It's a funny thing about that town. The population hasn't increased or decreased in 20 years, but I know the reason. Every time a child is born there, someone leaves town!"

May 3rd was a day to be remembered by the N.C.O.'s of No. 12 S.F.T.S. Perhaps it would be better to say May 3rd and 4th, because there was no difference; the N.C.O.'s made a night of it.

All agree the first Smoker held in the Mess was a huge success, and for the few who did miss it, our advice is—don't miss the next one!

Mess President, WO2 Stuart, welcomed guests and members and turned the doings over to chairman WO1 Giroux, who always has a story for the boys, (and the girls).

W/C T. R. Michelson gave a toast to the King, and then told us a new one which brought many a laugh and started our evening off in the proper manner.

Mr. Humphrey Davies, hard working master of ceremonies, took over his job and really kept things rolling. Other guests of the Mess included Air Force officers and members of the R.C.M.P. of Brandon.

The Mannettes, four young ladies from Brandon, received thunderous applause for their highly entertaining singing and dancing, and, as a special request, Miss Toots Quail sang "Ave Maria".

A piano recital, "Rhapsody in Blue", by Sergeant G. Gadbois, was well received, and then LAC Lovekin performed his feats of magic. What a man he'd be in a poker game!

Further station talent was greatly appreciated by all present, featuring guitar and trumpet—LAC Hobday and LAC Valleau; accordionist, LAC Lachowich; comedian, LAC Dobbs; a ditty by Sergeant "Froggy" Jacques, and a recitation by Sgt. "Doc" Dafoe.

Throughout the evening, Bill Kelly, banjo soloist, and L. Goldberg, piano player supreme, kept the songs flowing. The feature entertainment of the evening was the quartette, starring F/L MacMillan, Capt. Goodison, F/L "Pappy" Young and F/L Smith. And how those boys can roll—pardon us—sing.

By the size of the heads next morning everyone must have had a swell time, and many thanks are due the entertainment committee for a really swell evening.

Nav. Flight Newsettes

By F/O C. J. Shefflin

Nav. "B" Bowling team finished the season on top of the heap. We hope our good luck still holds out next year.

Morris Hlady has left us, and is hard at work on his G.R. course, by this time.

We are beginning to get back to normal after having Visiting Flight here for two weeks.

All of Nav. Flight personnel would like to extend our hearty thanks and praise for the good job our servicing crew are doing. Just to mention a few — Kerr, Stephens, Schim, Williamson, Rowe, Reid, Bromley, Sgt. Mowat, Cpls. Burrell, Watson, Pajak, Johnston, T. Smith, Strom and Powley. We hope you and Nav. Flight continue the good feeling already existing between us.

"Andy" Anderson, our timekeeper, has left us for the intelligence library. Guess we should get some intelligence so we could keep the gals, eh?

Our (refined) wolves, Milne, Jackson, Andrich, Bainborough, and Hanley, are really howling these fine spring nights.

"Shef" bought a car last month—a 1927 model "T" Ford. "Watch out fellows, here I come!" It has a self-starter, and can do 30 miles per hour. (P.S.: It also has a windshield wiper.)

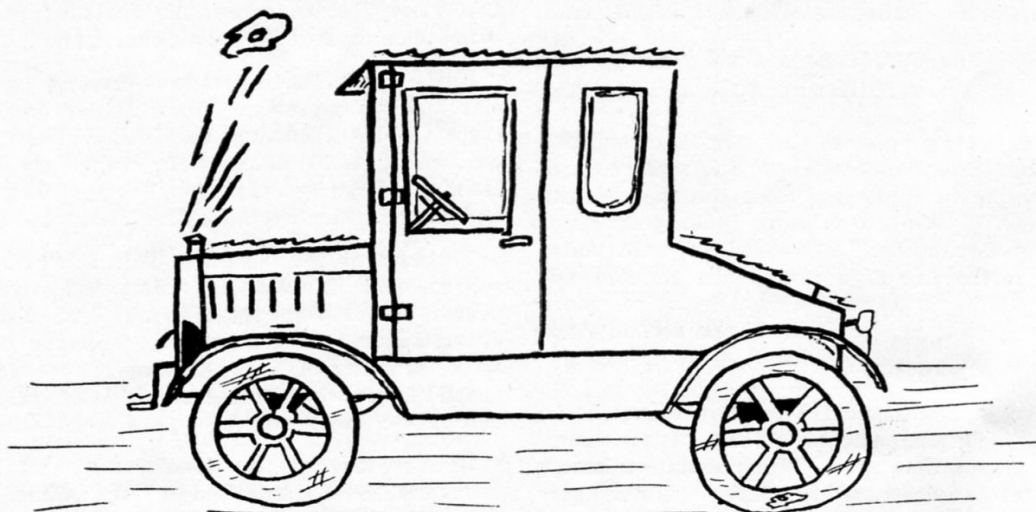
So long for now. 'Bye!

THE CHAMP



Champion of all he surveys in No. 2 Training Command (at 148 pounds) is our own LAC Jack Steinhilber.

A native of Nottingham, England, Jackie is a member of "A" Flight, Course 101. He is presently undergoing training in preparation for a much tougher fight than any of the 200 or more he has had in the ring. And, what is more, it looks as if once again he is going to come out on top!



Shef's Car



LINK

By LAC H. P. Terry, "B" Flight

I'll tell you a story, it's mystic and strange,
Concerning an airplane without any range.
It's a fabulous structure with too many wiles
For a student to quit it with face wreathed in
smiles.

You climb to ten thousand and spin round and
round,
And yet this contraption has not left the
ground.

It seems rather cruel that this thing should be
Placed at the disposal of innocent me.

I sit in the seat and I wish I were miles
Removed from this Devil and it's too many
wiles.

Now those who have suffered will have
guessed, so I think,
That this thrice cursed torture has been
christened—"THE LINK"!

Jimmy carried the following excuse to the
teacher the next morning: "Please excuse
Jimmy from being absent. He had a new
baby brother. It was not his fault."

"Professor, is it right to receive a young
man in a kimona?"

"Certainly not. Make him go 'home' and put
his clothes on."

Phun

Dear Diary

Monday: "Was flattered to be placed at
Captain's table."

Tuesday: "Spent morning on the bridge.
Captain seems to like me."

Wednesday: "Captain's proposals are unbe-
coming an officer and a gentleman."

Thursday: "Captain threaten's to sink ship,
if I do not agree to his proposal."

Friday: "I have saved 600 lives."

23rd PSALM

The Lord is my pilot; I shall not drift.
He lighteth me across the dark airways,
He steereth me in the deep channels.
He keepeth my log.
He guideth me by the star of Holiness
For His name's sake.

Yea, though I fly mid the thunders and tem-
pests of life,
I shall dread no danger, for Thou art with
me.

Thou preparest an airport below me in the
Homeland of Eternity.

Thou anointest the air with oil;
My plane rideth calmly.

Surely, sunlight and starlight shall favour me
on the voyage I take,
And I will rest in the port of My God,
Forever.

A Negro serving in the Solomons was told
by his Colonel a Jap prisoner was needed
badly, and was promised that if he could
bring one in he might use a jeep on 24-hour
leave.

Late in the afternoon the Negro brought in
a Jap and the pleased Colonel said: "O.K.,
Sam. The jeep is yours for 24 hours."

A bit bewildered, Sam said: "Where 'bouts
is she?"

"Right in front of you," said the Colonel,
pointing to the tiny automobile.

"Ah, now, Colonel! I thought a jeep was a
female Jap!" moaned Sam.

Sarge: "Didja hear about the new draft
classification?"

Corporal: "No, what is it?"

Sarge: "It's called 5-F, and it's for unmar-
ried fathers."

Boss: "No, I'm afraid you won't do."

Stenographer: "Did I say I wouldn't?"



Deer Mable,

i hev at last gotten Around 2 heving thet pitcher taken witch youv bin wantin fer sew long. Ez you kin sea, its reely purty good, end sew natcherul to. Thee part i lik best iz that its thee furst won ive had that shoes al the hare on my uppur lipp. weve bin having a mustash rising compitishun and nevur feer, yer deer rufus wil win. Even yet i am far a hed ov thee othur boys. Then two, ive bin trien too cultivieight a vury intillecsual appairanse, i think you wil notise it buy my straitforward gaiz and sirius dimeenor. It is a vairee difcult prawject, but with 1 ov sutch grait mental abillity as miselluf, i no i shall suckseed.

Thee ownly trubbl with this portrate iz that it doz sho the bump on my neck. I tryd verry cairfully to cuver it up, but i think my shurt mustv slippd a littul. Maybee you could fix it up with itul adheesieve taip, as the hosspitul woodent give me any onles it wuz fer medicall kneeds. Ov corse i understand they hev two economize, but it rely isnt a very big lump. But dont you think im a vairy fine loocking and handsum individule, deer mable? Ov coarse, i wouldnt want you too tel enyboddy else i said that, but wee must keep know secrets from eech othur.

Then i hev sum imporunt knews 4 U. The most amaizing thing hex happened. Sum men

hez cum frum comand who dont no nuthin about nuthin. I no that coz theyv had practcally evrybuddy on the stashon up at the ayрман's canteen asking them all kinds of fuleish ?s like how doz the master carburretor in the anson two work wen evrybuddy noes that the hole ayrcraft works as sune ez you step on the starter. They asked me a vury sillee ? about how you begin a ayr force lettur, and they sure loocked fulish wen i said i started it Deer Mable just the saim as befor i wuz in the ayr force.

I hev a vury intresting theory that these men are Natzzi spies. i am sirprized that the CO hez not yet thot ov it. I think that i will hev two ask fur a intervue with him, so that i can worn him of this dastardly trik. Ov coarse the CO is a vury busy man and hasnt time to think out all these littul problims like i hev. Theze men caim on the stashun quit boldly, as if they beelonged their. But Mable, theyve bin trien too find out things frum people in evry traid. i think wen they get al threw they will walk off the stashyion jist as bouldly and send al there infourashun two Adolf.

Well Mable, I hev sum more meditaitin too dew be4 i maik this report two the CO sew i will stop and think fer awil. Hop yew lik my photygraph,

Luv,

Rufus

Orderly Officer: How did you find the meat, lad?

Airman: Oh, quite by chance, Sir; I happened to move a piece of potato, and there it was.

Teacher: Willie, this is the fifth time I have had to punish you this week. What have you to say?

Willie: I'm glad it's Friday.

Hey, what time is it by your watch?

Quarter to.

Quarter to what?

I don't know—times got so bad I had to lay off one of the hands.

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

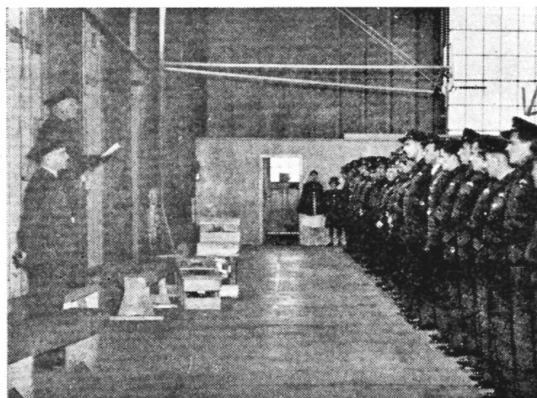
What is a fox?

A fox is a wolf who sends flowers.

"E" for Efficiency

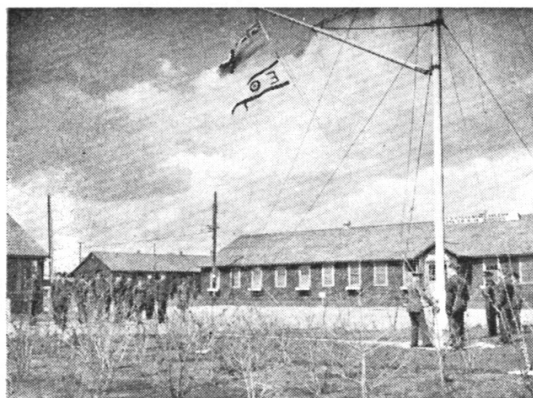
S. P. PATER

DANNY NASH By Sgt. Webb



W/C Michelson tells the assemblage of our winning the Efficiency Pennant and congratulates us on our effort.

On May 1st, 1944, Wing Commander T. R. Michelson, Commanding Officer, No. 12 S.F. T.S., Brandon, Manitoba, received word from the Air Officer Commanding, No. 2 Training Command, Winnipeg, Manitoba, that No. 12 S.F.T.S. had been awarded the Minister's "Efficiency Pennant" for the preceding quarter. The Pennant in question is awarded for general efficiency in all phases of work, and the winning Unit is permitted to fly the Pennant from its masthead for a period of three months. At a Muster Parade, held in the Drill Hall of the Unit, the Commanding Officer thanked the entire personnel, service and civilian, for their efforts in making the award possible, and requested their continued co-operation in keeping the Pennant flying at the masthead.



Raising the Pennant for All to Know

Hello Friends—or have we any? Here we are again, what there are left of us. The Maxwell employees are really being scattered far and wide, so that now there are just a handful of us left. However, under the careful guidance of our new D.A.P.M. and Flight Sergeant, the boys are carrying on. Do they beef? Oh, no!

Tuesday, the 9th, was a blue day for the boys as we saw our congenial Flight Sergeant away for a short course at K.T.S., Trenton, to brush up on the rules and regulations that keep this here war going. So be on your best behaviour or you will suffer the consequences on his return.

We wish to extend our congratulations to our D.A.P.M. on receiving his well-earned F/O.

Our helpful assistant, LAC Sloan, has at last received permission to resume his flying duties. "Keep 'em High", Sloan, and the best of luck.

Congratulations are also extended from all of the boys, to Cpl. Stone, who reports that he is getting married this month. At least, he wangled a furlough out of the D.A.P.M. for that purpose.

The S.P.'s have also added a very valuable investigator to their strength in the name of Cpl. Splitt. Cpl. Splitt came second in the investigation course. He has also some very valuable past civil police experience to his credit. So, if you lose anything or are troubled with love affairs, drop in and see our investigator. He will make you happy or break your heart.

Observed from the Guard House

A Sgt. of the W.D.'s saluting the "E" Pennant after the ensign had been taken down. No harm in playing safe, eh, Sgt.!

Hollywood may have good looking girls with pretty legs, etc., but this station beats them all, as seen from the Guard House on one of our windy days, as the W.D.'s tried to hold their skirts down, their hats on, and salute the ensign, all at the same time. No wonder the S.P.'s are starting to wear dark glasses.

In the Suggestion Box at the Guard House was this short note: "We want higher winds and shorter skirts." (Ed. note: Sorry we can't oblige.)

Knots and Splices

By Sgt. G. E. Styles

MacGregor, Man., May 6th, 1944. (Special)

One of the few remaining eligible Flight Sergeants, in the person of "Mel" Melstead, was united in marriage to Edith, daughter of



**F/S Melstead and Bride—
the Groom wore Blue**

Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey, of MacGregor. The ceremony took place at the bride's home and was both impressive and binding (official time 6 minutes, 45 seconds). The bride was adorned as most brides are, in a dress, hat, and bouquet of flowers which were carried in typical feminine fashion.

The groom cut a striking appearance in a two-piece single breasted suit of "Flying Blue", cunningly adorned with brass buttons of various sizes and embossed with the crown, albatross and the unique letters R.C.A.F. When questioned as to their significance, the lad was unusually reticent. The sleeves were unmistakably marked with three "V" signs, surmounted by a crown, to signify that he was all out for a rapid victory. Slightly below the shoulder line on either sleeve was an embroidered pigeon emblematic of his interest in nature lore. Above his heart he wore a tri-colored ribbon, indicative of at least 18 months' pursuit of his chosen work. His becoming jacket was caught at the waist with

a fitted two-inch girdle secured by a rectangular golden clasp. The pleated patch breast pockets were set off by the inserted pockets on the hips, and smartly tailored from domestic serge, fabric that should give seasons of service.

His shirt was of that new "Cloud Grey Murillo Blue", an imported broadcloth reminiscent of material from the looms of France, with a new high neckline and full length sleeves . . . typically McMullen. (Plug Holt-Renfrew) . . . and carefully designed to fit tall, shorts and regulars. (Top value at their moderate prices.) The elegant shirt was set off by a distinguishing black cravat of conservative design.

The trousers were of the "Sloppy Joe waistline pattern", with that distinguishing new cuffless cut, designed for years of service.

The entire ensemble was set off by his full-fashioned black hosiery (that first aid to ankle daintiness), and his highly polished shoes were noticeable by their casual simplicity. For going away the groom submitted to popular request by wearing his wedding outfit.

Seriously, old man, we of No. 12 do wish you both all the luck in the world.



**Principals in the recent Sawle-Hickling
merger**

To Our Sisters in Blue

We've praised the gallant airmen, who roam
the fleecy skies,
The gunners in their turrets, whose courage
never dies;
We've praised the well-trained bombardiers,
who sight the foe below,
And drop with cunning accuracy, the bombs
upon the foe.

We've praised the men who check the planes,
and those that make a team,
The riggers and the armourers, and those that
weld the seam;
We've praised the men behind the men, that
man the planes on high,
But proper praise for W.D.'s has been all-
mighty shy.

Just why this is, it's hard to say, they've done
a splendid job,
With never a thought of shirking, with
neither sigh nor sob.
Their work cannot be easy, they've had a
harder time
To adjust their lives to Service, and "shoot it
down the line".

They've given up much softer lives, than men
in civil life;
They've dropped their feminine apparel, and
dressed for proper strife;
They've dropped all thoughts of stylish garb,
so dear to girlish hearts,
And donned a sombre uniform, well suited for
their parts.

The difficult tasks that came their way,
they've gallantly performed,
With never thought of medals, on their
lapelled breasts adorned.
With accurate eye and steady hand, they've
done their duties well,
Their acts will hist'r'y be some day, for all
the world to tell.

So lest we shirk our duties, and faithlessness
portray,
We'll give them proper tribute, and shout their
praise today;
Let's appreciate their sacrifice, let's give them
proper due,
And raise our hats in smart salute—to our
W.D.'s in blue!

BRANDON HOLDS MONSTER PARADE

INAUGURATES SIXTH VICTORY
LOAN CAMPAIGN



Our Commanding Officer and other Service
and Civilian dignitaries, take the Salute
on the March Past



Our Airmen were very much present . . .



and so were our Airwomen.

***To All Personnel of
No. 12 S. F. T. S.:***



As Chairman of the Sixth Victory Loan Campaign Committee I would like to take this opportunity of thanking you all for the excellent co-operation given me and the other members of the committee, in our recent efforts to reach the objective set for this Station. All service and civilian members contributed beyond expectation, with the result that our original objective of \$75,000 was far surpassed, and we are able to show a grand total subscribed of \$117,750.

This fine showing could not have been made except with the full co-operation of everyone concerned and, while the Commanding Officer has already congratulated and thanked you all, I personally would like to add my word of thanks for making what seemed a tough job extremely easy.

Thanks are due also the various section representatives and others who, because of their conscientious work and diligent efforts in securing subscriptions, ensured the success of this campaign. You can rest assured that those on the actual battle fronts will be ever grateful to you all.

(Sgd.) J. J. Hamilton, F/L.

*From Sweet Water Texas.
U. S. A.*

STATION THEATRE

SCHEDULE OF COMING ATTRACTIONS

June 1- 2	Is Everybody Happy?	- -	Ted Lewis, Nan Wynn
June 4- 5	Gaslight	- - - - -	Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman
June 6- 7	Lives of the Bengal Lancers		Gary Cooper
June 8- 9	Hey, Rookie!	- - - - -	Ann Miller, Larry Parks
June 11-12	Meet the People	- - - -	Dick Powell, Lucille Ball
June 13-14	Lifeboat	- - - - -	Talluah Bankhead, Wm. Bendix
June 15-16	Three Men in White	- - -	Lionel Barrymore, Van Johnson
June 18-19	The Sullivans	- - - - -	Ann Baxter, Thomas Mitchell
June 20-21	The Hour Before the Dawn	-	Veronica Lake, Franchot Tone
June 22-23	Mr. Deeds Goes to Town	-	Gary Cooper
June 25-26	Two Girls and a Sailor	- -	Jimmy Durante, Van Johnson
June 27-28	The Hitler Gang	- - - -	Robert Watson, Victor Varconi

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