



5¢ FEBRUARY 1943



KID CUPID - A.G.



WIB Photo  
**ZOOMING OVER THE SNOW-CLAD PEAKS OF ALASKA** is all in a day's work for our lads. Patrolling the Northwest approaches with the Yanks has its exciting moments. Canucks have been handing it to Japs in Aleutians.



**GROUND ON A SAND DUNE IN THE LIBYAN DESERT** these RCAF lads don't look too uncomfortable in their tropic togs. Prodding Rommel in the seat of the pants and defying the Axis assault on Malta is their favorite pastime in working hours.

## WD PRECISION SQUAD MAKES SMASH HIT TOURS CANADA IN BARRACKS-ON-WHEELS

ROCKCLIFFE, Ottawa — Fifty-five smartly stepping girls in Air Force blue who did a smash job of boosting the RCAF Women's Division across Canada, have scattered to training schools and jobs in trades ranging from postal clerk to GD, hospital assistant to drummer.

The 55 were picked for the first WD Precision Squad here last fall. Following tours of Quebec and Ontario they headed west before Christmas for a three-weeks trek to Victoria and back during which they staged 28 demonstrations in 17 cities to the applause of 60,000 spectators, and were cheered by countless thousands who lined the streets for 63 parades.

"They're as good as the Guards!" breathed one awe-stricken veteran as the squad paced smoothly through 138 separate movements with perfect timing and no word of command.

"She's a real top-kick!" chuckled the crowd as their diminutive, blonde Flight Sergeant, Beatrice Lawrence barked orders on parade. The FS (she used to bust bronchos back home in Kamloops) kept the 55 constantly on their toes; not once during the three weeks were they off duty, as their barracks-on-wheels (two Pullman coaches) trundled them from city to city. It was a tough grind, and a big adventure. Into their diaries went items like these:

Hot water. AW1 Frances McDonald took a header into the sulphur spring at Banff — great-coat, glamour boots and all — when a guard rail broke.

Cold chills. The girls awoke in Fort William (and again in Brandon) to find light, heat and water all cut off in their portable barracks. They groped around in the dark, shivered into their uniforms, performed ablutionary miracles in drinking-cups of ice water.

Celebrities. The Quints inspected them at Callendar, sang them a song. The Squad replied with their recruiting song. (Results not yet ascertained).

When they rolled back to Rockcliffe, triumphant, the Precision Squad was formally disbanded at an inspection by the Chief of the Air Staff. But, hard at their different trades, the 55 WDs won't soon forget the chanting jargon of the drill-sergeant who put the precision in the squad, FS Albert Henry Crook—"Everybody out!" . . . "A little more dog!" . . . "Turn on the heat, girls!"



"KWANA"

is the only WDeer on a certain West Coast Station. She makes the most of her popularity. With impartiality she visits Officers' and Airmen's mess and the Canteen — daintily accepting food and homage. Cigarette butts are a delicacy. She scours the station for them, nibbling with apparent relish. Her digestion has not suffered but her figure has. Confidentially she is developing a middle aged spread.

## TTS Task Force Tackles Stork in Baggage Car

ST. THOMAS, Ont. — Corporal Johnny Grobba was sitting in the coach of a train travelling from Long Lac to Capreol figuring out a way to make his pay stretch. He was returning from Vancouver where he had escorted a draft of AFMs under command of the TTS Medical Officer, SL W. J. Reid.

Suddenly the train was in an uproar. Somebody bellowed for a doctor and everybody else yelled for help. Johnny-on-the-spot Grobba rushed forward to offer his medical services, entering the baggage car a heart-beat behind SL Reid. There, between trunks and boxes, was a milling crowd of fast-talking people.



## NIGHT RAIDERS

WINDSOR — Folks from Missouri have to be shown. Five RAF Sergeant Pilots went to St. Louis and showed them. Even Missouri eyes popped when the fliers stepped off the train in their pyjamas.

Entrained for Windsor from Alabama, the boys were prepared for an uncomfortable night in a coach when some American fliers invited them to share their sleeper. They jumped at the chance. Jumped into their shoes but not their blues, which they left with the rest of their equipment in the coach.

Came the dawn — and the boys found the end of the sleeper was the end of the train. Found themselves rolling merrily into St. Louis in pyjamas, their own coach somewhere en route for Detroit. What to do? Hard heels trumpeting their coming on the marble floor, they marched into the station, cheeks blazing but chins up.

The U.S.O. got them covered. Elephantine pants were spread over Alan Morgan, of Harrow, and a shirt so thin that he clung to his gaudy pyjama top. Sam Stringer of Harrow tied on pallid brown pants with a piece of rope. Vic Slade of Bristol, Leonard Woodman and John Sawyer of London were disguised in misfits that Bond Street would never allow. What never? Well, hardly ever.

"It was fairly horrible," shuddered Sgt. Slade.

## McNAUGHTON'S ARMY BUILD US A 'DROME

(Special to WINGS)

SOMEWHERE, Eng.—As a squadron of high speed Mustangs from an RCAF Army Co-operation squadron circled overhead, a memorable ceremony was being conducted on an aerodrome down below, symbolizing the striking co-operation which is in effect between the Canadian Army and the Royal Canadian Air Force in Britain.

It marked the inauguration of a new aerodrome. An aerodrome truly Canadian, and built for Canadians, in record time. It was constructed, concrete runways and all, by the Royal Canadian Engineers.

The landing of the squadron of Mustangs concluded a ceremony in which Lieut-Gen. A. G. L. McNaughton, Commander-in-Chief of the Canadian Army Overseas, had formally handed the station over to Air Marshal Edwards, Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, RCAF Overseas.

"We found," Gen. McNaughton said in his speech, "that one of the chief obstacles to the expansion of the Canadian Army's vital air component was the shortage of aerodromes. I discovered that last April. It was only a matter of days before the Royal Canadian Engineers began work on this aerodrome, designs for which were prepared by the Air Ministry."

Accepting the aerodrome on behalf of the RCAF, Air Marshal Edwards declared that it was "not only a magnificent aerodrome but a magnificent achievement.

"Our future," he continued, "is still confused. But of one thing I am certain: to win the war we must blacken the skies over Germany. This aerodrome, built with efficiency and despatch by the Canadian Army, is a great contribution and I hope that those who occupy it will be worthy of it."

## The Guy's Professional

LONDON — Individual enterprise — birthright of the New World — still flourishes even in the Air Force. A sergeant observer with the RCAF has his own business card on which is printed his name and his profession, viz:

"Observing and Bomb-Aiming.  
 Reasonables Rates."

In the lower left-hand corner of the smart little white card are his name and number and the fact that he is attached to the RAF and is a member of the RCAF Overseas.

# OUR BOYS BLAST AXIS IN MID-EAST

## RCAF FLIERS OVER MALTA AND THE DESERT BAG HUN RAIDERS, WRECK HARBORS

(Special to WINGS)

LONDON — The United Nations' air forces have played a major role in the Middle East campaign, and the part of Canadians in the air and on the ground in that theatre of war which includes Malta, will add a glorious chapter to the history of Canada's part in the war.

There is only one RCAF squadron in the Middle East as this is written, but in addition there are hundreds of RCAF personnel scattered among RAF squadrons engaged in the desert campaigns.

Nowhere else, not even in the "Battle of Britain" has there been such active and sustained air warfare as in the Axis air siege of the George Medal Island of Malta, and there many Canadians have been making a name for themselves as members of RAF squadrons. Most of these are members of the RCAF with RAF squadrons. There are others who, although Canadians, are members of the RAF.

Such a one is Pilot Officer George Beurling, DSO, DFC, DFM and Bar, the tall, gangling, fair-haired lad from Verdun, Que. who is Canada's topscoring ace. The stories of his exploits are so well known that there is no point in repeating them. His thoroughness, combined with remarkable eyesight, have contributed largely to the score of 23 1/3 destroyed which he had piled up before returning to Canada recently.

The squadron with which Beurling served in Malta is commanded by another RAF Canadian, SL "Timber" Woods, DFC and Bar, of Vancouver. This squadron is now the top-scoring squadron in the RAF, and other Canadian aircrew included FL Frank Everett Jones, DFC, of Vancouver; and FL John McElroy, DFC, of Kamloops, B.C.

Another Canadian in the Malta show was FL Henry Wallace McLeod, DFC and Bar, of Regina, Sask. who is the top-scoring fighter pilot of the RCAF with a score of 13 destroyed and many probables and damaged to his credit.

Among the night fighters on the island another Canadian was the king pin. He is FO Robert C. "Moose" Fumerton, DFC and Bar, of Kamloops, B.C., who at the time of writing had destroyed 12 enemy aircraft at night for certain.

A few months ago FL J. H. Curry, of Dallas, Texas, was flying a Fairey Battle through Ontario skies, as an instructor at Jarvis B & G. Today he is in command of an RAF Spitfire squadron operating in the North African theatre of war. He has a bag of seven and a third destroyed. Other RCAF men in the same squadron are: Clyde Scollan of Ottawa; FS Ernie Shea, of Moose Jaw, Sask.; Sgt. John Tuttle of Seattle, Washington; FS Bill Gwynne of Edmonton, and Sgt. Bill Steele of Montreal.

There is one RAF Wellington squadron in the desert, which at one time included some 45 Canadian aircrew and which for weeks had the almost nightly job of bombing Tobruk. In fact it became such a regular operation that it became known as "The Milk Run". And there were so many Canadians on the squadron that the other members jokingly called it "The Trans-Canadian Squadron."

### ENGINE BOSS BALKS

SOMEWHERE, Eng. — FL D. J. "Mac" MacLaurin is the hard-working engineering officer of the famous Demon Squadron of the RCAF Overseas, and has his hands full keeping the Hudson engines in tip-top condition for the Demons' ops. Recently he had more than his fair share of work and was slightly browned off.

The Demons were discussing types of aircraft and "Mac" was asked: "If you could make the choice, what kind of aircraft would you choose?"

The terse but explicit answer was "Gliders!"

### DARING LACs HAUL PILOT FROM FLAMES

(Special to WINGS)

LONDON — Risking death from fire and exploding cannon shells, two Canadian airmen with an RCAF nightfighter squadron in Great Britain, LAC Howard Roy Carter, 23, of Kelfield, Sask., and LAC Joseph Clement Corbeil, 22, of Cluny, Alta., dragged an unconscious aircrew member from the flaming wreckage of an aircraft which had crashed on the aerodrome, and undoubtedly saved him from a horrible death.

They escaped with slight injuries and were highly commended by their commanding officer, WC Paul Davoud, of Kingston. Carter has been awarded the British Empire Medal and Corbeil was mentioned in dispatches.

Carter, wiry and slightly-built, by a feat of amazing agility and courage managed to enter the blazing aircraft through a small hole torn in the hatch by the crash — a hole which he enlarged with his bare hands at the cost of severe lacerations.

Corbeil, burly and muscular, straddled the flaming fuselage in horseback fashion, and after enlarging the aperture, dragged the inert weight of the insensible victim through to safety.

The two airmen were on night duty when the aircraft crashed into a brick building near by.

### Equip Depot Scrap Drive Nets \$200,000 in 6 Months

OTTAWA—RCAF Equipment Depots have salvaged scrap to net the Public Treasury approximately \$200,000 during the past six months. Waste rubber, collected by Equipment Depots to be forwarded in carloads for reprocessing, averages 50,000 pounds monthly, while vital metals salvaged totalled 350,000 pounds.

All worn boots are also gathered at Equipment Depots where they are carefully conditioned. Those which cannot economically be repaired for future use in the Service are divided into two classes. Those which can be repaired for further non-Service use go to Penitentiaries or to the Department of Indian Affairs, or for sale to the public. Useless boots are reduced to scrap leather and sold as such.



CHIEF OF THE AIR STAFF



MINISTER FOR AIR

## WINGS—A STEP FOWARD

As another step forward in an organization where progress has become synonymous with its very name, WINGS will, I am sure, be welcomed by all members of the Royal Canadian Air Force. It follows a highly successful fore-runner — "Wings Abroad" — which has filled a most valuable role in the lives of our men overseas. That it will measure up to the standard of its predecessor, I am confident. It will be the voice of the RCAF in Canada. It is a pleasure for me to add my own word of gratification at the appearance of this publication.

L. S. BREADNER,  
Air Marshal,  
Chief of the Air Staff.

It is well that, in an organization as great as the Royal Canadian Air Force, many thousands of us linked in common endeavor should have a common meeting ground. WINGS, I hope and believe will provide such a meeting place both for the information and the entertainment of members of the Air Force. I, for one, am sure that I will find pleasure as well as instruction in its columns. With WINGS, the Air Force is undertaking to fill a long-felt need. I wish WINGS the same success that has marked all of our Air Force enterprises and I bespeak for it the support which it deserves from all of us.

C. G. POWER,  
Minister of National  
Defence for Air.

## HERE'S HOW TO WIN AN E-PENNANT

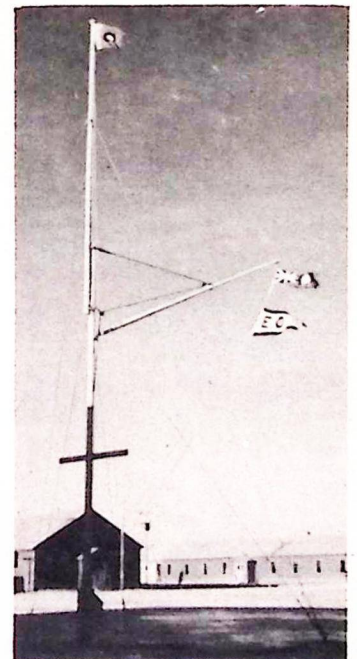
Fluttering proudly from the mast-heads of seven RCAF Training Stations is the new "E" Pennant awarded quarterly by the Air Minister.

"E" stands for efficiency — and the most efficient station in each type of training school under the Combined Training Organization will be privileged to fly the Pennant for three months following the announcement of the award. It is a blue-bordered white flag with the RCAF insignia and blue "E".

The first stations honored were: 3 M Depot, Edmonton; 1 ITS, Toronto; 20 EFTS, Oshawa, Ont.; 2 SFTS, Uplands, Ont.; 7 B&G, Paulson, Man.; 4 Wireless School, Guelph, Ont.; 7 AOS, Partage la Prairie, Man.

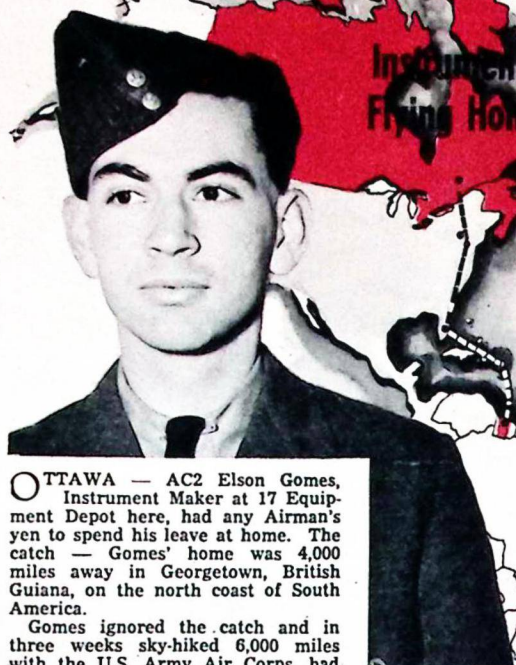
How can your station win an "E" flag? WINGS asked questions, found the scoring system was on the secret list, but did gather some tips. The record of every airman and airwoman on the station counts for or against a station's standing. Overstaying leave, breach of regulations, avoidable illness and accidents, etc., will not help to win a Pennant. But keen competitive spirit, high training efficiency, a will to succeed, initiative, fighting spirit — all designed to end this war just as soon as possible — will help win an "E" Pennant for your station.

The present holders earned the right to fly the Pennant until January 31. Soon after this issue of WINGS appears the new winners will be announced. Watch for them — and help to make your station a winner.



MINISTER'S E-PENNANT is shown above proudly waving on the mast at 7 B&G, Paulson Manitoba, one of seven stations privileged to fly it till January 31st. Note E and RCAF Roundel on flag. New winners will be announced shortly.

# AC2 SKY-HIKES 6000 MILES



**Instrument Maker on Leave Logs 37 Air Hours  
Flying Home as Guest of U. S. Army Air Corps**

OTTAWA — AC2 Elson Gomes, Instrument Maker at 17 Equipment Depot here, had any Airman's yen to spend his leave at home. The catch — Gomes' home was 4,000 miles away in Georgetown, British Guiana, on the north coast of South America.

Gomes ignored the catch and in three weeks sky-hiked 6,000 miles with the U.S. Army Air Corps, had a tooth pulled in Porto Rico by a U.S. Army Dentist, shared his sandwiches with captains, majors and colonels at rarified altitudes, took a flyer at becoming a navigator, dined royally on roast chicken high over Florida as guest of a U.S. Army pilot. And arrived back in Ottawa beaming all over with Pan-American goodwill.

When he started, Gomes had never been aloft in a plane. During the trip he piled up 37½ flying hours. Only one thing gave him trouble — his teeth. He spent so much time at home with the dentist he wired his station for a week's extension of leave.

Here's the Gomes saga in his own words — but WINGS is launching no travel competition. It's one of those Odysseys that can't happen twice — the next guy to try it would probably end up CB!

"I asked for a letter from the Adjutant authorizing me to go to Georgetown. He went me one better and gave me a letter identifying me and stating that any assistance given me in arranging air passage from New York to Georgetown would be greatly appreciated. This was marvellous.

After a train ride to New York I set out for LaGuardia airport which was bigger than anything I had ever imagined. I was in and out of so many offices I could qualify as the best known, if not the best liked, man on the field. Everywhere I went I had to sign a register, give a short summary of my life history and endure the close attention of innumerable guards.

One of the guards turned out to be a blonde bombshell of streamlined proportions. Life has its bright side even when one is a suspicious character.

## FAMILIARIZATION FLIGHT

After much wheedling and coaxing, I was taken as a passenger aboard a Curtis Commando, C46, bound for Middletown, Pa. Not exactly South America, but a start. Take-off time arrived and I was torn with doubts. There I was about to take my first plane ride, with no more baggage than the uniform on my back, with no knowledge of the country I sought to cross and no idea when, if ever, I would reach home.

But it was now or never. Climbing

into the belly of the plane, I was struck by the size of it and learned that it was intended as a paratroop transport, or to carry jeeps and light artillery.

At nine thousand feet, the excitement of the day and the change in air pressure made me so sleepy that I was happy to stretch out on a packing case, using my chute as a pillow. A short time later, I woke with a terrific bump on the floor and learned that we had hit a "downward air shaft", which tossed me right off my perch. I spent the rest of the trip pitching and rolling with the plane as she plowed through a pounding rain storm.

## ZERO TO FIFTY ABOVE

At Middletown, I had the luck to be picked up by the officer second in command of the field, who had been an RCAF Sergeant Pilot Instructor at Trenton until Pearl Harbor. He really was a wonderful fellow and in no time arranged my passage to Miami. While waiting I mosed around the field and saw everything from the latest Republic fighter, Thunderbolt P-47, to Consolidated's big Liberator B-25.

Middletown to Miami took five hours of fast flying at 5,000 feet. The temperature jumped from zero to fifty above in the course of our flight. As we pulled into Miami, my heart beat high with hope. This skyport of the south was the jumping off point for home.

It took a full day to get out of Miami for Porto Rico. A captain tipped me off that a Douglas DC-3 was due to leave early in the morning. Twenty of us got aboard and soon made ourselves comfortable, since the plane had been a peacetime airliner. Aside from short glimpses of Cuba and the Atlantic, we saw nothing until we were over Haiti.

The temperature had been climbing steadily and my service blue became so uncomfortable I had to shed my tunic. Worse, an aching tooth was needling my skull. I found that the main reason it ached was the drop in atmospheric pressure and I was able to ease the pain by biting hard. This meant I had to keep my mouth shut and for once in my life I became a good listener.

Lunch time came and I was the only one aboard who had thought to bring food, a bag of ham sandwiches. I couldn't eat and so passed them around. I felt as if I were doing penance for something, unable to eat or talk. Our destination was Porto Rico and although I was the only mere Airman aboard, the officers included me in the conversation all the way.

In Porto Rico, I asked permission of my pilot to have my tooth pulled before taking off for Georgetown. He said he wouldn't care to take me up again right after an extraction and arranged for me to take the first plane out the following morning. The U.S. Army dentists were a grand bunch of fellows and they had the tooth out in a hurry.

Leaving Porto Rico, we flew at seven thousand feet and saw little but the heaving seas until Trinidad swam over the horizon.

But this time, I was sitting in the co-pilot's seat (he was sleeping amidships), watching the pilot handle the ship. The instruments were the most accurate I had ever seen and I gained a fresh respect for the work done at Number 17. Leaving Trinidad, we flew, chiefly by compass and directional gyro, across Venezuela and over British Guiana. We saw mighty rivers that shone like ribbons of radium out of the thick steaming jungle.

## "HELLO MOM!"

Georgetown appeared in the distance.—Home! I could hardly wait for the plane to land. Next morning I went part way to the city by launch along the Demerara river (said to be bottled as rum) and part of the way in a U.S. Army bulldozer. I phoned my mother and was she happy to hear from me! But then she inquired sadly, "Have they thrown you out up there?" Pop came down to meet me.

## GROUCH CLUB

by RICKY



HOW IS IT EVERYONE IS SO LATE FOR THE MORNING'S MASS-MOWING THAT YOU ARE ALWAYS ON THE OUTSIDE EDGING IN? (Join the Grouch of the Month Club — send your pet peeve to the Editor, WINGS, RCAF HQ, Ottawa.)

# Dateline

## CENSORED

From the stonily censor-bound coasts of our Home War fronts come stories with a punch but without a dateline:

**SOMETHING TO BLOW ABOUT** was the record of the outstanding 33-piece west-coast RCAF band when they made a boat-tour of Air Force establishment at outlying points in northern B.C. and southern Alaska.

In three weeks they made 29 appearances—at places barely on the map. Dances, concerts, parades, church parades, broadcasts were all a part of the band fare; it was like putting a nickle in the Wurlitzer.

Climax of the trip came when howling gales forced the boat to shelter in the inlets. But the weather couldn't beat the band and on each of the stormbound nights, the boys put on concerts for the delighted loggers of the neighboring camps.

The bandmaster, FS Miceli, known in civil life as "Count" Miceli, comes from Winnipeg. He played at the Club Esquire and the King Edward Hotel in Toronto and has waved the baton to a number of RCAF outfits. Sgt. Cyril Roach, who solos on the trumpet, is assistant band-master. FL Lynch of Vancouver is Officer-in-charge.

**DOG-GONE** big problem on one remote station is "Mac", 120 pounds of dog. "Mac" has a decided taste for beer and snuff. When a pal sets one up for him, Mac takes it straight from the bottle. Trouble is, payday sometimes provides too many friends and what he feels like next morning shouldn't happen to a dog.

**FIRE—FIRE:** One RCAF Fire Department is credited with saving a nearby town when fire broke out and threatened to destroy the little settlement. A call was sent through to the station and in short order the fighting airmen arrived on the scene to find people ready to evacuate their homes.

FS Mosdell took over from the townfolk, and using experience gained in fighting dock fires in Vancouver, he and his crew soon had the fire under control. No one was injured and the town was saved.

Said Flight Mosdell, "When the boys got to town and saw that dock starting to go, they just had to gain control of the fire and put it out. Some of them were going on leave the following week, and with no dock there would be no boat to take them out. They just weren't taking any chances!"

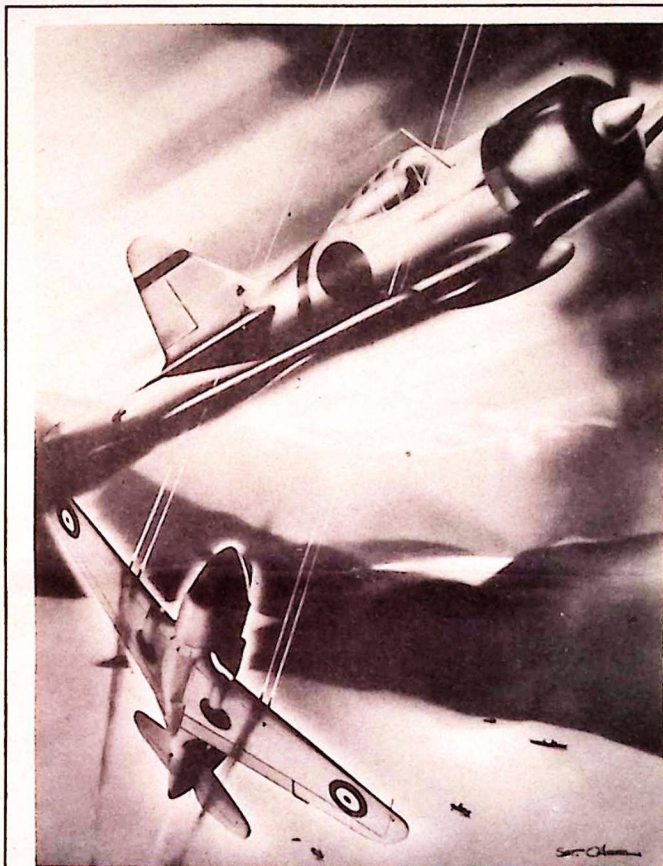
**SAVING THEIR FACES** by shaving their faces was the big problem of airmen of an eastern RCAF Detachment last summer. During construction of their camp, "oncoming" personnel found that modern conveniences, such as running water and cook stoves, just weren't. Being model airmen, the boys naturally considered it their duty to shave daily, rain or shine, but how?

Nearby was a small lake, but there were no palls to haul water. The lake became the station washbasin. After a path was cut through dense shrubbery, a diving board was erected and equipped with a "safety belt".

Conscientious (and fearless) airmen took turns hanging head down, suspended by their toes and the safety belt—not to practise fancy diving, but merely to shave. One hand held on while the other did double duty to soap, lather and scrape stubby bristles from blood-pounding faces with salvage-shy razor blades. Fortunately the plumbing was in before the lake froze over.

**DOUBLE TROUBLE** didn't phase Sergeant R. H. W. Clowes of one of our western outposts. In his motorboat, he had just reached the scene of an aircraft crash simultaneously with a tug, when he saw another plane plunge into the water about a mile away. Leaving the first accident to the tug, he sent his fast boat racing to the second. Just in time. Single handed, he rescued the three occupants of the plane, one of whom was practically helpless.

A muster parade was held at his station recently to honor Sergeant Clowes and to present him with a parchment from the Royal Canadian Humane Association.



## SCRAMBLE OVER KISKA

"I just poured it into him from underneath — climbed to a stall, practically, while he sailed over chasing someone else. He flamed up and went down."

That's how the first Jap Zero fell to the guns of the RCAF over embattled Kiska in the Aleutian Islands. It happened September 5, but the victorious Canadian pilot, SL Ken Boomer of Ottawa, told the story in his own words for the first time for this first issue of WINGS. Sgt. Artist Pat O'Lee used Boomer's description to recreate the sky battle between the Zero and the Kittyhawk in the airbrush drawing above.

Boomer has been awarded the DFC and the U.S. Army Air Medal for heroism.

"It was a combined U.S.-Canadian operation," said Boomer. "We all went in abreast, our fighters and the Americans leading the bombers. Then we had a top cover of fighters, too.

"Our job was to beat up the anti-aircraft defences. We went prac-

tically on the decks, although there was a 1200 foot ceiling. Well, we did our job, finished our run and were coming back at about 400 feet when we saw them coming." ("Them" was a fight of three Zeros, one of several flights which rose to meet the attackers.)

"They were at about 100 foot altitude so I gave a 'Tally-ho' to the rest of our Squadron. One Jap was on the tail of one of the fighters giving us top cover protection. I climbed to a stall practically, pulled up right under him. I just poured it into him from underneath. He flamed up and went down.

"By this time the rest of them were all scattered. Then we went back, all of us, Americans and Canadians, and beat up a couple of subs that were there. We got one of them too, I think.

"That's all there was to it."

"What did we do after that? Why, we went home and slept."

## 'WHO'S-WHO' MORE FUN AT 500-YARD RANGE!

DAUPHIN, Man. — FL P. Byng-Hall, introduced by GC Wilson as the speaker at a 10 SFTS Mess Dinner here, tells this story:

A problem in Aircraft Reco. Target in Bremen and the bomber has just crossed the Dutch coast. A dirty night with lots of cloud. The air gunner, FL Byng-Hall, just settling down to wait when out of a cloud bores an ME 110.

"Sir," to the Captain, "ME 110, 500 yards rear."

The observer, "Pay no attention, sir. That gunner doesn't know one aircraft from another. Probably one of our own squadron."

"ME 110, 400 yards, sir."

The Captain, casually, "Sure it's Jerry?"

"Bloody sure, sir, Jerry 110, 350 yards," desperately.

Warns the WAG, "Will you guys make up your minds? My wife and kids will strangle your stupid ghosts if you make a mistake."

"Call him up on RT, sir" the Observer again.

"WT silent, sir, unless you're bored with life," warns the WAG.

Captain tries a short check with RT. No answer.

"ME 110, 150 yards, sir, and your observer is a lying—"

The WAG's voice, the night and part of the fuselage simultaneously split by cracking, deadly machine gunning.

"Fire," yells the Captain.

Byng-Hall lets go mightily, gets a lucky hit, and an ME in smoke sighs down into the night.

FL Byng-Hall, just back from operations overseas, is Instructor at No. 7 B & G School, Paulson. He has plenty of other yarns. Rated too old for aircrew, he started this war as a private in the Canadian army, finegeled his way into aircrew as an Air Gunner, went through Dunkirk and the Blitz. A rare bird, as GC Wilson says.

## New Home for 5 AOS

WINNIPEG — No. 5 AOS has celebrated its second anniversary and is all set to move next spring, class, craft and sextant, to a new site across the present field. Double hangars, extended runways and roadways, a heating plant and forty new buildings, all with the most modern equipment, will be available.

On January 6 1941, when the business of training observers was begun by 5 AOS, there were only 11 aircraft and 20 pilots. Since that time, the lowly Ansons in increasing numbers have travelled some 48,000 flying hours and over 6,000,000 miles in pursuit of elusive navigational objectives. WC B. N. Harrop is CSO and FL W. K. Gwyer is Chief Instructor.

## LEAVES ICE FOR AIR

REGINA, Sask. — Dick Salter got a pair of figure skates for Christmas when he was sixteen and became a champ. Now he has left the Ice Capades to join the Air Force.

A Regina lad, Dick held the Queen City Club championship for four years then left for bigger rinks to conquer. He taught in Boston, performed at the World's Fair in New York and then joined the famous Ice Capades at Atlantic City. With them he toured the States. With them, too, was pretty Ann Nickolas and they married last spring.



**THE GIBSON GIRL** — a grand effort that keeps the hair well off the collar. The problem — how to keep the cap on the Gibson Girl?



**THE CHARLEY'S AUNT** — a quaint, bewitching style of hair-don't. Or do you like being known as "Auntie"?



**SIS HOPKINS** — is an eye-catcher. If it misses the corporal's eye, there's still a chance it will leave somebody else with a gaping socket.

# HAIRDO'S AND DONT'S



**THE VERONICA LAKE**, peekaboo or portiere is a popular hair-don't. Also called Springer Spaniel or Rover Girl.



Illustrated by RICKY



NOW that every fashion authority is taking a tip from the Armed Forces and talking about new, neat hairdo's, let's get down to facts on this curls-off-the-collar business.

The first thing to do is to shake off the notion that it's just for parade. None of this looping the old cockerspaniel effect up in a net till the corporal's out of sight. Pretend you're completely tired of the way you've been wearing your hair. See what's new in the way of styles — and you'll be surprised to find that most of them are just what the doctor — or rather CAP 202 — ordered.

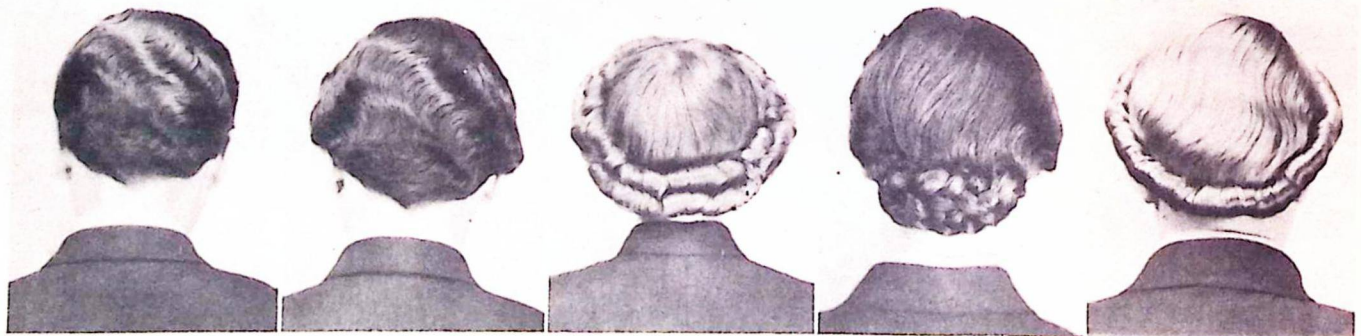
There are short, feathery haircuts, easy to manage, and dangerous only when your hair isn't naturally curly and you're miles away from a place for a good permanent. For long hair, there are charming up-lung coiffures like the one Joan Fontaine's been wearing. To tame the wipsy bits that afflict even the tidiest roll, tiny combs are recommended.

Every movie magazine and fashion magazine in the recreation centre will give you ideas on the subject, and pretty soon you'll evolve something that's new, becoming, and gives you such a lift you won't want to go back to the old portieres. Not even in that favorite spot for a letting-down of the back hair, the barrack block.

Right now, Sgt. Cecil Gill is at 7 M Depot, helping new recruits get ahead of this particular problem. Soon, airwomen on distant stations will have their own hairdressers, trained by Sgt Gill, and ready to cope with tress trouble.

Meantime courage, and how about a bit of inventiveness? Remember that Veronica Lake piles her hair high on top of her head except when she's appearing before the camera. And if that doesn't work, think of your own WD sergeant's remarks when things go wrong on parade. They're guaranteed to make the hair stand up nicely all by itself and well off the collar.

Clip these suggested hairdos — Any of the five will keep that corporal off your neck, and you can cook up your own variations of the style that takes your fancy.



Boyish Bob

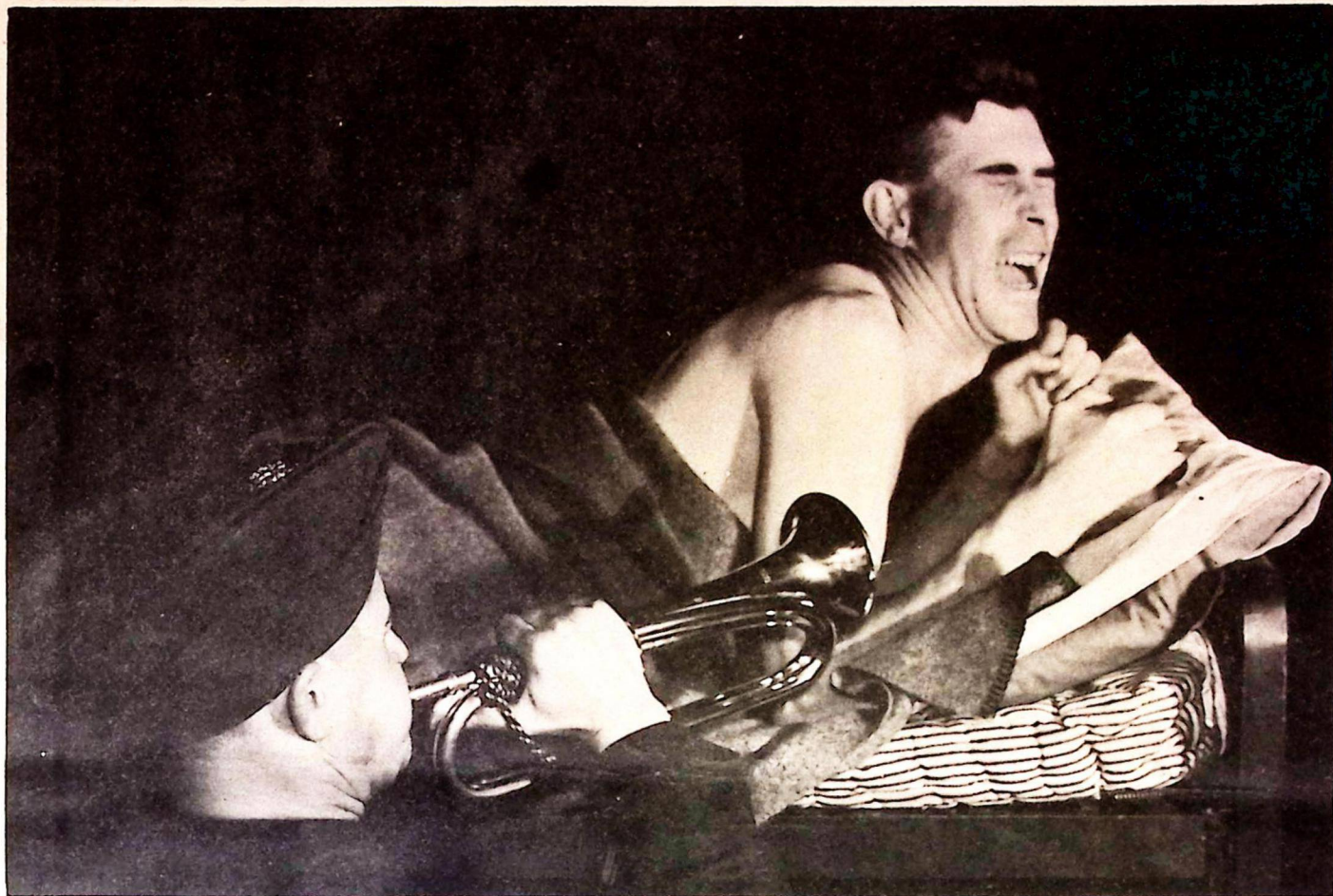
Shingle

Curls

Long

Roll

# HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS --



**MY SHATTERED NERVES!** Drill, P.T., four shots in the arm and so to bed in a nice comfy bunk in the Reception Wing. Then this goes off in a guy's ear before he barely has time to roll over. But don't expect any sympathy from the bugler, Bub — he puts the blast on 7,000 pillow-pounders at No. 1 M Depot every 0600 hours. The & 1% @ e\$£ ! with the trumpet is AC1 Coysh. He knows 42 calls and this is the worst. He says it's music but victims agree it's a hell of a note.



**OLDEST INHABITANT** Now boss N.C.O. in Records, WO2 Fred White moved into No. 1 Manning 17 days after war started, recalls when eight hoboes boarded free for a week, undetected. No fooling.

On a summery September morning, 17 days after war started, Fred White presented himself at the C.N.E. Coliseum in Toronto as orderly room clerk to the CO. Neither he nor FL Bremner Greene saluted because neither wore uniforms — both had been hustled into the Service too fast to worry about such minor details. Looking around the C.O.'s office, AC2 White quickly discovered that uniforms weren't the only things lacking. There were no desks, no chairs, not even a telephone.

There were flies, lots of them. The Ex had just closed; the cows, the bulls and the sheep had gone — but not the flies. "We were issued sprays and fly swatters before we got anything else," recalls Whitey. "For the first two days the C.O. and I sat on the window sills and swatted".

That was Sept. 20, 1939. Today WO2 White sits in the records office high over the sports ring ("Those first days I used to keep the files in a corner of the CO's office."). Down below, 1,000 of a staff and upwards of 5,000 new Airmen swarm through the bull pen, the blue room, the judging ring, the sheep pen, the lounge, canteen and theatre. The barnyard smell has gone from the bullpen, the blue lights have almost vanished from the blue room and the station's name has recently be-

come No. 1 'M' Depot." But it all started that day three years ago.

Maybe Whitey wasn't the first frustrated soul to cry "My shattered nerves!" but it's safe to say he was one of the first ten. "When the first batch of 75 Airmen arrived about Oct. 4 we still didn't have uniforms. Once eight hoboes walked in and got bunks and meals for a week before anybody caught on — that's a fact."

For the first two weeks the CO's wife served as the MT Section. Whitey would pound out the DRO's on his own typewriter, and Mrs. Greene would drive him down to Command to run them off on the mimeograph. "We didn't even have a mess hall— Mrs. Greene organized her bridge club as an auxiliary and they used to feed us coffee and sandwiches."

There was no beef about waiting around for a posting. "We rushed 'em in, outfitted them, and rushed them out again. When the Station Sergeant Major would first call the role, I'd have half of them drafted".

Recruits paraded on the straw between the cattle stalls. Records outgrew filing cabinets so fast that occasionally a stray airman got lost for weeks in the jungle entanglements of double-tiered bunks. For a friend to try and pluck an Airman out of the Pool by telephone was like fishing for a prize in the goldfish tank on the Midway.

Then came the punch-card system at the gate to keep track of "ins" and "outs" and interesting telephone numbers. Records developed a fool-proof filing system and today boasts "Give us a man's name and we can tell you in 50 seconds whether he's here, or where he's gone".

Station SM's all over Canada must have popped blood vessels when their first raw recruits arrived from No. 1 Manning, but with development of the Training Wing the Coliseum began to turn out real Airmen. In fact, the recruits that now enter Training Wing would put many of those first drafts to shame for smartness, after their preliminary ten days in "Cresswell's Corner".

CO of No 1 Manning Depot today is Group Captain H. O. McDonald, the fifth since the late FL "Brem" Greene. In between came "Archie" Collis, now an Air Commodore at A.F.H.Q., "Mac" Sisley, now a Group Captain and head of the Service Police, Norm Irwin, now Group Captain and CO at Aylmer and Jerry Nash, now Group Captain and SPSO at No. 3 T.C.

Under his command today Group Captain McDonald has the largest station (strength) in the entire Combined Training Establishment. Nobody gets lost any more — though what recruit doesn't feel completely abandoned sometimes? (Turn page)

# HOME WAS NEVER..

Instead the whole, complex machine clicks along with the precision of the time-clocks at the Airmen's Entrance. But there are thousands of Coliseum grads throughout the Service who'll always remember those hurly-burly days that once drove Sgt. Major "Whitey" so near to desperation that he burst into poetry:

Silently they carried him down to his grave,  
A poor, misguided young fool,  
He sacrificed nerves, and strength and health,  
To the Air Force Manning Pool.  
Tears were shed as they slowly passed by,  
For this AC2 who had yearned to fly,  
Who had proudly worn his Air Force blue,  
And polished his buttons, so shiny and new.

Volunteers had been asked for, a small job of work,  
He stuck up his hand, and they made him a clerk—  
Recruits to make files on, drafts to get out,  
Phone calls by thousands, pushed all about.  
No sleep did he get, by day or by night,  
Til every nerve shattered and quite in a fright  
He drowned himself, this benighted young fool,  
In that madhouse known as the Manning Pool.

On these pages WINGS takes you back to Manning and the scenes you'll never forget. Most of the photos were taken by Sgt. Jack Dalgleish, No. 1 Training Command photographer.



CHILL GREY DAWN, that butterflies in your stomach feeling and "What'll they do to me now?" In that door, over a few hurdles, and they'll all have DFCs in no time. Hustle on in, boys, the war can hardly wait. "One, pause, two, pause, up..."



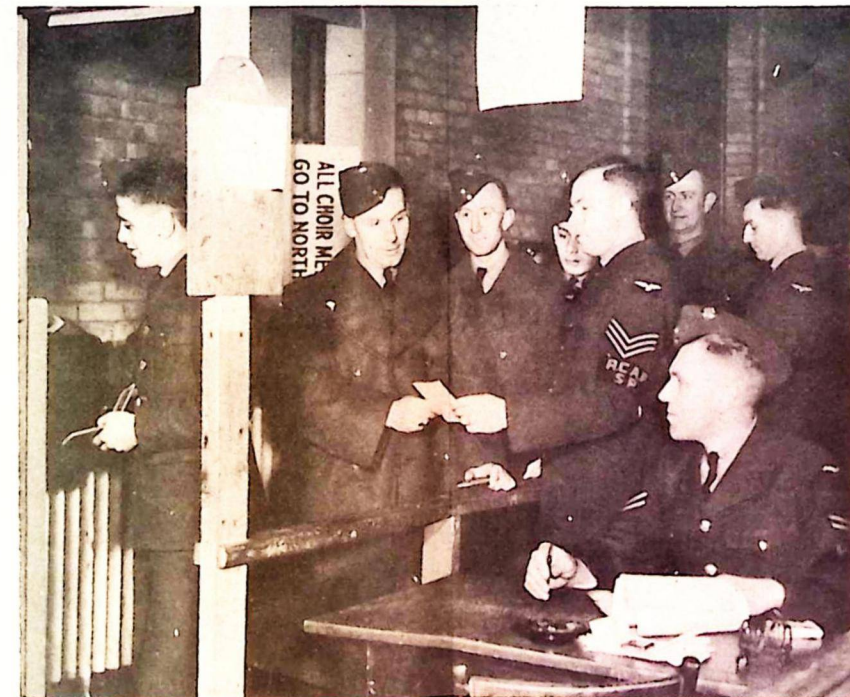
YIPE! — This is Schick and Dick, then come a couple of licks of TNT — pardon us, TABT — not to mention vaccination. Better go to bed now, brother, cause if that bump stays there you're in for a few more shots.



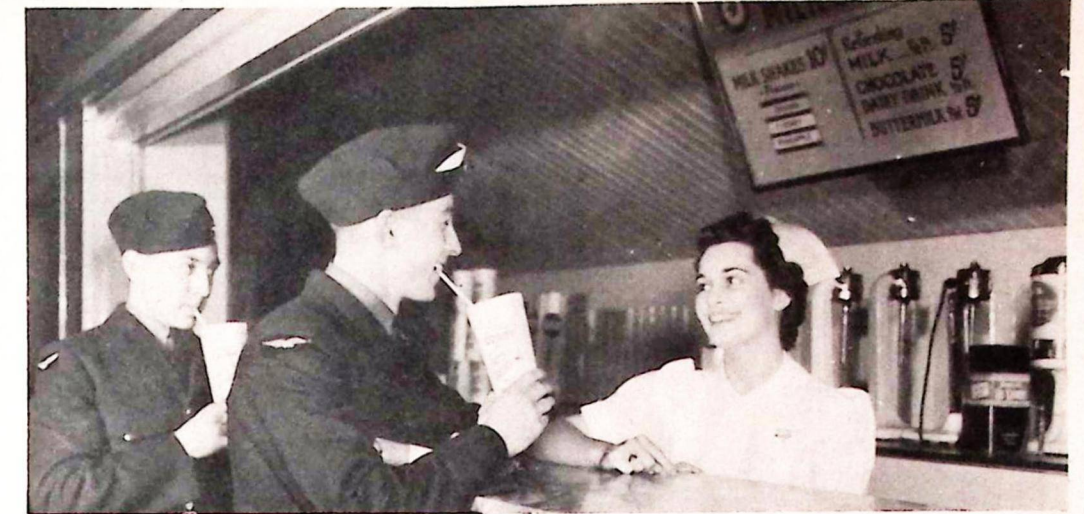
BLESS 'EM ALL! The correspondence school lessons paid off and he's the most popular chap in the Sheep Pen. But wait till he tries to fold that accordion into his kit.  
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, RCAF style (left). Cpl. "Uncle Joe" Bartman tells new lads etiquette at No. 1 now demands mattress be folded over blankets to keep dust off. "And your blankets aren't a filing cabinet for your kit!"



DON'T LOOK NOW MOTHER but Sonny's taking an awful trimming. AC2 Castonguay is resigned to his fate. Fate is personified by WO2 Cresswell, Daddy of the Reception Wing, where four barbers harvest the winter crop.



TICKETS PLEASE. The 4.30 rush for a Fort Car and a date at the Pic. But there's always one fellow who isn't in a hurry — the gentleman with the arm band. (Always be polite to SPs, it pays.)



AND ALL FOR A DIME! Aint it wonderful the sheer enjoyment a guy can get from a milkshake? What'll you bet Mike Scottie of the Precision Squad doesn't even know what flavor he's drinking? But what about AC2 Lake (left) — he paid his dime and what did HE get? A milkshake.



LIFE IS A LAUGH to AC2 Fabien Lariviere (left) and he helps keep the rest of the Manning gang laughing with his antics. New talent is discovered every day at No. 1, but Entertainment Committee means when boys are posted.



THE SIGN may have read "No. 1 Manning Pool" in your day but if you did your two-on and two-off you'll remember the Chic Sale model at the left. There were 75 recruits in the first batch to arrive in October '39. Today there are thousands.  
JOE BOY — Dirty work in the pot room (left) but cheer up chum. It's all part of the Great Adventure! Jobs like this instill the old fighting spirit...



DON'T CROWD, BOYS FL George Duthie and Y-man Tommy Armour bring chor us gals, celebrities and name bands to No. 1 M theatre, keep the place packed. Smart fellows, they stage big shows on late-pass nights.

WINGS

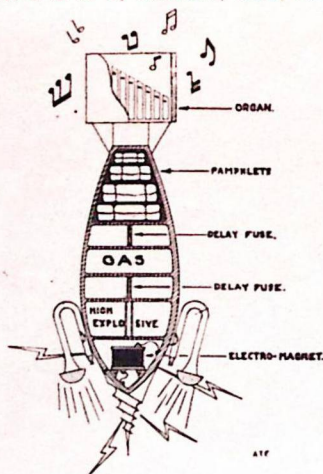
Air Crew training must be completely overhauled if RCAF men are to be able to take care of themselves in the desert. Home from the wars in Egypt, WO1 Cecil Collins of North Bay is still taking soothing treatment for his shattered nerves. Putting his fighter, ship back on the ground at a base to which he had just been posted, Collins heard a loud roar and flung about to find a full-grown lion glaring him in the face. Elementary Big Game Hunting School having been omitted from his training curriculum, the WO1 froze in his tracks on the hot desert sand while the hair on his neck climbed for altitude.

Moment later an AC2 stalked out and calmly shooed away the man-eater. He warned Pilot Collins to be on the lookout for a wandering giraffe, too—just a couple of station pets.

Such a situation wouldn't phase airman R. Baker of 7 SFTS for a moment. Baker went a-hunting near MacLeod, Alta., and brought him down a 400-pound red deer mounting five-point antlers. And did it with a single neat shot right behind the ear.

Calling on Records for further data on R. Baker we found there are two R. Bakers at MacLeod — LAC Robert George Baker and Cpl. Robert Wesley Baker, nor do their trades clearly suggest which is the deer slayer. Robert George is a Mechanic and presumably deadly at 40 paces with a grease gun, while Robert Wesley is a Nursing Orderly and undoubtedly fast on the draw with a syringe. But if the guy that clipped the antlers isn't remustered Air Gunner in short order we'll lose all faith in Trade Selection Boards.

The midnight oil has been burning at 2 B & G, Mossbank, Sask., and



The Probert Bomb

that diminutive, mighty, mental genius Sgt William Probert came forth with the bomb, here reproduced, which he emphatically declares will end all wars. Here's his description of the Probert Bomb:

"When the enemy is sighted, bomb is released and during its descent twin horns attached to the side blow the "All Clear", upon which enemy come out of their shelters. In case of a direct hit, corkscrew nose will bore into depths of target; or if through incorrect release it appears that it might miss, electro-magnet in nose draws bomb towards target. This will prove a boon to bomb aimers doing away with all ground errors.

"Upon impact high explosive chamber is set off which ignites a delay fuse to the gas chamber killing any survivor from the blast,

"Any lucky enough to escape the second charge are amply taken care of by a second delayed fuse igniting the pamphlet container, spreading propaganda leaflets, upon reading which, they will be only too glad to surrender.

"Fitting climax to the whole thing is an ingenious organ device in the tail which due to the explosive wave drones out the song 'I'll be glad when you're dead, you rascal you.'" Patent pending.

We can hardly wait.

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Priorities have put the can on the gentle art of jitterbugging at Ottawa's Red Triangle Club. Few necessities of life are as scarce these days as stockings girls, for the use of. And the casualty rate among



POSTED!



—Drawn by H.M.H., 2 FIS, Vulcan, Alta.

pecting to unpack a bundle of baby blankets they opened the crate to discover the carton contained handy roll-neck flaps to wear over V-neck sweaters.

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Life turned into a mad jam session for Airman Garth Boland before he escaped from Ottawa to Belleville ITS. Flight Sergeant in the Directorate of Intelligence at AFHQ, Boland's ambition was to become a WO2 — but he also had a hankering to go Aircrew.

FS Boland suddenly hit the jackpot. One Wednesday came word of his posting to ITS. Thursday's DRO headlined his promotion to WO2. Garth hastily borrowed crowns from his room mate, Jack Mathewson, who had just been bumped to WO1, and turned up at work Friday, WO2 for a day. That evening at a farewell party pals tried to strip him of his crowns at midnight, but Boland flatly refused to hike home an AC2. Next day the ex-WO2, ex-FS en-trained for ITS as plain Sgt. Garth Boland.

Boland should be at EFTS by this time — and probably a Wing Commander.

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Found on a maintenance shop floor in a U.S. Army camp in Wyoming, one identification bracelet, on the back this inscription — "Hands off, this guy belongs to me — Millie."

\*\*\*

Australians are no slaphappier than anybody else in the Service, we are informed by a reliable psy-

choanalyst, once you understand what they're talking about. So we've been taking a short course in Aussies, as supplied by Collier's and the Airman's Post of 2 M Depot at Brandon. Next time you meet a blonde kangaroo, wow her with these:

Blue — fight; blue orchids — the RAAF; buggalug — unfortunate fellow; buttered bun — girl somebody else doesn't want; cockwocky — dairy farmer; cocky — wheat farmer; curling the moe — everything ok; dill — stupid; fiddlydid — pound note; slanagan — half-gallon jug; full as a goog — bloated; hack (also Sheila) — a babe; lanikan — hoodlum; lurk — a racket; mollydooker — left-handed gent; nark — kibitzer; on the snoz — stinks; plunk — new (or cheap) wine; sweet Fannie Adams — no dice; sly grog — speakeasy.

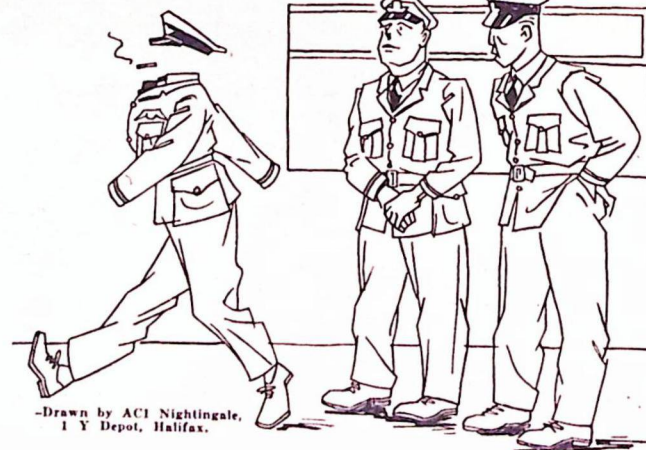
But we still feel ignorant. Think how long the Aussies have been over here? Think of all the queer phenomena they must have discovered in Canada, think of the cockeyed jargon they must have concocted to cover it. They've probably added pages to their dictionary and we wish somebody'd tell us about it.

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Finally, we report that the Airman of 3 M Depot, Edmonton, has been washing dirty linen in public. Morale took a jump at 3 M when word got around that the old problem of everybody trying to dry their eating tools on the same soaking mess-hall towel had been solved. Some wizard had a revolutionary new scheme and the whole station held its breath awaiting the New Era. It came.

The towels were taken away.

—SLAPHAPPY



—Drawn by ACI Nightingale, 1 Y Depot, Halifax.

"I'm afraid Bates is carrying this blood-donating business a little too far."



by Flying Officer T. R. LEE

**B**RANTFORD, Ont., 5, SFTS—It was funny the way we discovered our friends the Gremlins had landed in Canada and were playing fast and loose about the station. A group of us were gathered around the snooker table, discussing the mischievous little creatures in between shots. PO Blank (we'll call him Prune) was most emphatic in his snorts and pooh-poohing.

"It's ridiculous," he grunted, sighting along his cue for what appeared to be a "duck," as we snooker sharks say. "There's no such thing." Then he fired.

The black ball — and the winning points — headed right for the pocket, that is until it was about six inches this side, when for no reason at all it rolled gently to one side missing the pocket by a foot. As a chorus of Bronx cheers filled the room, Prune's face sagged in stunned amazement. His cue dropped nervously to the floor, and he ran his hand over his brow.

"Fellows," he choked, reaching quickly for a double-scootch, "you'll never believe it. That ball was as good as in, that is, until that little fellow took a hand."

The others looked at one another wonderingly, then back at Prune.

"I had that ball lined up dead with the pocket," he said, his eyes still popping with astonishment, "when this little lad — this Gremlin — popped out on the end of the cue, and said 'You're not going to sink it.' As I shot, he scampered to the table, thumbed his nose at me and gave the ball a shove out of line. Look, he's still shoving."

Obviously, reflected Prune as he recovered from his state of coma, our Gremlin, whom we shall call Sgt. Anson in honor of the mighty "Blowpipe", had served with the RAF, and had probably come to Canada with the Ferry Command.

Anson was just about six inches tall, corresponding with specifications contained in RAF "secret and confidential" files. He spoke with an English accent, too, though one of the American lads claimed Gremlins originated in the USA, that they were pin-boys for the dwarfs Rip Van Winkle discovered playing bowls.

#### Corrigan's Jinx ?

According to our American friend, who eagerly sought USA markings on Anson's shoulders, the first Gremlin to reach Europe went over with Wrong-Way Corrigan. To this day, folks won't believe Corrigan's tale that he thought he was heading for Los Angeles when actually he was en route to Ireland. But authoritative Gremlin circles have revealed Corrigan really did set course for Los Angeles, had the migrating Gremlin, one of the pioneers, had other plans — he wanted to kiss the blarney stone — and tampered with the compass accordingly. He was the first Gremlin to fly. So insisted the American.

Anson had obviously just come in from the hangar area. He wore a heavy leather flying jacket, just like the RCAF boys overseas, on which was proudly worn the yellow-striped ribbon of the DFM (Distinguished Flying Mischief).

His two little horns were cozily covered with knitted sockettes, but that didn't keep his battle-lined face from being rosy red. He had been on operations — on "big stuff" had completed his tour of duty, and was sent to Canada to organize and instruct international brigades of Widgets (young Gremlins) for operations on all fronts overseas.

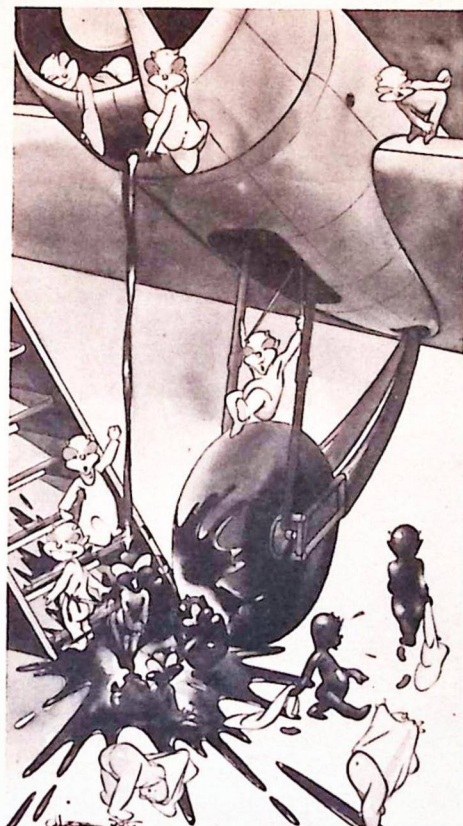
News of Sgt Anson's presence spread like wildfire. It was then realized that probably thousands of Gremlins, cute Fifinellas (females) Widgets, Flibberty-Gibbets (Young Fifinellas) and Woffledigets (aged Gremlins said to feed on Widgets) had invaded the Dominion and the C.T.E. as a tremendous fifth column.

Great was the alarm, though alarm mingled with a touch of relief, for pilots had been mystified during the past few months by a series of strange incidents and accidents, and now they thought they had the answer.

For example, for no good reason at all tires were blowing out as pilots took-off, landed or taxied innocently along the ground. Planes were ground-looping, nosing over and cracking wings, and general wreckage was strewn in all directions. OC Maintenance claimed the pilots were riding the brakes, thus heating the tires and causing them to burst. The pilots said they weren't, kept their eyes open and learned what was really going on. LAC Drip reported:

"At 1430 hours, the 2nd instant, I was taxiing along No. 2 runway. The wind was slight: I was using no brake. It was watching my left wheel very carefully, as it seemed to drag a bit. I saw five Widgets climb aboard the hub. They all wore complete asbestos suits, and carried blow-torches. Giggling all the time, they kept up a steady stream of fire on the tires as we rolled along. When it finally blew out, they dove into a snowbank with squeals of laughter. They apparently like to hear the pop."

Sgt Anson explained to Prune that Canada was selected as a training ground for Widgets as it was so far from the scene of action that



"Senior Widgets holding midnight shampoo parties . . . dancing gaily under the oily shower . . ."

training could be carried on uninterrupted by the enemy. Besides, each Widget (Widgets can be distinguished by the white flash in their caps) had to have several hours dual and solo on training planes before going on to Spitfires or Lancasters.

Then there was the oil situation. The machines seemed to be eating up oil like gasoline, and engines were seizing-up all over the countryside. When daily inspections were completed at night, tanks were full of oil, but after an hour's running next morning gallons were missing. We sat up one night and couldn't believe our eyes — the senior class of Widgets were holding midnight shampoo parties.

Right on the dot of midnight, rubbing sleep out of their eyes, hundreds of the little rascals swarmed into the hangar. One of the class

--- it's Them, boys!

### Dancing runways, popping tires — Widgets at Work

seniors climbed up underneath the engine and opened oil cocks, while hundreds of others danced gaily underneath the oily shower. Widgets' hair is very dry, and oil shampoos are the only way they can prevent their scalp becoming like a Wofflediget's, that is, absolutely bare. The oil parties explain those patches you find beneath engines in the hangar every morning. Close examination will even show tiny footprints.

Widgets, under the direction of very senior Gremlins, are also getting extensive night-flying training, we learned to our sorrow. Their faces are luminous, but they also eat copious quantities of carrots to aid their night vision. For a long time farmers thought it was rabbits nibbling their carrots, but we found Widgets swarming over carrot patches

PO Groundloop got the shock of his life when he discovered night-flying Widgets. He was picking his melancholy way around the circuit, when suddenly foreign lights appeared to starboard. Fearing he was about to collide with another machine, he banked violently to port. The lights were still there. He dived, to no avail. Then his wings began to teeter-totter. Groundloop strained his eyes to the wingtips, and found the answer. Six Widgets, clapping their hands with glee, swayed in the slipstream, held there by their little brown suction boots (Stickees, Widgets for the use of, Mk 11).

Their little luminous faces were even more aglow with excitement, and they danced up and down on the roundels, obviously wanting a few more steep turns. A couple climbed into the cockpit and spun the directional gyro to see how fast it would go. Another was rocking himself to sleep on the horizon bar of the gyro horizon.

The other night we watched Sgt Dropemin, for no apparent reason, overshoot the airport by 150 yards and wind up on his nose in a plowed field 100 yards to one side of the runway. As he picked his way out of the battered remains, his face was red with anger as he cursed "those g . . . Widgets!!"

#### Playing With Fire

"As I lined up with the runway for the approach," he explained as the MO checked him over, "suddenly thousands of Widgets moved the flarepath bodily over to the left. We swung over to the left to get back on the beam again, so to speak, and they just lifted it back over to the right."

This was getting tiresome, so I decided that if the Widgets were going to keep swinging the flarepath back and forth, I'd pick the mean point of the swing and set her down right in the middle of the runway. I started to level out nicely when suddenly they swung the runway 100 yards to the right, and dragged it forward 150 yards. So there I was."

The endorsement in Sgt. Dropemin's logbook reads "error in judgment," while all the Widgets concerned got recommended for the AFM (Amateur Flying Mischief).

Our Widgets seem to be getting an extensive training. Pilots report that bands of them raise and lower runways when they're landing as though they were carpets. Instrument men find them stuffing pitot tubes with snow, and even in ground school they're busy throwing sleeping potions into the nostrils of our pilots, so the Widgets themselves can steal the knowledge. They even upset senior officers by whispering the wrong commands into their ears on parades. It's all very exciting — we're warning you.

WINGS

# RCAF "DRAKES" LIKE TO SANDWICH IN A SPOT OF SPORT BETWEEN BATTLES

(Special to WINGS by Flight Lieut. R. D. FORSTER)

LONDON — Drake took time out for sport—finished his bowling game before dealing with the approaching Spanish Armada. So history records.

War tempo is much too fast for hesitation now, but war-adjusted England pauses for sport under wraps, despite such deterring influences as service duties, vital production requirements, transport difficulties, lack of help, and blitz.

Softball in the summer, hockey in the winter, constitute the most popular sports with RCAF personnel overseas. Many artificial ice rinks still operate. When location permits, our own squadrons, and large groups of Canadians in RAF units, lose no time in organizing teams. Some pretty fair hockey has resulted.

The English can just about regard softball as Canada's national game, after watching the summer sport activities. Its simplicity, both in participation and equipment, has installed it everywhere. It has not only become a leading sport on stations. It developed into the noisiest factor in Hyde Park, where noise—plus hot air from the soap box sector—is really something.

## HANTON OF THE BRUIINS

As long as Hun crashing takes priority over defence crashing, many a promising hockeyist will "miss the boat" athletically because of his convictions.

An example is PO H. A. "Hank" Hanton, who barely received baptism of fire in the pro ranks with Hershey and Boston Bruins, after reaching a Memorial Cup final with Kenora Thistles in 1940. "Hank" pilots a Mustang with a Canadian Army Co-op squadron, specializing in shooting up goods trains and ME109s instead of opposing goalers. "Hank" recently got a "probable" in a clash with two German fighters.

PO Ken Larden seemed headed a long way upwards when he set the pace for the North Bay Trappers, but RCAF enlistment side-tracked hockey advancement. Ken is a Spitfire jockey now, and a mighty good one too. This 21-year old Northern Ontario boy won his commission in the field last summer. There are plenty of Hantons and Lardens riding the skies these days, who would be sport page celebrities at any other time.

## FRENCHMEN STILL FLYING

The "Flying Frenchmen" were legendary figures in NHL hockey when the famous Morenz-Joliat-Boucher

line paced Montreal Canadiens to great achievement. The "Flying Frenchmen" are really flying these days, on ice as well as in thin air. WC Joe St. Pierre's Wellington bomber squadron, essentially French Canadian, is the new version. It delivers other things than high explosives. There is plenty of ice talent, drawn mostly from aircrew.

Two air gunners have their shooting irons in good order, both in and on ice. PO Fred Belanger had plenty of reputation when he played for Quebec Aces. FS Jean Paul Raymond, Montreal, was an opponent in those days, playing for Parc Lafontaine and Concordias. They retain their old touch.

Lacrosse, Canadian variety, has been played by certain RCAF squadrons during the past year. Sgt. Larry Deebank was the good provider for a fighter squadron. He's been over for two years, and has done a lot of sport promotion in the Midlands. He played for Cornwall and Mimico.

Sergeant Bill Dempster of St. Catharines and Toronto, could have provided plenty of punch for the Canadian teams. Managing a gun turret in a Stirling bomber has been his main occupation. Another well known lacrossist is PO G. D. Long, whose claim to sport fame was a spot on the line-up of the Trail Smoke-Eaters. His wartime specialty is piloting Beaufighters.

## Sportflight:

16 SFTS Hagersville, Ont.: A hockey team known as the "Hagersville Flyers" has been entered by this station in a league comprising Guelph, Brantford, Mount Hope, Jarvis and Dunnville. All games to be played in respective arenas.

10 RD, Calgary: Alas the ski special is but a memory. But here the lads are still out practising langlauf (cross country jaunting) in the foothills. It is still possible to get to Banff on the regular trains. There you will see Jack Wootton, Jerry Ashbury and Sgt. Cabush — the last an authority on 'hunting on skis'. Preparations are being made to have a good representation from this station for the Banff Winter Carnival.

Charles Clark, twice holder of the Dominion 440 yd. sprint title is now a PO in the RCAF. Song writing is his hobby and he has had one of his compositions broadcast over the National CBC chain.

## STEVE

by LAC G. W. WESTON, 6 ITS

Let's call him "Steve". It isn't likely ten guys on the station know his right name, and it doesn't matter anyway.

Steve is a civilian who worked in the Airmen's mess, fussing around setting tables, and after the wolves had feasted, removing the debris.

We suppose some of the boys noticed he limped around with the peculiar gait that marks the "amp". But we don't suppose the hundreds of kids who came, saw, and conquered, and left our school, ever wondered when and how Steve lost his leg. He very seldom wore his ribbons, or talked about "1914-1918". They might remember he always had a smile, never was too busy to say "hello" or "how goes the battle" or "say, did you hear the one about . . ."

Our duties brought us into close contact with him nearly every day — we often chatted about this and that. Maybe because we think it's polite to listen when you get a cup of "buckshee" coffee, or maybe we have a lot of respect for the guys who wear the little triangular pin — "Amputations Veterans of Canada". We came to know "Steve" pretty well.

It seems he lived alone, his wife was dead, and his interest was wrapped up in his two sons—both overseas in the Army to finish 'what I was workin' on in '14-18'. Steve had hopes for after the war and plenty of plans for the future, when his stalwart sons marched home again.

Steve had his eccentricities of course, and caused considerable

worry to those responsible for the smooth running of the mess. Sometimes he'd be missing (usually after pay day). Sometimes his leg bothered him — and he made frequent trips to "Christie St." to have another piece "sawed off". Once in a while he'd have a run in with some of the other vets and there were frequent demands for his scalp. But somehow we managed to talk him out of quitting, and others of asking him to quit.

Then one day Steve was missing again. Several days went by, still no sign of him. If he wasn't sick he must have struck oil, as it was nowhere near pay day. We remember the date because it was the day the story broke about the Battle of Dieppe. We read about it on the street car while we were on our way to see Steve.

When we got to his boarding house Steve wasn't home, so we sat down in his room to wait for him—thought we might talk him into coming back to work. On his dresser we noticed pictures of his two smiling sons in khaki — and then we spotted the telegrams (You'd have read them too, wouldn't you?).

They were identical, except for names and numbers. The usual brief message. ". . . regret to inform you No. . . Private . . . killed in action at Dieppe." Yes, both of them . . .

Steve never did come back. We miss him and would like to tell him we're sorry. If he ever wants his old job back we think that it could be arranged.

Peter "Babe" Matthews, one of the cleverest and most popular boxers to appear in Western Canada rings in recent years has enlisted as air crew. Veteran of scores of battles in Saskatchewan alone, he held the Amateur Middleweight Championship of Saskatchewan in 1939-40.

4 AOS, London, Ontario: Jimmy Fowler, who played for the Toronto Leafs and New York Americans in the NHL and who coached the St. Catharines Saints in the Sr. OHA last year, is a civilian pilot at this station.

Phil Marchildon, a professional baseballer from Penetang, Ont., has now donned the blue. Rated by Connie Mack as one of the most promising 'southpaws', he was most recently with the Phil Athletics after playing for a time with the Toronto Maple Leafs.

15 EFTS, Regina: Two nights a week weary airmen disport themselves in the submarine-lighted, white tiled RCMP pool. It is 300 ft

long and 75 ft. wide. All airmen here are required to pass a rigid swimming test. Test requires airmen to swim 100 yds backstroke, 100 yds sidestroke, and 100 yds backstroke again — the sort of thing that comes in handy on the English Channel.

An East Coast Radio Detach: This is a sportsman's paradise. Within five minutes of the guard house is a three mile lake, dotted with islands, rimmed by rolling hills and trees. Lake is well stocked with trout, perfect for swimming, sailing, and in winter makes a magnificent skating rink and ice-boating course. Men of the station have built one of the fastest ice-boats in the district.

Another East Coast Station: 14 teams are rolling in a first class "Five Pin Bowling League" here. According to the latest report Cpl Tommy Sullivan has a single game score of 379 — and they are still wondering how a certain LAC could get a score of 68.

## Joe Erk



## BLUELINE SCRAMBLES ALONG AIRFORCE ICELANES HIGHLIGHT SPORT NEWS



**TINY THOMPSON** of Boston Bruin fame guides the destiny of starry Calgary Stampedeers, No 4 Training Command team. A classy dish of hockey is assured western fans. Shown above (L to R) are: LAC J. E. Adams (Montreal Canadiens), AC2 R. H. Brandreth (Calgary Junior Royals), Cpl. J. Chad (Chicago Blackhawks), PO Thompson (dark sweater), AC2 J. L. Swaney (Regina Vic-Aces) and Goalie Cathcart.

## BIG TIME NAMES ASSURE CLASSY HOCKEY IN WEST

CALGARY—Western hockey fans are receiving a good dish of their favourite sport this winter through the Saskatchewan and Alberta service ice leagues.

Many big names in hockey during its pre-war heyday are noted among the stars in the service leagues. At the moment there is a keen contest going on in the Alberta Senior Service League, including teams of the Army A-20, Red Deer, Alberta; the Army A-16, Calgary; RCAF Mustangs, Calgary, and RCAF Bombers, Lethbridge.

Among the big-name hockey players displaying their wares are the following former National League stars: Tommy Anderson, Hart Trophy winner; Kaleta Stewart and Chad of the Chicago Blackhawks; Don Deacon of Detroit Redwings and Jack Adams of Montreal Canadiens.

And another great name in hockey, the one and only Cecil "Tiny" Thompson, coach of the Calgary RCAF Mustangs, now a PO in the RCAF and known to the hockey world as one of the great goalkeepers of all times.

A garrison league is operating in Calgary, comprising a Navy, Army and 5 Air Force teams; 4 Training Command Headquarters; 10 Repair Repot; 3 SFTS; 11 Equipment Depot and 2 Wireless School. Navy team is outstanding but other clubs are evenly balanced and a fine competitive spirit has developed.

At Edmonton 3 Manning Depot has formed a good team and will compete in Edmonton Junior League.

## Beat Muskeg Menace

ALASKA — When a gent named Seward negotiated the purchase of Alaska from Russia for the U.S. at \$7,200,000, some 75 years ago, the deal became known as "Seward's Folly". War has made many folks appreciate Alaska — but any station sports director could be excused for taking a poor view of the whole proposition.

How to build a sports field on 10 to 30 feet of spongy vegetable growth looking like wet sawdust and called muskeg? One Alaska camp is built on piling. Even the walks ("duck-boards" to the camp waddlers) between buildings are so constructed — and newcomers are

warned to wear hats for easy spotting should they stumble off the walk at night!

This stunt provided the station with volleyball courts — raised wooden platforms similar to those on many RCAF stations except that these are set on piles sunk deep into the muskeg. "Volleyball on stilts" kept 14 teams in action last season.

Big bulldozers were put to work to clear the muskeg from a waterfront section where the sticky stuff wasn't too deep. Into the pit gravel was dumped and on this a softball diamond built where six American and Six Canadian teams played off a spectacular series under the midnight sun. Old Sol keeps such late hours up this way in summer that three seven-inning games were run off each evening, from 6 o'clock to 11. The "gravel-pit gardens" became one of the busiest sport centres anywhere when four Canadian soccer teams were organized to show the Yanks how to play "footer".

## RCAF, Navy, Neck & Neck In OHA Senior Race

TORONTO — Swinging into the latter half of the Toronto division Senior OHA Schedule, RCAF hockeyists, representing No. 1 Training Command were staging a close race with the Navy pucksters at the close of 1942.

Providing injuries or postings do not intervene, these air-minded youngsters are confident they will carry the ice ahead of them in the coming play-offs. Winners of the Toronto league play off with the top team of the Niagara Peninsula League for the OHA Senior Championship title.

The Army "Daggers", stickhandlers for Military District No. 2 Toronto, and Research Colonels from Research Enterprises Limited, Leaside, Ontario, have iced teams in the Toronto loop but these teams dropped into third and fourth place after the season opened. Expectations are that the main battle will centre around the Navy-Air Force vortex.

In the Niagara area, St. Catharines and Hamilton are leading the Peninsula League in a spirited contest for the top rung with little hope of Port Colborne or Niagara Falls climbing out of the slump to offer any opposition.

"Playmaker" Joe Primeau, coach of the team and former centre star of the Toronto Maple Leafs, has



**THE FIRING SQUAD** readies to bang the old pill home. (L to R) LAC W. Cook, Prince Albert, Sask., AC1 D. Verity, Paris, Ont., and AC1 McBride, Winnipeg, are members of a west-coast station team. They play in the Pacific Coast Senior Hockey League, composed of Army, Navy, Air Force and Civilian teams. At latest report, they stood third.

whipped a powerful aggregation into shape in short time. Squadron Leader Jim Grant, vice-president and manager of the team, is a former track and football star at Upper Canada College, Toronto.

Before the end of 1943 you will be hearing more about this team, but it may not be connected with hockey. All of the team members are AC2s, and 13 of them are potential aircrew. Some day soon many of them will be up there fighting where there are no blue lines.

The team line-up and positions are as follows:

Goal — Peter Belanger and G. E. Thomas; Forwards — Norm Tustin, Lloyd Gronsdal, Pat McReavy, Johnny McCreedy, Wally Wilson, Johnny Kilty, Bus Wycherley, Rip Riopelle, Don Willson and Norm McAtee; Defence — Doug McCaig, Eddie Bush, Murray Henderson and Eddie Dickens.

## PRAIRIE PUCKCHASING

WINNIPEG.—At 2 M Depot, Brandon, a 16-team league composed of 14 flights and two headquarters groups is playing a knockout schedule involving both a main competition and a consolation round. This station has also entered a team in the Brandon Inter-Service Hockey League which will consist of seven teams playing games at Brandon, Shilo, Carberry, Rivers and Virden.

7 ITS, Saskatoon, has entered a team in the Inter-Active-Service League for Saskatoon and district. It is also a joint member with 4 SFTS in the Saskatchewan Services Senior League, the combined entry being known as the "Saskatoon Flyers". Other teams in this league are Regina Army, Yorkton RCAF and Flin Flon Bombers.

7 AOS, Portage la Prairie, is in an inter-unit service hockey league which includes 3 B & G, Macdonald, and the 100th Army Basic Training Centre at Portage la Prairie. The B & G team led the league into the new year; winner may enter Manitoba intermediate playoffs.

1 CNS, Rivers, has organized a 10-team station league with 20 players for each team which are entered from various sections. This unit has entered the Brandon District Service Athletic Association League.

5 B & G, Dafoe, which has operated a 9-team inter-section league since early in November, also features weekly challenge games between aircrew units. Location of this school precludes entry in any outside

league, but exhibition games are played.

At 7 B & G, Paulson, a 6-team league has been formed on the station which was well under way during the second week of January. An outside league has also been formed to include teams from this school and 10 SFTS as well as the Fort Garry Horse Reserve Unit, Dauphin, with 11 teams entered.

33 SFTS, RAF station, Carberry, is featuring inter-section hockey on the station with a regular schedule to run throughout the season.

## TRENTON RARIN' TO GO

TRENTON, Ont. — Sport satellites now stationed at Trenton who will form the Flyers hockey club are: SM "Simon" Legris, formerly of Ottawa Canadiens and LaSalle, and the Lake Placid Amerks; "Red" Ryan whose background reads like a rink directory and who last year played with the Ottawa RCAF Allan Cup champs; SM "Brack" Brackenbury, ex Ottawa Tech, and Camp Borden performer; LAC "Bus" Cockburn, star goaler of the Brantford Colts; Sgt. Les Prince of Jarvis Collegiate and Toronto Cubs of Junior OAHA fame; and LAC "Larry" O'Ray, flashy ex-Belleville and Trenton Junior wingman.

Out of this group and from a horde of hockey-wise youngsters — fellows that will ricochet to renown before the season is over — the station team will be formed. This team will operate in a four club RCAF station league composed of Trenton, Mountain View, Belleville ITS, and 6 RD. The opening contest was held January 9.

The winner of the Station League championship will automatically qualify for the play-offs of the OAHA Intermediate "B" division in the last week of February.

## Army, Navy, Air Force Mix It Up In Toronto

TORONTO — The current hockey season marks the first year that No. 1 Training Command has launched a Headquarters Unit team. This year stickhandlers have been entered in the Toronto Garrison Hockey League. The series opened in the first week of January.

Nine teams representing the three branches of the armed services, are competing for the four playoff berths.



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No. 1

From beneath a flood of copy, cartoons and photos, the Editors of WINGS come up for air long enough to say "Here it is".

Every line of copy in WINGS has been written and edited by men and women of the Service — every cartoon drawn, all but two or three photographs taken, every page printed by Service personnel.

This is our paper.

It is sold only on Air Force stations. It carries no advertising. It has no pretensions of becoming a national magazine or a newspaper. It's ours to read and enjoy.

Each one of us has a particular job to do, our own spot to fill in the Combined Training Organization or Home War Establishment. Full-time jobs that take concentration — nose to the grindstone stuff. Jobs that give no time for stargazing, unless you happen to be a navigator or a meteorologist.

But it's easy to go stale at a job if we see only the job and nothing beyond it, if we lose sight of the part our own work plays in the world's greatest air training scheme and in winning the war.

That's where WINGS comes in — giving a skyphoto view of the whole Service, telling about the other guy's job, his hobbies, his shattered nerves. And about our gang overseas who are doing their part of the job with bullets and bombs.

And now if you'll excuse us — we've got another issue to get out.

**"Well I'll be!"**

Hold it — Don't waste your shouts of joy and protest on the barrack room air. Grab yourself the whole Service for an audience for the price of a three cent stamp. If you get a special klick out of something in this first issue of WINGS — or if something burns you up — let's hear about it on this page. Write to The Editor, WINGS, AFHQ, Ottawa.



**CALGARY, 3 SFTS**—Repair section mechanics are all in a dither. Since the arrival of WD's on the station the boys have been tearing their hair. Say they object to finding bobby pins in the split pins drawer.

**LETHBRIDGE, 8 B & G**—Airmen have a new way of spending a 48. With co-operation of district ranchers they ride the range to their hearts' content. Return happy but sore — and we don't mean footsore.

**LONDON, 4 AOS** — The "Cheeta" club here now boasts a genuine Disney cartoon of their emblem. Appears a local link instructor pulled the right strings. The Disney Classic arrived, fangs, leering smile, and all.

**MacDONALD 3 B & G** — Appears that a certain officer here is having difficulty sitting down these days. He is considering taking action against the W & B section. He took a shower one cold day near a hot radiator. He will recommend that in future radiators be placed at least above waist level . . . On the same station a 200 lb. buck ran across the gunnery range. It was the first day of the deer season too. A twin Browning felled him and the station dined on venison.

**VANCOUVER, 3 RD**—Our sympathy to the fatigue party which labored mightily to clean up the old horse-show building for the Women's Precision Squad display. It was simply filthy and they did a good job — then at the last minute the show was moved next door to Exhibition Gardens!

**TORONTO** — Sgt. Dick Leppert, home from the wars in England, decided to surprise his wife. He entered their former abode only to find that his wife had gone to live with a married sister in Los Angeles. No one knew her address.

**REGINA, 2 ITS**—When a station band subs for a symphony orchestra — that's news. The Regina Symphony Orchestra suspended its usual winter series in the Darke Hall. Now local ITS band performs there every second Sunday evening to capacity audiences.

**ESTEVAN, 38 SFTS**—The services of local high school teachers and travel films are being used to conduct a "Know Canada" series.

**CALGARY, 11 Equipment Depot**—On the control tower wall is scrawled "Time crawled like a centipede". That guy must have been on security guard.

**MOUNTAIN VIEW, 6 B & G** — "The boys at Mountain View are getting fed up with modern jazz — any good recordings would be appreciated." So ran an item in a local newspaper. Within 24 hours two albums of good recordings reached the station.

**AYLMER, 14 SFTS**—"Old timers" (those who had been stationed there more than 14 months) had a bang up dinner the other day. A huge mural cartoon hung on the wall behind the head table. It depicted the station's contribution to the war effort. It was created by the station workshop under Sgt. "AL" Locke's supervision.

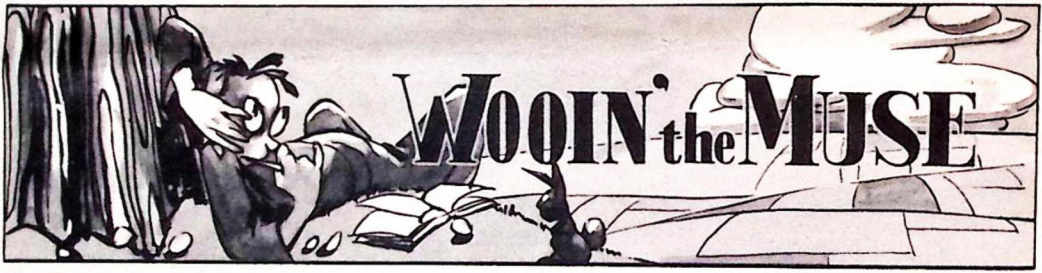
**For Fish — Read Drink**

**SOMEWHERE, Eng.**—The laugh is on himself but a French Canadian RCAF padre, recently arrived in Britain, relates with enjoyment a couple of mishaps he has had with the English language "as she is spoken" by the English.

As the train pulled into his station, the padre leaped out, took one look and leaped back into the carriage. The puzzled porter vainly tried to persuade the padre that he had arrived. "But no," argued the padre, "This is not my station. Look at that sign. This is Hovis."

Safely in town, the padre spied a sign over a public-house reading: "Bass from the Wood".

Tantalizing visions of a nicely browned piece of black bass from some woodland stream appeared. At the counter he asked for "a double order of Bass". A moment later he was staring in bewilderment at two foaming tankards.



**SELECTION BOARD (ITS)**

**Q.—**  
Would you fly a Hurricane,  
A trim and tidy Hurricane?  
Could you fly a Hurricane  
And knock the spots off Jerry?  
Perhaps you'd get a Tomahawk  
Or else his sister Kittyhawk  
Or any kind of fighting hawk  
They say its lively, very.

**A.—**  
Oh give me not a Hurricane  
The Eyties' and the Nazis' bane,  
Or any kind of fighter plane  
For I'm a stolid chappie,  
I'd rather bomb a Nazi town  
And see the work shops all burn  
brown  
And nice big bridges tumbling  
down,  
Ah, that would make me happy.

**Q.—**  
Ah! You would fly a Halifax  
A fat and fighting Halifax,  
You'd drop bombs from your  
Halifax,  
On every Jerry city?  
Or if you'd like a Maryland  
A fortress or a Sunderland,  
To toss down death on Plunderland,  
We think it would look pretty.

**A.—**  
Oh not for me the Pilot's seat,  
The P-4 compass, round and neat,  
The rudder-pedals at my feet —

My goal is e'en a greater  
For with my sextant and my scale  
I'll draw my Stirling's deadly trail  
And drop one hard on Adolf's  
tail—  
I'll be a Navigator!

PO AITKEN  
3AOS Pierce, Alta.

**MR. TWEE**

He wears a timid hat, and looks  
Just like the pictures in the books  
You never read.  
Reminds you of a tardy yawn . . .  
A glove from which the hand's  
withdrawn . . .  
A sterile seed.  
At once you know he's friends with  
Freud,  
And if your glance he can't avoid  
He goes into  
A perfect flutter of chagrin,  
Pastel excitement will creep in  
His "How-de-do!"

Today's news item: Mr. Twee  
Is held for murdering his three  
Devoted wives.  
The moral is, you just can't tell  
From how the postman rings the bell  
If he has hives.

LOIS LORING,  
West Coast Station.

**SNOW-BLINDNESS**

In this strange snow-clad world, un-  
earthly white  
I see no faint reflection of the far-  
off fight  
For Freedom, smothered by the  
frosts of Hate —  
Loveliness lives, deep buried; soon  
or late  
A warmer Sun will put the frosts  
to flight.

March winds will set the new-dried  
earth a-blowing  
In mimic thunderclouds; the river  
flowing  
Where ice-packs held them fast a  
month before;  
And from the daysprings of the good  
earth's core  
First fearless shoots of green will  
soon be growing.

Yet still the acrid fog of War pre-  
vails  
Against our deep endeavour; reason  
rails  
At everlasting exile, longs to steer  
Homeward, and in some peaceful  
place to hear  
No war-cry but the song of night-  
ingales . . .

—L. W. H. COE,  
2FIS, Vulcan, Alta.



Look What We  
**Uncovered!**

They Got Me Covered is marked for early release by RKO, starring Dottie Lamour — who in case you hadn't noticed, we have with us on our left. Title obviously can't refer to Dot, must mean co-star Bob Hope. He gets covered with confusion as a war correspondent who mistakes the invasion of Russia for a Nazi parade.

WINGS also suggests these as the pick of the pix which should hit your favorite theatre soon:

**In Which We Serve** — Noel Coward's writing, production, direction and acting make this THE best film on the war. Hero is a destroyer which is dive-bombed and sunk during the battle of Crete — a fighting ship and a fighting crew.

**Pride of the Yankees** — Another stirring epitaph — this one to Lou Gehrig, the late lamented southpaw. Romanticized and fictionalized, the Sam Goldwyn production stars Gary Cooper.

**The Palm Beach Story** — Topnotch farce without even a hint of war from stem to gudgeon is this gentle spoofing of the idle rich. Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Mary Astor and Rudy Vallee.



**THE GEN ON BOOKS**

**"THE RAFT"** by Robert Trumbull, published by Henry Holt, New York.

Sunlight glistened on the huge carrier as she lay in the Pacific. Chief Petty Officer Harold Dixon, bomber pilot, took off with a crew of two, radioman Gene Aldrich, 22, and ordnanceman Tony Pastula, 24, to hunt for Japanese submarines.

Seven hours later, out of gas, Dixon made a perfect crash landing on the water. The ship was supposed to float for two minutes. It sank in forty-five seconds. As Dixon said "just like a magician's trick. It was there, it was gone—nothing left in our big, wet, darkening world but the three of us and a piece of rubber that was not yet a raft".

Thirty four days passed before these three men reached land. They had no food. Once with a pocket knife Gene stabbed an attacking shark in the gills. They dragged it aboard their raft, killed it, cut it open, ate the fish they found inside, drank its blood and thanked God for this blessing.

Robert Trumbull, New York Times Honolulu correspondent, writes the story in first person through the eyes of Chief Petty Officer Dixon. It is told in simple language with force. He knows how to tell a good story.

If you know anyone who is complacent enough to think that food, drink and clothing are his due, then give him this book to read. If you have lost faith in the essential dignity of your fellow human beings, then this story will renew it. If you want to read a swell story, this is it—FS Robert Packard, 1 Wireless School, Montreal.

Read a good story lately? Then tell the rest of the Service about it in a brief, bright, review. Pass it on to your WINGS correspondent. Don't forget to give title, author and publisher.

**Dr. Jeckyl & Mr. Hayden**

DAUPHIN, Man. — You can't trust these musicians. Take, for instance, PO Geoffrey G. Suckling (RNZAF) of No. 10 SFTS. Setting fire to a funny paper which was innocently providing relaxation to a tired Flying Instructor, causing him to overturn his chesterfield and overtax his nerves, is only one of his crimes.

Gentle as a lamb, however, while under the influence of music, PO Suckling has found a safety valve. Offering the use of his record player and fine set of waxes, he and SL Wickens and AC1 Gee have formed a music appreciation group at No. 10. The fire victim hopes Kreisler Paderewski, Paul Robeson and the N.Y. Symphony will keep the music-mischief cooled off.

**Reconnaissance**

GOODlooking NEIGHBORS: Spirits of three Security Guardsmen posted to a very lonely outpost on Van-

cover Island suddenly skyrocketed when they spotted other humans in the distance—humans in skirts.

Reconnaissance took them on a confident good neighbor tour to the only farm in the district. The gals were the farmer's daughters but the farmer greeted the three Romeos from behind the business end of a shotgun and flanked by two ferocious dogs.

The airmen were unarmed except for plenty of the old Air Force personality. But it was enough.

**CO Big Chief**

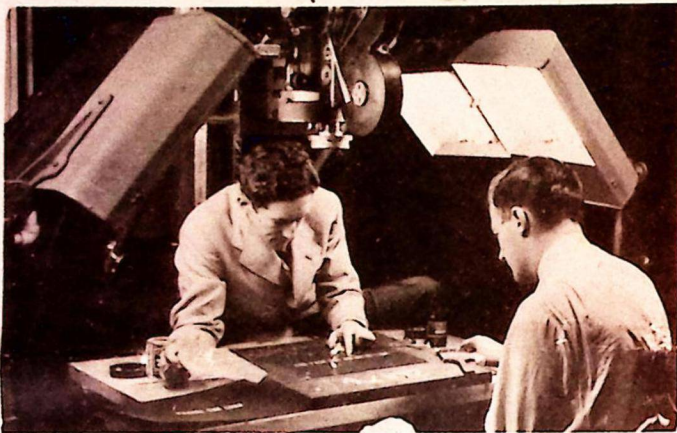
LETHBRIDGE, Alta. — The Commanding Officer of 8 B&G School here isn't just GC W. A. Jones. He is also Chief Heavy Shields, having been made an honorary chief by the Indians of the Blood Indian Reserve. Presiding at the ceremony was Chief Shot-in-both-Sides and all the big names of the tribe were present. GC Jones got his wings long ago; now he has also his feathers.

FROM LONDON'S STAGE the RAF drama group at 31 B&G, Picton, Ont., drew these two stars for a "Journey's End" production. Capt Stanhope (right) is Sgt Hamish Liggat, who was playing at the London Coliseum when war began; and 2nd Lt. Raleigh is LAC Worrall-Thompson, late of the famous "Old Vic" and the Stratford-on-Avon theatre. Amateurs of the cast pitched in with the pros to make the show a smash hit.





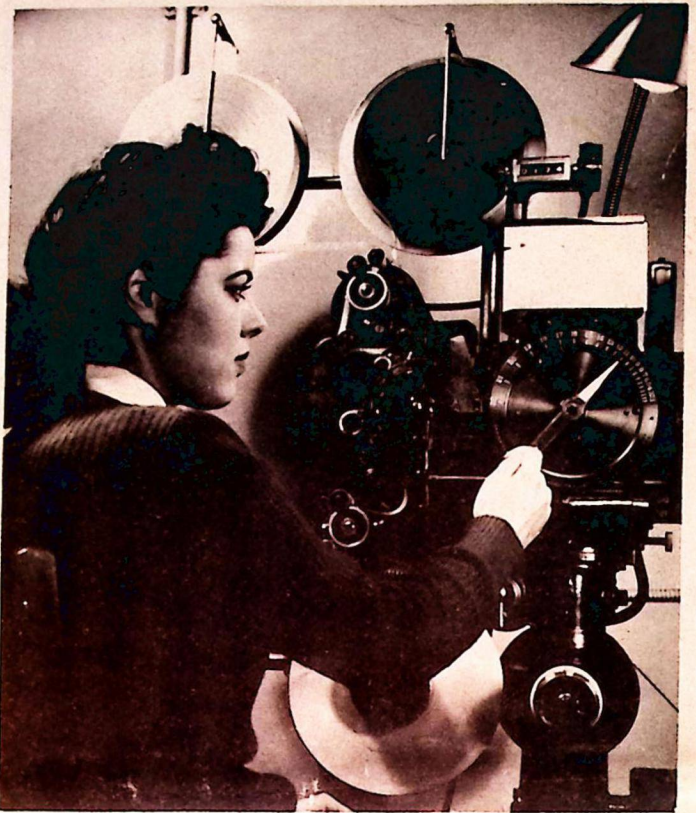
SING SONG TIME is the new 'Community Sing' film short produced for the RCAF by the National Film Board. It should hit your station soon. The RCAF Central Band plus FO Wishart Campbell, tenor, provide the musical lead through seven popular tunes. Patterned on the bouncing symbol style, profusely illustrated by cartoons, it will hand you basses, tenors, falsettos, a real chance to 'give out'.



PASSING THE AMMUNITION — Jimmy McKay (above facing camera) passes the shell-like symbol from syllable to syllable while the complicated looking animating camera suspended above him shoots each successive movement. It took over 13,000 tedious shots to complete the nine-minute short. Under the watchful eye of producer Guy Glover (not shown) hundreds of frames were drawn, illustrations made, and music recorded. Toughest job by far was synchronizing words and music. Actually the speed of film and number of individual frames per syllable must be calculated so that bouncing symbol will be on the right beat. All this was completed in four weeks. It will be shown exclusively on Air Force stations. Below is artist McKay hard at work in the midst of frames and illustrations you will recognize in the finished production.



# ◆ GIVE WITH THE LARYNX AND GET ON THE BEAM ◆



HERE'S A SMOOTH NUMBER recording other smooth numbers on the sound track of the finished film. We spied her in the dark room, threw a little light on her, and well — as we were saying you will be singing such old favorites as Roll Out The Barrel, Praise The Lord, and The Sky's The Limit, a new Air Force song by WC G. L. Creed of AFHQ. Below RCAF Central Band is shown recording for film.



## CORRESPONDENT KEEPS HIS TRAP SHUT

Here's part of a plaintive letter from the WINGS correspondent at an RCAF Detachment somewhere in the wide open spaces and 30 miles from the nearest town:

When reporting at this point, even before you see the MO, you have to sign an important looking document, headed "SECURITY." It is a long document but the following few paragraphs will give you a general idea of its contents—

"DO NOT TALK TO YOUR WIFE —She may quite unintentionally tell

a friend.

"DO NOT TALK TO YOUR SWEETHEART —She may not understand the vital importance of keeping secrets to herself.

"DO NOT TALK TO ANY MEMBER OF YOUR FAMILY—They cannot possibly be expected to realize just how important our work may be.

"ABOVE ALL ELSE, DO NOT TALK TO A STRANGER —He may be only curious about your work — but he is certain to tell his friends. If he is too curious, find out his name

and address and report it personally to the Officer Commanding.

You can help the War Effort by keeping quiet — and you can keep your friends out of serious trouble by seeing they keep quiet when on leave or when they have had too much to drink.

"THE PENALTY FOR TALKING CARELESSLY ABOUT MILITARY SECRETS IS FIVE YEARS PENAL SERVITUDE."

Now I ask you, Mr. Editor, how is anyone going to write the news of a station after signing his life away like that? You see, I just can't talk!