WINGS

LOG OF THE RCAF

MARCH
1943

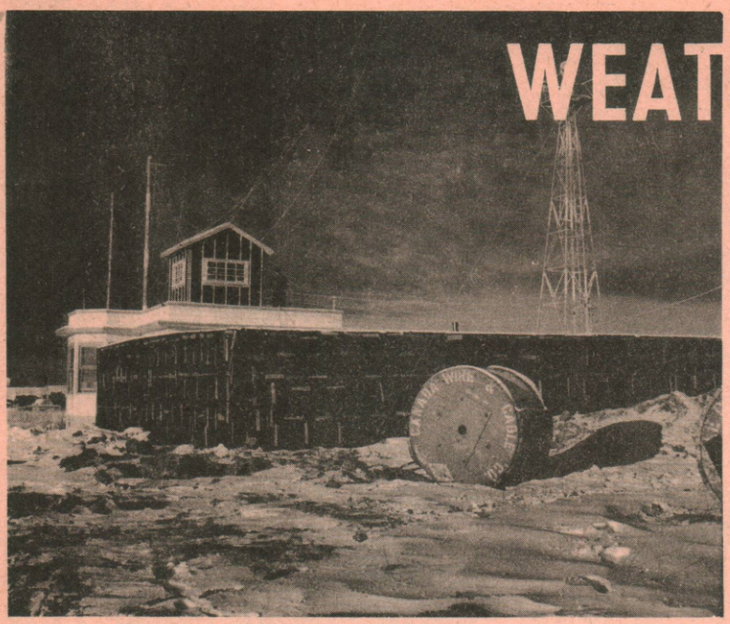
5¢

HEY LOOK, FELLOWS!.. I'M AIRCREW, I'M AIRCREW.....!

THANKS TO SGT. W.O. HUDSON "7 B.C. PAULSON, MAN.

SGT.

WEATHER AND THE WAR



BLEAK AND DREARY enough is this Met office in the Far North, but other weathermen live in lonely Arctic stations or on gale-swept mountain tops. Reports from hundreds of stations go on the weather maps. Ronny Jacques, National Film Board

This and photos below by RCAF

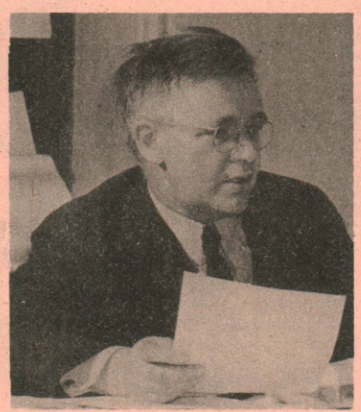
EYE TO THE SIGHTS of the theodolite, AW 2 Betty Adams of Midland, Ont., gets set to follow the ascending course of the pilot balloon which AW 2 Frances Boehler, Woodstock, N.B., is about to release, part of their Toronto course as Met Observers.

THERE'S a mountain lost in the Rockies that rears its jagged head 7,800 feet above sea level. Lashed to its very peak by steel cables is a cabin that shakes beneath the blast of winter gales and the driving snow which constantly threatens to engulf it.

In the cabin live four civilian joes who work the clock around in shifts. Every hour one of the mountain dwellers takes an rpm on the anemometer — four madly whirling steel cups that spin above the cabin to measure "surface" wind. He jots down other readings—wind direction, humidity, visibility, temperature.

At intervals he releases big red balloons that dance away into pinpoints. He clocks the time it takes the balloon to disappear in the clouds above (if they are above), and multiplies the seconds by 460 feet to get the local ceiling. Or he follows it through the sights of a theodolite to get the speed and direction of the upper winds. Or he ties a two-foot silver box to its tail, and inside the box an amazing little gadget called a radiosonde transmits a mystic message that comes out a jumpy line on a strip of ticker tape in the cabin — humidity, temperature and pressure at ascending levels.

And every hour he puts this information on the wire that vanishes away down the mountainside, so that CFIs may know ahead of time when to let their fledglings up and when to keep them in the classroom. And so that navigators, a continent and an ocean distant can plot the safest course to Berlin and back, dodging lights and flak — and weather.



ASSISTANT CONTROLLER Andrew Thomson of Transport Dept.'s Met service gives special supervision to RCAF requirements and training.

Four men in a cabin lashed to a mountain top — and other isolated foursomes spotted across the Arctic doing the same exacting, endless task. Close to a thousand observation stations scattered all over Canada and Newfoundland, not to forget one lonely joe dumped off a ship on an ice-sheathed north-eastern shore to do the job with no other company than the howling winds and crackling temperatures that called him there.

Draw them all together with a net of radio and telegraph and teletype, plot all their coded findings in wavy isobars and other hieroglyphics on the forecasters' maps, and you have a vital mouthful — "Department of Transport, Air Services Branch, Meteorological Division."

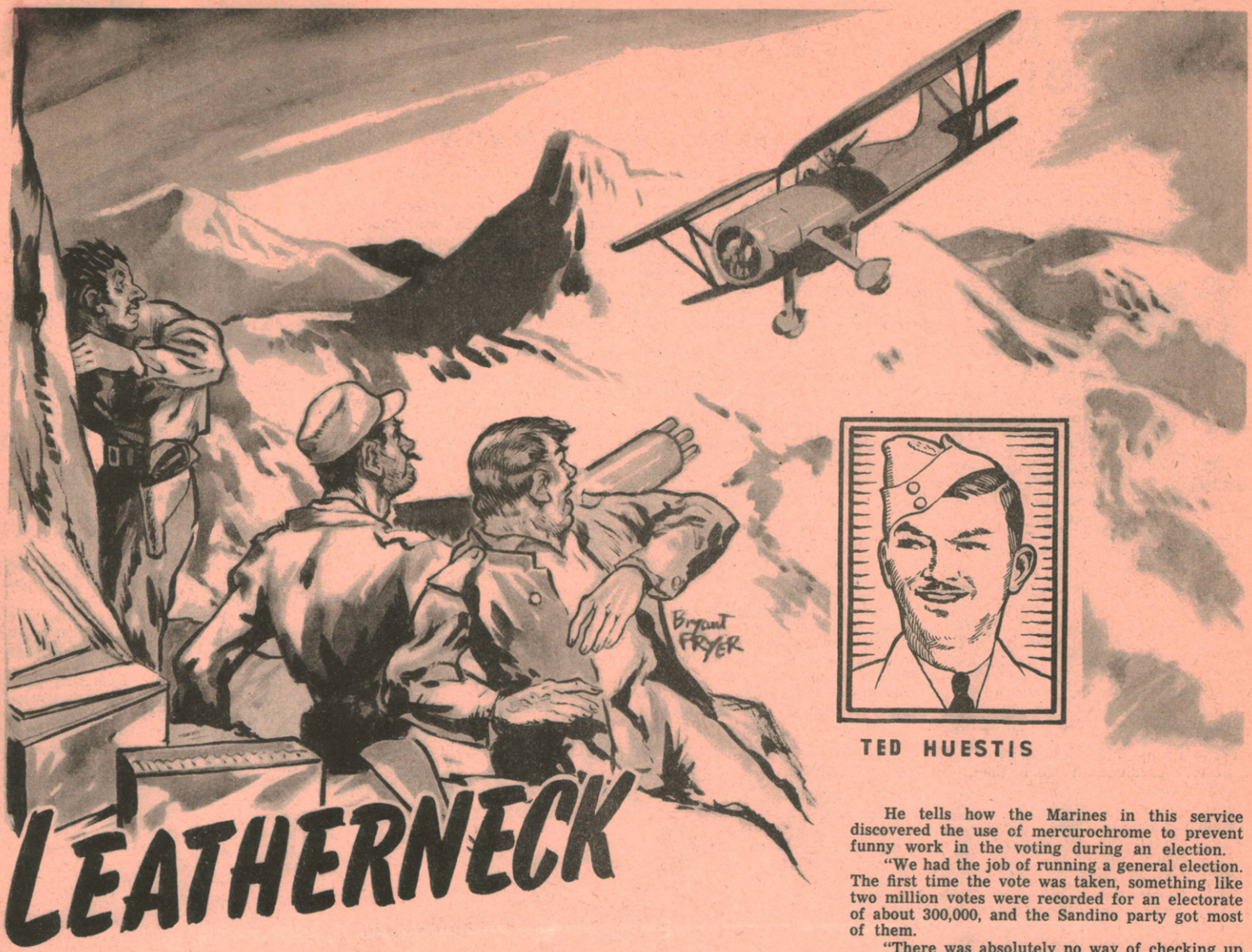
It is largely a civilian-operated service, but it devotes full time to the men in uniform who fly planes, guard convoys and plot global strategy. It has nine "independent forecasters" at key points across Canada to fill such war requirements — and two who tell the shivering civilian public little more than "Tomorrow: colder, with snow flurries".

Six years ago the Dominion weather bureau had 57 meteoroligists. The coming of TCA added 111 to provide the local forecasts needed at a string of airports coast to coast. Came the war and the air training plan, dotting the nation with flying fields, and the army of forecasters grew to many times that number.

The civilian Met Officer on flying stations has his hands full adding local factors to the world-wide forecasts flashed to him by teletype, and teaching student fliers "the little bit of met that will save their precious necks". He needs assistants to take the local weather readings, plot them on his maps and send them chattering away on the teletype to other stations. So the Met Division began early in the war to train airmen in this highly skilled art and today, Meteorological Observers are still being taught the tricks of the weatherman's trade. But the new "clerk mets" are Airwomen, and already scores are on duty at Service stations, many of them replacing chaps keen to remuster for Aircrew.

WEIGHING LESS THAN NOTHING is a good trick. AW 2 E. Begley, Kirkland Lake, Ont., posted as "clerk met" to an Eastern B & G, watches Cpl. R. E. Moncrieff, Belleville, measure "lift" of hydrogen balloon. She will take over his work, releasing him for aircrew.

IN CONTROL TOWER at same B & G, Airwomen Begley and D. M. Duggan, Knowlton, P. Q., plot windspeed and direction from data 'phoned by airwoman outside who follows balloon through theodolite. Girls enlist as standard tradeswomen, must be sharks for accurate detail.



LEATHERNECK

TED HUESTIS

by FO W. J. CRAMPTON

IN ANY Airman's vocabulary "discip" is a six letter word meaning tough. So how would you like to be attached to the RCAF bomber squadron Overseas where the guy who bawls "Smarten up!" is Flight Sergeant Ted Huestis?

When you try talking back to Huestis you're telling it to a Marine.

In seven years of leathernecking with the U.S. Marines, Ted fought in Haiti and Nicaragua and saw flying service in China. When the Marines couldn't find him any more wars he left the outfit in 1931 to sign up as a freelance sky warrior in the war between Bolivia and Ecuador. On top of all that, Huestis has been a wild-catter in the oil fields of Oklahoma, a newspaper reporter in California and an insurance broker in British Columbia.

Sound tough enough for you? If not, take another look at those ribbons — the starred blue ribbon of the Nicaraguan Medal of Honor, the campaign ribbons of the Haitian San Domingo Insurrection of 1923-25, the Yangtse River Patrol 1929 and the Nicaraguan campaign of 1939. Not to mention a silver-plate over a bullet hole in his forehead.

Yet Flight Ted Huestis, now in his later thirties, is a smiling round-faced fellow with a grin ready to welcome anyone who enters the tiny, stove-heated office in the squadron headquarters building from which he keeps his fingers on the pulse of the entire squadron. And he'll light your cigarette with one of his most guarded possessions — a silver-plated lighter inscribed "Corporal Huestis, from D Flight Aircrew, June 1940."

He bawls 'em out and they like it. Nor is that the only token of friendship and respect he has to remind him of flights he drilled and lectured at 1 M Depot, Toronto, between December 1939 and June 1941. But money couldn't buy that lighter he got from the boys of D Flight.

Ted Huestis was born in New York, but moved with his family to Canada. He took his matric at Humberside Collegiate and civil engineering at university, in Toronto. Then he chucked college for adventure and went south to join the black gold rush in Oklahoma.

Those were the famous wild-catting days in the derrick lands of Oklahoma. "I made lots of money and spent it," is his brief summary of that chapter.

He became a Marine as a result of a yarn with a veteran leatherneck. "The conversation got around to fights and I recalled the days when I used to box and referee fights back home in Toronto. 'If you like fighting, get into the Marines, you'll get plenty', this chap told me. The next day I enlisted."

Ted spent seven years with the U.S. Marine Corps, and when he retired from the service to go free-lancing in the Bolivia-Ecuador War he was a second lieutenant. His first campaign was in Haiti, where the natives were causing trouble to the established government. Next came the campaign against General Sandino, the Nicaraguan rebel, and his supporters.

The Nicaraguan Medal of Honor was awarded him as one of the two survivors of a bombing raid against a rebel stronghold in the lee of a high mountain side.

"It was a difficult objective, and we had to dive-bomb to get at it," Ted recalls. "Probably it was the first attempt at dive-bombing. I was the air gunner.

"We bombed them out, but their machine gun fire shot us badly and we crashed on the side of the mountain. I got a slug in the forehead and still have a silver-plate over the hole.

"The other survivor and I lay up there for a couple of days before our comrades could get us down, but one of our planes came and dropped food and first aid kits."

He discovered later that the gun the rebels had used was an ancient Gatling gun, in its prime at the time of the Riel Rebellion. Later, Ted, with other Marines, was loaned to the Nicaraguan Government and helped organize its constabulary.

He tells how the Marines in this service discovered the use of mercurochrome to prevent funny work in the voting during an election.

"We had the job of running a general election. The first time the vote was taken, something like two million votes were recorded for an electorate of about 300,000, and the Sandino party got most of them.

"There was absolutely no way of checking up by ordinary means, so we hit upon the idea of dipping each voter's thumb in mercurochrome. The stain lasted the three weeks we needed to take the vote in the entire country, and the government was returned with a big majority.

From captain in the Nicaraguan Constabulary, Ted went to China as a naval air pilot in the Marines, saw service in Peking and on gunboat patrol on the Yangtse River.

He returned for another campaign against the Sandino rebels in Nicaragua in 1930 and retired from the Marine Corps in 1931 to join the war between Bolivia and Ecuador as a pilot on the Bolivian side.

"We flew flimsy old crates carrying shotguns as armament. Hostilities came to an end each evening, and it was not unusual to meet chaps fighting for the other side while having a beer in the local pubs.

"One night I ran into an old pal from the States. He was flying for the Ecuadorians. It wasn't long before we discovered that only that afternoon we'd been taking pot shots at each other over the lines.

"We decided the next day we'd go up and put on a really spectacular show. The better the spectacle the more money we'd get. Of course, we took care that neither of us got hurt.

After this war, Huestis returned to more peaceful jobs. He was aviation reporter for 14 months on the San Francisco Chronicle, then went home to Toronto to work for his father in the publishing business.

After a year and a half in Toronto he went back to the Pacific Coast, this time as an insurance broker. It is the business he likes best.

He enlisted in Vancouver at the start of the war, and was posted to 1 M Depot at Toronto in 1939. He was there carrying out his duties of drilling aircrew and lecturing on service matters until June 1941 when he was posted to 4 AOS, London, Ont., as station disciplinarian. He was posted overseas in April 1942, and has been squadron disciplinarian with the Canadian bomber squadron in England since his arrival.

TWIN PILOTS FOR TWIN ENGINES!

BRANTFORD, 5SFTS — They've been a team since May 22, 1919 and now they've graduated to what they consider the major league — where the boys wear pilots' wings.

Twenty-three-year-old Allan and Don Cameron, twin sons of Mrs. D. R. Cameron and the late Dr. Cameron of Oshawa, Ont., are not as much alike facially as some twins but their likes and dislikes, capabilities and achievements have tallied almost identically through the years. And when the final count was taken for a recent graduating class at 5 SFTS, Brantford, Ont., there they were up front, still together with Don topping his brother by only four marks. Both won commissions.

DON

"Alike as two peas in a pod" has been applicable to their success since early years and particularly since their remuster from ground to aircrew April 26, 1942. Allen beat out Don by a narrow margin at ITS and Don gained a slim edge at EFTS.

Aircrew might be comparatively new to them, but the Camerons have been around a good deal as far as the RCAF itself is concerned. Graduating from collegiate, they couldn't afford college, so decided the Air Force offered the best chance for experience and a good means of saving money for the science and engineering course they hoped to take at University in the future.

ALLAN

Thus, in August, 1936, they joined the Permanent Force as fitters and since then have been together on 14 different stations. They had enough money saved for college after three years but war broke out and halted their plans "until the Jerry is whipped."

The twins are by no means huskies, both measuring only five feet, six in their issue stockings and tipping the scales at 135. But what they lack in size is made up in quality as evidenced by their success, first on the ground where they gained flight sergeant ranks, and now in the air.

A couple of good things in small packages.

Sgt. Won't Forget Twelve-Hour Burial

ST. THOMAS, Ont. — "It's nice to work without a bomb dropping down the back of your neck," says Sergeant Noel Page of the Medical Orderly Room, at the Technical Training School here, as he reads of renewed bombings of London.

He's seen plenty himself. In June 1940 he went overseas. As a volunteer fire watcher, he saw the London docks go up in flames that fateful August. He didn't like bombs then and the following 499 raids didn't heighten his appetite for them.

Something he can leave out of his daily diet and never miss is being buried for 12 hours under a collapsed building.

PARABLE ON PARACHUTES

BY FL P.D. CAMERON

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have no PARACHUTE I am as a sounding ass and a crashing screwball.

And though I have the gift of instruction and understand all the mysteries of flying, and have always received high marks in GIS; and though I have all faith in my plane so that I am sure I could fly over the Rocky Mountains, and I forget my PARACHUTE, I shall be nothing.

And though I bestow all my wisdom and experience upon those poor LACs and though I give my life to the cause of righteousness and liberty and have not a PARACHUTE, it profiteth me nothing.

A PARACHUTE sticketh around. It doeth no harm, and in a jam, it's your best bet.

A PARACHUTE does not mind being thrown under a seat, or out of sight, it vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up until you jump for your life and pull the ripcord.

It doth not behave itself unseemly — very often — for, according to scientific research and records, few parachutes have refused to open. Of course, if your mind is closed to the value of a PARACHUTE, don't expect it to open for you, and when a PARACHUTE lets you down, — well, 'nough said!

A PARACHUTE seeketh not her own. It is there for your benefit to keep you from breaking your neck.

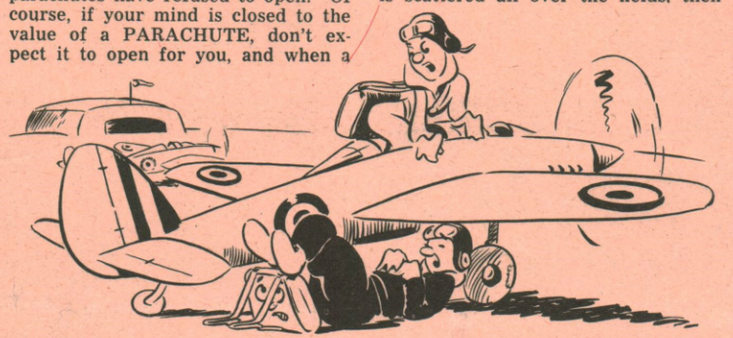
A PARACHUTE is not easily provoked but it does object to being regarded merely as something to sit on, and resents being poked or kicked around.

It rejoiceth not in tragedy, but rejoiceth in your second-chance.

It beareth all things including the short runt who stacks two or three up like a club sandwich in the passenger compartment to get a better view of things in general, or the careless cuss who uses it for a footstool.

A PARACHUTE seldom faileth — but, wherever there be aeroplanes, they shall fail; wherever there be twin-motors, they shall cease; wherever there be gasoline, it shall vanish away. For even the best of instructors know in part and teach in fragments.

But when the unexpected is come, and the Pilot is dumb and the plane is scattered all over the fields, then



that which is in part shall be done away with, including what is left of the Pilot.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I thought as a child, but when I became a Pilot I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass darkly, for visibility is often poor and there are many blind-spots on every plane. But the time will come when I shall be face to face with that perfect predicament when the only way out is by PARACHUTE. Now I know in part, for a Pilot never comes to the place where he knows it all. But if I should, then shall I never be known because I shall be beyond all recognition.

But now abideth faith in my ability to fly, hope for the best, and my PARACHUTE: but the safest of these is my PARACHUTE! —15 SFTS

THE WINNERS!

Three stations will "keep that E Flag Flying" for another three months and six new winners will tack the Minister's Efficiency Pennant proudly to the gaff.

Awarded the pennant for the second straight time were 2 SFTS, Uplands, Ont.; 7 B&G School, Paulson, Man.; 4 Wireless School, Guelph, Ont.; and they, along with the other six, will fly the emblems from Feb. 1 to April 30. The awards were made for the period October 1 to December 31.

The new winners were 11 Recruiting Centre, Toronto; 1 M Depot, Toronto; 7 ITS, Saskatoon; 2 EFTS, Ft. William, Ont.; 10 SFTS, Dauphin, Man.; and 1 AOS, Malton, Ont.

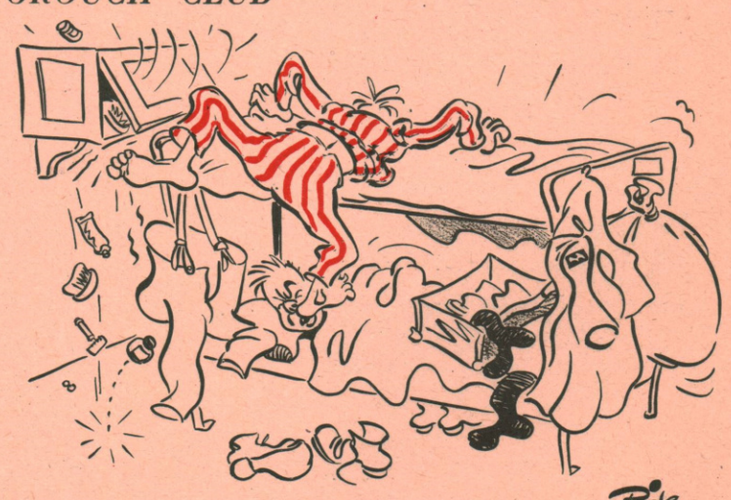
Every officer, airman and airwoman on these stations can take credit for bringing home the "efficiency bacon". Each pennant represents a job well-done and the more jobs well done, the sooner the war's won and everyone gets back on "civvie street".

Stations receiving honorable mention in the latest announcement were: 1 Recruiting Centre, Vancouver; 3 Recruiting Centre, Edmonton; 5 M Depot, Lachine, Que.; 5 ITS, Belleville, Ont.; 34 EFTS, Assiniboia, Sask.; 35 EFTS, Neepawa, Man.; 11 SFTS, Yorkton, Sask.; 12 SFTS, Brandon, Man.; 6 SFTS, Dunnville, Ont.; 5 AOS, Winnipeg; 31 B&G School, Picton, Ont., and 3 WS, Winnipeg.

SUSAN HAYWARD has sent many a guy away from a movie whistling happily to himself. On the west coast, she sent WINGS correspondent Dick Finkel away from the telephone in a happy fog that lasted for days, after a spot of delightful chit chat. Miss H. said she couldn't visit the station because of a sprained ankle.

THE SQUEEZE BOX played by Sergeant Dorothy L. Tewksbury, together with a piano and fiddle, made music for square dances and jive sessions staged by WDs of an eastern outpost. Personnel were tickled when Sgt. Tewksbury got her commission but they hated the posting that took her away.

GROUCH CLUB



HE USES YOUR FACE AS A STEPLADDER - BUT HE STILL THINKS HE'S DOING YOU A FAVOUR LETTING YOU HAVE THE LOWER BUNK -

Join the Grouch of the Month Club, fellows, send your pet moan to the Editor, WINGS, AFHQ, Ottawa, and have Cartoonist Ricky record it for posterity.

COASTAL COMMA

ONE CRACK AT A SUB MAKES UP FOR WEEKS OF WATCHING AND WAITING

DID you ever stop to think what a submarine looks like from an aircraft in flight? Here's how Flying Officer R. S. Keetley, 22, of Moose Jaw, Sask., describes it:

"The first thing you see is a long white breaker — you know, like the top of a long wave. For some reason it catches your attention. Possibly because a real wave will break and disappear — but this doesn't.

"When you look at this wave closely you see a small black spot in the middle. Then you grab your glasses and through them you see what looks like a pencil in the water with a bulb in the centre. By then you know you're onto a sub. When you get closer to it you see the long, sleek hull and a long wash behind it."

Keetley ought to know. He's made two attacks on enemy subs in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. One was officially credited probably damaged, possibly sunk, and the other was listed as possibly damaged.

According to Keetley two important factors stand out with regard to anti-submarine patrols: eternal vigilance and team work. "A crew must maintain constant vigilance," he said. "You can't relax for an instant because a sub can be missed so easily. And that goes for every member of the crew. At all times at least two pair of eyes must be on the alert, scanning the water in all directions. We all wear dark glasses or we'd burn our eyes out over the bright water.

Here are the stories of the two attacks by Keetley which occurred two weeks apart, less two minutes. With him first time were FO P. G. Hughes, Courtnay, B.C., observer; Flight Sgt WAGs D. A. Bow of Sound River, Ont., and D. G. Bush of Kelowna, B.C. Second time there were Hughes, Bow and Sgt WAG Beare of Belleville, Ont.

"Our first sub was sighted by FS Bush at 9.55 a.m. It was full on the surface and forging ahead at full speed, heading up the river. There was no shipping in sight. Weather was CAVU (ceiling and visibility unlimited) and the water and air were calm.

"Painted white, the sub looked so huge we thought it was a destroyer. We estimated it to be a 740-ton ship. It was my first look at an enemy sub but the others who had participated in attacks believed it was a destroyer because other subs had been painted black. With those fellows you have to expect tricks. Nevertheless, by the time we decided it was a sub we were nearly over it.

"I went into the attack." At this point Keetley amplified that simple sentence: it means he switched gas tanks, moved the prop pitch control, opened throttles, slipped the machine gun safety switch, opened the bomb doors, at the same time pointing the nose of the Hudson attack bomber down. The aircraft overshot, then made a steep turn and came back.

"They saw us when we first went over and began a crash dive. But they were still showing when we got around. Nobody was on deck. We were still a mile away. I came in at 100 feet, losing altitude slowly and travelling at 200 knots. At sub's position our altitude was only 50 feet and the top of the conning tower showed.

"I dropped all depth charges in a nice pattern — well divided on either side of the hull. They all went off correctly with a gigantic upheaval of water.

"We circled. The sub had disappeared. We saw swirls and dropped a sea marker. In the meantime the WAG had sent out a first sighting report and by now was cracking out an amplifying report with corrected position supplied by the observer. We remained in the area in case the sub should surface again. Soon we were relieved by another patrol crew who saw the sub try to come to the surface, but were too close to make an attack. The sub probably spotted this ship for it dived again."

Describing the second attack, Keetley said, "it was one of those dirty days—huge banks of fog with little patches of clear. At the Magdalene Islands we ran into heavy rain; ceiling was 200 feet and visibility about half a mile, if we looked out of the side windows. The observer had to leave the nose position because rain was coming in. We left for the shipping lanes around Anticosti and five miles from there broke into clear weather. But this didn't last and soon we were in fog right down to the deck. We were then at 25 feet.

"We set course for shore but the weather looked very bad and we debated whether or not to return to base. We decided to drop across to the other side. Soon we entered heavy haze where the visibility rose to three miles.

"At 5.53 a.m. I saw the sub just within visibility distance. This one was a sub all right. I went into attack procedure, and lost altitude rapidly. When we came within range I opened fire with front guns and that was the first the Nazis knew of our presence.

"Two men on deck scrambled for the conning tower and the sub began the usual crash dive. I kept firing to keep them from manning their guns and to do whatever damage I could to the conning tower.

"When I was in position to drop the depth charge I moved my finger from the machine gun trigger to the bomb release lever. All charges went nicely and I couldn't have placed a better pattern in another hundred tries.

"We came around again and I dropped two sea markers and a flame float, but the heavy wind blew them away. The weather was too bad for another aircraft to relieve us.

"Except for a small patch of oil which appeared in about three minutes, we saw nothing. We circled for an hour then had to return to the base for lack of fuel."

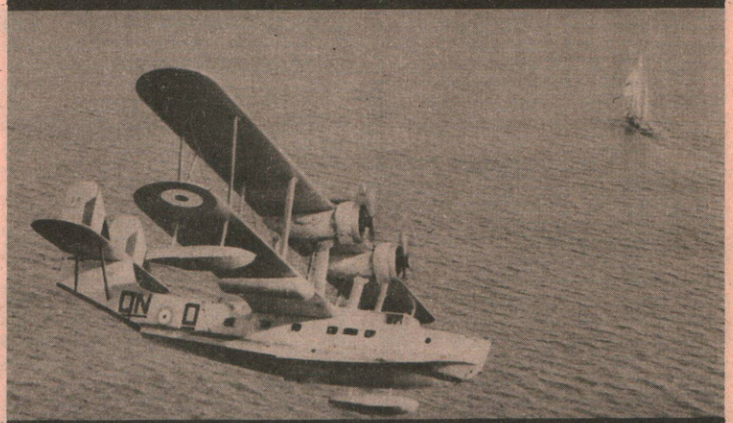
Keetley had a three-sentence message to pass on to lads under training as aircrew.

"Unless aircrew get their training solid, they can never hope to stand up to the advanced courses necessary for coastal operations.

"When you are on patrol you are on your own.,

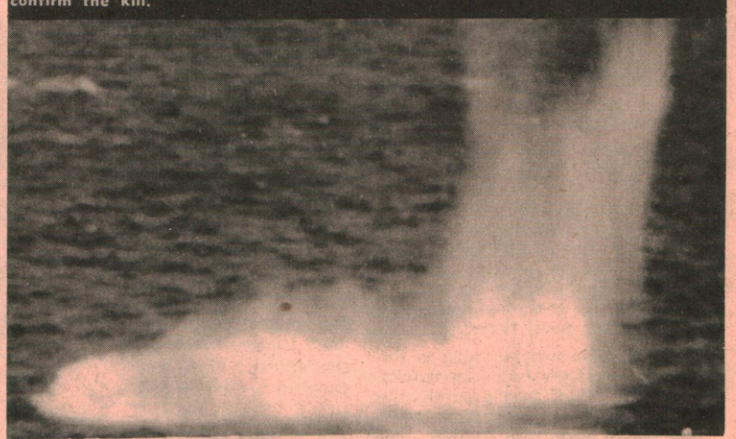
"If something comes up in a hurry, there's nobody else to turn to for advice or assistance."

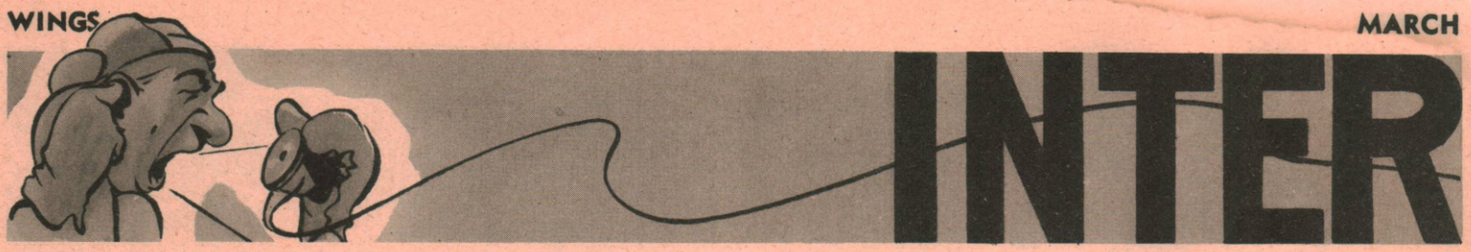
MEN OF COASTAL COMMAND must be able, thorough, accurate. They must undergo tough advanced training in astro and radio navigation, ship recognition, and seamanship. Aloft for many hours at a time, these boys need Job's patience.



HEAVY PLANES are used because they can carry large crews, supplies, plenty of fuel, have long range, carry heavy depth charges and bombs, and have good visibility. Cansos, Hudsons, Bolingbrokes, Stranraers (as above) are used here.

THE PAY OFF for months of training, watching, waiting — a Nazi sub caught cold on the surface. Down from the hatch tumbles a depth charge (below). Boiling seas leap 20 feet high — a "nice stick" right on the nose — And down plunges another U-boat, one less saboteur of the Allied shipping lanes. In short order the Navy is signalled position of attack and their swift launches or patrol boats confirm the kill.





Spit'n Polish Take Back Seat In Alaska As Airmen Vie With Ol' Man Weather

ALASKA — Being stationed in the land of the midnight sun has its advantages and disadvantages like everything else.

One of the principal benefits is the fact that much of the "spit and polish" is dispensed with and instead of the neat blue uniforms and shining buttons, airmen in Alaska wear a weird and wonderful variety of costumes. In doing so, they are breaking no rules, for every item of clothing is RCAF issue.

In summer months fatigues were worn exclusively, then as the weather became wetter and colder, parkas were issued and personnel now resemble monks in appearance. Riggers, fitters, and others whose work keeps them outside most of the day, have been issued with bone dry clothing, sometimes known as Dri Baks. These outfits, coupled with the customary rubber boots and "sou'-wester", make the average airman look like a member of a construction gang.

Another advantage is that our boys can see up to the minute moving pictures shown at the American Post Theatre. This being U.S. territory, American cigarettes are obtainable by the carton (10 packs) for a little over a dollar. The rate that applies to servicemen overseas for Canadian cigarettes also applies in Alaska.

The food here is excellent and has been voted unanimously "Best ever served in the Air Force". Officers and senior NCOs use the same mess as the men and their meals are the same as are served to the ACs. Such things as "extras" and mess fees are unknown. The general high quality of the food makes them unnecessary.

At first, there was no need for recreation since the station, as it stands today, was built from practically nothing and this called for plenty of hard work, day and night. Now we have two branches of the YMCA, one for each camp, and they are doing splendid work. The men, in cooperation with the "Y", have a choral group and a weekly camp newspaper. Dramatic and variety clubs have also been formed and their presentations are of a very high standard considering the many handicaps under which they have to work.

Of course there are drawbacks but they are being remedied as time goes by. The mail situation, long a bone of contention, is now well operated and RCAF personnel have their own canteens, both wet and dry. The most fervent hope, often expressed in various forms by everyone, is that there will soon be an end to the watching and waiting. Nobody wants an invasion — but RCAF boys in Alaska are dying for action.

LAC D. M. LOADER.

GC BONHAM-CARTER AND WO2 HITCHON

HEROISM IN HOTEL FIRE BRINGS AWARD

MACDONALD, Man., 3 B&G — Thought and action in double-quick time on the part of LACs F. R. Hitchon and George Vallance, No. 1 M Depot, Toronto, figured prominently in the mass rescue of occupants from a flaming hotel there.

One desperate woman clung to the roof of the three-storied structure. Smoke and flames belched from the window beside her. Firemen below struggled in vain with ladders that were too short. Hauling a ladder to the roof of an adjoining drugstore, the Airmen soon raised it and brought her uninjured to safety.

The fire took place almost two years ago. At 3 B&G, Macdonald, Man., presentation of the Royal Canadian Humane Association certificate was recently made to WO2 F. R. Hitchon for his heroic part in the rescue. GC D. W. F. Bonham-Carter of 2 Training Command made the presentation.

FS ART WEAVER AND HIS WIFE SNS

CHEATS DEATH - THEN THIEF CHEATS HIM

TORONTO — Twenty-three-year-FS Art Weaver of Toronto could hardly qualify for "nothing ever happens to me" classification. Trouble has been his, but doubled.

Back from a two-week brush with death in the Arctic Circle where he and two RCAF birdmates were forced down during a ferry flight, FS Weaver was happy with the world again as he relaxed at home, his wife by his side and $120 advance pay hidden in the family jewel case. His happiness soon was jolted, however, for a thief broke into his home, relieved him of his money and other valuables and left him pondering over that angle about lightning striking twice.

In mid-January, the stocky wireless operator made headlines with PO Dave Goodlet, 23, of Simcoe, Ont., pilot, and PO Alfred Nash, 27, of Winnipeg, navigator, when they were rescued by a United States Coast Guard cutter after a two-week fight for life in 22 below-zero weather, during which time they had practically no food, and only snow for drinking water.

The three had been ferrying a Boston Bomber to Britain and after a few hours experienced radio trouble necessitating "dead reckoning" navigation. High winds blew them off their course and Goodlet, with barely enough gas left to circle for a landing, brought the plane in on its belly on a huge glacier. Later they learned they were about 200 feet above coast line level and 15 miles inland, the nearest point of habitation being more than 100 miles distant.

Their food supply consisted of 24 biscuits and a gallon of water, and the latter soon froze solid. Next morning, Weaver was able to get his radio working again and got a message through to Canada giving their position. Then the trio attempted to start a cross-country trek but bad weather prevented them from leaving their aircraft for a full week. Shortly after noon of the eighth day rescue planes sighted them and dropped food, clothing, equipment and instructions.

Following orders the party proceeded to the coast but weather conditions continued to be almost unbearable and the men were near complete exhaustion, shedding extraneous equipment as their fatigue increased. Rain, sleet and snow soaked and chilled them through and they were able to keep warm at night only by lying one atop the other, getting little protection behind a screen of makeshift snow shoes they had whipped together from box covers and leather cushions.

Late on the thirteenth day, their spirits dropping lower with continued slow progress, the trio suddenly were heartened by the sight of a rescue ship off the coast. Noticing the ship's flares and searchlights in the dark, they shot off their last flare but it went undetected and although the airmen built two fires by burning their greatcoats they still failed to attract attention.

When it became dark again, they answered further signals by burning one of their parkas and this time their fire was seen. On boarding the ship, the men were placed in hospital, all three suffering frozen hands and feet — but fortunately not seriously.

And so when Weaver reached home weeks later, he was feeling pretty happy generally. In fact, the last thing he expected was to escape from the Arctic only to get "stranded" in Toronto. But hearing about the robbery the RCAF Benevolent Fund came to his aid and the unlucky airman was once more in clover.

But he's still musing over that lightning angle.

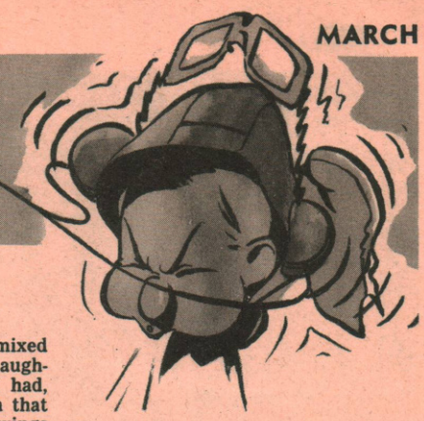
ANOTHER "SGT YORK"

A retiring Sergeant-of-the-Guard at a West Coast station rates as a regular "Sgt York". A diminutive maltese cross on a scrap of maroon is among the many ribbons on Sgt Kerr's tunic — the Victoria Cross, the British Empire's highest award for bravery.

On the Somme in '16, during the last "show," John Kerr displayed utmost daring. Knowing his front-line company was running short of shells, he ran along the parados — a perfect target — then fired upon the enemy at point-blank range.

Surprised, they thought they were outnumbered and surrendered. After bringing back his bag of 62 prisoners under heavy fire, he proceeded to a dressing station. He lost one finger in the raid.

-COM



Saw Canada, Liked It, Joined The WD

MONTREAL — She has bicycled all over Europe, crossed the North Sea and the Atlantic Ocean, hitch-hiked half way across Canada, ridden the rails, driven a tractor. Now she's studying wireless at 1 Wireless School

here.

This is Denmark's young Karen Hansen. She was studying English in London when she heard the Nazis had occupied her homeland. She had no more money for school expenses so got a job as a domestic. Promised work in Canada, she shot her savings on a ticket.

The crossing was uneventful except that she was nearly jailed as a spy. Because of her accent and the fact that after playing a game called "Battleship" she had carelessly left some "naval diagrams" lying around, she was reported to ship authorities by an over-enthusiastic spy-spotter.

She finished high school on arrival here and the following year got a job in a Danish weaving establishment. Then she decided to see Canada and hit the road. She had bicycled all over Europe but took to hitch-hiking like a native, abandoning this form of transportation only for something more exciting. She hopped a freight.

In pouring rain, with a pack on her back, she clambered up and clung to the trainman's walk—drenched with rain, stung with cinders, and jolted with the incessant movement. A trainman discovering her, introduced her to the luxury of a boxcar.

She hopped off at Dauphin, Man., where friends taught her to drive a tractor. This mastered, she decided to take a crack at the war and joined the RCAF(WD).

HE GOT HIS COKE— THE HARD WAY

REGINA, 14 X Depot — The plane was heading for the airport a few miles away, but at 14 "X", strictly a ground station, the boys knew it couldn't make it. Quick ears told them the starboard engine wasn't paying its board; then the port.

The pilot had the choice of the canteen or the barrack blocks for a landing strip. Never one to push in uninvited, he chose neither and neatly swerved to spare the paint on the roofs. He brought his Hampden Bomber around at right angles, missing the road and trailing telephone wires to bring up with a bang at 14 X's front door. But his engines were too dead to knock.

No one was hurt. The pilot was invited to the canteen (note to Mr. Ripley—the SPs let him through the gate) for a coke and a chocolate bar to soothe his shattered nerves.

41 OF 46 TAKE WINGS SACRAMENT

BRANTFORD, Ont., 5 SFTS — It was at a rumble party that a station Padre turned to find a student flier from Texas at his elbow. He'd had a letter from the pastor of his church at home urging that he should not forget to take Communion, explained the Texan. Could the Padre arrange a service before the wings parade two days later?

The next day the Chaplain completed arrangements and dropped in at the Texan's barracks to remind him of the hour and extend an invitation to others who might wish to attend. At 1000 hours the day of the wings parade the Padre prepared the Communion and awaited the student. In trooped the Texas pilot and 15 others — men from Canada, Great Britain, Australia and the United States.

"Most men enlist from mixed motives," said Padre E. S. Laughtenslager, "probably these men had, too. But there was time yet, in that moment before the coveted wings were pinned on them, to set their motives entirely right."

That initial pre-wings Communion was only the beginning. A month later 21 of the new class took the Sacrament. Thirty-nine of the next class attended the special service, and of the 46 men in the class following, 41 took Communion. The Roman Catholic Chaplain also extends an invitation to graduating students of that faith to attend a special Mass, and the "Wings Sacrament" service is rapidly becoming a tradition on the station.

JILTS Mr. FRANCO, JOINS OUR SIDE

OSHAWA, Ont., 20 EFTS — LAC Harold Charles Norminton of Dublin, Ireland, is a lad who's been around. Since he was sixteen, he has batted about Europe, taking a look-see at France, Switzerland and Germany, before the war.

He completed his education at Trinity College, Dublin, and in England, specializing in languages. Now he speaks fluently, Spanish, Portugese, French, Russian and German as well as English and is expert in such super-specials as Catalan and Provençal. In 1938, at the age of 20. he was appointed interpreter to General O'Duffy of the Irish Brigade in Spain.

Never sympathetic with Franco, Norminton returned to Ireland within the year. Now he is in Canada learning to fly, having gone from 20 EFTS here to 9 SFTS at Centralia, Ont. He can tell stories of his experiences in the Spanish war exciting enough for any fire-eater.

WHY INSTRUCTORS GO CRAZY

MACLEOD, Alta., 7 SFTS — The Officer instructor was piloting an aircraft through certain 'unusual' manoeuvres when it went into a stall — then a spin. Fearing he might not be able to pull out in time he ordered his two students to bale out.

One chap started out the back door without his parachute. The other pulled the instructor's parachute off the rack by the ripcord, filling the cabin with a billowing white cloud of silk. Fortunately for all concerned, the shaken pilot-instructor managed to level off a few hundred feet from mother earth and make a safe landing.

Meditating on the evil chance that had made him an instructor, the pilot was heard to mutter, "It wasn't so much the fact that I wouldn't have had time to use my chute anyway — but imagine those (censored) guys experimenting with **mine** before using their own!"

THE AUSSIE VICTIM in the dental chair at 4 SFTS, Saskatoon, is LAC N.A. Hill, and he appears ready to go over a hill if he gets away alive from this gang of murderers. The Ferocious Four seen warbling "Take it out, take it out" from the "Yank polka", are (from the left) Capt H. B. Gorrell, CDC of Winnipeg, WD Cpl E. L. Bagg, The Pas, Man., Pte D. M. Macaulay, CDC, Kemnay, Man., and WD Cpl R. Smylie, Star City Sask.

60 PER WAS TOPS THEN

EDMONTON, Alta., 3 M Depot — Diving a trainer at 60 mph might seem dull stuff to today's fledglings, but FS Frederick R. Pearce's explanation makes it sound risky enough.

Leaving Corporal's hooks with the Imperial Army during World War I, he joined the Royal Flying Corps and earned his Lieutenancy. Training for air combat in an old-fashioned Farmer-Pusher "job" was no cinch. With fuselages still uncovered, a higher speed than 60 per might have eliminated the pilot.

At 3 M Depot, veteran flier Flight Pearce chafes under the collar for a posting to a flying station where he can get pally with some up-to-date training craft.

Some Guys Can't Get Too Much Route-marching

UPLANDS, Ont. — Because it was such a smash hit last summer, the Hiking Club of 2 SFTS here just couldn't go out of business. So the latest blaze on their trail is a sleigh ride.

The hikes had to have a happy ending so the first one finished up as a Weiner Roast, the second (attendance doubled) as a Barn Dance; the third as a Corn Roast.

To wind up the Autumn and begin the Winter season, there was a dancing party so successful that they called out the guards to keep out the non-hikers. And the guards (always notoriously soft-hearted) just couldn't bear to see anyone miss the fun, so they let every one in. Even the CO and Senior Officers.

BUTTON SNATCHERS BUSY

EDMONTON, 3 Recruiting Centre —Buttons are disappearing like shooting stars from officers' uniforms here. PO D. A. MacMillan lost one from his tunic at a house party. FL

Smith (one of the MOs) had his sutured on so firmly that he found the entire shoulder strap jerked off his greatcoat, in a café. And for two black buttons, a snitcher took FO W. C. M. Barrell's cap, leaving in its place a bedraggled specimen that might have survived the Battle of Britain.

Miller Services

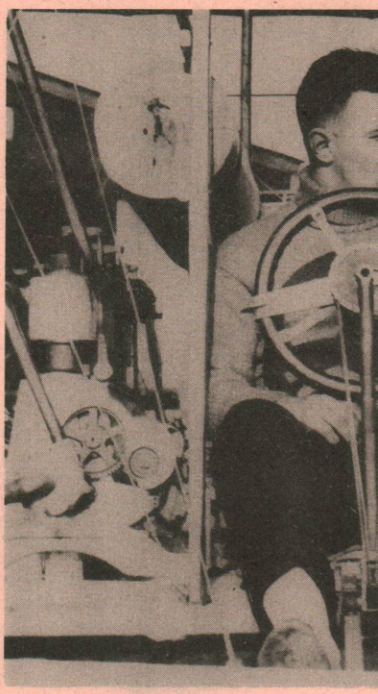
TANKS A MILLION. American General Grant tanks going through manoeuvres somewhere in England. Human flies scaling the sides are American crews mounting to action stations.

WIB

AIR-GUNNER — FS Doug. McMurchy of Reston, Man., ready for action on a Bolingbroke Bomber somewhere in Alaska. He trained at 3 Wireless School, Winnipeg and 7 B&G School, Paulson, Man.

Miller Services

GLIDER TROOPS of Britain's airborne divisions de-plane for instant action. Speed of transport and surprise give them the jump on the enemy. Note glider's "bay window."



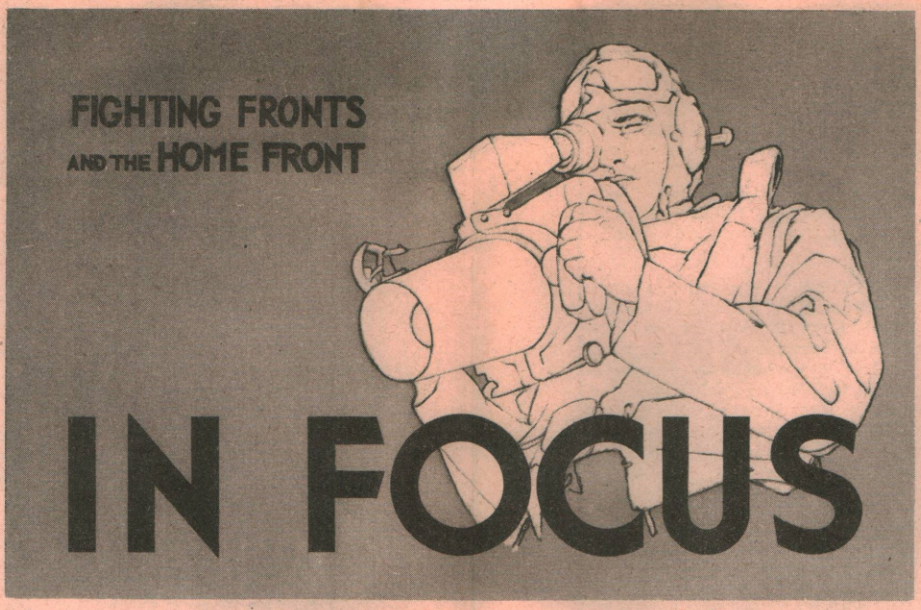
CAS HAD TO WIN his wings, too. Air Marshall Breadner (left) at 19, taking flying lessons at Wright School, Dayton, Ohio, in 1915. He went on to win DSC in a dogfight — and become Chief of the Air Staff.

SNS from INP

YOU'LL BE SEEING "IT", said the original caption and the guy wasn't kidding. But did he mean this nifty new swim suit or this nifty — Hollywood starlet Marjorie Woodworth?

WHICH WAY? Sarge remembers when England, threatened with invasion, chopped down all signposts. Wops and Nazis retreating in the Western Desert left plenty of clues — but their mix-method isn't bad for showing a fella where he ain't.

British Information



A PAIR OF CANADIAN TARS, looking like for a while aboard one of the Dominion's have been doing a four-star job in blasting The Battling Bulldog couldn't be improved

DEAD-EYE OF THE RAF REGIMENT in the desert takes a squint through dual-purpose gun, which does double duty against aircraft or tanks. One of Rommel's headaches, the RAF Regiment (Security Guard to you) took 200 prisoners in its first engagement. Just jailers at heart. Miller Services

THIS GERMAN SOLDIER LIES DEAD in the Western Desert, fallen before the British 8th Army's triumphant assault on Rommel's once 'unconquerable' Afrika Corps. Miles to the west of where he lies, Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt met at Casablanca to plan mighty new attacks. British Information

ike before and after in a shaving ad, relax
's corvettes, those business-like craft that
g Axis subs with torpedo and depth charge.
ed upon as an emblem.
British Information

THESE POLISH FLIERS IN BRITAIN swear by their live duck mascot, which has meant a lot of dead duck Axis aircraft. The Poles fly the newest in Spitfires to join the Allied fighter fleet. Miller Services

CANADIAN SKI-TROOPER blends with the landscape at a Western Canadian Army camp, training his sights on an imaginary Nazi and his hopes on getting a bead on a live one soon. Winter manoeuvres like this come close to the real thing for toughness. Take a look at the pounds of equipment he packs — and where he goes, so goes the kit. Nazis in Russia have been dying for want of warm clothing and equipment like this. Canadian Army

LOG OF THE RCAF

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VOL. 1 MARCH, 1943 No. 2

OLD AGE INSURANCE

Any course of training lasting several months can become a grind. This goes for aircrew, too, even though it offers as its goal a chance to take a personal crack at the enemy.

Wings parade comes to be a symbol of that goal, and when the big day arrives it's easy for a fellow to let himself think it's all over now but for a two weeks' splurge on embarkation leave and a nice ocean cruise. Then action.

He forgets the very good reasons for having to "waste" a few more weeks overseas on additional training before he gets his first flight over enemy territory. And he develops a bad case of itchy wings.

The CAS had something to say on this subject at a recent Uplands wings parade. The short refresher course at an Advance Flying Unit, he explained, not only compensates for any loss of "touch" aircrew may experience during the weeks since graduation, it also introduces them to new types of aircraft, to European topography and weather conditions, and to the tricks of night flying and beam approach in the blackout.

At Operational Training Units, potential bomber personnel first meet the crewmates with whom they will fly in action. Pilots, fighter or bomber, get their first introduction to fast and heavily armored operational aircraft. The Harvard trainer has no military equipment, and weighs less than three tons, while pilots at OTU must learn to fly aeroplanes weighing from one and a half to ten times as much.

"Do not let your anxiety for combat make you impatient with this phase of training," urged Air Marshal Breadner, — "it is your best insurance for old age."

HEDGE HOPPING

PRINCE ALBERT, 6 EFTS — Flying instructors are still smiling over the antics of a trainee who, running short of gas during a cross-country flight, didn't attempt a power landing in the nearest "level" space but climbed his plane until the gas ran out and then glided from 5,000 feet to make a "dead stick" landing on the spot of his choice. "It was a new one on me," remarked the CFI "but successful".

REGINA — FL Henry Wallace McLeod, DFC and Bar, top scoring Spitfire Pilot of the RCAF has just completed a well deserved furlough at his home here. Wally is rarin' to get back into what he calls "the happy hunting ground" over Malta.

TORONTO, 6 ITS — This station now boasts a new lounge and study room with all the latest . . . DROs the other day announced roller skating in the drill hall, skates were loaned by the Strathcona Club and the Sports Service League. The unique idea caught on rapidly.

MOOSE JAW, 32 SFTS — Men of this station may swap the blue for red coats when war ends, all as a result of the dope they got on murder and mayhem in a lecture on Criminology by Doctor Maurice Powers, RCMP, Regina. Illustrated by lantern slides, it was first of a series designed to bring interesting lecturers to the station.

EDMONTON, 4 ITS — PO G. J. McGuire and AC2 Fred McGuire, brothers are both in training as pilots. PO McGuire joined in '38 and has been successively admin. clerk, acting adjutant here and adjutant on an East Coast station. Although FL, he took lower rank to get his wings at the same time as his brother.

THANKS, BOYS!

SIGNALS—35 EFTS: Full quota WINGS sold . . . 8 RD: 200 copies sold can sell 500 next issue . . . 16 X Depot: Complete sell-out first day increase next month to 40 . . . 1 M Depot: WINGS sold out (1400 copies) first hour and half . . . 4 M Depot: Further 100 February issue needed.

LETTERS — Assignments and Requirements Detach., Dayton, Ohio: May 10 more copies first issue be forwarded . . . 5 Recruit. Centre: Many thanks for first issue of WINGS which sold like hot cakes. Had quite a job figuring out who had to have the ten copies you sent us, so please mail forty magazines per month . . .

THAT'S THE STORY of what happened when WINGS' first issue hit the canteen news stands — and these are just a few samples. The editors of WINGS say thanks for the sell-out — and we hope you liked it when you read it. Within the limits of paper restrictions, shipments will be increased as ordered.

NORTH BATTLEFORD, RAF Station — Everything from soup to nuts. A concert group has been formed to raise money for War Charities. A topical revue, dramatic competition, and variety show are in course of production. Table tennis tournaments are in full swing and films are shown four times a week with a 32 mm. projector.

CARBERRY, 33 SFTS — A station debating society has been formed and some really hot arguments are in progress. Success so far guarantees their continuance.

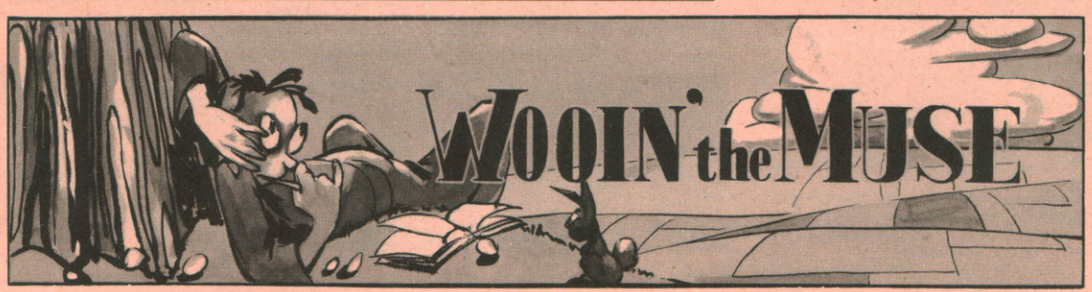
TORONTO, 1 "M" Depot — The dry canteen formerly run by the YMCA has been turned over to the RCAF. Problem of obtaining civilian personnel was largely responsible for change.

VICTORIA, B.C. — Going to visit Victoria on your leave, girls? A new Service Women's hostel is now at your service. Rooms are available on leave or while you await further posting instructions.

EAST COAST STATION—A United Services Organization troupe from south of the border put on a show that ranked with the best ever shown here. The USO crew repeated the review for the patients in the hospital.

VANCOUVER, 2 ED—WINGS was responsible for the launching of a new station paper here. All was quiet and serene until the boys heard about WINGS and got the inspiration for a local paper—the "Two-EE-DEE".

WINNIPEG, 3 WS — Airsickness is something many aircrew have to contend with at first. The tin receptacle is a familiar sight—but pity the poor airman here who spat out his teeth as well. An instructor trying to be helpful, tossed out the can before the plane landed . . . The boys here are wondering if there is anything to this business of having a birth in the family and getting a promotion automatically—or vice-versa. They say it's happened here too often to be coincidence.



THE POOR OBSERVER

Who was the student who said one day
The magnetic field is a place to play,
The compass bowl is somewhere to wash,
And using sense is a lot of bosh?

Who thought that a log is somewhere to sit,
That 1234 was compiled by a twit,
That a heavenly body's an angel of light
And the angle of conversion is turning to right?

Who thought that dead reckoning is something hideous,
That a Cardinal Point is something religious,
That a knot is tied in a piece of rope,
A great circle on neck is washed off with soap?

That a sextant's a man who buries the dead,
That a cocked hat is something to wear on the head,
That a course is something you have for dinner,
And a track is a place for loser or winner?

That time is a thing to be wasted in life,
That a representative fraction's an MP's wife,
That orientation's an easterly thing,
And a Compass Rose always blooms in the spring?

Sgt. E. R. McHALE, RAF
East Coast Station.

REVEILLE AT BOREVILLE*

Coldly rising, morning sun
Accelerates its morning run
With radiant smiles and shining fun
And soon its warmly smilin'.
But what is this that spoils day breaking,
That clouds the sunrise, so breath-taking,
Effects, in truth, an airman's waking?
A bugle on Sea Island!

Grunts and muttered, lurid curses,
Phrases never found in verses,
As each man's night-dream day reverses,
And senses start to rally.
Now the busy day is starting,
ACs to and fro are darting,
Now the dew outside's departing —
The sounding of reveille!

Memories, causing men to think;
Is Hughie's girl a saucy minx?
What made the dog-gone cabbage stink
We had last night for supper?
Do all the boys in Boreville know
Just why old comrades named it so,
And that from here we'll never go,
On strength of a re-muster?

Buttons polished, boots are thumping,
Bunch of crazy Airmen jumping,
Mopping pails and dust-pans bumping
In the weedy alley.
But from one end to the other
In this land of canvas-cover,
The loudest din will never smother
THE SOUNDING OF REVEILLE!

LAC Joe CHESNEY,
West Coast Station.

* Boreville is the name given to a line of tents in which various squadrons have been accommodated.

Hockey, though seasonable,
When cold, is unreasonable.

W.C.C.—4ITS, Edmonton.

Dateline R... CENSORED

BEAR FACTS: There's bars in them woods near a west-coast station but a truce exists between air and bear personnel. One bold Bruin, however, violated the peace and came too close for comfort (his own). Up jumped Corporal Claire Parker, a quick man on the trigger, took aim and Blackie bit the dust. Short story—Bear met Claire; grave dug; bear rug.

* * *

DAWN PATROL: When an eastern RAF station held one dance it proved an all-night affair. Sabotaging or something took place on busses called for 2.30. Transportation didn't appear until nearly 0600 hours when sleepy personnel and guests went from "Swing" shift to "Sway" shift.

* * *

$53.25 ON THE NOSE: An airman may be a tough baby but that thing thumping inside his tunic isn't just a blood vessel — it's a heart.

In a small town near a west-coast RCAF station a dog bit off little Esther Davis's nose. She was rushed to Vancouver and then to Toronto for plastic surgery. One operation was performed and there are three more to come. To make life a bit brighter for the youngster and to help her parents defray the heavy expenses, the Vancouver News-Herald set up a trust fund and appealed for donations.

FS O. Shepherd, just out of hospital himself, read of the catastrophe. He started a one-man, one-day canvass of his station and then tramped into the newspaper office, clanking down on the editorial desk a bag containing nickles, dimes and dollars to the tune of $53.25.

* * *

SHARKSHOOTERS: Boys of the army artillery detachment of an RC AF station on the west coast were startled at seeing this whopping big shark basking in the all too rare sunshine out in the bay. A well placed rifle shot ended its career and the fish was towed to the dock. The detachment indignantly denies the rumor that they used ack-ack on it and the Airmen's Mess was equally quick to deny other base rumors concerning the disposal of the carcass, though the cooks had a little trouble convincing airmen that it was salmon they were eating that Friday.

BAND BREWING: Things get altogether too quiet sometimes on one isolated west coast station and it suddenly occurred to someone that a band would cure all that. So a new squad of brass blowers has been organized that gives promise of waking echoes from the boundary to the pole. It'll be managed by FS Mervin Smith while Sgt. Hal Dunn, who used to trumpet with Regina's Casa Loma band, will swing the baton. FS McGowan handles a drum stick as prettily as a joy stick while FS Gainforth is said to play everything but the harp. There are eleven in all and they're making a joyful noise right now, reviving station spirits and startling the wild life for miles around.

SCULPIN HATCHERY TO HATCH NO MORE

REGINA, 2 ITS — Opened March 28, 1941, under FL L. N. Gill, the famous Regina Sculpin Hatchery, after developing and supplying an excellent variety of sculpin to practically every Flying School in the air training plan and to Operational Units overseas, has finally closed its doors. Nearly 400 sculpins — — —

What is a sculpin? Mean to say you don't know?

Well, you know what pigeons are—those birds that fly through the air and roost in hangars? And you know what the Kiwi is — the long-necked bird with no wings and a loud voice that runs around on the ground?

Well, a sculpin is something else again; he's the poor fish who pretends he's flying. Yeah, he's the Link Trainer Instructor.

The eminent ichthyologist and piscatorial expert, Llewellyn Ethelbert Hogwart, in his distinguished monograph on flying fish declares: "Although the sculpin actually possesses wings, or near-wings, and exhibits every indication of being air-borne, it is actually only an ingenious imitator of true flight."

So that makes the LTI a sculpin, doesn't it? And a Link Trainer Instructors' School a sculpin hatchery?

All right then, the Regina Hatchery at 2 ITS has been closed after operating for 20 months and training hundreds of instructors.

FL Gill after a few months went back to flying, being succeeded by FL J. Gray. For some time now, FL A. Champ has directed the school. All these OCs, like a great many of their pupils, were former pilots,

barred from regular flying for medical reasons. Under them, student-instructors caught the enthusiasm for instrument flying, the passion for precision and hair-line accuracy, which they carried with them to Flying Schools.

As the Regina School was being dismantled, its four machines, with 12,000 hours' service to their credit, were turned back to Equipment in as good condition as when they were unpacked. Thanks to the maintenance work of Sgt Duberry and Cpl. McColl, not one hour of Link time was lost from machine failure.

Next year's crop of Link Trainer Instructors will be developed at a new super-hatchery now being constructed somewhere in the East. Fortunately, the sculpin, unlike the salmon, doesn't need to return to his original spawning ground.

FL Bill Hay,
WINGS Correspondent.

THE CEN ON BOOKS

"PADDY FINUCANE" by James Reynolds, published by Edmond Byrne Hackett, New York.

Cockney children on the streets of London begged their mothers for a penny to buy his picture; crowds lined the streets when it was known that he was to make a public appearance; and staid British newspapers screamed headlines of "Finucane Flies Again" when he took to the skies once more after being grounded for several weeks due to an injury.

Such was the fame of the late "Paddy" Finucane, Wing Commander in the RAF, holder of the DFC with two bars, and the DSO, with 32 "certains" to his credit, and an unknown number of probables. A record such as this is obviously not built on luck, nor yet on courage, although he had more than his share of both; but rather on a combination of verve and uncanny ability to lead his squadron, and with them, route out and destroy his enemy. This ability had nothing to do with chance, but was due to an instinctive talent to outmanoeuvre, outfly and anticipate his foe, on all occasions.

He was as courageous as he was Irish, and to him Ireland would always be home. Courage is not definable. It cannot be neatly squared off and measured by a yard stick. But flying, greatly outnumbered, into combat almost daily against a foe whose skill and determination is readily recognized, fully cognizant of the weight of your opposition, is courage in any man's language.

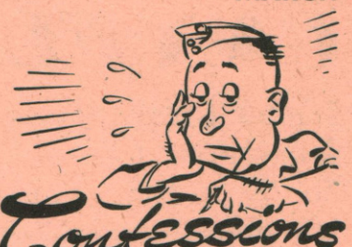
"Paddy" was as Irish as his name, and he commanded a squadron made up almost exclusively of Australian pilots. This unusual combination was a formidable one. His men admired him deeply, and with customary Air Force humor, sent him a message on his 21st birthday, "Many happy returns, you little Irish blank, we all hate your guts."

Somehow you feel that this book by James Reynolds, an old friend of "Paddy's" is just the kind of a book, that he, in his innate modesty, would have liked most. For it deals, not with his exploits and accomplishments as a pilot, but rather tells of Irish stories which he knew and loved, and of his life as a schoolboy. Even as a boy he had a tremendous interest in and love for flying. This, coupled with an inherent feeling that the rights and opportunities of every man should be equal, made his defence of democracy a most vital and all-important factor in his life.

Reynolds calls him "bright and shining" and a more apt description no man could have. When he died, at 21, shot down by a chance gun manned by a German sentry near LeTouquet, he called to his men, "This is it, chaps."

It stands as an epitaph for a man whose life was an inspiration and whose death was the culmination of an overpowering desire to keep the flag of freedom unfurled. — **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.



Confessions of a G.D.

Ever since war began, WC G. L. Creed has been fighting the Nazis with everything he's got. He is now Deputy Director of Provost and Security Services (Deputy Provost Marshal), but in addition, he has been writing verse about the RCAF and the war. The Air Force song "The Sky's the Limit" springs from his facile pen and the little blue-bound book of some of his most popular poems, "For Freedom", has gone on sale in canteens and book stores to boost the coffers of the RCAF Benevolent Fund, to which all royalties are devoted. WC Creed's verses cover a wide range of subjects, but "What about the poor GD?" he was asked. So he sat down immediately and wrote for WINGS:

"A woman's work is never done!"
My mother used to say;
It must run in the family for
Her sonny boy's that way.
I joined the Air Force boasting that
An airman bold I'd be
The wings I wear are in my boots
For now I'm a G.D.

Yes, now I know what mother meant
For I am on the run
Doing my bit from dawn 'til dusk
To terrify the Hun.
The lads who fly are quite O.K. —
The ground crews, too, are swell—
But Heaven help the Axis when
The G.D. gives 'em Hell!

How very wrong dear Daddy was
To tell me I was dumb
And what a useless so-and-so
I one day would become!
But now he boasts the livelong day
And weeps into his tea
When telling of that peerless youth—
His gallant young G. D.

With pail and mop I swish and slop
With superhuman skill,
The CO thinks I'm wonderful
And fondly calls me Bill —
While Hitler gnaws his nails with rage
And wonders what can be
The Allies' secret weapon — well,
Just keep it dark — it's ME!

For the backbone of the Air Force
(In all modesty I'll state)
The guy who goes "per ardua" —
The master of its fate —
The Lord of all its dirty work
From A to blasted ZEE —
Who is the blushing hero? . . . Why,
Who else but this G. D.!

CAN FLYERS REPEAT?

Touhey Gives Ottawa Team Even Chance To Keep Allan Cup

OTTAWA—A 50 50 chance against the rest of Canada takes in a lot of territory but Billy Touhey still thinks his RCAF Flyers are worth at least an even money bet this season to retain the Allan Cup, amateur hockey's most prized hunk of silverware, symbol of the Dominion championship.

The Ottawa club had just come off Auditorium ice after shellacking Canadiens 7-3 for their 17th victory in 18 Ottawa City Senior League starts when WINGS collared the coach. Touhey was pretty pleased with everything in general; particularly with his team's last-heat splurge that saw them slice in five straight goals after entering the stretch, one behind.

But Touhey wasn't letting success go to his hockey-wise noggin. He's

been around a long while, in the NHL and the country's top amateur circuits, and so it's a cinch he had all the angles figured.

"Naturally," he said, "we're not quite as strong as at the end of last year when the Krauts (Bobby Bauer, Porky Dumart, Milt Schmidt) joined us, but I will say that we're stronger now than we were at the same time last season.

"No, I don't know an awful lot about what there is to beat, west of Ontario, but I've had a good squint at the Quebec Senior Hockey League. I would imagine they play as good hockey there as in any other loop, and while I have a great deal of respect for them, I think we'd be worth even money against anybody."

The big mistake a lot of people are making in rating his club's chances, Touhey said, is in underestimating the rest of the Ottawa League. "Our opposition is a lot tougher than most seem to realize. Take Kingston, for instance, they have several former NHL and minor league players, while other teams, too, are pretty well stocked with good talent."

But loss of the Krauts is going to be hard to make up, the coach admits. Somebody once said, "Put those guys out there with three Girl Guides and they'd give any club a battle," and he wasn't kidding.

Corporals Dumart and Schmidt are PTIs overseas at this point, while

LAC Bauer is a radio mechanic on the East Coast.

However, with only six of last year's champions as a starter, Touhey, with much help from WC J. G. Kerr, has molded a punchful outfit. In 18 games they flashed the beacon 126 times and were scored against less than half that number — totalling zing in any league.

The second year men are Goaler Norm Pinke, Defencemen Jack Cain and Jerry Philbin, plus Forwards Buddy Hellyer, Vic Hanneberry and Hank Blade. "Pinke and Cain form the trunk of our particular tree," Touhey said. 'We branch out from those boys and I think we've got the balance a winner requires."

Head men in the Flyers' production department this season have been a pair of native Ottawans, Conny Tudin and Tony Licari, a Mutt and Jeff combination of speedboys. "Jeff" Licari has shown his fleet heels to the rest of the League all season, while Tudin, after a late start, has boomed his way into the first five. "He's added 25 per cent to our scoring punch," Touhey commented.

Other newcomers, all good two-way men, are Les Ramsey, Guzzo, Frankie Boucher, Simon, Jack Pumple, Stan Rooke and Don Robbins.

"Yes," Touhey concluded, "when the time comes for us to name 10 players for the playoff stretch, we'll ice 10 good ones. Good . . . and big."

BACK OVERSEAS, PLAYING DIFFERENT GAME

There was no lack of reminiscent scope for a couple of young "old timers" around a fighter station in London area when FOs H. A. "Hank" Yeandle, of Stratford, and Dave Neville, Hamilton, put their heads together. Hank a fighter squadron adjutant, Dave, an intelligence officer, have a lot in common. Hockey is their sport religion. Neville's road to hockey fame was mainly with Montreal Royals, 1930 to 1938. Three times he got to an Allan Cup Final, but he never got over the hump.

Hockey carried this centre and right winger to Germany and winter Olympics. That was in 1936 when he was added to the Port Arthur line-up.

Yeandle is better known in hockey in his present surroundings than in his native Stratford. He played for University of Western Ontario, 1928-32. Travel urge possessed him. He paid England a tourist visit in 1934, lingered, and by 1938 found himself a coach at The Hague, Holland.

Hockey Flourishes In 2 Command

WINNIPEG — Glancing over the sports parade in No. 2 Command reveals continued hockey activity at most stations, in spite of an extensive spell of extremely cold weather in January.

In Winnipeg, the RCAF Bombers, at time of writing, lead the Senior Services Hockey League with seven wins and two losses. As the boys became accustomed to playing together, the team improved steadily.

Bombers are bolstered by several "name" players in Wally Stanowsky and Pete Langelle, formerly of Toronto Maple Leafs, Bill Juzda and Andy Brannigan, former New York Amerks.

The city of Winnipeg inter-unit league has played 26 games to date and leading the race is 3 Wireless School with five wins and no defeats. Others in order are 8 Repair Depot, 7 Equipment Depot, Composites, 2 TCHAU, 6 Recruiting Centre, 15 AID and 5 AOS. Local units having rinks on their property are running regular station schedules, these being 8 RD, 7 ED and 3 Wireless School.

The Brandon District Service Athletic Association League, featuring seven teams from Army and Air Force units at Brandon, Shilo, Carberry, Rivers and Virden is making good progress, with the Army team from Camp Shilo and 12 SFTS, Brandon, at present fighting for top position.

At Portage la Prairie, the Military Hockey League has played out its regular schedule with 7 AOS, 3 B&G and 100th CATC participating. Play offs now are underway between the Army club and 3 B&G.

It is anticipated all RCAF teams playing in eligible Service leagues throughout the Command, will enter the intermediate provincial playdowns under direction of the Manitoba Amateur Hockey Association. It also is planned to have the Winnipeg inter-unit league winner play off with the Brandon District Service League and Portage la Prairie District League champions for the Baker Memorial Trophy.

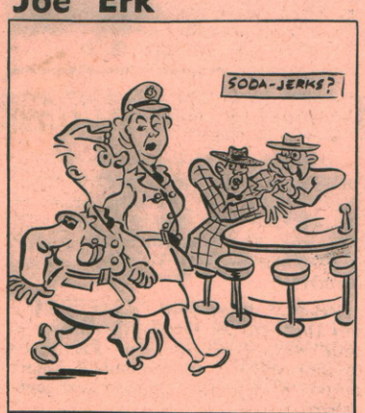
OUT OF HOCKEY BELT

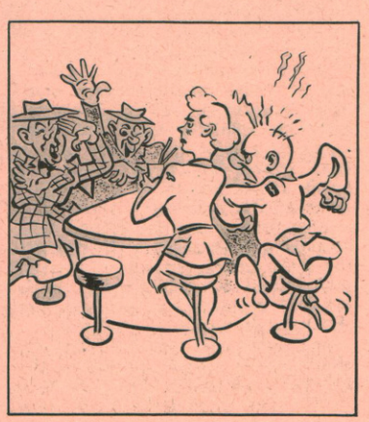
PO Hugh Tracey of Montreal, and LAC Lude Wareing, Regina, pack a lot of hockey ability, but postings in Great Britain more or less put them in drydock.

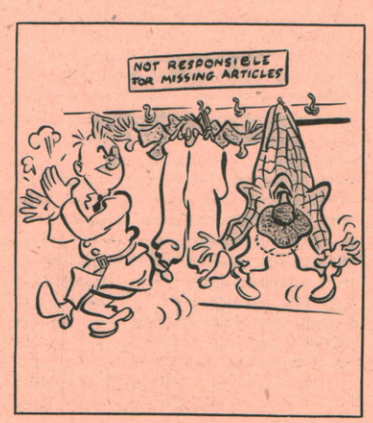
Tracey, who once had an offer from Detroit Red Wings, is too much involved in radio. He starred in the Quebec Senior Amateur League with Canadiens, Concordia, Victorias and Verdun. Wareing played pro with Philadelphia.

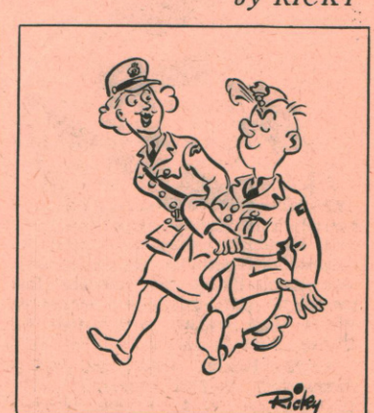
Joe Erk

by RICKY







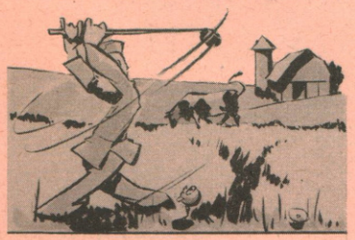


With Care

WHEN you think of stick and puck you think of hockey. But when you think of 26,000 sticks, 9,000 pucks, 17,000 pairs skates and boots and 1500 goal pads, you don't know what

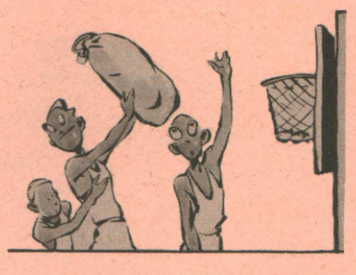
the score is. It's the RCAF hockey requirements for stations in Canada and overseas.

Canadians have always gone in for sport in a big way. But when the RCAF, pick of Canada's youth, goes



in for sport, its not big—it's colossal. Equipment needed to carry on sports, an essential part of RCAF training, tots up to staggering figures. When 18,000 airmen play basketball, they need 18,000 pairs of rubber soled shoes, 4,000 nets, 3,000 balls, and 50 pumps to blow them up. When 10,000 ball-players swarm over the diamonds, they need 2,000 baseballs, hard or soft, 600 bats and 600 gloves. Discus hurlers want 770 of the things. Robin Hoods require 180 bows, 400 arrows, 70 targets.

It ain't hay.



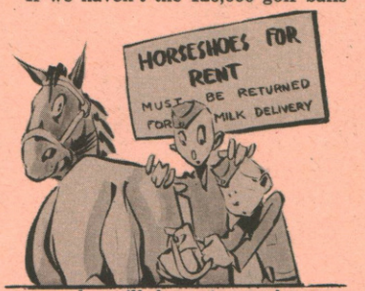
Our stores bulge with a lot of this stuff but the rest will have to be found. We have to have 770 vaulting poles to put the boys over the top, 180 wrestling mats to catch them when they are down. The lads will be all wet for nothing without 240 water polo balls; they'll have to take

FRAGILE

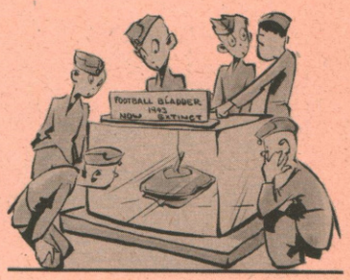
their medicine if they haven't 125 medicine balls.

Sports equipment is tough to get. Rubber, metal, and even wood are scarce and labor is out. The services are in a preferred position — if the stuff is to be had, we get it. But if not? Conservation. Substitution.

If we haven't the 120,000 golf balls



we need, we'll have to comb every blade of grass in the old cow-pasture to find that retreaded one. We may not have to stuff a kitbag and use it for a basketball (though that's an idea), go out with a shotgun when we can't get 792,000 badminton birds,



or shadow box to save our 1800 pairs of boxing gloves. But if we don't take good care of the stuff we have we'll be out of luck when it's gone.

We need 2,000 horseshoes. The time may not be far off when our horseshoe heavers will have to borrow the boots hot off the horse while old Dobbin stands by in his stocking feet watching the game. For rugby we need 200 footballs, and we may get them. But watch out—the football may yet become a museum piece.

SPORTFLIGHT

EDMONTON, 3 M DEPOT: When a snow storm blitzed a hockey game here, half the time nobody could find the puck, so play was abandoned after the second period. The goalie swears he stopped six shots — and three of them were snowballs . . . In a basketball game with the US Army Air Force, 3 M scored a 51-17 victory. For the first time this season, Jimmie Bardsley did not lead the Depot's scorers but Fred Bryant led the way with 15 points.

OVERSEAS: One of Canada's best-known basketball players, PO J. P. (Pat) Flynn of Vancouver, has arrived here for action as an observer. Flynn played centre with the UBC team that captured the Dominion championship in 1940-41 and later starred with the Trenton Flyers.

ARNPRIOR, 3 FIS: Two big-name athletes are combining strategy at 3 FIS to give the station its share of hockey victories. Playing coach is Allen (Pete) Shields, veteran of 15 NHL campaigns. Collaborating with him is PO Bobby Coulter, former Argonaut and Toronto Varsity Grid Star.

LABRADOR, R C A F STATION: Although isolated, this station is a going sports centre. A new recreation hall and hockey rink provide the incentive. Every night teams play volley ball, basket ball, badminton or intersection hockey. The rink is floodlighted and the boys harness up in snazzy dressing rooms.

TRENTON, RCAF STATION: Rivalry is of the hottest variety in this station's eight-team inter-Unit hockey league. Games are played every week in Trenton Arena. Teams battling it out are: CFS "A", CFS "B", Re-selection Staff, HQ, Discips, SPs, PTI "A" and PTI "B". Similar contests are arranged for the benefit of basketball, volleyball, badminton and floor hockey enthusiasts.

AN EAST COAST STATION: When enlistments shot local civilian hockey teams full of holes, Air Force, Army, Navy organized teams and filled the gap. Although big names are lacking there is plenty of enthusiasm as the boys battle their way along the Allan Cup trail.

DAUPHIN, 10 SFTS: LAC George (Jud) Snell of Winnipeg is a decided asset to this station's hockey aggregation. You will remember how in May of '42 the RCAF Ottawa Flyers won the Allan Cup final and you will remember, too, that unbeatable line recruited from the famed Boston Bruins—Schmidt, Dumart and Bauer. Well, Bauer broke his collar bone during the series and Snell was put in to replace him.

BELLEVILLE, 5 ITS: AC2 Johnny Quilty, former Ottawa boy, who turned pro with the NHL, has boosted the stock of the 5 ITS hockey squad. Previously was playing for the RCAF Senior O H A team in Toronto, and he's in top shape.

OVERSEAS: FL Tommy Walker of Toronto and FO Jerry Monty of Montreal have had a lot of travels together, Tommy as a top-line Canadian swimmer, Jerry as a high and fancy diver. Not long ago, they found themselves in England, and they've provided a big splash in whatever pools were available . . . A couple of boys who would like to whoop it up on the home ski trails of Quebec are PO M. C. (Mickey, himself) Butler of Quebec and PO L. A. (Bud) Bolli of Jasper, Alta. Mickey spends a good deal of the time looking for something resembling Lac Beauport but always without success.

CALGARY, 11 EQUIP DEPOT: Although their station's nifty new recreation and drill hall has not yet been completed, volley ball enthusiasts have used their ingenuity and are staging their contests in the Depot's spacious Receipts section. During the day, huge crates of aircraft spares and other equipment are continually wheeled in one end and out the other. But at night the boys push aside boxes, erect protective screens and presto, the nets are up and the battle is on . . . In games played to date, 11 ED's entry in the Calgary Service Hockey League has proven that they will be tough opposition for the Army and Navy teams in the circuit. Jimmy Lapthorne, well-known London athlete, "Flash Gordon" Jackson of Winnipeg, and Tommy Tucker of North Bay provide the punchline of the team's offensive.

EDMONTON, 4 ITS: J. D. (Mac) MacBeth, who has played hockey in England, the U.S. and Canada, is an outstanding performer on the station team. Sharing honors with him are K. A. (Ken) Russell, and Harry Perlmutter, who played football for the Western Canada Junior Champs. All three hail from Winnipeg.

ST. THOMAS, TTS: The "Hornets", station hockey team, started the season with stage fright but soon settled down to the business in hand. Judging by the team's roster, they should put on a good show. Here are a few in the line-up: Goalies Scodarello (Trail Smoke Eaters), Heatley (Regina Abbotts); Defence, McPherson (Nanaimo Clippers), Corbett (Nanaimo Clippers), Gosselin (Ottawa St. Pat's); Forwards, FO McNab (Camp Borden and Trenton OHA teams), Liavela (Edmonton Juniors).

RCAF BOMBERS, 2 Training Command, occupy top position in the Winnipeg Senior Services Hockey League. BACK ROW (l to r): WC A. G. Goulding, PO Harry Moroz, Sgt Rene Trudel, AC2 Bill McGregor, AC T. A. Lawrence (AOC), AC2 Bill Juzda, AC2 Sammy Lavitt, Sgt Frank Hay, FL W. H. Cockburn, manager. FRONT ROW: LAC Jack Ablett, AC2 Wally Stanowsky, AC2 Roy McBride, AC2 Pete Langelle, AC2 Bill Sneider, AC2 Andy Brannigan.

CPL GORD EDWARDS of 2 M Depot, Brandon, Man., recently returned from Overseas, tells this one. He and a friend, after doing a few London pubs one evening, started back for the Legion Hostel but found the blackout too tough. An elderly gentleman soon happened along, however, poking his way through the darkness with a cane, and the airmen asked his assistance. "Follow me," offered the stranger and started off at a good clip, tapping along with

Tear your eyes away from WINGS' featurefoto of Ann Sheridan long enough to hear that if you missed her in Warner's "George Washington Slept Here" you'll get another chance in "Edge of Darkness", story of the Norwegian underground movement.

And if you'd like to stop the monthly riot in WINGS office as to which chunk of Hollywood glamor-stuff to run each issue, name the lustrous lady of your heart's desire. The greatest number of votes picks the star of the month. So write now, Editor, WINGS, AFHQ, Ottawa.

Also worth a good look will be: **Random Harvest**—Greer Garson in a tale about the last war, amnesia, and Ronald Colman.

Star Spangled Rhythm—Paramount's fast-stepping musical, with Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dot Lamour, Paulette Goddard, Zorina, Mary Martin, Veronica Lake, and isn't that plenty?

Air Force—Warner's, who did "Captains of the Clouds", turn the cameras on their own outfit. Starring a Flying Fortress, Pearl Harbor, John Garfield, Gig Young and George Tobias.

the cane, up one street and down the next, finally stopping in front of a building. He tapped the steps and part of the building and informed the airmen that this was it. "It wasn't until the three of us were inside," Cpl Edwards said, "that we discovered our guide was totally blind."

* * *

THE DANCE at a Newfoundland station was over and an officer specially detailed had seen to it that all WDs present were escorted to the bus chartered to take them home. Suddenly, however, he noticed a feminine figure in the shadow of the drill hall door and politely but firmly insisted that she join the others. "I think you have made a mistake," she demurred, "I'm walking home." "O, no, you're not," replied the officer — but then stopped short as GC Andrew, OC Ferry Command, appeared out of the darkness and said quietly, "I am taking Lady Bowhill home."

* * *

A $21,269.29 CHECK for back pay was received by Hugh F. Deakins, Marine QM clerk at Quantico, Va. Deakins has been "in" 35 years and has allowed part of his salary to accumulate ever since. He had to collect because he became a warrant officer and when an enlisted man leaves the "ranks" his accounts must be settled. He bought $5,000 worth of war bonds. Reports don't state how the leatherneck disposed of the other $16,269.29.

* * *

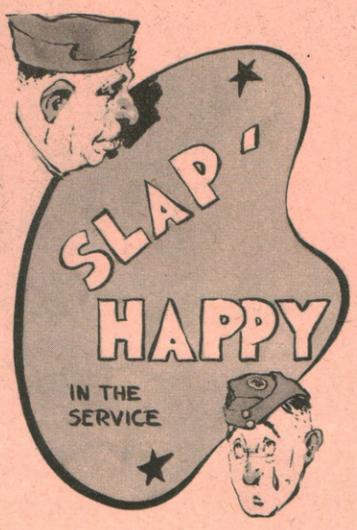
WHEN AVM J. A. SULLY visited RCAF fighter squadrons somewhere in England recently, he was talking to a group of pilots, stressing the value of athletics in keeping airmen in shape during bad weather. Suddenly he turned to Sgt W. F. Aldcorn of Gouverneur, Sask., member of a famous squadron of Engine Busters and said: "How long is it since you went swimming?" Aldcorn thought deeply, calculating. "About three months, Sir," he said. "Where?" AVM Sully asked. Aldcorn paused. The men around him were laughing. "It was in the English Channel, Sir," he said finally, "just a short distance off Dieppe." The AVM joined in the laughter.

* * *

HEARD OVER a mess hall table: An airman was complaining that the chicken dinner was okay but that there wasn't enough of it. (He was working on his second helping.) "Quit moaning," said a companion. "You're like the guy who goes to see a Hedy Lamarr picture and complains about her acting."

* * *

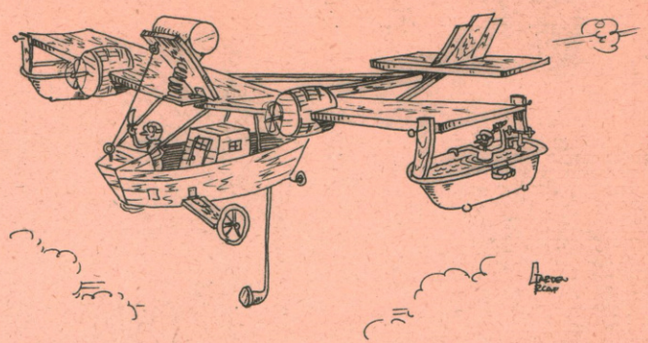
AIRCRAFTSMAN FRED OLIVER didn't stop the show because it hadn't started. But he did set No. 1 M Depot in Toronto to jumping when he sat down at the piano prior to a



performance by Duke Ellington and his band, and rocked out the latest in jive. Members of the Duke's band, straggling in one by one, picked up their instruments and started sending with Oliver. Even Ellington, arriving late, paid close attention for a while before he shook hands with Oliver and took over. No. 1 M men won't forget the Duke and his boys, and they won't forget Oliver either.

WINGS' Special Course In Aircraft Recognition

THE SUPERMORON AMPHOBIA



(Conducted by LAC Garden, 15SFTS, Claresholm, Alta.)

TYPE—Twin-engined over-and-under sea reconnaissance amphibian.

RECOGNITION FEATURES:

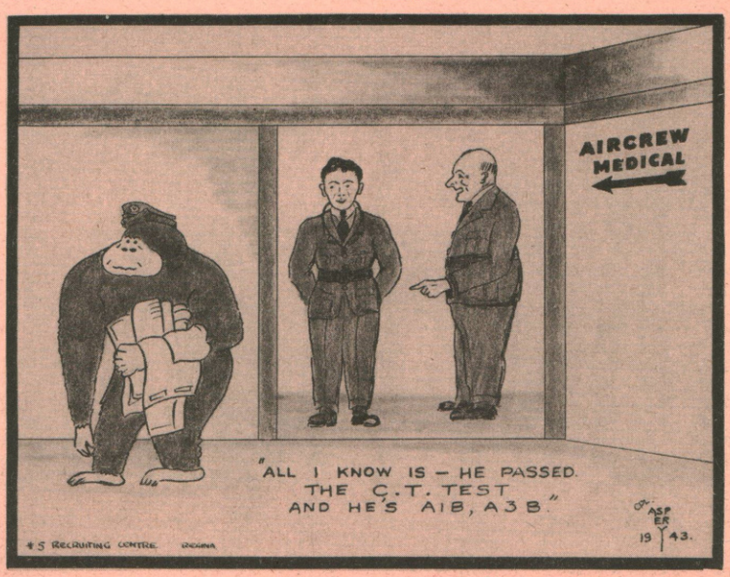
Head on view—Wide hull, sloping sides, flat bottom. Visible above gunwales is top of distinctly nautical structure containing Captain's cabin, Observer's cabin and private office, Officers' Mess, Sergeants' Mess, Kitchen, Radio Operator's office, Flight Engineer's office and Stewardess' drawing room, bedroom, etc. Retractable undercart and tail wheel are orthodox. Dual purpose wing tip floats at extreme tips of wings. Engines, in circular nacelles, mounted centrally on wing. Single fin and rudder.

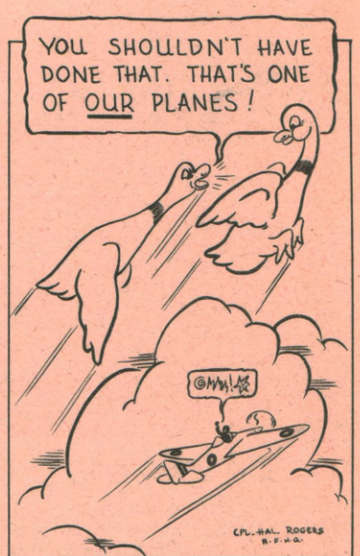
Side view—Straight, smooth-looking hull lines are partially hidden by wing tip floats of ample size. Tail unit mounted on outriggers. Fin and rudder are swept back on leading and tail edges, giving whole aircraft very speedy appearance. Visible are two features making Amphobia one of the most effective military aircraft ever built. One is the retractable periscope, lowered from hull, enabling observer to spot submarines below water surface. By removing lenses from periscope it can be used as water scoop to fill wing tip floats which in turn are convertible into bath tubs. Sand is carried in floats so that seashore bathing conditions can be duplicated. This accommodation enables crew to keep fresh and fit, even during patrols of 48 to 96 hours. Another handy wrinkle is depth charge catapault. Pilot cuts rope and charge is hurled by spring-loaded board.

Plan view—Aircraft uses new type of camouflage (details secret) making it invisible from below, against the sky, from above against water. Thus identification data for plan view would be useless and is not included herewith.

Performance—Cannot be divulged but, according to rumors, top speed is not more than 458 mph.

THE UNITED STATES Hydrographic Office received a communique from an American doughboy on a lonely South Pacific island. He had returned one of the 200 bottles sent out by the office and tossed from an Australia-bound steamer to obtain data on ocean currents. The soldier made his report and then postscripted: "The next time you float a bottle my way, I would much prefer something else in it."





THEN THERE'S THE STORY about the LAC who caused a mild sensation on a bus bound for Trenton Air Station when he boarded the vehicle with a live duck under his arm. He'd been to a fair at nearby Brighton, Ont., expended considerable change in an attempt to win a bridge lamp but his only return was Donald Duck. "Well, anyway," he said as his mates kidded him, "nobody can say I didn't win my wings."

— SLAPHAPPY

PRE-VIEW

HERE are the singing, dancing and playing stars soon to tour all stations in a new Air Force musical review. Because the show itself was still at rehearsal stage, WINGS sent FS-Photographer "Slim" Bent to catch them in costume during a special Aid-to-Russia benefit. He found (left) LACs Howard Jerome and Lloyd Edwards watching FO Wishart Campbell submit to make-up. FO Campbell, big-name baritone of Canadian and U. S. networks, will sing in show and be in charge on tour. Behind the make-up pencil is FL Robert Coote, ex London stage and Hollywood film actor, show's director. Directly below you'll see him with Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Paul Muni in "Commandos Strike at Dawn", for which film he was loaned by RCAF.

THAT SMILE is something in itself, but wait 'til Betty Parkes starts lilting into a mike in your recreation hall — you'll think you're at the Stage Door Canteen. Show is entirely Air Force personnel and is officially known as "No. 1 Entertainment Unit", produced by SL Norman Gilchrist, Director of Music, RCAF.

ALL THE MUSIC has been written by Air Force composers, three of the songs by AC2 Henry Singer (above) seen making last-minute changes in the script, much of which he also wrote. Singer used to be in radio in Bermuda. The eight-girl dance line wasn't on hand for the Russian concert, but you'll see some of them doubling in vocals in the mixed chorus (centre). The Air Force show as you'll see it is built along musical comedy lines, the story based on the humourous and dramatic incidents of Service life. Talent scouts rounded up cast from many stations.

ANYBODY 'ERE SEEN 'ARRY?

WINGS announces a new service for unhappy airmen who have lost track of that guy they met at M depot, that ol'pal-ol'pal of cradle days who joined up when they did but got posted only DAPS knows where.

Are YOU pining away for the sight of an ugly but friendly mug that disappeared three stations back in the postings shuffle? Would YOU like to get your hands on that egg who slipped you the telephone number that turned out to be a misconnection? Is YOUR conscience bothering you about the two-bits you scrounged from some erk the day he left on embarkation leave?

WINGS will help you find him. Just send along your loving message. If you know his initials and number we'll try and track him down through Records — in any case we'll print your diatribe for him and all the other blokes to read. Keep 'em short and bright and mail to

THE EDITOR, WINGS AFHQ, OTTAWA.

WHEN LEN MOSS STARTS HEAVING on that accordion it really gives — just ask Chorister Georgette Gelinas. Len comes from Johannesburg, has played his way all over the world. He's already well known to west Coast stations.