



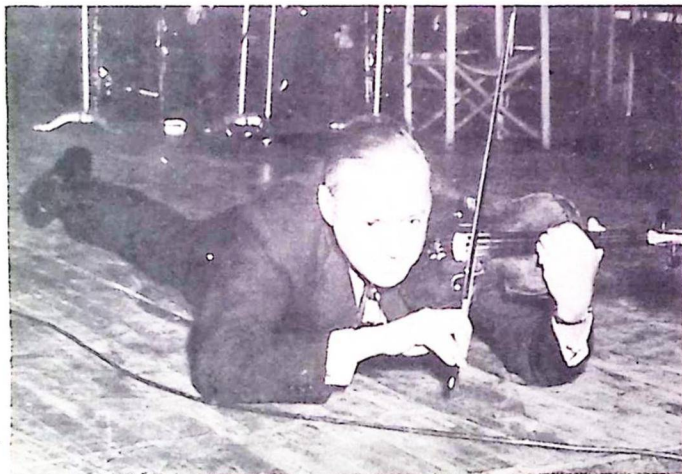
5¢
APRIL
1943



EASTER BONNET

SET. H. J. C.

Benny Fiddles While Crowd Squirms



ROCHESTER tramps it lightly for the boys and gals. Glim the double zoot suit and hat. He proved to be a solid sender as a soft-shoe hooper.

LOVE IN BLOOM at its lowest! "A true musician will sink to any level for the sake of his art," claims Benny and proves it. "Dig me, boys," he says as photographers bang away.

A GREY-HAIRED, cigar-smoking character walked onto the stage and drawled into a microphone bank: "Hmm . . . he looks a lot older than he does in movies, doesn't he!"

It was radio comedian Jack Benny, who, during a brief Canadian tour with his entire radio show, entertained Armed Forces in Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and Camp Borden — an aggregate audience of approximately 42,000.

On the air, Benny's Crosley rating depends largely on supporting cast and script, but for a straight stage show where you've "gotta have it," as the boys say, he didn't appear to need much help.

Producing his famous violin, Benny stroked out a few bars of that number he's been rehearsing for the last 10 years — "Love in Bloom." At one point during the rendition he looked down at the many higher officials of the three Services sitting up front and said to them, chummily: "Thought I was going to be lousy, didn'tcha!"

"WELL, THANKS A LOT," says radio and movie star Jack Benny, receiving a welcome from representatives of Canada's three women's divisions of Navy, Army and RCAF. Sporting one of the new WD bonnets, AWI Maxime Taylor of Brampton, Ont., was on the welcoming committee.

All members of the cast made a hit: Mary Livingstone, Dennis Day, Schleppeyman (Sam Hern), Don Wilson and Rochester, the latter wowing the crowd with his ten-gallon zoot hat, double-zoot suit and torrid soft shoe hoofing.

Don Wilson, hefty announcer discussed the famous Benny-Fred Allen feud, saying that actually the two were good friends but never lost a chance to barber each other.

"For instance," Wilson related, "a while back when Jack was making a picture in Hollywood, the people of his hometown Waukeegan, Illinois, decided they would do something to honor their favorite son. Instead of building the usual monument, however, they decided to plant a tree in his honor. But it wasn't long before the darn thing died, and nobody could figure out the reason. Nobody, that is, except Allen. Fred said: "Well . . . how could a tree live in Waukeegan with the sap out in Hollywood!"

Despite rigors of the tour, the troupe appeared to enjoy themselves thoroughly on and off stage. En route back to Toronto from Camp Borden by bus, everyone was pretty tired and lounged around. But presently Dennis Day began singing western songs, accompanied by Schleppeyman and his violin. Benny too, roused himself from his lethargy, and grabbed his fiddle.

As a climax the bus rolled into Toronto, stopped for a red light at a busy intersection, and Queen City shoppers were amazed to hear fiddled notes and yippee-i-yays drowning out the usual city sounds. It didn't take long for people to recognize Benny and a sizeable audience assembled. Day sang, Benny and Schleppeyman fiddled, they all mugged, then the traffic signal changed and the "stop-light" concert was over.



by Flight Lieutenant W. J. Rye, AFC
34 SFTS, Medicine Hat, Alberta.

A South Albertan farmer was riding over his ranch one winter morning, when he spied in the snow a dark object. This proved to be a black flying boot, sheepskin lined.

A short distance ahead he came across another boot, the partner of the first one. Probably fallen from a plane, he thought. Then further on he discovered another pair — but these were standing at attention!

Obviously no hand could have placed them so — the only tracks for miles were his own — but where was the body that must have held them in position while they descended? His thoughts raced wildly to a vision of invisible paratroops, and as he cautiously bent down to pick up the boots, he fully expected them to sidestep his approach. But no — they were empty.

That afternoon he telephoned the RAF station nearby. The call awoke the adjutant, who took down the particulars between yawns, until the point when the farmer declared that the second pair of boots were standing at attention — Well!! It took the CO, the SLA, the members of the Station Messing Committee and the full staff of CR to rescue the adjutant from a super bout of hysterics.

Now all this was a great pity — for the farmer not only had a bad opinion of the RAF, but he missed the opportunity of getting the low-down on the greatest mystery ever to occur on the Bar-Diamond ranch. Had he read the local evening paper wherein it stated, ". . . as a result of a mid air collision this morning the occupants of one aircraft were seen to descend by parachute near the village of Brownhill." And could he next day have seen two enclosures in the SEO's file, "Flying Clothing, loss of, reports on" he would have been highly interested, for extract from enclosure 78A read—

". . . during a forced parachute descent I had just pulled the ripcord when I looked up and saw my instructor, FO Binder, was overtaking me at a greater vertical speed. Realizing that this situation required, under paragraph 147 of AP 818, a salute a vis, I sprang to attention and saluted. At this moment the canopy became fully inflated. The resultant deceleration, however, was not conveyed to my flying boots, which proceeded — whither I wot not — under their original velocity.

"I respectfully request that these boots be written off charge. I have, etc.


I.M.A. Clott, LAC."

And an extract from Enc. 78B read—

"During a forced parachute descent I followed my pupil out of the aircraft, and, overtaking him in the descent, anticipated that under para. 148 of AP 818, there would arise a situation requiring a salute — pasant regardant. I noticed however that my pupil executed a salute a vis, and in a flash realized that under paragraph 147 AP 818 he was correct, since he was looking up and I looking down. Before I could assume the position of attention my parachute opened with such a jolt that my flying boots were precipitated out of sight — in divers directions.

"I respectfully request that this be written off charge. "I have, etc.

B. I. Binder, FO"



A BEAUFIGHTER PILOT
SCORES A PROBABLE
BECAUSE HE MISSED
PARADE AND LOST A 48!

NIGHT-HAWK

by Flying Officer GEORGE M. BOWER

FO George M. Bower was born in Britain but came to Canada with his family when he was seven, to settle at Saskatoon. In 1940 he joined the RCAF and trained at 2 MD, Brandon, 4 ITS, Regina, a West Coast EFTS, and 12 SFTS, Brandon, Man. He went overseas late in 1941.

JERRY doesn't send many raiders over these days. Not that we want another "Battle of Britain" just to give us more action. I've seen some of the blitzed cities over here.

I was posted to Wing Commander Paul Davoud's RCAF Squadron a year ago, after I had finished my overseas training. We are flying Beaufighters. Perhaps I'll get tired of flying at night and want a change but I don't think so. I wouldn't choose any other kind of flying, or any other squadron either. We're a very happy outfit.

We go on patrol every night, although of course each crew is not up every night. "A" flight goes up one night, "B" flight the next, and so on. Crews take the air as ordered by the sector control rooms. Patrols last for several hours.

I always get a thrill when I go up at night. In summertime it is especially grand as you take off into the twilight, watch the world below you grow dark and the gold and amber afterglow spread as you climb higher. In the winter it is not so impressive except in the moonlight and when the stars are out.

When we are on patrol we are steered around by the ground control boys who plot the paths of enemy aircraft from reports of radio location stations and the men and women of the Royal Observers Corps. These latter are part time workers, farmers, laborers, villagers, and others, whose keen eyes are as important a part of

Britain's defences as we are.

As soon as they spot any aircraft they report immediately to their headquarters, describing it and giving its direction, height and speed as best they can judge. Many of them are experts and could give many aircrew points in aircraft recognition.

If the "bandit" is heading into our sector we are directed to it by ground control. Then we are on our own. The first night I was on patrol I was sent up after a bandit. The navigator and I were sitting around the crew room with our Mae Wests on. The two other crews were up patrolling. We were next to go.

The order you get is to "scramble". You move fast then. "Scramble" means a possible dogfight, and your breath catches a bit and your heart does seem to tighten as you make for your aircraft.

Once you are in, though, the business of taking off and climbing relaxes you, but you are tense and excited all the time you are following directions of ground control, which are leading you towards the bandit. You hope you'll be the lucky one and be able to get a crack at him.

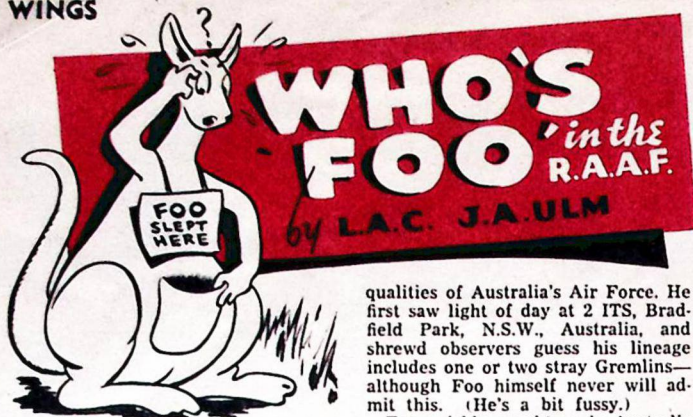
This first scramble was disappointing. The aircraft I was sent after was one of about thirty which came over to bomb our east-coast seaport. I never got a sight of him. Finally I was ordered to stop chasing as he was entering the flak belt around the port. Afterwards I heard that five of the Jerries had been shot down by fighters or flak, so I did not feel so badly at not having caught him before he got over those guns.

That was the first time I saw flak, and it was a wonderfully pretty sight — as long as you are not over it.

I really did get on the track of a bandit twice after that. The first time was last July with PO Al Sutton, of Toronto, as navigator. (turn page)

O'Lee
"He came up right in front of me doing a stall turn . . . I saw my tracers sparkling all over his wings and fuselage . . ."

(Illustrated by Sgt Pat O'Lee)



Scrawled along the trail of migrating RAAF-ers, on the sides of trains, ocean liners, sidewalks and wharves, on austere statues and more useful public places, there have appeared during the last couple of months, strange and mystic writings:

"Foo was here" — "Foo slept here" — "Foo likes slender girls" — "Foo got drunk here" — "Foo has gone."

Who is this Foo person?

He is a composite character, a gay spirit embodying all the less formal

qualities of Australia's Air Force. He first saw light of day at 2 ITS, Bradford Park, N.S.W., Australia, and shrewd observers guess his lineage includes one or two stray Gremlins—although Foo himself never will admit this. (He's a bit fussy.)

Foo quickly caught on in Australia and became widely known in the Service, with some mention in the press. Foo did this, Foo did that, and at all times manifesting serene indifference to the AFO's, DRO's and getting away with it!

But Foo was a pal. And how! He pushed us through our exams, revelled in dissolving charges, wangled us extra leave (during which he could be found anytime leaning on the bar of Sydney's Carlton Hotel). And finally, he was in sole control of our Tiger Moths when we made our first solo flight at EFTS

— all this with an airy wave of his invisible hand.

In due course Foo — being of an adventurous nature — departed overseas. He left his Foo-mark on odd spots across the Pacific and eventually hit Canada. He went a bit wild for a few hours after arrival and voted Vancouver an O.K. town.

Foo has been at 5 M Depot for some time now, and since his Vancouver debut has been swamped with enquiries and info. For example:

"Where is this Australia? (once) — "Do you have much snow in Aussie? (18 times) — "Did you like our Rockies? (26 times) — "Parlez Vous Français? (usually on St. Catherine's Street, Montreal) (74 times). — "It's not nearly so cold as it is going to be you know," (4621 times).

To which Foo replied: "Over there" — "No" — "Yes" — "No" — and "Oh really?" — respectively.

Several innocent souls have also quizzed Foo on the size of Aussie cities and he has triumphantly enlightened them with the news that "We have two (2) cities in Australia — Sydney and Melbourne — larger than Montreal."

In Montreal Foo finds himself completely baffled by the transport system (?) what with transfers and

tickets that only work some of the time. Foo is firmly convinced that the whole thing was maliciously devised to fool all of the people all of the time, so he has to throw himself on the mercy of the Montreal public.

Nevertheless, Foo is becoming used to the strange customs of the inhabitants with all their gadgets, the juke boxes, the interminable ringing of bells — train and tram (sorry, street car) — and the wrong-way traffic, and is finding "This a fine country to live in."

Anyway, as Foo's brother Oof always says: "It's not the he-quilpins that schnozzle the bet-tertasse, but the noiseny in the heating phaulp, that matters."

So now you know.



UNIQUE SCOREBOARD is this prop of a German plane shot down by an Allied marksman. It's used by the Canadian Beaufighter Squadron under WC Paul Davoud of Kingston, Ont., (shown above with his dog, "Beau,") the squadron FO G. M. Bower writes about in our "Nighthawk" story starting on Page 3. The "scoreboard" has three rows of swastikas pointed on it, those in red denoting planes destroyed; white, probable wrecks; blue, damaged aircraft.

NIGHTHAWK

(Continued from Page 3)

We chased a Dornier 150 miles over the sea towards Holland. I got one quick sight of him but couldn't get a decent shot at him. We came back very disgusted.

The other time we were luckier, and we were able to claim a "probable". I wouldn't have got it if I hadn't been in the Wing Commander's bad books at the time. It was my fault of course. Anyway, I had missed a parade and so lost a 48 coming to me.

It's funny how those things work out. If I had been able to take that 48 I would have missed this bit of a dogfight. My navigator did, and was as mad as a hatter when he got back and heard about it.

Well, FO Harold "Tony" Blondel, was in navigator's position and the order to scramble came through. After being directed around for a while by ground control, I got sight of Jerry dead ahead and about 4,000

feet away. It was bright moonlight and in its radiance he looked like a hazy gray shadow. It looked like a Ju88, in fact I'm certain he was one.

We were closing in to make sure of his identity when he popped off at us from his rear gun position. The gunner must have been inexperienced to shoot at that range. Those JU's can make tight turns, and I had all I could do to keep on his tail. We tore around, diving and climbing as he tried to shake us and we held on. It was really an exhilarating experience, and I let out the odd "whoop" during the chase. I was a bit alarmed, though, when I found my cannons had snagged up, but the machine guns were working O.K.

After one diving turn I lost sight of him and felt a terrific let down. If you lose sight of an aircraft at a moment like that it is almost certain you'll never see him again. I was lucky for suddenly he came up right in front of me doing a stall turn. Well it wasn't very hard to pump

lead into him when he presented a target like that and at 50 yards range point blank. This time I saw my tracers sparkle all over his wings and fuselage. He fell over on his back and went down. We circled to see where he fell but all we could see was a haze over the water.

A strange thing I noticed about this combat, which has been my only tangle so far, was that while we were shooting at each other it never seemed to occur to me that the tracers streaming in my direction were lethal bullets. It was not until the next day that I sort of realized it. I suppose reaction from the excitement caused me to think of it.

I've come to the conclusion that not thinking of the other fellow's bullets is due to our training. We are instilled with the idea that we are good, and probably a lot better than the Hun. The result is that we seem to have plenty of offensive spirit and confidence. If we hadn't, those Jerry bullets might affect us differently.

Before ending this I'd like to say a word about the ground crew boys. It is they who keep the kites serviceable so that we can take to the air. One of the real kicks you get when you come in is the reaction of the ground crew. When you've been in action they are as pleased as punch. It is just as if they had been in action too, for they look upon the aircraft as their kite, and we feel it is just as much theirs as ours.

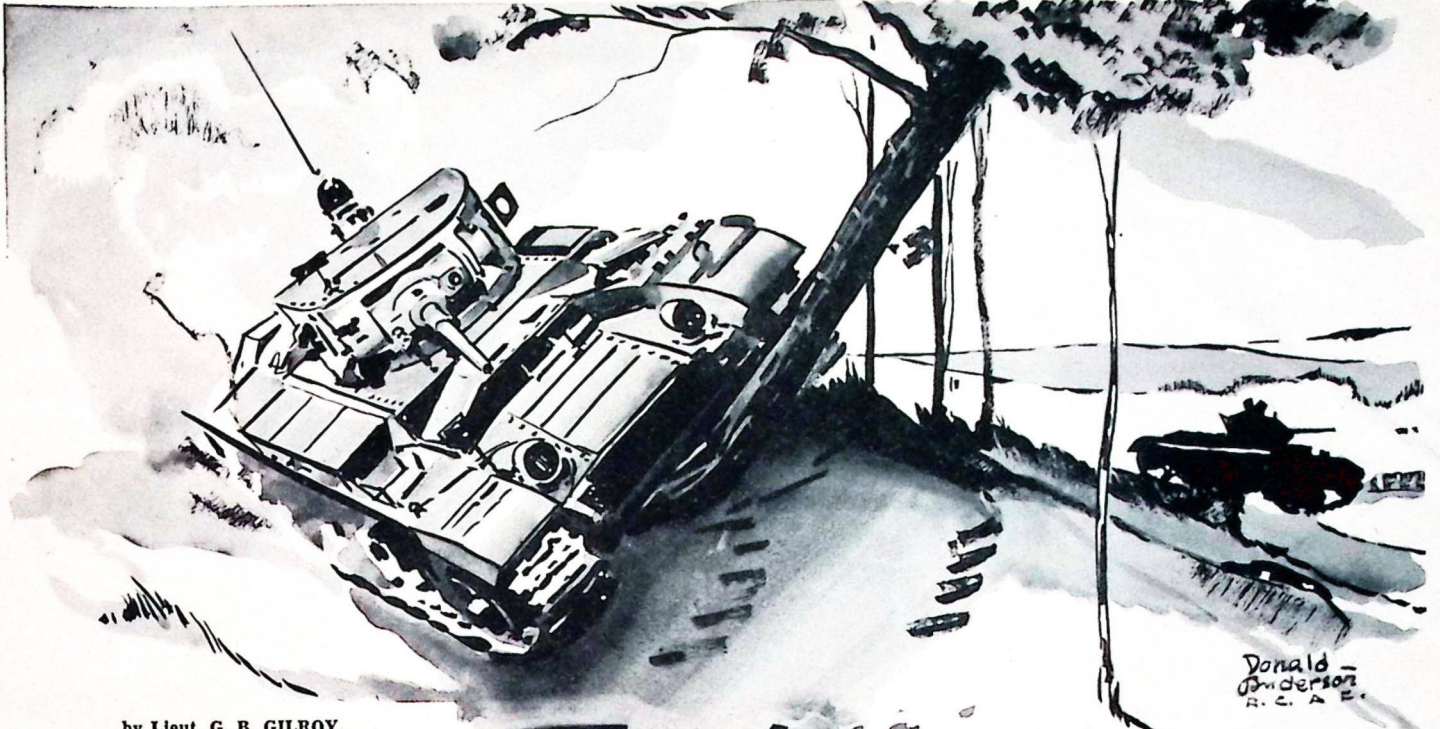
They know right away if there has been any "trade". Every eye is on the gunports. If they are still covered with fabric, there was "no joy". If the fabric's shot away they are eager for all the details. Then they go over the kite with a fine tooth comb for damage, and plan how soon they can get it fixed so that it can take the air again. They don't mind how long they work at it at a stretch. Their ambition is to keep us flying more hours than any other crew, and they do a darned swell job. They are a part of the family.

GROUCH CLUB



IF YOU PUT THE WINDOW UP YOU RAISE A HOWL FROM THE BOYS IN THE LOWER BUNKS — DOWN PUTS THE UPPERS IN AN UPROAR — IN EITHER CASE YOUR POPULARITY GOES OUT THE WINDOW —

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.



by Lieut. G. B. GILROY,
Army Public Relations

CAMP BORDEN, Ont. — Tanks can take it — and they can also hand it out. After any average Canadian has completed his course of training in the Canadian Armoured Corps he wouldn't trade his hoped-for place on the firing line with any man in the whole of the Armed Services.

The first thing that is taught a soldier is confidence in his arms and nowhere is it easier to teach a man confidence in his equipment than when you park him inside a manoeuvrable vehicle and surround him with half a dozen inches of good solid Canadian steel.

Tank men receive a training which makes them versatile. Each must be able at a moment's notice to take over the job of any other man in the crew. Each must be able to mend a track, repair a motor, operate the guns or wireless, or cook a meal on the small gasoline stove which each tank carries. Hard rations are always stored in the tank.

You in the Air Force who have dealt with aero engines know their worth, and it is those same engines which power some of our heavy land dreadnaughts. Operating them, and piloting the tank, is the driver's job.

As he sits in his compartment he watches only a few gadgets, gears and indicators. He must always keep his motor to a certain number of revolutions per minute so that maximum efficiency is maintained. When the indicator shows that his motor is slowing down, he changes to another gear — and there are five of them.

The huge tracks or treads of the tank, which weigh about a ton each, are kept in motion by power which is transferred to the front of the tracks by a heavy spocket wheel. When the driver wishes to turn to right or left, he simply pulls on tiller bars, and on rough ground he may travel two or three hundred yards without touching either bar. Canadian tank system of steering is the "braking" method — you simply put on the brake on the side to which you wish to turn.

The greatest thrill in store for the tank man comes the day he first takes over the controls. He starts down a straight-away road and finds that only an occasional gentle pull is sufficient to keep the thirty or forty tons of roaring steel in a straight line at 25 to 30 miles per hour. Then he approaches a cross-roads and suddenly realizes that he can't see if there is danger to right or left. But his reaction isn't fear, because he realizes at the same instant that there are several inches of steel surrounding and protecting him.

"Driver right" suddenly breaks his calm through the intercom, and before he has time to think about it he has hauled back his right tiller bar with might and main; fence posts, trees and fields have flashed before his eyes and suddenly another road lies straight ahead. He lets go of

the tiller bar as though it were red hot, and becomes aware that he is now travelling south, whereas only an instant ago he was going east.

While he is smiling to himself with satisfaction over his accomplishment the warning, "Driver slow down," comes over his "i.c." and he eases up on his accelerator. Soon the engine coughs and he realizes he forgot to watch his engine speed indicator. In goes the clutch with a mighty heave and up goes the gear shift lever.

Intent on the road and the indicator he is startled again by "driver half right," and without hesitation he turns to the right. The tank lurches, then suddenly rights itself only to heel over to the left again. The motor chokes. Another gear, and it rights itself again.

"Driver full speed." He revs up, gets the machine up to top gear and speed again, and realizes that he has negotiated a ditch which would have rolled a car over quite easily. Now he makes a wide circle in the field, knocks over a tree a foot thick at the base, and comes at the ditch, head-on this time, then turns onto the road and heads back to the hangar.

He has completed his first lesson in tank

There's No Penalty For Hedgehopping In A Tank

(Illustrated by Sgt. Don Anderson)

driving. He is thrilled to the core and bores his comrades long into the night with the tales of his exploits. Six weeks at the controls and there isn't a feature either natural or artificial on the face of the earth that he couldn't put his tank through or over.

Modern tanks are equipped with nice comforting armour plates, but much more comforting are their weapons. They all have a cannon and several machine guns with which one can either engage an enemy on the ground, or those who might come out of the sun to drop some unpleasantness in the vicinity of the vehicle.

The gun I took my gunnery course with was a two-pounder, and co-axially mounted with it was a machine gun. The gun has a recoil of about ten inches. When I got into a tank and found that there was an elongated shoulder piece about

a foot long, which I was supposed to lean into and with my shoulder raise or lower the gun as I sighted on a target nearly a mile away, I had a very unpleasant dream of scraping my shoulder off the back of the turret with a spatula.

We started to roll along and the instructor immediately shouted through the intercom "traverse left." In my left hand was a gadget which was much like a handlebar grip on a bicycle and I turned this to the left. The turret swung gradually around and through my telescope I suddenly saw a tank silhouette target.

"Driver halt," and the tank came to an abrupt stop, but as it did so the target was out of the field of the 'scope. "Two-pounder traverse right, steady on, twelve hundred, hornet, in your own time, fire," and as I again picked up the target I lowered my shoulder an inch or so to bring the crossed hairs onto the vicious-looking little target.

I wasn't going to make any misses with anything so easy. I took a gentle pressure on the trigger of the two-pounder with my right hand, but suddenly thought of the spatula. I must have jerked my shoulder, but as I did there was a healthy bang, the muzzle blast flashed across the telescope's field and the clatter of the empty casing thrown out of the semi-automatic weapon distracted my attention.

It is just as well I didn't follow the flight of that first shot because it was embarrassingly wide of the mark. However, my shoulder was quite intact. It had received only a very slight jar, and soon the loader-operator had another shell in the breach and had tapped me with his hand to indicate that it was loaded and ready for operation again.

The next time I fired from the move with the machine gun. Every third or fourth shot was a red tracer so I could follow the flight of my bursts. It was quite a job keeping that turret swinging to right and left so that the vertical hair was always on the target, and moving my shoulder up and down at the same time to keep the horizontal hair also on the target's plane.

Tanks, when loaded with their shells, ammunition, and the rest of their equipment, provide cramped quarters for the crew, but the soldier who has the opportunity of going into battle inside that cold steel shell wouldn't trade places with any other man wearing the King's uniform.

INTER

BLOWS HOT HORN, FRIGID NOTES

by LAW Joan Sutcliffe

SASKATOON, 4 SFTS — He has sounded reveille more times than he can count, has sounded the last post oftener than he cares to admit and has even serenaded a midnight parade square with such popular swing as "In The Mood."

Bugler, security guard, jitterbug and bandsman, along with other varied accomplishments, describes Corporal John Jones Bessey, who at 22 is an oldtimer at 4 SFTS, being posted here March, 1941, after six months of dodging boots at 1 M Depot, Toronto.

If ever he returns to his native Ontario . . . and he hopes to get home one of these days . . . he will carry with him impressions of the West that never will fade.

Bessey thought that when he sounded the last post that time in Toronto while standing in snow up to his armpits, he had experienced everything in the line of winter conditions . . . but he had still to learn the hard way at No. 4, where, for weeks at a time the temperature hovered



BUGLER BESSEY BLOWS HOT AND COLD

ESCAPES FROM THREE PRISON CAMPS POLISH AIRMAN TRAINS HERE FOR REVENGE

JARVIS, Ont. 1 B & G—Every station in Canada has men who are anxious to get a crack at the enemy at close quarters, but this station boasts two Polish airmen who are already veterans of bitter fighting in this struggle and the are chafing at the bit to get in there again and settle old scores.

They may be identified only as "M" and "K", for obvious reasons. In this war since Sept. 1, 1939, veterans of three actions on widely separated fronts, and imprisoned three times, "M" told his story to Sgt. Fullerton of the "Jarvis Flypaper" staff with the aid of interpreter Sgt. Krussell. This is "M's" story:

"On September 1, 1939 I joined the Polish army and went into action immediately, but by Sept. 5th our regiment was completely cut off and I managed to escape to my home in Lwow. We continued the fight from there but the Russians had swung up to the rear from the East and we surrendered to them."

Following this "M" managed to make his way to Hungary where he was interned for three months, but with the aid of an underground organization he escaped and by a circuitous route made his way through Yugo-Slavia to Italy and into France. There he rejoined the Polish Army 1st Division and was given a rank equivalent to a Canadian WO1.

"We went into action again in June 1940", continued "M", "we were at the Northern end of the Maginot line—but we were captured and I found myself in a German concentration camp. The quarters were good but the food and the treatment horrible. We had to dig trenches under threat of the lash with the most meagre rations — one third of a loaf of black bread per day. Ten months later I escaped and made my way through occupied and unoccupied France to Lyon. After five months there I crossed into Spain but the police finally caught up with me

when I reached the Portuguese border. It was here that I met 'K'."

Both were sent to a special concentration camp for foreign prisoners but three months later they escaped, made their way to Gibraltar and finally England. They joined the Polish Air Force there and were sent to Canada to complete the training as Navigator-Bombers.

With plenty of reason they plan on "delivering special airmail parcels to Germany in person — and soon."

Cpl Pins Wings on Son

DAUPHIN, Man. — Any father is proud to witness a wings parade involving his son, but when Pa himself is an RCAF member and has the chance actually to pin those wings on Junior's tunic—that's an occasion.

It happened here at 10 SFTS when Cpl Herbert Grimley, veteran of the last war and cook in No. 10's kitchen for the last two years, was called on by Commanding Officer, Group Captain Wilson to present wings to LAC Ken Grimley, who topped his graduating class, and won a commission.

The Grimley's left their hometown Mozart, Sask., almost simultaneously in 1940 to join the Air Force, Pa as



SON KEN FATHER HERB

a cook and Junior in another ground trade. Twenty-two year old Ken remustered to aircrew in April, 1942, however, studying at Saskatoon and Prince Albert before catching up with father at No. 10.

You Can Take It But Only So Much

EAST COAST, Y Depot — This unit has a storeroom filled with trunks, suitcases and duffle bags all belonging to disappointed men and women of the service who just did not know the rules concerning taking baggage overseas.

Officers may take two pieces of baggage — suitcase or kit bags. No suitcase must exceed 30 inches by 20 inches by 10 inches. Other ranks may take one large blue kit bag only. Airmen other than RCAF may take one large kit bag or two small ones.

NIGHTMARE!

Surrealized by LAC J. A. Weir — dissected by LAC C. H. Finnell, 5 SFTS, Brantford, Ont.

This blot on the escutcheon of art (reproduced below) is a Dali interpretation of the horrible green things that crawl through the mind of a hopeful "pilot-to-be" on his 35-hour check. Of necessity such a masterpiece requires interpretation. It deals with the spirit of the things and not just the baser facts.

Take the axe for example. If you get it, then you have no need to go further. Again you might start with the gentle motif of the wash out flag



STUDENT'S DALI DREAM

background, or even perchance the flying eight-ball. After careful study the more diligent will comprehend these.

Should the eyes and the flat hat intrigue you at first, study them closely and you will recall a definite connection between eyes and flat hats. Eyes in such a forlorn condition — especially in the case of checking officers — is THE menace. The maze of complicating gadgets surrounding the eyes are what the eyes are watching you watch.

And that oh so eager hand reaching for wings.



on the wrong side of 50 below.

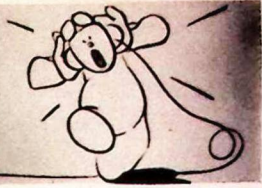
It was at this point in his career as bugler that he had so much experience with frozen notes. When it came time for General Salute, many queer things would happen to his bugle that could not be entirely blamed on the Gremlins. Facing lines and lines of bored Airmen and Airwomen he would see their faces light up with fiendish delight as he brought his bugle smartly to his lips only to have a few agonized burps float out on the cold, still, morning air.

Bessey remembers the time he sounded reveille every morning and the desperate struggles he went through so that he could get up in time to wake the rest of camp. Despite the dark secrecy surrounding the man who wakes the bugler, there still is the story to be heard about the time they almost had to carry Bessey, bugle and bed, out onto the parade square to get him there on time.

A native of Thorold, Ont., Bessey joined the RCAF in August, 1940, at Niagara Falls. Previous to enlistment he was a member of the Thorold Fife and Drum Band, and the Thorold Boys' Trumpet Band. At Saskatoon he played a part in organizing the two bands now existing at 4 SFTS. A slight, dark man with music in his blood, he is one of the most solid jitterbugs in the Air Force, having won several contests.

Bessey's love for jive was illustrated the time he came home in the wee hours after a party tossed by the graduating class. Passing the parade ground, he raised his beloved bugle to his lips and the strains of his current favorite, "In The Mood," drifted over the hallowed drill square to the furious amazement of the entire station.

COM



AUSSIES LOVE CANADA ALL BUT THE ICE

by LAC T. G. Adams, RAAF

BRANDON, 12 SFTS — It was two-thirty in the morning and cold as polar bears' claws when we Blue Orchids from 'way down under piled off the train near Edmonton Manning Depot and really saw Canada.

We'd travelled from the East Coast by train but you can't see anything of Canada that way. It's all covered up with snow and ice. They tell us this snow and ice melts sometime during the year but we're a little doubtful.

It was a disappointment that the Lord Mayor couldn't get out to welcome us to the fair city, but we heard the red carpet had been frozen into a hard roll.



Naturally, one of the first things we did on getting a spot of leave was to hie ourselves to the nearest sporting goods store and buy millions of mad pairs of skates. Lovely gleaming things they were, too. I was awfully proud of my pair until I got them on the ice.

My first impression when I saw everyone skating in nonchalant manner, was that it was easy, so I just bunged the old hands behind the back the way I'd seen the other folks do, and struck out over the ice. Everything was just fine . . . for a moment.

Suddenly, the skates which had been so cooperative, became free-minded and decided to pursue opposite directions. After some violently athletic threshing about with arms and legs, I hit the ice with a tooth-shattering thud.

Disillusioned and thoroughly antagonistic towards the blades, I began again, this time shuffling around the rink-rim, clutching grimly to the fence. The one time I left this tower of strength, I started more arm-swinging and slapped some poor citizen a solid back-hander on the left cheek. He didn't offer to turn the other. I watched the rest of the Australians on the rink and shook my head sadly, concluding that Aussies just aren't built that way.

P.S. — To anyone interested, we have several pairs of skates "like new" going cheap.

NO SPRING ZEPHYR

EAST COAST STATION — Members of this RCAF Station like fresh air but not when it's moving at a sustained maximum of 62 miles per hour with gusts up to 75.

Such was the case recently and the only consolation drawn from the three-day blow was that the accident and damage toll was relatively low. This was remarkable, for water cov-



FROM 4,000 feet underground to possibly 40,000 above mother earth is the prospective rise for seven RCAF recruits found at the bottom of a gold mine at Geraldton, Ont., by a Winnipeg mobile recruiting unit. Donning miners' outfits, the recruiting crew entered Little Long Lac mine on an expedition believed unique in Air Force recruiting and had no trouble persuading the septet to forsake diamond for parade ground drilling. The recruiting party included: (rear, l to r) — PO R. Jones, Nick Carter, mine superintendent; Jim Reid, assistant; Sgt E. Ellingham; (front) LAC H. Desjardins, FL J. Wallace, FL C. P. Leaney (O.C.), Cpl N. Giles.

ered practically everything prior to the gale and it immediately became sheer ice.

Bareheaded airmen were numerous and Stores issued dozens of caps to men whose headgear had blown away. FO Vye saw his headpiece take off (flaps up, too) at an altitude of 200 feet and abandoned all hope of its recovery when he saw it dive-bomb a marsh. However, it was returned by an MT driver.

It was virtually impossible to walk on the ice and face the wind too, and many negotiated difficult crossings on hands and knees. In one instance, an airman turned around the corner of No. 1 Hangar en route to the Admin building but in a split second was swept across the entire length of the parade square.

FO Laurillard tried walking from East to West Camp. Some time later a truck driver was startled to see a hand waving from a ditch into which the Officer had flopped for respite.

No spring zephyr, this.

DADDY OF 'EM ALL (16)



Until a better man comes along, CPL A. C. WHITE of 4 ITS, Edmonton, Service Police, is considered the RCAF's champ daddy. Why? . . . Because he's the father of 16 children, that's why! The 43-year-old veteran of Great War I has two sons in the Armed Forces: Oscar, 20, with the RCAF and Maurice Douglas, 18, with the Army.

'NOTHING HAPPENED' THAT'S HIS STORY

TRENTON, Ont. — A forced landing onto a mid-Atlantic island unknown to him; a night landing into a 'drome equipped only to handle daytime traffic; these are just a couple of incidents in the four month Ferry Command experiences of FL V. S. Houston, but he insists "nothing very much happened."

He's back from the kind of temporary duty any pilot would like to make permanent business—ferrying bombers from the U.S. to Egypt.

One of the comparatively small number of former bush pilots who constitute an integral part of the RCAF's instructional strength, Houston and his crew of Sergeant Navigator McGregor-Shaw and Sergeant WAG Shergold, both of the RAAF,



HE WON BY A HAIR

CENTRALIA, Ont. — Flying Officer C. A. "Chuck" Finley has gone overseas and with him went the "Mustache of the Year" as far as 9 SFTS here is concerned.

Before leaving, Finley was a post-entrant in the annual competition



for the station's outstanding mustache and captured the Pullen-Snipam Foundation Award by a hair, neatly clipped.

The committee of five judges was chosen exclusively from mustache-raisers of not less than 25 years' experience and their award to FO Finley's entry was based on special excellence in each of the following points:

1. Design: The hirsute appendage in question represents an all-out effort. Whole front covered. No flanks left exposed.
2. Color: Definitely a contribution to victory. Blends perfectly with all landscapes, providing the Department of National Defence with invaluable ideas for camouflage-ing concentrations of manpower.
3. Hairs per sq. mm.: Seventy-six (sprouts not included), three above all-time high.
4. Tugability: Can be pulled 1¼ inches to the side and 1¾ inches forward without damage.
5. Value as means of Identification; Improvement over present discs. Unbreakable. Fireproof. Only weakness in this regard is the fact that it cannot be duplicated by any other living man.

were forced down on a South Atlantic island on one trip.

"Our radio went on the fritz and we had to sit down. It was a ticklish business, not only in bringing a bomber down on a 900 foot strip but also because we didn't know what kind of reception to expect from the natives. It was a relief to find they were pitching for our side. They were so hospitable in fact, that in the two days we were there, civilian prisoners guarded by the army, built us an additional 1,300 feet of temporary runway and made our take-off possible."

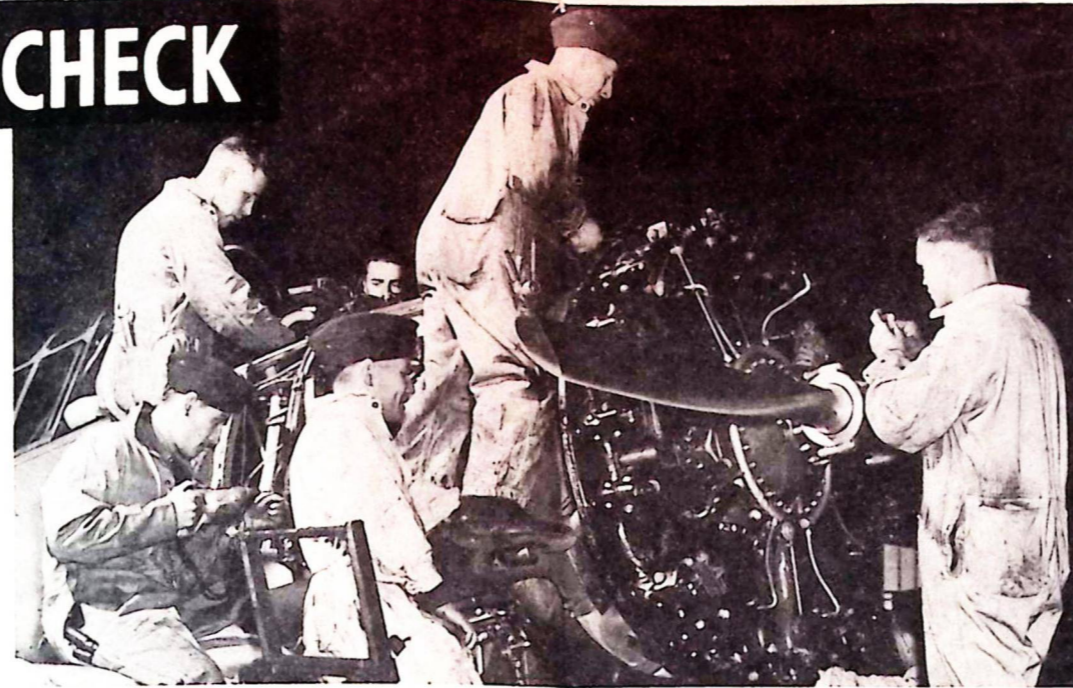
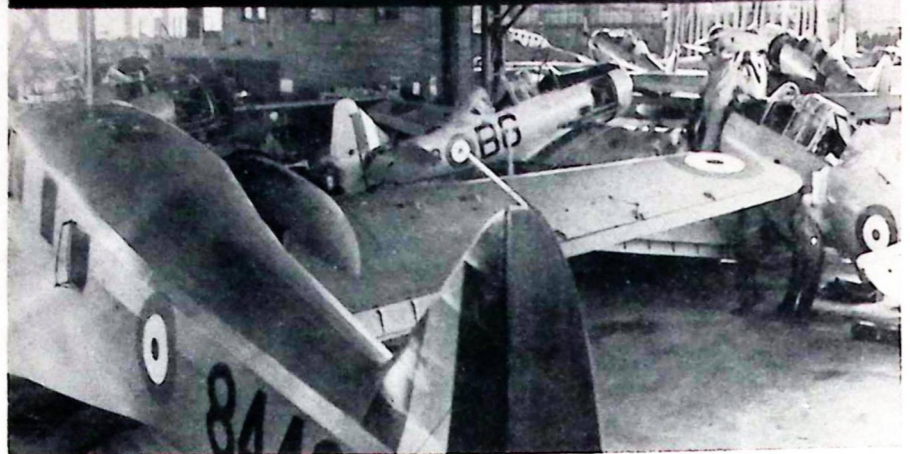
With more than 2,000 hours logged, Houston has made many tough landings but the time he had to ease his plane into the another island field at night rated about tops.

"This is exclusively a daytime traffic point," he explained, "but weather conditions prevented a day landing on this particular occasion. We had to make circuits for three and a half hours and meanwhile darkness fell. Eventually however the ceiling lifted and we were surprised to see the field fairly well illuminated. The aerodrome people," he explained enthusiastically, "had lined up a flock of U.S. army jeeps on either side of the runway, turned on their headlights and in we came. Gas supply? . . . Well, we had enough for just an hour more."

"One of the most amusing incidents I remember", he recalled, "was at the Pan-American field at Khartoum, one of the world's hottest spots in the matter of climate — it was 130 degrees.

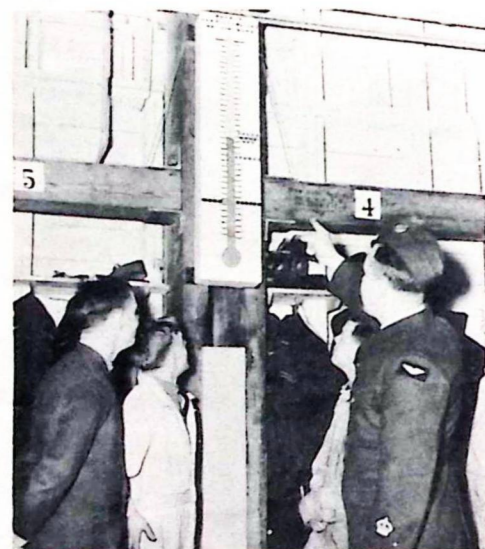
"I was walking along the tarmac at the time and passed a little native fellow of about 14 years, all togged out in a Pan-American Airways uniform, brass buttons and all. I looked at him, thought I'd like to speak to him but was sure he couldn't talk my language, so I walked on. But I hadn't taken more than three steps when the kid hollered, 'Hello Canada! How's Mackenzie King?' "That really stopped me."

THEY CHECK and DOUBLE CHECK



PRODUCTION LINE ROLLING! Here's the pictorial score on that hive of Maintenance industry at 2 SFTS, Uplands where Harvards are rolled in, checked, repaired and rolled out again in a never-ending procession. That's Stores in the centre (with technical offices upstairs); around it circulates the "minor check" system.

"IT'S AN AFTERNOON OFF, LITTLE CHUMS!" declares Sergeant Major Rod Wilson, (below, left) pointing to the "thermometer" which records the hourly serviceability of aircraft. Keeping that "mercury" above the WORK TONIGHT level has a lot to do with the production line's perpetual churning. Below right is the CONTROL ROOM, heart of the whole system where to-the-hour records of aircraft are kept.



FITTERS, RIGGERS, wireless mechs, instrument makers and electricians dissect this Harvard trainer (above) and remold it double-quickly. Most of these trouble-shooters are youthful but they know the score.

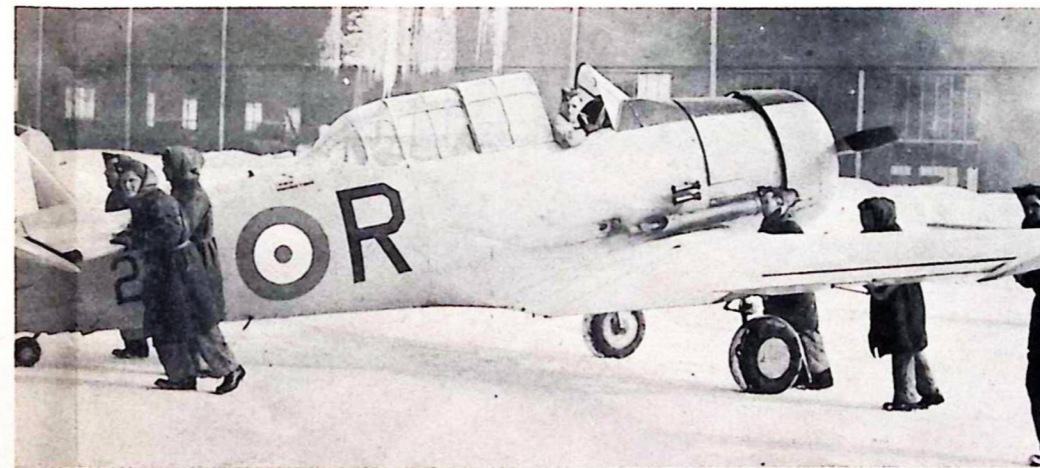
IT'S COLD WORK and you can get it — but plenty — when you're a groundman. A servicing crew (below) shoves a Harvard in out of sub-zero breezes for a soap 'n water purge before shooting it along to Maintenance.



"DON'T FORGET TO SIGN THE L 14," likely will go down as one of THE queries of this war. Above, a bunch of the boys are keeping their names out of the rumble books by making the necessary entries at a special table provided for the purpose.

"11.45," SAYS THE DUMMY CLOCK (left), meaning that minor periodics must be completed by that time. The clock is a "two-faced" job located over Stores, where it is visible from anywhere in Maintenance hangar.

Photographs by LAC Vern Morse



"SHOOT THE JUICE TO IT, MOOSE," hollers the MT man piloting the gas buggy (below) and a servicing crewman tanks up a Harvard for its next sky ride. In sub-zero weather this isn't the hottest job on the lot.



These are the boys who tear 'em down and put 'em together again — No air training plan can operate properly without crack Servicing and Maintenance

by AC1 STAN HELLEUR

THE BIG hangar doors swung open to reveal a Harvard trainer, waiting to be pushed in out of the 25-below weather. A handful of parka-clad men converged on the aircraft, peppered along by a blocky little sergeant who turned to yell:

"Hey, you in the overcoat! . . . You work in this hangar?"

I was there to get a story but this bossman meant business. "No," I told him, "but I'll push."

The next quarter hour was spent helping groundmen roll one after another of those yellow and black growlers into their large sized kennel, heeding cries of "Tail to port!" . . . For gawds sake, hold your wing tip! . . . Awright, straight ahead but watch that damn wing tip! . . . and the other powerful instructions associated with the men who keep them in the blue.

The rumble of closing doors hadn't subsided before it was merged with the rattle of tool benches rolling along concrete, one stopping in front of each of the new arrivals sent to Maintenance for minor periodic checks.

And before I could say "Where does a guy get a coke?", men were swarming over those aircraft like flies. Zeus fasteners popped like corks at a champagne party, islands of cowlings took shape on the floor, in no time the planes resembled turkeys after three-round battles at the festive board. Gags were fired thick and fast, even the one about the "rigger being a fitter with his brains bashed in." But these crews didn't waste any time. Each man had a job he went right after.

That's a conception of the hustle you'll find in maintenance hangars anywhere in the RCAF, what WINGS discovered in developing a word and picture story of the ground crews at 2 SFTS, Uplands, Ontario. Number Two was chosen because its maintenance section is tops. Check the record.

Highest rating for aircraft serviceability; greatest amount of flying time; both achievements contributing mightily to the station's capturing the Cock O' the Walk Trophy and the Minister's E-Pennant twice in a row. So it's not surprising that many new wrinkles in maintenance technique developed at Uplands are being instituted throughout the service.

But the yarn might have been written and pictures pixed at any one of dozens of smartly operated stations throughout the CTE — wherever the men in coveralls war against General Unserviceability.

System from top to bottom keynotes success at Uplands, but the system wouldn't be worth a U/S split pin if the character of the men involved wasn't ace-high, declares FL L. F. T. Bellew, chief technical officer.

"You can tab the corporal as the big gun of this set-up," he said, "He's responsible for his crew, getting the best work out of each man and keeping him happy. The whole business depends upon complete co-operation. One man can shatter everything by slowing down and influencing others to do likewise. I would say Uplands is tops not because we have the best system but because you can't beat our spirit."

Entering the hangar, a couple of airmen suddenly stopped. One said, "What's the score? Do we work tonight, chum, or do we date?" They were looking at a large "thermometer" manufactured by the men, which records the number of aircraft on strength. In the centre was a strip of red canvas to be cranked up or down to indicate the number of aircraft serviceable at the moment. If the "mercury" level falls below a specified point at the end of the day, it means work that night. But if it soars to another point, a sports afternoon is on the books. If it touches a point "way up thar", it means an afternoon off for everybody in Maintenance.

"You'd be surprised at the psychological effect this 'thermometer' has on the men," said Sergeant Major "Rod" Wilson. "They gander at it and if that red strip is dipping, they work like hell. Same thing happens if they're just short of a sports afternoon or a pee emm off. We figure that giving the boys something to work for is better than strong-arming them along."

The psychological angle is revealed again in a dummy clock hanging in the center of the hangar.

Whenever work starts in the morning or afternoon, the clocks hands are pushed three and a half hours ahead and remain there as a gentle reminder that minor checks are to be finished within the three-and-a-half hour period.

"Here's how we work it," Wilson explained. "Every morning a certain number of aircraft, each due for a minor periodic, is placed on the circular production line. The clock is set, crews go to work, and by the time the real clock catches up with the dummy, those planes must be finished and rolled outside. The unfinished checks are moved aside for completion, a new group of aircraft is pushed in, the 'clock' is reset and the line rolls on uninterrupted."

Time economy is apparent everywhere. Built by the men from lumber and other material scrounged here and there, the hangar stores are located dead centre. "Plenty of time is saved by this arrangement," Wilson said. "Nobody has to walk from one end of the hangar to the other to get a grease-gun from stores."

Suddenly the conversation was interrupted. "Sgt. Steacy," intoned a voice from nowhere, "report to the control room immediately, please . . . Sgt. Steacy, report to, etc . . ." This was the PA system, another time-saving stunt.

"Formerly," Wilson explained, "when a chap was wanted, it was always the senior NCO who did the chasing because he didn't want to take a man away from his job on a check to act as runner. Consequently a qualified technical man spent half the day looking for guys wanted on the telephone."

At one end of the hangar is the control room, heart of the whole system. Inside, four airwomen work at a circular desk (first designed at Uplands), pouring over log books, flying time sheets, etc., all within easy reach. On the walls hang large blackboards listing aircraft in the various hangars, type of their next periodics, number of hours remaining before their next checks, etc. For planes being checked at the moment, cards are posted carrying names of the men doing the work. In short, the control room has its finger on every man and every aircraft.

Keeping aircraft serviceable isn't confined to Maintenance, however, for men servicing planes on the various flights play a lead role as well. They look after minor unserviceabilities taking less than an hour to repair and if a job is going to take longer, the NCO in charge cuts in on the inter-com, gives control room the score and the aircraft is sent to Maintenance.

Psychology steals the scene in Servicing Headquarters orderly room too, for there's a board therein, listing names of the men and beside each a star.

"Part of our smartening up system again," it was explained. "When a man first arrives, he's given a couple of months trial and then awarded a red star if his work shows promise, although still below average. If he slugs and his work becomes average, we give him a blue star. And for above-average talent we reserve the silver star. Maybe sounds silly but it's a handy reference when promotions are in the offing, for only the silver boys qualify. Consequently it's a big inducement."

How do the men appreciate this close-checking



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No. 3

SPRING FASHIONS

That pretty LAW beaming out at you from beneath the tilted peak of her new Easter bonnet, on this month's cover, looks happy in the Service.

Why not? Here's Easter coming along — and just when she's smitten with that primeval urge to knock 'em dead with a new Spring outfit, the Department of National Defence for Air obliges with the latest and smartest thing in uniforms. Nice timing, we call it.

Ten thousand strong, the RCAF Women's Division are by this time stepping out in their eye-catching new uniforms — a Spring Fashion Show with every WD a willing model.

The WDs had a fashion bonus coming to them. The Women's Division have been with us a year and a half, now. They have been working hard to learn unfamiliar trades, have pitched in to do many jobs women never tackled before, and have already enabled thousands of airmen to be remustered to aircrew.

A lot more WDs are on the way. Since the new year enlistments have soared, and plans call for 10,000 new entries in 1943.

That's one of the reasons for the new uniform, of course. With so many recruits to be outfitted, and replacements needed for those already in the Service, it seemed like a good time to make a change. The new ensemble was created by leading fashion designers, combining economy of cloth with plus values in style. The result is a cinch to be the hit of any boardwalk parade. Old-style uniforms will be retained for normal duty wear as long as the supply lasts.

Here's looking at you girls. You're putting up a good show. You've given up a lot to do your bit in the Service — but this year at least you don't have to give up your new Easter outfit.

So get that hat tilted at the proper angle . . . then step out and wow 'em in the Easter parade.



PARDON US!

Sorry to have to raise a protest about your first issue, but I'm likely to be expelled from the Air Gunners' Union over some inaccuracies in your report of an anecdote I told at a 10 SFTS mess dinner. The following should correct the misinformation in the story on page 5, February WINGS.

1—RT and WT are not the same, and the WT/OP would not have warned the Skipper about WT silence when RT was suggested, as that is only good for a few miles — and the Skipper's pigeon anyway.

2—"Fire", yells the Captain." This is very misleading and might cause a budding AG to pause a while in thought. In truth the Captain has nothing to say about when the Tail AG "opens fire" —that is his pigeon, and during an engagement the Skipper takes his orders from the tail gunner, if he wants to live. In daylight formations a "fire controller" in the leading A/C, himself a senior AG, personally directs the fire of the whole formation. If a crew or Skipper has so little confidence in the Tail Gunner as to refuse to obey his requests during an engagement, that A/C is nearly always among "a number of A/C failed to return."

3—Unfortunately, I was not at Dunkirk. In fact, I was just finishing my training at that time.

4—The enemy plane involved was not an Me 110 but a JU 88.

FL P. Byng-Hall, RAF, VR
7 B&G, Paulson, Man.

WINGS is sincerely sorry that a

good yarn got badly fogged up in the writing and rewriting—and thanks FL Byng-Hall for not only putting things right but for also supplying some good inside stuff on how an aircrew team goes into action.—Ed.

COULDN'T HAVE BEEN BETTER

I'd like to add my congratulations for a job well done. The art work, layout, treatment of articles, etc., couldn't have been better. I thoroughly enjoyed WINGS and I'm sure that, judging from the beginning, succeeding issues will only grow in merit.

LAC S. R. Finkel,
West Coast Station.

Thanks, we'll have a go at it.—Ed.

WAR DECLARED

How about a little East-West rivalry just for a change? All you ever hear in airmen's barracks, messes and canteens (the same in sergeants' and officers' diggin's) is the eternal East-West question.

And now comes the first issue of WINGS which went definitely Eastern on us. Oh me — will it never end?

But maybe that's only the first issue. Perhaps if we who are at the moment Westerners keep on sending in copy by the carload, WINGS will have to publish it in self defence.

FO W. H. Barlow,
11 Equip Depot, Calgary.

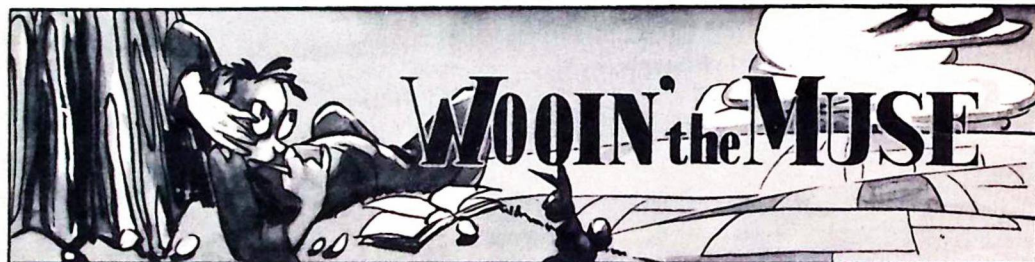
East is East and West is West and the twain met right in WINGS, and if you don't believe us read a letter from another Westerner, below.—Ed.

DEMOTE ME, PLEASE.

Having read and enjoyed immensely Vol. 1, No. 1 of WINGS, may I ask you to kindly demote me to an AC2?

On page 15, February WINGS, you have an article headed "Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hayden" which describes the writer incorrectly as an AC1 . . . this when he was but a humble Joe-boy on tarmac duty at Dauphin! I am at present striving to become an LAC here at ITS, where, incidentally, WINGS sells like hot cakes. And where we westerners appreciate the fine proportion of western news and reviews.

Here's a bit of news from my young brother stationed on the Gold Coast of Africa. Melsom is a Flight-Sgt Pilot and reports that the sergeants' mess there boasts a monkey, a parrot and a native batman for each man!
7 ITS, Saskatoon, Sask.
AC2 Bill Gee,



TRADITIONS — RCAF

Yours the traditions today and for ages,
Baptised by blood in the years that have gone,
You'll make History on Canada's pages,
Today and tomorrow and fifty years on.

Ready as ever to patrol or beleaguer,
Ready to die as others have done,
Though you may fall, then others will follow,
Today and tomorrow and fifty years on.

Then 'neath the wings of fighter and bomber,
Forget not the past, nor victories won,
Pass on the heritage one to another,
Today and tomorrow and fifty years on.

Clare White,
No. 2 Hangar, 3 RD,
Vancouver, B.C.

OR DID HE?

Would I were a Phoenician
Never fearing ice accretion,
In the days when simple dying
Was not resultant of low flying
But when Icarus wanted wings,
He didn't think of a lot of things,
Did he?

Oh, would I were an ancient Greek,
Or Roman with a classic beak,
With loaves of bread and jugs of wine
Not "mixtures rich, and pitch full fine"
But when Icarus flew, you see,
He didn't think of you or me
Did he?

LAC Jack Raphael,
2 SFTS, Uplands, Ont.

ELEGY IN A PRAIRIE AIRPORT

The siren sounds the knell of parting day,
The staff of S.H.Q. goes home to tea;
The pilot homeward flies his weary way
And leaves the gulch to darkness and to me.

Now fades the sickening landscape from the sight
And all the camp in solemn stillness holds,
Save where some Cessna wheels its droning flight
And frozen fliers stumble home with colds.

Meanwhile in yonder many windowed tower
The duty pilot doth to the moon complain
That hour by dull, interminable hour

The weather holds, while still he prays for rain.


Beneath those lonely roofs, now white with snow,
From cold to hot the radiators leap;
Each in his cell, shared with another "Joe",
The rude instructors of the airport sleep.

Let not Command dare mock their useful toil,
Their simple joys, their stultified careers;
Nor Ottawa hear with disdainful smile
The dull and weary tale of Pioneers!

Perhaps in this accursed spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with the seed of Fame;
Hands that the fate of Empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy some distant dame . . .

Full many a bloke who once was young, and keen
Is buried, helpless in the Vulture's lair —
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the prairie air.

FO L. W. H. Coe, R.A.F.,
2 FIS, Vulcan, Alta.



WHAT-NO SQUAWKS!

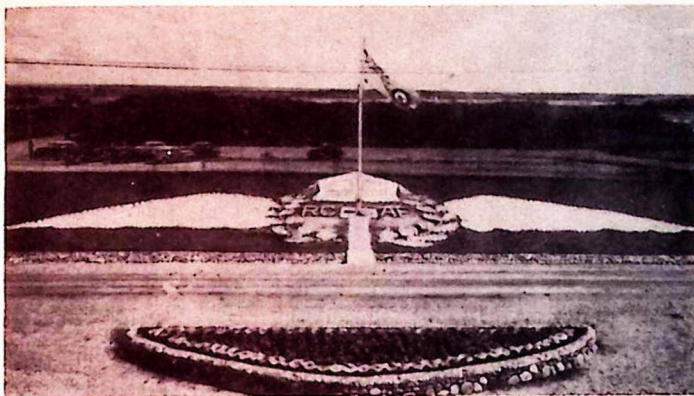
Mean to say you all like WINGS? Not a real moan in a columnful of letters to the editor — and Service people are supposed to grouch about everything!

Let's have your blasts along with the bouquets to liven things up around here. And if you'd like to be really helpful — tell us what particular features you do or don't go for.

For your information and necessary action, please.



SPRING was in the air and four inhabitants of mother earth — the Tulip, the Cabbage, the young Spruce



A BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH fails to do it justice but gives you a good idea of what the unique rock garden beautifying the ensign base at 11 SFTS, Yorkton, Sask., looked like last summer. Employment of materials at hand plus voluntary labor added up to this pleasing result.

Tree and the Weed — looked at the world through their hot-house windows and discussed the coming outdoor season.

"I am glad," said the Tulip, carressing her curved stem appreciatively, "that we are being posted to Air Force stations this spring because they tell me that when you drink your water at those places, you are definitely hob-nobbing with the hobs and the nobbs of horticulture. My cousin Zinnia spent last summer at 11 SFTS, Yorkton, Saskatchewan, and had a luxuriant time."

"I dunno much about dat horticultural racket," offered the Cabbage, shrugging off a small, green caterpillar, "but I agrees wit youse. Me brudder Cauliflower was at 8 B & G, Lethbridge, Alberta, las' summer an' has a swell time. Makes de grade for a coupla' shows an' wins a blue ribbon in one o' dem."

"Dey atchally has 8,000 heads o' lettuce, 2,000 pounds o' string beans an' gobs uv corn, green onions, cucumbers an' tomatoes for Mess poipusses. Poisonally, I ain't got much time for any o' dem weeds but dey represents plenty uv dollars which de station saves."

The Spruce Tree, only knee-high to a cedar-hedge but far from being just a little sap, flexed his twigs and agreed. "Yes," he said, slowly, "these Air Force stations have come a long way in horticulture. I'm anxious for a posting to RCAF Station, Trenton, Ontario, where they tell me a guy really has a chance to branch out."

"They've got thousands of sprouts like myself in a special plot, give them plenty of imported black earth

and water, and let 'em grow. Pretty soon they're transplanted to other parts of the station, and, together with the well-manicured lawns and super flower beds, help make the joint one of the smartest-looking stations you'd want to see anywhere."

The Tulip nodded agreement. She paused momentarily to make with the eyes at a Hollyhock in the next ho-house, then spoke. "I am told Trenton has a greenhouse atop their water-tower where all kinds of bulbs and cuttings are nursed throughout the winter for spring transplanting. Solid stunt, don't you think?"

The others concurred. "Sure is," replied Spruce Tree, "and have you ever thought how important it is for a station to have someone on hand who talks our language when the going is tough, particularly in spring-time?"

"At 5 M Depot, Lachine, Quebec, they have a guy who really knows the score — Cpl Jack Farquhar — one of the solidest senders with a seed you ever saw. I have relatives

who were smartened up by him at Hagerville, Jarvis, St. Catharines, Brantford and Dunnville stations and they tell me he did a four-star job of landscaping all around. He worked wonders at Lachine, too, last summer."

"Want his recipe for a smart-looking station?"

"A suitable location with some natural beauty or possibilities for development; a small forest of about 1,500 trees; many acres of Kentucky Blue sod; several flower beds; hedges and shubbery; a Commanding Officer with a keen interest in horticulture; numerous volunteers to help with the labor problem; good weather and luck, and — most important of all — a well conserved supply of rich topsoil."

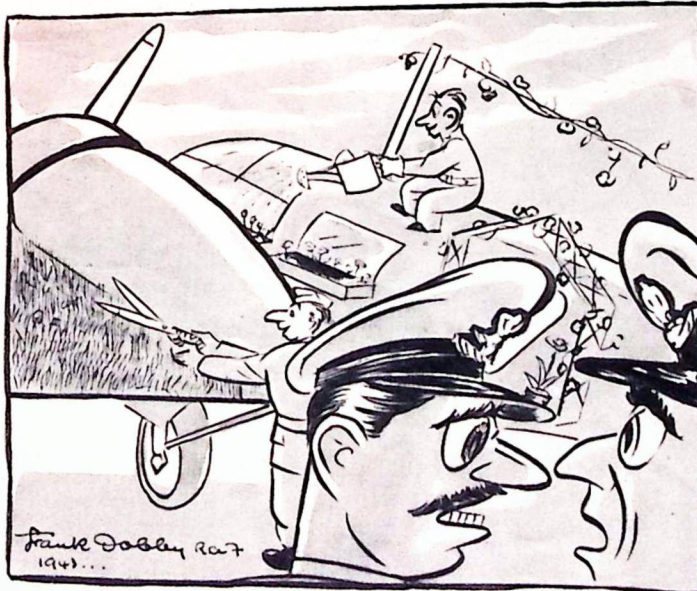
Thus far, the fourth member of this hot-house huddle, the Weed, had remained silent, absorbing it all as he would water from a sprinkler. Suddenly he interrupted the discussion. "Yeah," he began quietly, "I agree with ever-r-r . . ."

But the Cabbage growled him down. "Quiet, you Hitler of de Horteculchural Hemmisfeer. You don't know nuthin!"

This made the Weed mad. "Lissen, you guys!" he barked. "MORE members of my family have been thrown off MORE Air Force stations in the last three 'n half years, than you could count. I know what's cookin'. What I started to say is that seein' there's a war on, I agree with with you. We Weeds don't mind being given the bum's rush 'cause we figger a well-dressed station is one of the best ways to keep the boys happy and the happier they are, the sooner we wallop this Hitler for keeps! . . . You follow me?"

The Tulip, the Cabbage and the young Spruce Tree were impressed. They looked at one another, at the speaker, and then nodded their heads.

"We heed, Weed!"



"I say Featherstonechaugh, don't you think this has gone far enough?"

DAUPHIN, 10 SFTS — In the first issue of WINGS there appeared a picture of a station mascot WDeer "Kwana". This station hastens to add that it too has a WDeer mascot "Mike". Pride of the station, Mike eliminates the need for a lawn-mower. The whole station's waiting anxiously for Mike to sprout antlers.

FINANCIAL CRISIS was faced with fortitude on an east coast station. Mercenary minded airmen soon found methods of boosting themselves out of the slump, such as 1) Laundry and pressing service 2) Boot-and-button polishing 3) Raffles. The third was the most money-productive but the lad who won the radio wouldnt' sell it back, the cad.



EDMONTON, 3 RC—As each prospective recruit enters the reception hall of this center a two-bladed propeller taken from an Avro Anson whirls its welcome from its place on the ceiling. Run by an electric motor, it is controlled by a switch on one of the induction desks.

DAUPHIN, 10 SFTS — The Elks offered a prize of \$10 to start a bank account for the first baby to be born in Dauphin in 1943. The local merchants raised the ante by adding \$25 worth of merchandise. Master Wilfred C. Sunderland, son of Cpl. and Mrs. Sunderland of this station, was the lucky baby to begin life "a man of possessions and with a bank account."

YORKTON, 11 SFTS—In a unique ceremony SL Garfield W. Prior, RFC who distinguished himself with the RAF, presented his brother Sgt. Ralph Prior of Indian Head with his wings.

RIVERS, 1 CNS — This station has inaugurated a series of music appreciation evenings — one for strictly swing and the other for classical — and over three times as many airmen and airwomen attend classical evenings.

EDMONTON, 3 M Depot — Cpl. G. Wolstenholm of this station has a battling history. Two rows of ribbons on his chest testify to 22 years of fighting with the Imperials in the King's Own Lancaster, the North West Frontier, 1st and 2nd Campaigns in Somaliland, China, Egypt and Great War 1. He holds the DCM, Mons Star, and was mentioned in despatches. He retired from the Imperials as a Regimental Sgt. Major.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, 7 AOS— A new and spacious home away from home awaits any service man or woman posted to or just visiting this town. The new "Service Center" located in the City Hall Building contains lounge, writing, reading and "mother's corner" rooms, with a smart snack bar at your service. It is open from noon to midnight daily.

ST. HUBERT, 13 SFTS — This station has started a "talent directory". Appeals in DROS' asked those who had any musical or stage talents to make themselves known. Now if a concert is planned and a tapdancer is wanted, the talent directory is quickly consulted.

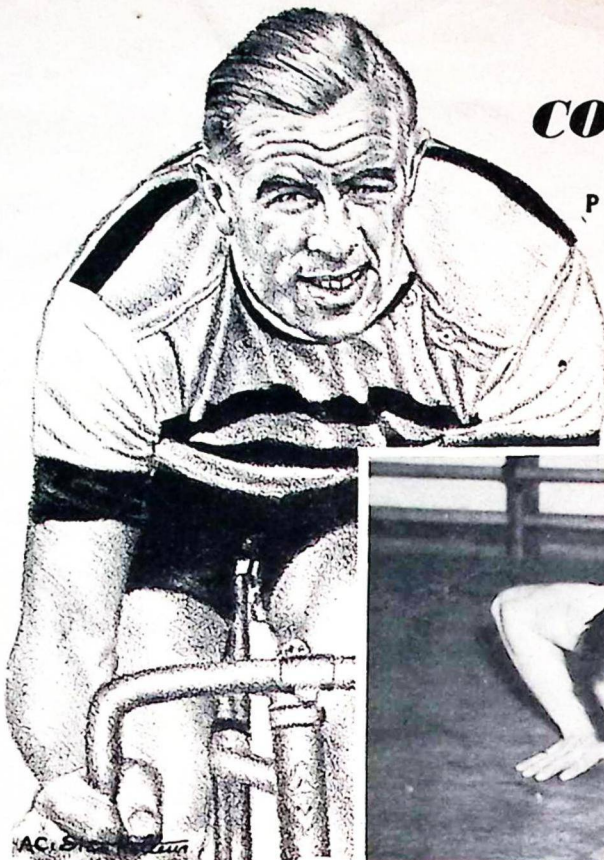
ST. JOHNS, P.Q., 9 AOS — The orderly room air was blue — not with the cold either! Obviously something had to be done about it as things were getting out of hand. A rumble fund was begun and very forcible expressions result in a net gain for the Red Cross — 10c per expression. The boys have been broke for weeks.

LONDON, 9 RC — Interviewing personnel recall some amusing experiences. Such as the recruit who asked "If the folks foot the bill can I have my uniform made of the same material as you officers?" Or the fellow who was asked for his birth certificate and replied, "My brother used mine when he signed up two months ago." Another recruit wanted to know when his separation allowance started. "Are you married?" queried the officer. "No, but I'm separated from my home and family."

WEEK END PASS

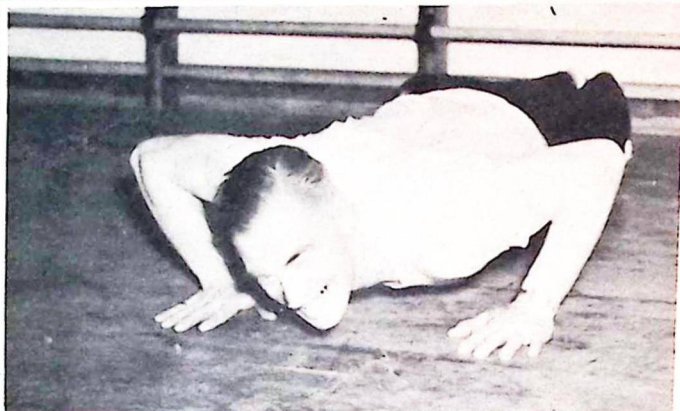


Rickey



NEW COLOR SCHEME

PEDEN'S RED HAIR AND AIR FORCE BLUE GO WELL TOGETHER



The famous red head that has bobbed and weaved its way into sport page headlines via bike tracks the world over for the last 13 years, is topped by a blue hat nowadays and the new color scheme is definitely okay with the owner.

The red that in question belongs to William J. "Torchy" Peden, now Corporal Peden of the RCAF. And Mister Legs of the bike game is happy with his new work. "I was optimistic about the Service when I signed up," he said, "now I like it more than I expected."

Thirty-six years old, Peden is a physical training instructor, having completed a 10-week course at RCAF Station, Trenton, and if a combination of intelligence, durability and big heart mean anything, he should, as the boys say, "be one of the best damn PTIs yet."

Peden, who has a sister, a sergeant in the RCAF's WD at Ottawa, and a brother Doug, also a name bike-man, with an Anti-Aircraft Battery on the West Coast, doesn't know whether he'll return to six-day grinding when the war is over.

"I've looked for the place where my knowledge and experience might be most useful to the war effort," he explained, "and believe I've found it as a P.T.I. I know I'll enjoy the work. My present idea is to do my job well and when the war is over, then I'll decide if it's worth my while to ride again."

The giant athlete had to get his adopted Uncle Sam's permission to enlist with the RCAF, for he had received a draft notice from the Mariette, Ohio, district where he had established a temporary home. He passed his medical in Columbus and two days later reported to the Canadian Army enlistment centre at Detroit where his induction papers were transferred. He then visited his parents in hometown, Victoria, B.C., and was sworn into the RCAF at Vancouver, November 24, 1942. Followed a spell at 1 M. Depot, Toronto, then the course at Trenton.

In Peden, the RCAF has attracted one of the world's outstanding athletes. For the last decade he has been, to the bike game, what Ruth was to baseball and Morenz to hockey. When the jam is on and the Torch leans out over those handlebars, his nose fanning the front tire and his massive legs pumping like engine pistons, the crowd literally hollers itself hoarse. Well-etched in the minds of sport fans across the continent is his powerful "jam-shove" and the way his head bobs from side to side when the heat is on.

And wherever Cpl. Peden might be posted during the war, likely as not it will be to territory familiar to him, for he's pedalled in most of Europe's big centres as well as North America's since earning a place on Canada's Olympic team in 1928. Representing the Dominion that year, he raced in Amsterdam, Warsaw, The Hague, London, Glasgow and Paris among others, setting amateur records in London and Glasgow.

In June, 1929, he won all four Canadian championships at Montreal and turned pro in Toronto later that month. His first six-day race was in Montreal the following October where, paired with Bill "King" Coles of Brantford, Ont., he placed second. Montreal also was the site of his first victory in April, 1931 when he teamed with Henri LePage.

In dethroning Holland's Piet Van

POOSH 'EM UP, TORCH! The former bike star has to rely on his arms instead of his tree-trunk legs for this kind of pumping. Nice work, if you can do it.

Kempen as world's titlist (in point of victories), Peden won 38 of his 136 races, one of the most satisfying coming in '39 at Madison Square Gardens, New York, where he and Doug became the first brother team to win a major race. "That was a big one," he said, and proudly displayed a photograph showing the brothers Peden, leaning on their bikes, each holding a large basket of flowers signifying victory. "Oh yes," he laughed, "a lot of 'hay' went with the flowers."

Oddly enough, this war is Peden's second line of endeavor in which the main opposition has been supplied by Nazis, because for a few years before the war, his chief six-day competition was coming from the Jerry team of Heinz Vopel and Gustav-Kilian, and no love was lost between them.

"They were a great team," Peden said, "but were sent to North America to glorify themselves and particularly their country and so they were not great men like Reggie McNamara of Australia or Reggie Letourner of France. The Germans rode only with champions, and would not, since their first win, ride with a young biker to help the game that was so good to them."

SOFTBALL MAKES HIT OVERSEAS

LONDON—Will Canadians leave a definite sport impression on England? The answer is: Definitely, yes.

Flight Lieutenant Johnny Hogan of Halifax, who has his finger right on the pulse of sport as Senior Auxiliary Services Officer, senses the trend. He believes that softball has done much to subordinate cricket on many RAF stations where only a few Canadians prevail.

Plans for the coming softball season are being considered on a large scale, for Hogan estimates that last

summer more than 150 teams embracing RCAF personnel played the game. There was quite an infiltration of English boys too.

Overseas Headquarters boasted an eight-team league which played in Hyde Park. Quite often Canadians engaged American units, and also the Canadian Army.

Twenty-five RCAF hockey teams operated Overseas this season and no trouble was experienced in getting players. Obtaining ice surfaces was the major difficulty, for there were only four artificial ice rinks,

ANZACS IN EPIC PUCK BATTLE

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, Man. — One of the greatest "hockey" games in the history of Portage Arena, home of the Portage Terriers, thrilled a near-capacity crowd when a team of New Zealanders battled it out with an Australian aggregation, both squads representing 3 B & G School, Macdonald. The Zealanders won by a score of two goals to a 1/2.

The athletes, who scarcely knew what skates looked like before the conflict, came onto the ice with a bang (and what a bang) amid thund-

erous applause from the spectators.

Somehow, the puck was set in motion towards one end of the rink, and like an angry tribe of Maories, both teams (except the goalies who sensed a certain degree of security in clinging to the goalposts) set out in hot pursuit.

It soon became evident, however, that to stop was more difficult than to start, for both teams were reclining against the end boards, the puck having been slightly over-skated. Slowly and painfully, the players struggled up, but a latecomer by this time had taken a whack at the disc, sending it in the general direction of the Aussies' goal.

Now, as a few brave souls reached the goal mouth, the puck at their feet, excitement reached its height. Now too, came time to take the weight off one's stick, relying on one's own equilibrium long enough to take a swipe at the tempting rubber.

First one would try, then another, but the law of gravity continually overcame the law of equilibrium, until a defenseman slid into the net,



taking the puck with him. A goal, and the crowd went wild.

But these Australian boys were fighters. Slicing, pushing, kicking—even skating — they soon had the puck at the other end of the rink.

LAC Vesterman of the Australians grasped his stick as his ancestors must have grasped their Zamboks, or something, and took a slash at the rubber, missed, fell, rose again and slashed again. But fate was against the Aussies, for another teammate, trying to gain an assist, came sliding in, blocking the goal just as Vesterman connected with his second swat. For this brave attempt, the Aussies were awarded their half-goal.

TRENTON CAGERS HOT

Trenton's 1942-43 edition of the Flyers station basketball team not only is treading solidly in the footsteps of last year's Flyers but the boys are actually threatening to eclipse the record of their predecessors, the RCAF's top cage squad of 1941-42.

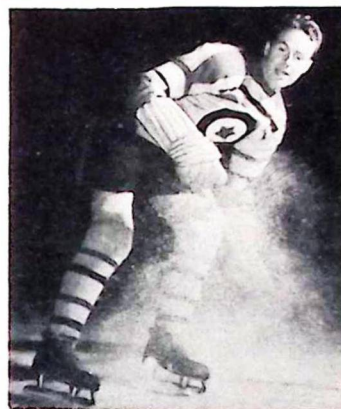
Last year's club, with coaching reins taken over in mid-season by FO F. N. (Buff) Horton, boasted a star-studded roster including such renowned hoop artists as Brian Casey, Pat Flynn, Alex Breatheath, Stan Jackson, George Weese and Norm Phibbs. Steaming through a hot schedule, highlighted by a 20-game winning streak that brought them the Ontario senior title after defeating the powerful Windsor Alumni entry, these lads swept through to the Dominion championship semi-finals but dropped a close decision to Montreal Oilers.

And one of the stars of that Oiler machine, AC2 Joey Richman, also an outstanding end on the Dominion championship RCAF football team last fall, is one of the key men of this season's Flyers, who, after opening the schedule without any "name" players, have materialized as a powerful unit, and currently are enjoying a 15-game winning streak. Among their victims during the surge have been University of Toronto, University of Western Ontario in London, Central and West End YMCAs of Toronto, 14 SFTS, Aylmer, Ont., and the strong Vimy Barracks Army team from Kingston.—SGT O. J. Hickey.



HAPPY IN THE SERVICE are, (l to r): AC2s Ray Mullins, Jimmy Planche and Pat Desbiens, three former Montreal senior hockey stars now playing for the RCAF's No. 3 Command team in Quebec Senior Hockey League playoff milling. Below them is team-mate Jim Haggarty, a speedboy who turned pro last season with NHL Canadiens. Other stars with 3 Command are Frankie Eddolls, Pete Morin, Ken Mosdell, Claude Bourque, Les Brennan, Andy Anderson and Sgt Pickles MacNichol, captain of last year's RCAF Allen Cup team.

Coached by FO Don Penniston, an outstanding hockey leader for the last dozen years, the team finished the QSHL season in second place after a slow start. Finishing second is good indication of the Airmen's power, for the Quebec league, packed with former NHL stars now in one or other of the Services, is extremely fast company.



SPORTFLIGHT

CALGARY, 3 SFTS — When the annual Southern Alberta Curling Bonspiel was held in Calgary four rinks were entered from this station. Two of the rinks reached the jewelry stage. LAC Warren's rink attained second place in the event for the Hudson Bay Trophy and each member of the team received a ten dollar War Savings Certificate. LAC Wood's rink was winner of the Grand Aggregate Trophy given to the rink with highest percentage of wins and losses and also the secondary event for the Calgary Brewery Trophy.

LONDON, 4 AOS — This station's Bowling League, organized by Cpl. Eddie Taylor bowls weekly at Mitch's Bowling Alley in London. Taylor's league is said to be a smooth outfit—probably because 50% of its members are femmes. No-one ever knows what the score is and probably never will — they just have a good time . . . now that London is out of the wrestling dog-house bonecrushing has begun anew. Cpl. Eddie Sobel, an old hand at the game, usually calls the falls. PO Syd W. Mitchell (PT & D), Eddie's boss, is quite a grunt and groan actor himself and threatens to arrange a station bout between Eddie and himself. Eddie with usual fighter's modesty says: "I'll moider da bum!"

BRANDON, 12 SFTS — A group of crack shots at this station formed a small-bore rifle team some time ago and matched skill with teams from Carberry and Brandon M. Crowned with success they are looking forward to competition from other station teams. Crackshots include: SL D. A. S. Laing, WO2 M. Wilson, FS A. Shlakat, FS J. O. Lawley, Sgt. A. E. Coper, Spl. J. A. Olson and Cpl

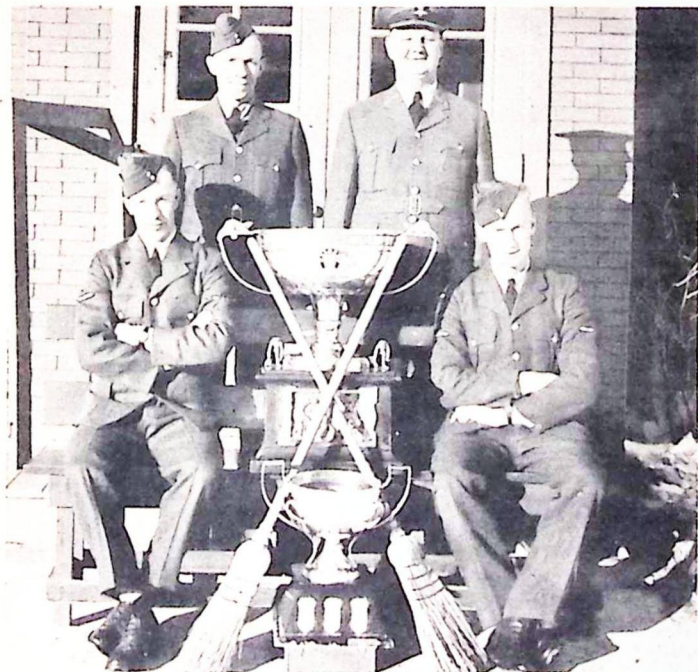
C. E. Jones. . . . Thirty teams from this station are entered in the local curling bonspiel and they fought to the button to provide hours of entertaining sport.

EDMONTON, 3 M DEPOT — Phil Pearson of Vancouver, Canadian Tennis and Badminton star is in training for Aircrew here. In 1941 he won the Eastern Canadian Singles, doubles and mixed doubles at Halifax. He also won the Ontario-Quebec men's doubles that year. Phil was once a Davis Cupper playing with Bill Pedlar against Cuba, in 1939 at Havana.

RCAF STATION (Somewhere) — A basketball game was waxing hot among some officers. Toward the end of a very hectic period, the referee—an airman — blew his whistle loudly and brought the play to a stop. "One more trick like that," he bellowed at one of the players, and I'll throw you out of the game — SIR!"

He's Slipping!

MACDONALD, Man. — The station hockey team from 3 B & G School here, was undressing after dropping a 4-3 final playoff decision to the Army club, who thereby copped the Portage Military League's Mercer Trophy. LAC Wagner, one of the Airmen's star forwards, shook his head sadly and said "Y'know, tonight I took my first penalty in four years' hockey. "Zatso!" exclaimed defenceman Scherer. "Well, tonight was the first time I DIDN'T get a penalty in SIX years' hockey . . . Guess I better hang up."



THESE BROOM-MEN sort of cleaned up, winning the Ontario Laundry and Calgary Brewery trophies in the Southern Alberta curling bonspiel. Representing 3 SFTS, Calgary, they are, back row (l to r): Cpl Hugh Shepherd and FL Minto Swan. Front row: LAC Howie Wood (skip) and LAC Gord Haynes.



LAC George Reid, 4 M Depot, Quebec, writes: "Surely WINGS' April star couldn't be anyone else than JANE RUSSELL." Of course not, George! And now, wolves, who will it be for next month?

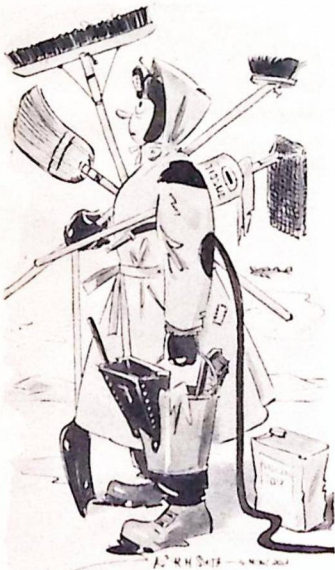


"Don't forget to put the chit in for my flying pay, Ginger."

AFTER THE TEMPERATURE had dropped a number of degrees in a few hours, an Aussie airman at 3 Depot, Edmonton, remarked to Y representative Art Peacock: "Quite a change in the weather, aye?" to which Art replied: "You can say that again." . . . "Er — I say quite a change in the weather," repeated the Aussie. Then he wondered why Peacock looked that way.

AIRMEN at 3 M Depot, Edmonton, have their own ideas about who should be officers and NCOs at their station. The "Airman" the Depot's weekly paper, published the following dream establishment: Commanding Officer, GG Voltaire; Senior Admin' Officer, WC Wallace Beery; Adjutant, FL Bud Abbott; Depot Warrant Officer, WO Lou Costello; President airmen's canteen, SO Ginger Rogers; Maths instructress, SO Mae West; Accountant Officer, SL Montagu Norman; Equipment Officer, SL F. W. Woolworth; Padre, FL George Bernard Shaw; Medical Officer, FL Young Dr. Kildare; Messing Officer, WO Oscar of the Waldorf; Senior Officer of fire section, SO Ann Sheridan; Sports Officer, SO Lana Turner; Senior NCO of MT, Sgt Henry Ford; Provost Marshal, FL Jekyll; OC Reception, FO Charles Laughton; OC Training, FL Hugh Herbert; OC Disposal, FL Blue Beard; Press Representative AC2 Walter Winchell; Nursing Sisters, Jinx Faulkenberg, Gypsy Rose Lee, Betty Grable.

MUSIC AND MORSE go well according to FL J. M. MacDonald, CO of 4 Recruit Centre, Saskatoon, who claims that men with an ear for music and a good sense of rythm score high marks in tests and subsequently make fine wireless operators. "Of two applicants appearing at the recruiting centre on the same day," he said, "one a telegrapher with 15 years' experience, the other a piano teacher with no knowledge of wireless code, the pianist made the higher marks on the wireless tests."

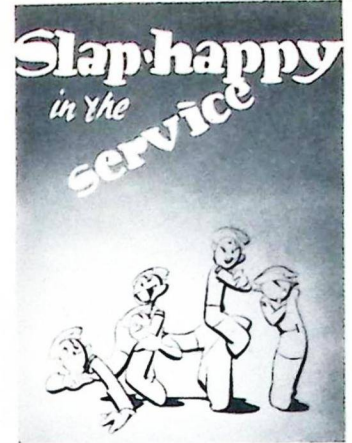


BATTLEDRESS

SEVEN MEN of a bomber crew, among them FO G. A. (Happy) Holmes, DFC, of Regina, waved goodbye to each other at 6,000 feet over English soil and expressed the hope that they would meet soon. Then they parachuted from their faltering bomber. A couple of hours later the seven met at an English vicarage and had breakfast together.

LAC J. C. (Cam) Baxter of Toronto, presented with a sweater worn by film actress Ann Sheridan for leading his class at a Royal Canadian Air Force air observers' school at nearby Malton Airport, said: "Gosh, I hope this fits my wife!" Miss Sheridan donated the sweater at the request of the class, which decided to revive a medieval custom whereby knights going into battle wear an article of clothing belonging to their lady. "I'll have to wear this at least once in a battle," said Baxter, holding the perfume-scented mauve cardigan. "Then my wife gets it."

THE LATEST in Security Guard stories: About the "Tough Guy" guard who believed in shooting first and asking questions later . . . "Halt!



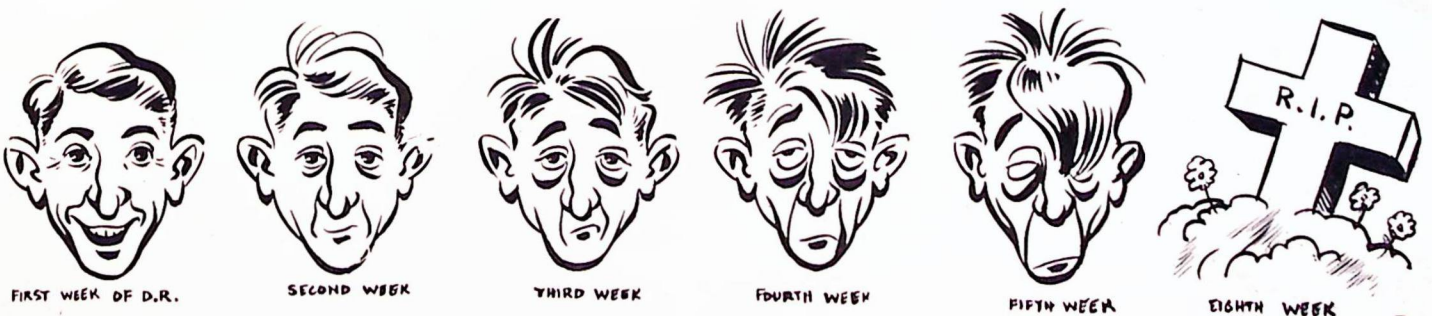
Who WENT there?" was his particular method of challenging.

A PRIVATE at the Ellington Field, Texas, fire station had been "in" only a few days when he answered the telephone. From force of habit, he lifted the receiver and said: "G.G. Liquor Store!"



GO DOWN AN' ASK HIM - IS THIS TH' RIGHT WAY TO BERLIN!

CPL. MACROGERS



FIRST WEEK OF D.R.

SECOND WEEK

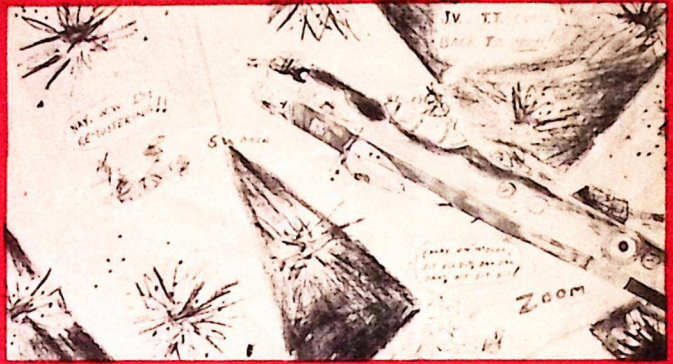
THIRD WEEK

FOURTH WEEK

FIFTH WEEK

EIGHTH WEEK

SHATTERED NERVES DEPARTMENT, Navigation Section, Dead Reckoning Div., as seen by LAC H. P. Edwards, RNZAF, 4 AOS, London, Ont.



WITH BOMB AND PEN

SGT. JOHNNY KARLEFF is a dead-ly man at a bombsight, a wicked shot at mid-upper gun, and a terror with a lead pencil.

When Johnny and his pals come flying home from some such uproarious adventure as having half the tail of their bomber shot away, crew members crowd around him and won't let him go until he dashes off another mad masterpiece for the crew-room walls, immortalizing the incident for posterity. Above, you see him with PO Johnny Mundle of London, England, and PO "Lucky" Luxford, East Angus, Quebec.

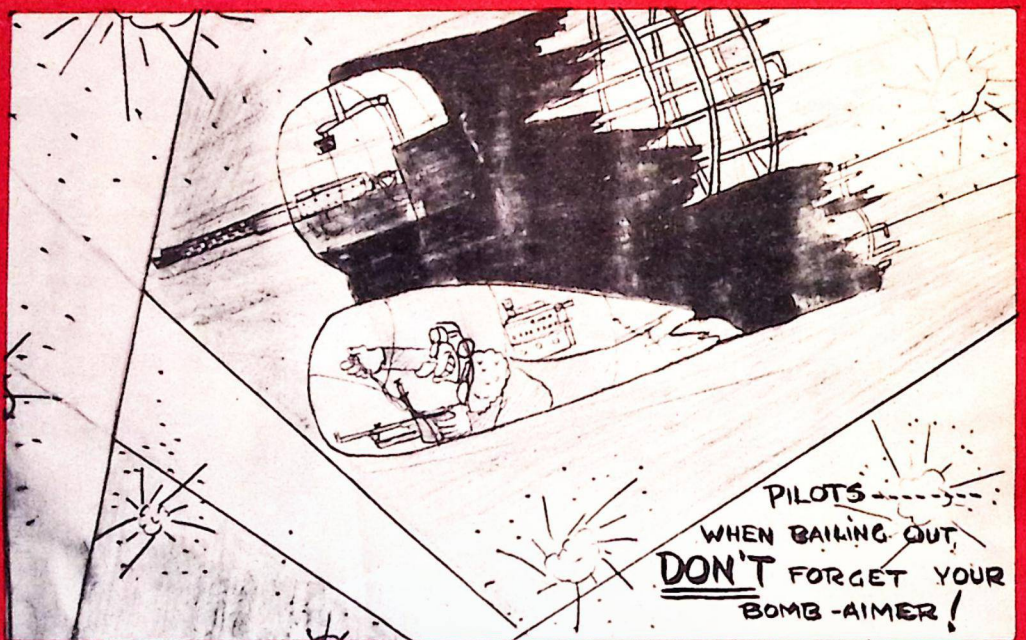
Johnny's drawings may not be art — though such a crack might cause trouble around WC Len Fraser's RCAF Bomber Squadron — but they are epics in their own right. Every cartoon is packed with excitement, vitality, and lusty humor that hands disaster the horse-laugh.

Johnny had hardly been in Britain a month when he went out to Bremen, with 999 other British bombers, as a bombardier. "We got to Bremen and contributed our bombs to the giant tonnage that went down there," he recalls, "but coming back an ME 109 caught up with us. Our rear gunner — an English lad — got him, but not before he had put our starboard engine out of commission. Then we ran out of gas and came down in the drink fifty miles from the English coast. We got the dinghy out and even though it was our first trip everything went on as ordered. We were in the dinghy for ten hours before we were picked up by an air-sea rescue boat."

Back at his base Johnny went into production on "Ye Crew vs The North Sea." (top right). But despite the WAG's wail of "I ain't goin' to Bremen no more . . . dit-dit, dit-dit." Johnny's crew went back and back at the enemy until the bombardier-cartoonist had chalked up seven operational flights at the time this was written.

As Johnny's new Halifax roared off to Dusseldorf (twice), Bremen again, Essen, Saarbrucken, Flenburg (twice) and Osnabruck, the saga grew. Ye Crew battled against all the elements of war and weather — nightfighters, flak, blizzards, ice and . . . always . . . the North Sea. And Karleff caricatured succeeding rounds with growing fervor as depicted on this page. When aircrew were issued with guns, he took time out to do a special interpretation of what station life would become in a wild-west atmosphere.

Nineteen years old, Sgt. Johnny Karleff comes from Toronto, and did his first cartoons for the school magazine at Toronto Western Commerce. Now he flies with PO Bill Welledge of Vancouver, ex Varsity footballer, as pilot; Sgt. E. Taylor,



another Vancouverite, as upper gunner; and FS Joe Stewart of Calgary as rear gunner. When Johnny climbs into their kite he must be tempted to moan, "Is there anybody here from the East?"

If Karleff continues to run into the kind of action his operational debut brought him, he'll never lack for inspiration for his chaotic sky-toons. After the North Sea dunking he went out in a four-engined Halifax for his second jaunt. "We got a couple of nightfighters on our tail," he reports, "an ME 109 and a JU 88. I was mid-upper gunner on this trip and between the rear gunner and myself we accounted for the JU 88."

"It came to within a hundred yards and with all our guns on him he wavered up and then went down. Unfortunately a cannon shell exploded on our starboard wing and did considerable damage, but the worst thing was the damaging of our fuel lines. But we managed to get back to England."

