

WINGS



LOG OF THE R-C-A-F

*For
Mrs.
To Mr. Harry
Church Street
London*

5^c

JULY

1943

*From
H.Y. 500
METO
R-C-A-F*





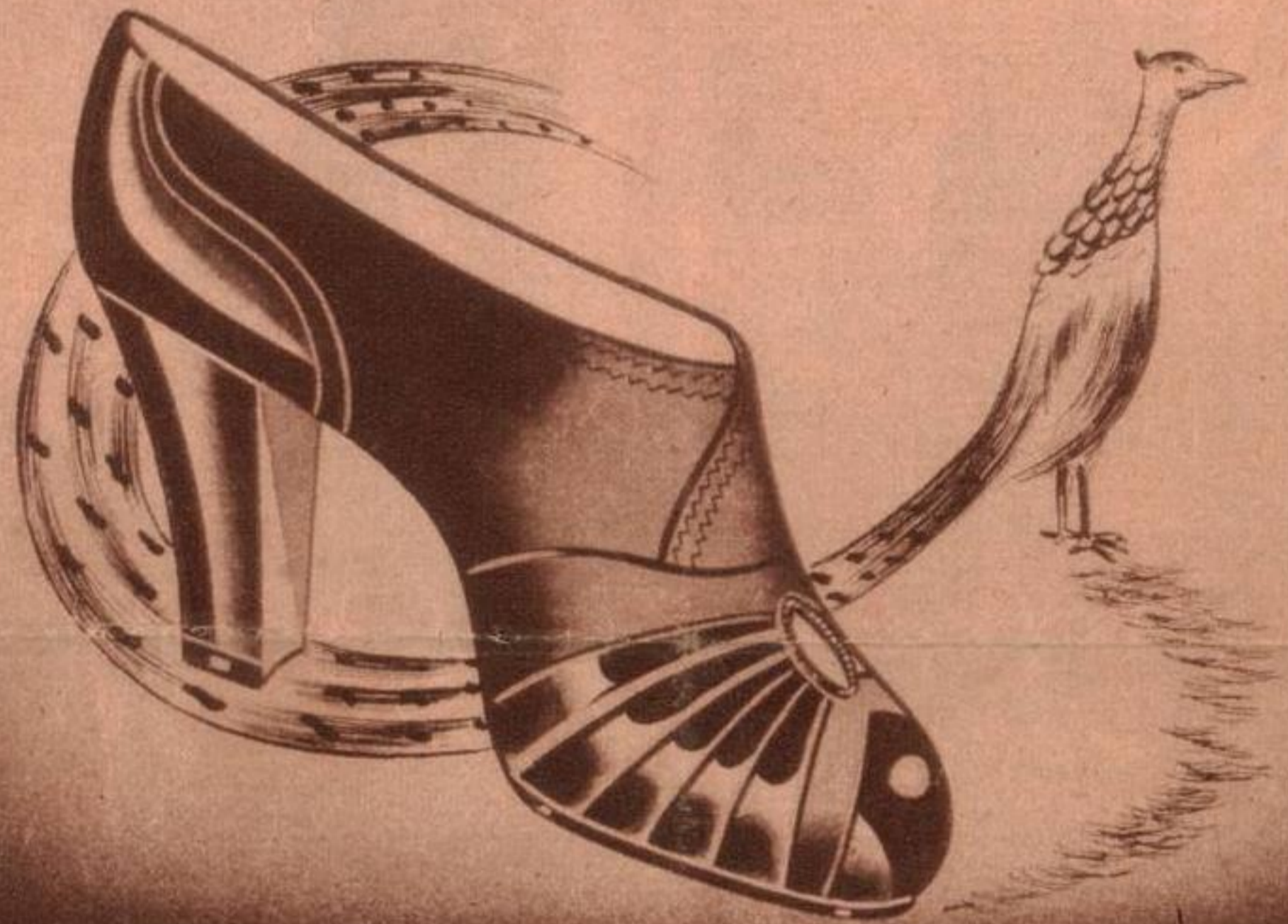
MORE PICTURES ON NEXT PAGE

STANDARD STAFF PHOTOS.

AIR FORCE OFFICERS and glamor debs hit it off beautifully together at Mrs. Holt's cocktail party on girls' first day in Montreal. Singing away with cheerful gusto are Diana Taylor, Flight Lieutenant Nunweek, Marian Hodges, Flight Lieutenant Pilcher and Flight Lieutenant White. Enthusiastic pianist is Constance Sneed. Party lasted long enough for New York debs to get acquainted with officers. Later they did rounds of Montreal's night life.

LEASE-LEND GLAMOR

(concluded)



FANDANGO

by

Golden Pheasant

As rhythmic as a rumba in every line of its graceful styling . . . a gown you'll live in from dawn to dusk. Smooth elasticised suede with soft calf in fan-like effect on toe.

BROWN OR BLACK
CUBAN HEEL



WINGS

THE OFFICIAL



ABROAD

R. C. A. F. NEWSPAPER

JUNE

LONDON, ENG.

1943

13 Canucks In Ruhr Dam-Blasting Show

JOIN RAF CREWS IN UNLEASHING FLOOD ON HUN WAR WORKS

Mohne, Eder and Sorpe Walls are Smashed in Daring Raid

When devastation by fire and water fell upon the Ruhr, and industry in the "Happy Valley" received its severest blow of the war, 13 members of the RCAF were among the knockout crews.

Flying Lancasters, the Canadians and their RAF companions smacked mines square on the Mohne, Eder and Sorpe dams, flooding the Ruhr Valley and causing the Germans to put the area under a state of siege.

Of the raid a Canadian pilot said: "When we attacked you could see that the crown of the wall was already crumbling. There was a tremendous amount of debris at the top. Our load sent up water and mud to a height of 1,000 feet. The spurt of water was silhouetted against the moon. It rose with tremendous speed and fell gently back. You could see the shock wave at the base of the jet."

Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Harris described the raid as a major victory. The results of it are certainly unprecedented and bore ample testimony to the effect of the diligent training the crews underwent.

Despite enemy opposition the mines were laid on the target. The thick walls of the dams crumbled and millions of gallons of water inundated the valley beyond.

Adding their weight to the heavy force that hit the great German industrial area in the Central Ruhr were aircraft from the Canadian Bomber Group which participated in a smashing blow at Duisburg. The Crooks and Fleming Squadrons were on both raids, along with Canadians who flew with RAF units.

At Duisburg, visibility over the target was excellent but many of the returning crews reported heavy cloud and icing conditions on the way there. Main points of the trip were the terrific explosions.

Sgt Leslie Burnett of Winnipeg, said: "There were lots of really neat fires, but one of them topped anything I've seen. It started with an explosion that shot flames up to 5,000 feet in the air. When it died down, thick black smoke rose to about 6,000 feet."

Other boys taking part in the Duisburg smash included Sgt Ernest R. Kirkham, Brandon, Man.; Sgt Jack Williams, Cumberland, B.C.; FO Larry Noble, Prince Albert, Sask.; FO V. Harold, Toronto; Sgt Milton Green, Geraldton, Ont.



Some ground crew members of the Red Indian Squadron, an RCAF unit commanded by Squadron Leader Jimmy Hall, gather around one of their Spitfires to have their pictures taken. These are the boys behind the boys that make headlines.

FL JIM EDWARDS KNOCKS THREE ME 109s OUT OF SKIES WITHIN TWO MINUTES

In the space of three minutes, FL Jimmy Edwards, DFC, DFM, of North Battleford, Sask., blew two enemy ME 109s out of the air. By



FL EDWARDS, DFC, DFM

so doing he raised his total to 10 destroyed.

This 21-year-old Canadian flight

Kite Lands, Falls Apart

BURMA — His aircraft in flames started by Japanese guns, his observer dying from a shrapnel wound and his port engine belching smoke, PO Norman Brown, 22, of Toronto flew 400 miles through monsoon weather after a bombing raid over Japanese-occupied Burma and landed safely.

He was with a Hudson coastal command squadron at the time and was detailed to a river raid in the Rangoon area. They did their job

all right, but ran into heavy ack-ack. One shell started a fire in the tail and a piece of another severely wounded the observer. The wireless operator, Fred Cawthorne, from Maidstone, together with the rear gunner, Trevor Webster, both in the RAF, went back to fight the fire.

They were 400 miles from base and the observer was too badly wounded to do any navigating, so Brown had to find his way as he went along. He had to keep the kite above the monsoon storm, and the port engine was belching smoke. As he landed the kite fell apart.

lieutenant led his flight of an RAF fighter squadron into an attack on 12 Messerschmitts inside the enemy lines beyond Sousse. He accounted for two of them personally. He came at his first victim from an angle and sent him flaming to earth with one short burst. The second he despatched with two unerring squirts from astern.

Another pilot declared that Edwards had fired only a few hundred rounds of ammunition in the brief double conquest. It was this crisp and decisive quality displayed by Edwards right from March when he shot down the first ME 109 he had ever seen. His only comment after the battle was:

"We had the jump on them and it was too good a chance to miss, although there was a lot of luck in it. I shall never forget the way the second Jerry left a long trail of black smoke as he fell, just the way they used to do in the movies when I was a kid."

SGT ASKEY BLASTS 3 ENEMY AIRCRAFT TO EARTH IN 1 DAY

Macchi 202s Fall Prey to Army Padre's Son In Tunisia Scraps

NORTH AFRICA — Sgt Wilmot Michael Askey of Winnipeg, flying from an airfield beyond Gabes, recently destroyed three enemy aircraft in one day. In earlier battles, news came in of two other Canadians destroying two more and getting one "probable".

Askey got the first of his three off Cape Bon at the tip of Tunisia. It was a Macchi 202. He gave it one burst and saw it crash on the beach.

In the afternoon he attacked two more Macchis off the Island of Pantelleria. The pilot of the first enemy aircraft bailed out as Askey's bullets sprayed around the cockpit. The second Macchi turned to the attack and as he did so, Askey scored hits on the enemy's wings and cockpit and saw the machine dive into the sea. He then flew home alone.

Askey, only 20 years old, is the son of a Canadian Army Padre, major William Askey.

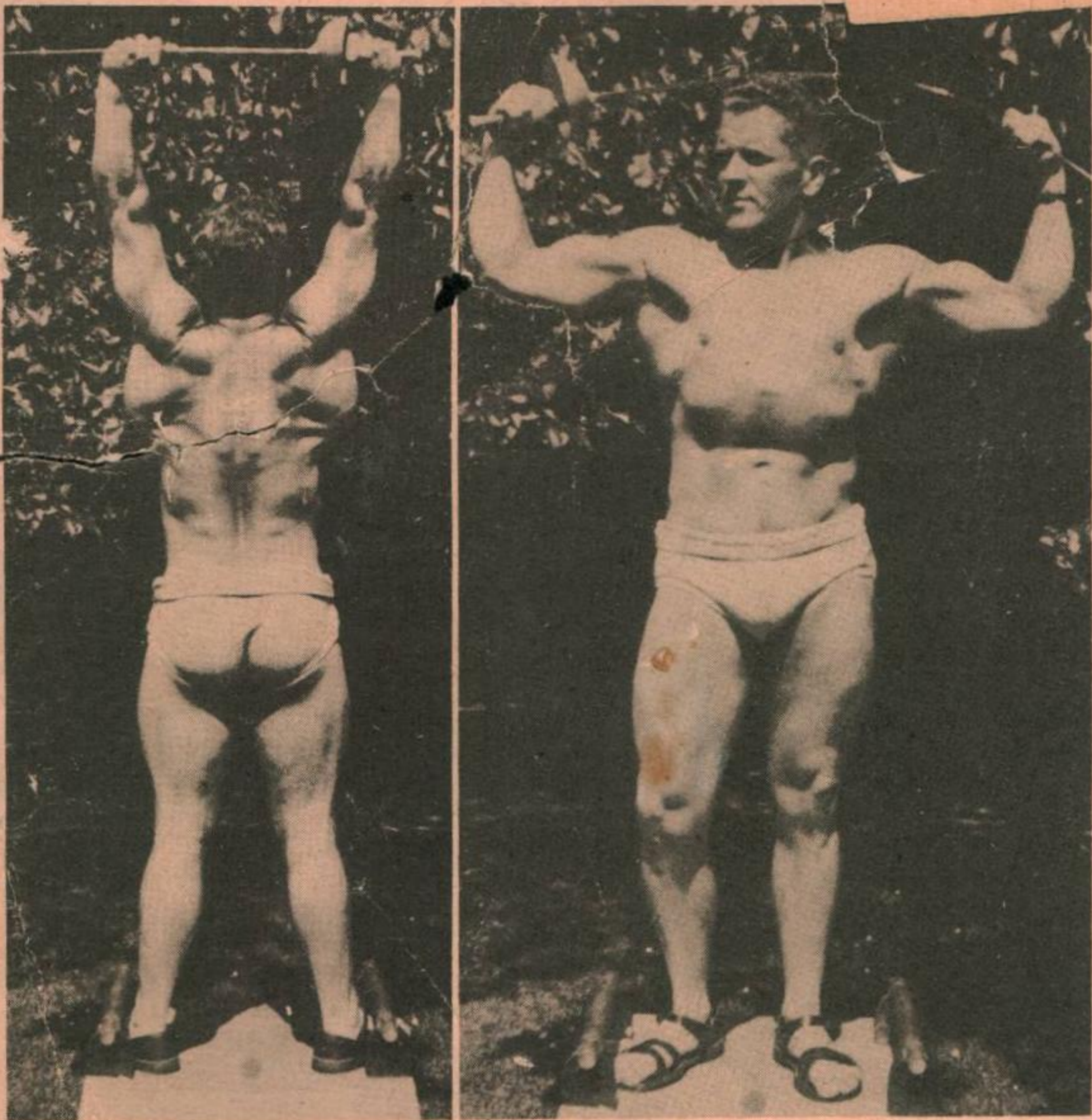
Askey's score now stands at four destroyed. He shot down his first, an ME 109, early in March at Arram.

Figuring in other African victories were WO Fred D. Schofield of Montreal, and FO William R. P. Sewell of Sewellville, Gloucester County, N.B. They were sent with their Squadron to intercept an incoming enemy bomber formation consisting of DO 217s and JU 88s with ME 109 escorts. They chased the whole lot out to sea. Schofield described his part in the battle thus:

"The flight leader attacked the rearmost DO 217, going into line astern. His first burst hit the port engine, which gave off black and white smoke. His second burst got the starboard engine and that's where I came in. The flight leader had to turn away to deal with an ME 109 so I went for the Dornier as it dived away and got in a burst at short range. After that it dived more steeply and at 4,000 feet, burst into flames and went right into the sea."

COLLECTIVE CREDIT

A new Air Force expression has been accepted by Allied pilots to indicate those Axis aircraft which have been blown out of the sky by such a concentration of British kites that nobody quite knew who hit first, hardest or last. The term is "squadron kite." Nobody makes an individual claim for a squadron kite, but it goes down in the unit's books to the collective credit of all.



Mr. 5 By 5

EAST COAST RAF STATION
—Since the arrival of Sergeant J. Evans at this station, it is doubtful if any unit in Canada has had a more efficient PTI staff.

Although only five feet tall, weighting ten stones, four pounds (144 pounds to you Canucks) Sgt Evans has accomplished the astonishing feat of lifting an aggregate of 47½ tons in six hours.

The feat was performed for the press in Britain under medical supervision, and at the conclusion, to prove he wasn't unduly fatigued, Sgt Evans swam two lengths of a swimming pool.

With a 42-inch chest measurement, the Sergeant is a veritable "Mr. Five by Five".

Another lift Evans does in his daily workout is to "press" one ton in 45 seconds, while he also lays claim to being the world's greatest exponent of muscle con-

trol. And Flying Officer J. A. Bloom, sports officer and an authority on such matters, supports Evans' claim. The latter, too, has proved to be a great help to Bloom in the matter of rehabilitation, a subject in which he is well-versed.

Together with Cpl. Murdock, who played professional soccer in Great Britain for Clyde, Evans and Bloom constitute an outstanding PTI staff, the former, in addition to everything else, being an excellent gymnast and equilibrist and holder of all Royal Life Saving Society awards and medals. Bloom is a former soccer professional and was one of Great Britain's outstanding boxing authorities.

Efforts are being made to arrange a tour of Air Force stations for Sgt Evans for the purpose of demonstrating the effects of scientific training on the human body.

"DAT H'AMPIRE H'AIR TRAIN PLAN"

One day in April 1940 a young fellow taking the Link instructors' course at Trenton was pondering bemused on the mad antics of that peculiar craft, when inspiration flew up and hit him. An ex-editor from Val d'Or, in Quebec's deep north, it was only natural that his inspiration should pour forth in Habitant dialect. And so was born "Dat Goddam Bird de Link" — the first in a series of poems that have been pounced on with joy by airmen everywhere they have appeared, originally in Trenton "Contact", since then in many publications. Their author, FL Carroll McLeod, became a flying instructor, had a spell overseas, is now at AFHQ. Recently he shipped all the poems off to a publisher and they will appear shortly in book form under the title of one of the best known of them "Dat H'ampire H'air Train Plan," at \$1.50. On page four, WINGS is privileged to present one of the later poems in the series.

TEN GD'S...

(Continued from page 5)

paragraph from one of Brown's letters home.

He wrote: "It is so beautiful in the air that at times I almost forget there is a war on. I wish that at some future date I may be able to take you up with me to show you the beauty of it all. I cannot explain it, but flying has such a strong appeal for me. I cannot put into words the thoughts that come to me, 'way up there. It is hard to say which is the more wonderful from the air — sunrise, sunset or moonlight."

Reports on activities of other members of the Trenton ten reveal that Dave Evans, of Vancouver, now a Flight Lieutenant, is flying Spitfires from a British base; Herb Hale of Toronto, now a Flying Officer, is a veteran of fighter action in Britain and Malta, and that Reg Duncan of Dartmouth, N.S., a flight sergeant, has served as Wellington bomber pilot in Britain and Africa and is now making a name for himself in India.

Yes, the careers of these fighting men have been action-packed.

For example, there's Hale, whose father reports that his son, after training in England and Scotland,

was posted to a night fighter squadron operating over occupied territories. "He was a member of the Las Bader's squadron and has participated in attacks on enemy coast off the Dutch coast. From there he went to Malta and was promoted Pilot Officer. While there, two Heinkles in one day, the day his best friend was killed. Seeing his buddy shot down while parachuting to earth only made Herb more determined to carry on the fight. Leaving Malta after five months, he was on the Ark Royal when she was sunk by a submarine and later was at Tobruk where he was shot down, May 30, 1942. He lost his eyesight but only temporarily, and after leaving hospital was given an instructional job which he didn't like very much. But I understand that he is back in the fight again."

THEY WON'T TALK

Like true fighting men these fliers are reluctant to talk of their exploits. For instance, Mrs. T. Evans, mother of Dave, told WINGS that "Whatever David does as to his work, he only thinks of it in the line of duty and all I know from him is that he has been flying a Spitfire, which to him is the 'best little ship' in the world.

"He never speaks of his exploits. On February 13, 1942, I opened my 'Vancouver Daily Province' and there beheld a large photo of my son with two other pilots under the headline, 'Heroes of Battle in Channel.' That was the day the three big German battleships made their appearance in the channel. But I never heard a word about it from David. Later his brother Frank, with the RCN, and his father, overseas with the RCA, met Dave in England. When Frank came home he told me some of David's friends reported that he had two minesweepers to his credit and that twice he had returned from France with a crippled plane — or with his engines almost shot away, and the other time minus part of a wing. But David said nothing to me, it seems to be all in his day's work."

That, is the story of ten GDs.

NEXT ISSUE

EXCLUSIVE STORY AND DRAMATIC PICTURES ABOUT OUR BOYS LIVING AND BATTLING THE JAPS IN THE FAR NORTH-WEST. WATCH AUGUST WINGS for

RCAF IN ALEUTIANS

JOE ERK



QUIZ KIDS--





The Trenton Ten with a few friends pose for a quick pix at the St. Catherines Flying Club where they trained for civilian licenses in '40 so that they could remuster to aircrew. Left to right: ACs Herb Hale, Bill Alexander, Wallace Brown, Dave Evans, Allan White; M. A. Seymour, K.C., president Canadian Flying Clubs Association; L. Snell, St. Catherines F. C. president; Capt. A. Schmon, LAC Watt, not one of the ten but then a student at the club; ACs George Bruyere, Reg Duncan, Carl Marsh, Syd Thomas and Joe Sayers.

A Story Of Ten GDs

by Cpl. STAN HELLEUR

THIS is the story of ten GDs.

It is a tale of ten men who wanted so much to fly they were willing to go without food, and sleep with nothing but stars for a tent. Ten men who bucked the barrier of official requirements till they found a way over them, who dug deep into poorly padded pockets to finance their own training, tossed annual leave and 48s into the pot along with their money in an all-out effort to achieve their goal.

Today, more than three years after their desire was born, the group is widely scattered. Three are missing after seeing heroic action against the enemy, one wears a decoration for gallantry under fire, and — most important of all — each is responsible for a mighty job of fighting for his country.

Scattered as the ten now are, the story had to be pieced together from scraps of information collected all over the country. A letter from Manager Fred Pattison of St. Catherines' Flying Club gave WINGS the initial tip. Personal files were dug out of Records. Letters were dispatched to next-of-kin and back came replies from as far west as Nanaimo, B.C., as far east as Amherst, N.S. A flying visit to an EFTS to interview an instructor who helped start the group on their training, helped fill in the gaps.

Start of the yarn dates back to the spring of 1940; the scene, RCAF Station, Trenton, where the men were posted as Standard Tradesmen, General Duties. The ten were drawn together by their common desire to remuster to aircrew and also their common frustration, because none could qualify scholastically. There were no pre-aircrew educational courses in those days, but they found there was another way out. A private pilot's ticket would give a man a chance to tuck the white flash in his cap. Service contracts hadn't yet gobbled up all commercial training facilities and if a fellow had \$75 the Department of Transport would put up the other necessary \$75.

And so the ten AC2s went to work on this angle. They were Bill Alexander from Niagara Falls, Ont., Wallace Brown of Amherst, N.S., Herb Hale and Joe Sayers of Toronto, Dave Evans of Vancouver, Bill Duncan of Dartmouth, N.S., Carl Marsh and George Bruyere of Montreal, Allan "Bub" White of Amherst, N.S., and Syd Thomas of Edmonton.

AUCTION CAR FOR KITTY

Bruyere put in a call to the St. Catherines Flying Training School, operating 9 EFTS (with-in reasonable hitch-hiking distance of Trenton), and dickered for the gang. Caught up by their enthusiasm, officials went into a huddle on costs and whittled the price per head down to \$75. Even seventy-five bucks each took some raising for the ten AC2s, and what little they had left they pooled for living expenses. One of them copped a car in a raffle; it went on the auction block and the take went in the kitty.

Then there was the matter of obtaining simultaneous leave, for they were determined to go together. And the whole scheme might be setting some sort of a precedent which authorities

would view with alarm. But AVM J. A. Sully, CO of Trenton at the time and a flier himself in the last war, could not deny so genuine an urge to become airborne. Ten days leave was granted, and later a three-day extension when bad weather hampered training.

Even with the additional three days, it was a terrific grind. George Dunbar, former CFI at St. Catherines and now instructor at 10 EFTS, Pendleton, Ont., recalls their stay at the station, agreeing with Fred Pattison, manager of 9 EFTS, that morale at the flying school was given a big lift by their presence.

THUMBED THEIR WAY

"I remember them tricking me one Sunday afternoon after hitch-hiking their way to St. Kitts," said Dunbar. "They didn't have enough money for lodging and were ready to sleep in the nearest haypile. However, the first night they made arrangements to bed down in a hangar. The next day Fred Pattison and some of the boys scrounged some tents and helped rig them up at a tourist camp a couple of miles from the field. I was busy instructing that day but I remember flying over the camp and watching them set 'er up."

"We thought everything was okay with the lads but a couple of days later, Charley Mitchell, another instructor, happened to overhear a conversation that indicated they were not all getting three squares a day, because of insufficient funds.

SHORT ON THE THREE Rs BUT LONG ON GUTS, THEY WON THEIR WAY INTO AIRCREW — AND ACTION

Charley told Pattison about it and the latter took the problem to local service clubs, whose members immediately agreed to provide dinner for the group every day.

"Yeah, they sure were an enthusiastic gang," Dunbar continued. "They had to be to get through that course in so short a time. They were so enthusiastic, in fact, that when they didn't have any studying to do at night, they'd come back and help the ground crew service the aircraft they were flying. I believe three missed getting their licenses but still it didn't stop them from trying, for they'd come back to the club on their 48's to get in more flying hours and instruction."

"Two or three of them returned to No. 9 for elementary training after their remuster and we instructors got a great kick out of seeing and flying with them again."

Fred Pattison recalls that "During that ten days, instructors flew up to nine and a half hours dual, mechanics did the servicing after dark and any instructor not flying gave ground school subjects to pilots in training, student instructors or the Trenton group, but the spirit of these lads seemed to catch and no one grouched at anything."

"As I recall it, seven of the ten got licenses and the only mishap was a strained Cub under-carriage on a solo landing. At this time, after

two and a half years as Manager of an EFTS, I can say I saw more work, less grouching and definitely more co-operation for a common cause during that week than I have ever witnessed or expect to witness again."

They had their share of disappointments but had their quota of guts too. Syd Thomas of Edmonton and Joe Sayers of Toronto failed to obtain civil licenses at St. Catherines but still went gunning for aircrew, Thomas making the grade as a WAG and Sayers as an observer. Brown and Bruyere, after obtaining civilian permits, washed out as pilots with the RCN but both came bouncing back as WAGs and distinguished themselves as such. Bruyere, recently commissioned as a Pilot Officer, receiving the Distinguished Flying Medal.

His citation reads, in part: "... On the outward flight, the aircraft was attacked by three enemy fighters. Sergeant Bruyere was seriously injured, sustaining a broken leg and wounds in

the chest, arm, forehead and left hand. Desroches, a crew member, went back to help him and in so doing fell against the escape hatch and fell through. Despite his wounds, however, Bruyere caught his mate by the lapels of his flying suit and dragged him back to safety. On the return journey, Bruyere ignored his injuries and operated his wireless equipment, displaying indomitable courage and unswerving devotion to duty."

But, while Bruyere managed to survive that experience, three members of that old ten-man Trenton team were not as lucky after getting into ops. White, of Amherst, N.S., Marsh of Montreal, and Sayers having been reported missing after action in different theatres of Allied operations. White and Marsh were pilots while Sayers was an observer.

An interesting sidelight on how closely the men attempted to keep in touch with one another is given in a letter to WINGS from the mother of Wallace Brown, oldest of the group and veteran of many sweeps in the gunner's "back room".

Mrs. Brown wrote: "Bubby (White) trained as a pilot and went overseas in the spring of 1941 while my son Wallace was still taking a wireless air gunner's course. They were very disappointed at not being able to go over together and Wallace said that when Bubby's train pulled out he felt like running after it."

"Bubby trained in England for some months and finally got into action. Soon after, he wrote my son and said: 'I had some fun a while ago when Jerry was blitzing a town nearby. I was on duty and was given a scramble. I was airborne in a matter of minutes, taking off amid the roar of high explosives, incendiaries and flares and by damn if I didn't get sight of a Hun before I had climbed more than 700 feet.'

"I'LL EVEN THE SCORE"

"I recognized the Hun as a JU 88 and swung around to get into position astern. But he saw me simultaneously, put the nose down and headed for the town which was burning. However, he didn't drop his bombs. I chased him out to sea and there I lost him. I guess, my first encounter alone with the Hun, I got over-excited and too anxious, and consequently missed him entirely. But the encounter taught me heaps and I'll get the next one or else!"

"Poor lad. The next trip proved to be 'or else,'" Mrs. Brown's letter continued. "My son wrote to me, saying that Bubby's OC had told him his pal had done an excellent job, raising hell with a munitions train, setting it afire with his bullets and generally mucking it up."

"I will even that score if it's humanly possible" wrote Flying Officer Brown.

Brown, now on instructional duty after a tour of ops, has had a colorful career and was serving as Demon Squadron gunnery leader when his "rest" came up. Some months ago he got in some shots at an attacking ME 110 just at dusk but the pilot ducked into clouds immediately afterwards and the results were unknown. He also triggered bursts at two night fighters on the Breman raid, pouring 200 rounds into one, which, his pilot figured, was enough to destroy it.

The desire for flying possessed by the entire group perhaps can be best summarized by a



THE LAND O' THE HEATHER and the Haggis has official representation in the RCAF with formation of a pipe band at 9 SFTS, Centralia, Ont., formerly of Summerside, PEI. Much travelled recently in connection with the 4th Victory Loan and a Maritime tour with the WD Precision Squadron, the band, now 14 strong, traces its origin to a Burns Night dinner at Summerside when GC E. G. Fullerton conceived

the idea of adding three pipers to the Station band. And, when 9 SFTS was transferred to Centralia, the unit was built up with pipers and drummers. Woven in the official RCAF colors and designed by GC Fullerton, the tartan has been approved by the Air Council and registered in the archives of Lord Lyon's court at Edinburgh, official repository of Scottish clan weaves.

SHE'D BE SO NICE TO COME HOME TO, BUT HIS HEART BELONGS TO WIFEY

By LAC I. C. KATZ

TORONTO, 6 ITS — It all began with a gentleman looking like this year's model camera bug, representative of the nationally known ladies' magazine, "Chate-laine", approaching the C.G.I. at this station.

"I'd like the loan of one of your finest examples of manhood," said the photobug.

"Happy" Leckie was duly summoned before the C.G.I.—and before that dignitary it was impossible to say "I won't do it!" Cpl. Leckie therefore, still in a fantastic dream, escorted the photographer out.

"Now," said the cameraman, "show me the nicest bunk in barracks." Cpl. Leckie proceeded to show him one that he presumed would fit the picture.

"Sit down," said the photographer. "Sprawl — that's it, relax! Oh, yes, unbutton your tunic."

"If you're going to take pictures," protested Happy Leckie, "an unbuttoned tunic will be pretty bad on discipline when my boys see it."

"That's quite alright," soothed the photographer, "Now here's a letter. Pretend it's from your



favorite flame."

"But, I ain't got a fl . . ."

"And here's her picture. Hold it up so the camera will get her features also."

"But, I can't do . . ."

It was all very useless. The photographer got his picture as good photographers should, and we got the story from a very disheartened Happy. No, Happy did not want any correspondence with the Lonelihearts Agency just yet . . . All he wanted was a little help from a crystal gazer to tell him of the future trials of wedded bliss once wifey saw the June Chate-laine and that full page picture of Cpl. Happy and his "flame."

GRADUATE RETURNS TO OLD SCHOOLS, WEARING THE DFC

By Cpl C. M. SEGAL

Welcoming a returning hero was the privilege of 6 SFTS, Dunnville, Ont., and 4 EFTS, Windsor Mills, Que., recently and in both instances it was the same hero — Flight Lieutenant F. E. Jones, DFC.

Graduating from the afore mentioned schools in the summer of 1941, FL Jones went overseas immediately as a sergeant pilot and served in England, later being transferred to the Malta theatre.

And it was about his experiences as a fighter pilot that he addressed students of both schools, giving them straight forward facts about the task of knocking down the enemy, facts that perhaps may eventually save more than one of his listeners.

While in England, FL Jones, credited with five enemy aircraft (confirmed destroyed), made at least 35 sorties over France and Belgium escorting bombers and during the many ensuing dog-fights was credited with one enemy aircraft destroyed and one badly damaged.

In April, 1942, he was commissioned and the following month was posted to a Malta RAF squadron in which he eventually became commander of the flight which included the high-scoring FO "Buzz" Beurling. This was a real chance for action,



FL JONES, DFC

for the island was being pounded incessantly by the Nazis. "We had to contend with ruthless German fighters who outnumbered us considerably," Jones said, "and every man had to be right on the bit."

One day while escorting a convoy, his formation was attacked by a large enemy force and during the resultant scrap, Jones shot down a Junkers 88. On another occasion he led his flight in an attack on heavily-escorted bombers,

"BLACKOUTS" ROLL ON

As the RCAF's official caravan of mirth rolled westward, last month, more and more airmen and airwomen were rating "Blackouts of 1943" as the "knockout of 1943" in the Servicepeoples' entertainment world.

Now on the West Coast, the Blackouts cast has drawn nothing but raves on its swing to the west. "Undoubtedly the best production to hit Edmonton . . . for none," was the comment of 3rd Depot's bright weekly paper, the "Airman," while at 32 EFTS, Edmonton, Alta., an RAF cadet pilot best summed up universal opinion with: "I have seen no better performance on the London stage."

Members of the cast have been treated royally at all points. At 11 SFTS Yorkton, Sask., for example, the entertainers were taken for flips and on show night were honored at a dance in the Sergeants' Mess following the performance. The Yorkton audience, incidentally, went for Mickey Horner's talented trumpeting in a large way during the 29-act show.

Following a tour of West Coast stations, the "Blackouts" will head East again.

into the formation, succeeded in downing an ME 109. Although attacked from all sides, he succeeded in frustrating the enemy and was able to lead his flight safely to base.

As a result of these and other actions, he was awarded the DFC, September 19, 1942 and was cited as a "vigorous fighter with fearlessness in the face of odds has served as a praiseworthy example."

Following a well-deserved rest, FL Jones will assume duties of an instructor at an eastern OTU.

WHO IS HE?



Flight Lieutenant H. A. Walker of I Training Command, Toronto, forwarded the above shot with the comment: "I took this picture in a park at Niagara Falls, Ont."

"Don't know who the Airmen is for all I know, he may still be

HE GUARDS THE STATION, ON DUTY, — OFF DUTY, HE DECORATES IT

AN EAST COAST, R C A F STATION—As a determined and willing but not particularly talented worker was struggling with the printing of a sign, a quiet voice murmured: "I'll do that if you like." And with these words and that attitude, LAC Alf Howarth of the Security Guard started on a series of jobs which have become practically continuous when he is off duty.

Whether Alf believes in signs or not has never been discovered, and if he does it is with his tongue in his cheek for he paints about two-thirds of the signs on the station and almost all those displayed in town having to do with RCAF work.

He has gained considerable reputation not only as a sound and excellent artist but also for the cleverness and originality of his designs. Working with precious metals, precious and semi-precious stones, designing engraving, etc., he was well known as a craftsman among je-

wellers. Both these branches of Alf's capabilities have been called upon almost steadily between his hours of duty. The latter work in helping finish, with design and decorative engraving, the many types of jewelry and such like pieces made by the numerous excellent workmen on the station.

To appreciate the speed and certainty with which Alf works it is necessary to remember that all this type of work is done in spare time. The latest result of the lad's talent and industry is the reproduction of a ten-foot Gothic stained glass window, in connection with the religious services held in the Recreation Hall.

He plays the piano and sings a mean bass-baritone. He sings so well, in fact, that he is featured vocalist with the Station dance orchestra.

Quite a Security Guard — C'est la guerre!