

WINGS

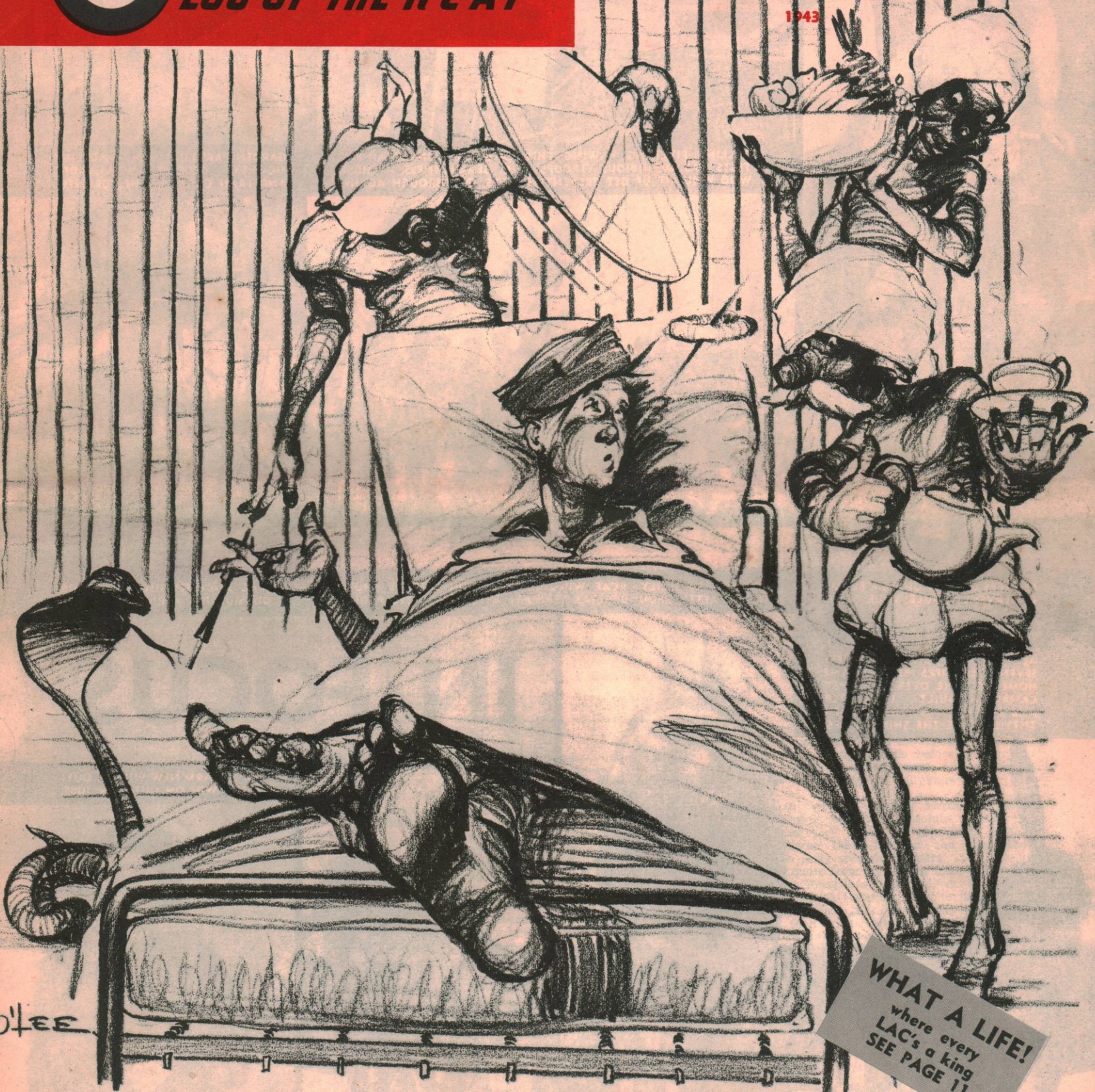


LOG OF THE R.C.A.F

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SEPTEMBER

1943



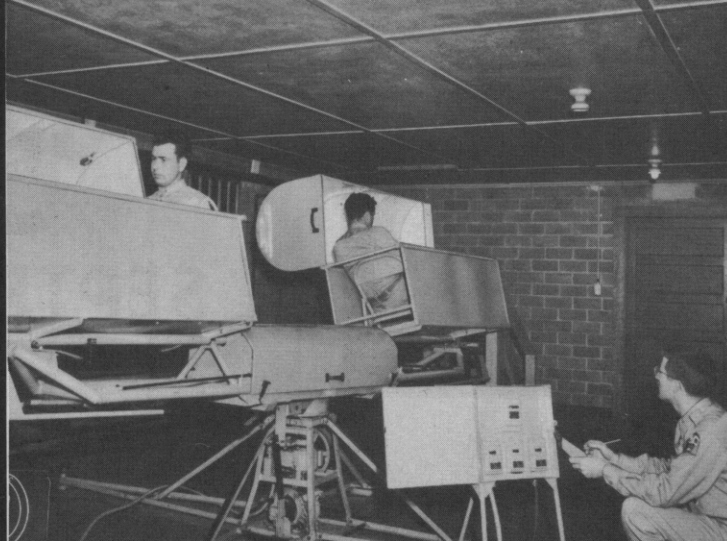
WHAT A LIFE!
where every
LAC's a king
SEE PAGE 11

The Part The Air
Force Plays In

COMBINED OPS



FRANCES GIFFORD OF MGM BEAMS A HEAVENLY SMILE YOUR WAY.



ROLLING, PITCHING, YAWING, THIS SEA-GOING "LINK TRAINER" TESTS U.S. AMPHIBIOUS TROOPS FOR SEA-SICKNESS. THOSE WHO WHUP-IT-UP GET PREVENTIVE PILLS, GO THROUGH AGAIN.



GARDEN-PARTYING WDS: MADELINE MOONEY, GEORGIE WILLIS and FRAN CHRYSLER, IN TORONTO.



REUNION IN SICILY: RCAF WINDSOR SQUADRON SETS UP SHOP IN SICILY, AFTER GROUNDCREW'S "PRIVATE INVASION". (SEE PAGE 12)



WAG STAN JENNISON, WINDSOR, OUTSIDE HIS AFRICAN "OFFICE".

ALL BATTLE VETERANS, THESE SEVEN RCAF FLIERS (BELOW) CAME HOME TO TAKE OVER THE FIRST CANADIAN-BUILT LANCASTER AND FLY IT TO BRITAIN. THEN THEY'LL TAKE THE SHIP ON OPS.



IN FOCUS

TRIM & WARM NEW WINTER OUTFIT FOR WDS ON OUTDOOR JOBS.





The part the Air Force plays
COMBINED OPS
 HILARY ST. GEORGE SAUNDERS

I am going to talk to you, if I may, about "Combined Operations". Combined operations are the thing, I think, which is going to win this war, and before I tell you about them and the part that the Royal Air Force is going to play in them I think that I should begin by giving you a little picture painted for me by a soldier.

He told me that he was standing on the bridge of a light cruiser, a long way up a Norwegian fjord, on December 27, 1941. He was standing there opposite the Admiral in Command. It was exactly seven minutes past eight o'clock in the morning and they were watching with great interest and, I think, a little apprehension, the progress towards the shore of a number of assault landing craft carrying Number Three Commando.

These had been put into the water three minutes before from two infantry landing ships and they were carrying the troops detailed to attack and destroy the Island of Malloy and the town of South Vagosa on the western coast of Norway.

These assault landing craft moving quickly through the water started exactly on time. They had proceeded for seventy seconds at full speed when the ships in that fjord, headed by the light cruiser, opened fire to give them a covering barrage for the landing. The fire was directed at the island — a small island with a German anti-aircraft battery and coast defence guns which

Few men know more about Britain's fighting men, particularly those of the RAF and RCAF, than Hilary St. George Saunders. His official war histories are vivid battle documents — "The Battle of Britain", "Bomber Command", "Coastal Command" and most recently "Combined Operations" — and every one a best seller. Visiting Canada recently he gave the boys at 1 ITS, Toronto, the dramatic account of the part the Air Force plays in combined ops which WINGS presents on this page.



Illustrated by Sgt Don Anderson

covered the approaches to South Vagosa, the main objective.

Now, it so happened—and this I know, because I spoke to him myself — that a German sentry was on the watch and he saw these boats come crawling over the water out of the first light of dawn. He picked up the telephone and he rang up the German commanding officer on the island. It was, as you may imagine, a somewhat urgent call.

At the other end of the telephone there was a German orderly. He also happened to be the commanding officer's batman. The commanding officer belonged to a pair of jack-boots — the Germans are fond of jack-boots — and these were being cleaned for him by his servant. The batman had to choose between answering the telephone and cleaning the boots and he chose to clean the boots and no warning was received until the first shells fell upon the island.

TERRIFIC BOMBARDMENT

The bombardment lasted four and three-quarter minutes and during that very short space of time some 500 shells fell upon the island, which is a very small one indeed, measuring 500 yards across. It made a terrible mess of the place.

While this bombardment was going on I want you to imagine the landing craft, coming fast and in perfect formation for the shore. They were to land at three points — on the island itself, opposite the town of South Vagosa, and a little to the south-west of it. They were, therefore, in three parties. Wing Commander Willet, who was some 4,000 feet above them in a Hampden, told me that they looked like a line of orderly tadpoles swimming to shore.

As they got near; in fact, as they got within 250 yards of the shore, they fired a signal to the fleet to stop the bombardment. I think it says a great deal for the accuracy of the gunnery of the fleet that they could get so close to where the shells were bursting without sustaining any damage.

But that was not all the plan. They had still this 250 yards to cover. It was by this time broad daylight. Nobody had known, when the plans were made weeks before in England, whether the bombardment from the ships would entirely quell

the opposition of the enemy. They hoped that it would, but no one was sure and they, therefore, determined to add, if they could, one other element of cover to the assaulting Commandos.

The signal had hardly been given when ten Hampdens of Bomber Command of the Royal Air Force came down to within fifty yards of the water — 150 feet — and dropped smoke bombs along the entire length of the area to be assaulted. These ten Hampdens had taken off from an aerodrome in Scotland — a bloody awful aerodrome, I have been there — 350 miles away and they arrived in time to drop their smoke bombs exactly forty seconds before the signal was given. In other words, forty seconds before zero hour, all ten of them arrived and anyone of you who is training to be a navigator will know what that means.

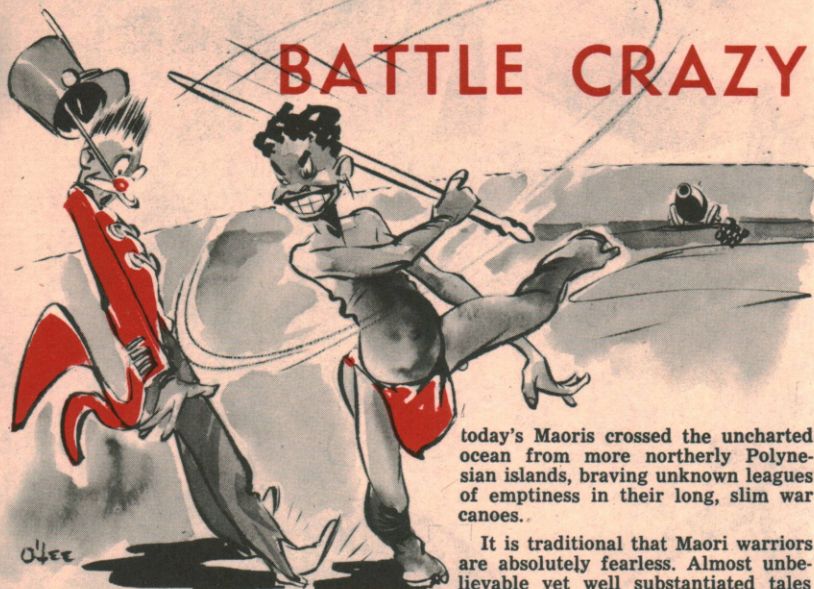
They had flown in darkness across 350 miles of sea, keeping, inevitably, absolute wireless silence because they could not give away in the slightest degree their location and they had arrived with forty seconds to spare.

Again, I quote from my soldier friend. "I saw", he said, "the Hampdens coming down. It seemed to me, from where I was standing on the bridge of the cruiser, that they were going to hit the drink and then I saw little lines of billowing smoke which rapidly spread until there was a complete cloud of artificial smoke which extended right across the front of the attack."

Now, Peter Young, a friend of mine, was in the leading craft and he said that 250 yards away from the shore — perhaps double the length of this room — they could see everything. They saw the German gunners running to their guns. They saw every house. They saw almost every rock. And then twenty seconds later they saw none of these things. They saw only a greyish-white cloud falling from the Hampdens. When they went through that cloud so thick was it that the men in the bows of the landing craft could not see the men in the stern and the landing craft is thirty-seven feet long.

They landed without opposition at all. The Germans, faced with that cloud, were unable to see any target. They didn't even open fire and they were caught and killed to a man, beside their guns. (Please Turn Page)

BATTLE CRAZY



by LAC N. E. HOLLAND

INCLUDED in groups of New Zealand airmen who arrived recently at 3 M Depot, Edmonton, have been a few scattered members of the native race of New Zealand, the Maoris, pronounced "Mow-ree," the "Mow" rhyming with "how."

Conversation with LAC Dan Kennedy, RNZAF, a recent arrival from down under, reveals a wealth of interesting facts concerning this race.

Somewhere in the forgotten centuries before white men first sailed the South Pacific, the early ancestors of

today's Maoris crossed the uncharted ocean from more northerly Polynesian islands, braving unknown leagues of emptiness in their long, slim war canoes.

It is traditional that Maori warriors are absolutely fearless. Almost unbelievable yet well substantiated tales have come down from the early days of the first efforts of British troops to settle and "civilize" the islands.

On one notable occasion, the British were advancing into position to attack a warrior encampment. Knowing of the enemy's approach, the Maoris waited several days in heavy, jungle-like growth, becoming increasingly impatient for the battle to begin. At length, with no British yet in sight and their patience exhausted, the natives sent an emissary, under cover of a white flag, to contact the enemy and ascertain the cause of the delay. Explanation was made that the

nature of the country, with its almost impenetrable undergrowth, had so far baffled the best efforts of the British to get their artillery into position. The Maoris promptly hacked a pathway through the jungle, so that the battle could get under way without further delay.

On a later occasion, when a few ancient cannon had fallen into Maori hands, a hilltop encampment was besieged and being heavily bombarded by British fire. As the siege continued, the natives observed a gradual slackening of the offensive, and, again sending forth an emissary, learned that British supplies of ammunition were running dangerously low. The prospect of an end to the battle so alarmed the Maoris that, after a hasty consultation among themselves, they volunteered to hand over to the enemy a share of their own ammunition, so that the show could continue. It isn't just that the Maoris love a fight — in addition they have an amazing sense of chivalry.

BATTLE TROPHY

The growing number of Maoris bearing arms in today's struggle has already added greatly to the warrior traditions of the race. During the Libyan campaign a Maori force, recently presented with a brand-new mobile canteen, dragged it with them into the thick of things, retiring in triumph shortly but with the vehicle shot full of holes. An English detachment, noting the sorry condition of what had so lately been a shiny new truck, felt that the decent thing to do

would be to repair it for their brown comrades. This they did, to the accompaniment of wondering looks and embarrassed thanks, and soon the canteen was as good as new.

Shortly after, another skirmish with the enemy loomed, and back went Maoris and truck, again to return triumphant and, in the case of the canteen, well perforated by enemy fire. A council of Englishmen was hastily called, to decide whether the damage could again be repaired, but this time the tribesmen intervened, to explain with much embarrassment that, while they recognized and appreciated the excellent gesture of their comrades in arms, they preferred to leave the vehicle in its sad condition, as they intended to ship it back home to show their families and friends that they had really been in the thick of things.

The Maori today is a fully accepted citizen of New Zealand, well educated, often brilliant, and despite his generally darker hue Canadians who train with New Zealanders may not immediately recognize a Maori when they meet him. But many have already trained here; PO H. M. Meha, WAG, first Maori to be commissioned in Canada arrived here in June, 1941, training at 3 WS and 8 B&G.

Proving that the Maori is an equally fearless sky warrior, Sgt. M. T. T. Manowaiti, who trained at 3 WS and 7 B&G, graduating in December, 1941, has since been awarded the DFM for his part in many daring operational missions in the Middle East.

COMBINED OPS (Cont.)

Ten Hampdens did that, flying, as I have said, from a base 350 miles away. And a detail which I forgot to mention was that so bad were the weather conditions that before taking off the crews had to be supplied with spades and entrenching tools to chip off the four inches of ice which had accumulated on the wings of the Hampdens. They chipped this off as best they could and the slipstreams carried away the remainder once they got in the air.

Only one thing went wrong. One of these ten Hampdens was hit just as it came down to the height at which the smoke bombs were to be dropped. The pilot had the choice of turning and landing beside the cruiser or of carrying on. He chose the hard and the right course. He carried on and he dropped his smoke bombs and by the most accursed ill-luck one of them fell on one of the landing craft and did a certain amount of damage and caused a certain amount of casualties, none of them fatal. Then the Hampden crashed into the sea and they were able to rescue only one member of the crew.

FIRST TIME IN HISTORY

Now, these ten Hampdens created history, in the sense that that is the first time in the whole history of warfare that a smoke screen has been laid from the air right in front of troops advancing to the attack in small and highly vulnerable craft. It showed quite conclusively what the air can accomplish in a combined operation.

But that was not all. That attack, as I have said, took place at seven minutes past eight in the morning. Now, those who had planned it had worked out with great care the time that it would take for the Luftwaffe to get on the scene and they had decided that, given the known conditions in Norway, the Luftwaffe would be unable to be really active until noon. It would take the Germans between eight o'clock and noon to concentrate enough JU 88's and Messerschmidt 110's to attack the raiding force. The only place where they could concentrate this force was on the aerodrome of Hirka, which was

about one hundred miles as an aircraft flies, from Vagosa. Consequently, it was decided that the aerodrome at Hirka should be bombed precisely at noon.

Ten Blenheims of the coastal Command were detailed for the job. They were led there by Flight Lieutenant Sifton Brencka, who is now dead, and they reached Hirka aerodrome exactly at one minute past noon. They dropped their bombs on the wooden runways. As you know, Norway is a land full of wood and the runways of aerodromes there are made of that substance. They blew great holes in the runways and there is an actual photograph of a Messerschmidt falling headfirst into a crater caused by one of their bombs. Not one single aircraft based on Hirka succeeded in interfering with the raid.

That was not all. In addition to the work done by the Hampdens and the Blenheims, it was decided to give fighter cover to the force, and fighter cover was maintained from about half-past seven in the morning until three o'clock in the afternoon, when the force set sail for England, having successfully accomplished its mission. That fighter cover was provided by Beaufighters, then a very new aircraft hardly yet in operation with the Royal Air Force.

They were flown from another aerodrome in Scotland and they were flown by men, some of whom had only had ten hours flying on Beaufighters. They had switched from the comparatively slow Blenheims to the very fast Beaufighters and yet even with this very small number of hours they succeeded in providing complete air cover so that not one single bomb fell anywhere near the ships and in shooting down a number of German aircraft for the loss, I think it was four, of their own. Again, I think you will agree with me, a very remarkable accomplishment.

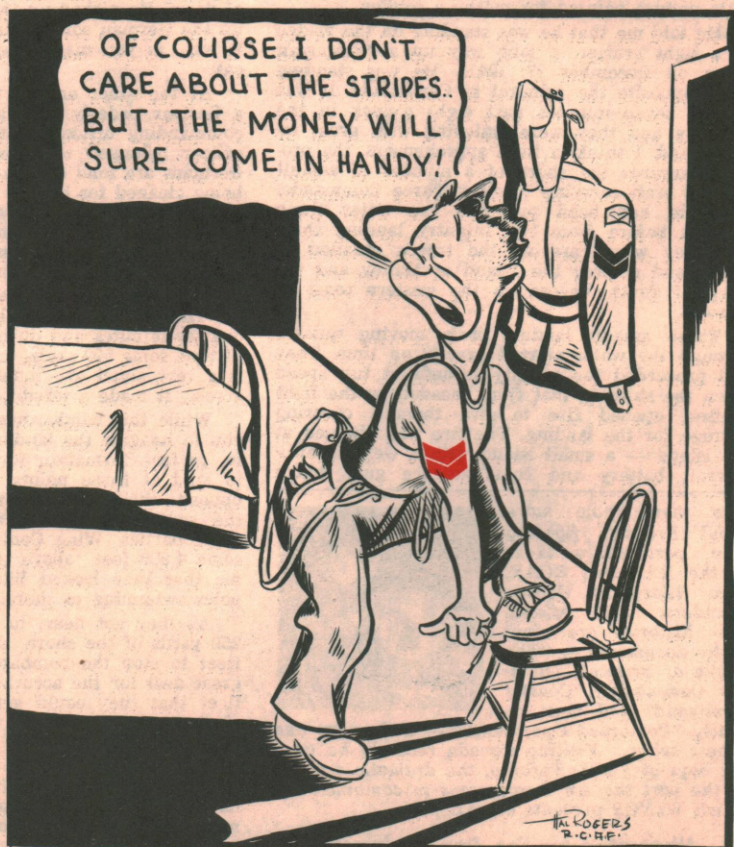
Now, I told you that story in some detail because it illustrates very perfectly what is meant by "combined operations". As I said at the beginning, combined operations are what is going to win this war for us because we cannot hope utterly and completely to defeat the enemy by

any one arm. The Army cannot do it alone. Neither can the Navy or the Air Force. But a combination of all three is bound, is bound, I repeat, to prove irresistible.

TIMING MEANS VICTORY

You men of the RCAF are not playing a very important part in this war. You are playing a vital part. Without the Royal Air Force this war not only cannot be won but it most certainly would be lost. All the experiences of the last three and a half weary years has shown that. It would be impertinent of me to beg you to remember that. There is

no need to do so, but I will ask you to remember this because I believe it to be of great importance — that if any of you find yourselves, as I expect many of you will, in those branches of the Royal Air Force directly concerned with the Army and Navy, in other words either in the new Tactical Command or flying a light bomber or a tank buster or a close infantry support aircraft, I do beg you to remember the extraordinary importance of combined operations. I cannot emphasize too strongly the vital importance of being on the objective exactly at the time of the briefing.





Maybe the initials A.D.C. don't mean a thing to you.

They didn't mean much to a fighter pilot at Boundary Bay, either, until one day on patrol his radio went dead and he suddenly found himself in a bad way for a place to land — in B. C. bush country.

The terrain didn't look very hospitable as he circled low for a spot to sit down on. But down below a citizen named Harvey was busy preparing a welcome. Mr. Harvey grabbed the telephone, asked for the Aircraft Detection Centre and seconds later was reporting the plane to a flight control officer miles away in Vancouver.

Next Mr. Harvey bundled up practically every blanket Mrs. Harvey had in the house, hustled out to a snow-covered field and laid out a huge arrow pointing to the nearest landing field.

Too late — the fighter had already come bouncing and bucking to a stop on a farm five miles away. But Farmer Carson, on whose field the plane had landed, knew that neighbor Harvey was the RCAF's official friend-in-need for the district, and passed the word by telephone. Official Observer Harvey flashed another call to Vancouver, picked up a doctor and sped to the Carson farm to give first-aid to the pilot, whose injuries fortunately were not serious.

Back at Boundary Bay an extensive — and expensive — search was called off, and a repair crew set out to recover the aircraft. The Aircraft Detection Corps had done it again.

The A.D.C., organized and operated by the RCAF as a joint information service for Navy, Army and Air Force, was first launched in 1940 with one vital job in mind — to flash reports of hostile aircraft or possible enemy landing parties. But the A.D.C.'s volunteer observers quickly proved their tremendous value even though enemy aircraft or ships should never approach Canada's shores.

When a coastal command plane force-landed by night in Tracadie Bay, P.E.I., early this year, the crew had scarcely had time to take to their dinghy before several A.D.C. observers got their report through to Eastern Air Command's plotting room. WD clerks-operational quickly had a new pin plotted on the map and rescue ships raced to the scene. Result — five lives saved, five highly trained fliers rescued to continue their vital job.

Last March when a Boston aircraft was reported overdue and presumed lost along the south shore of St. Lawrence, headed for P.E.I., A.D.C. regional directors were ordered to alert all observers. In came a call from Observer G. Roper of Charlottetown, P.E.I.—aircraft force-landed on ice half-mile from post. Even while search planes were being directed to the spot, Regional Director Cheveris of Souris, P.E.I. reported that he had already been to the scene of the crash and brought the uninjured crew of three to the village hotel, saving them from exposure and hardship on the frozen bay.

There are 20,000 A.D.C. observers dotted in a careful pattern which networks Newfoundland, the east and west coasts of Canada, and is gradually spreading right across our vast northern frontier. They are lighthouse keepers, fishermen, farmers, forestry fire-spotters, general store proprietors — and their wives, sons and daughters. Nobody gets paid a cent, and they range in age from eager young Air Cadets to oldsters who may not be fit

for active service but whose still-keen eyes and ears spot everything with wings and a motor — and everything that floats.

For these A.D.C. scouts don't confine their activities to aircraft. An observer down east was advised of a torpedoing offshore. He turned in his report, but he knew no naval craft were available on short notice. A storm was raging, but he called headquarters again to advise he had rounded up a volunteer crew for a rescue attempt.

20,000 guardian angels watch out for our fliers, and keep a stern eye peeled for Nazi subs and Mr. Moto

Their "ship" was an ancient wooden craft that hadn't been out of harbor for two years. At headquarters, officials crossed their fingers and prayed. When a final report came — sixteen survivors plucked out of a lifeboat and brought safely ashore — the RCAF men who direct the A.D.C. could only shake their heads and marvel once again at the unlimited courage and enthusiasm of these volunteer "observers".

One post near Debert, N.S., reported 145 planes in one month — for observers spot all planes more than 15 miles from an air base, and leave it to flight control personnel to check off which are friendly and on course. Twenty other planes went unreported to HQ only because 'phone lines were out of order — and linemen were hurriedly rushed out to find and fix the trouble.

But this efficient handling of their routine job wasn't enough to satisfy the observers of Post Debert-102. They planted evergreen trees for markers to outline a daytime emergency landing spot in a nearby lake, and scrambled up telephone and power poles to stripe them orange and white so any plane making a forced landing could easily avoid them.

Most A.D.C. observers use long distance telephone to flash their reports to plotting rooms hundreds of miles away. In more remote places radio may be used, but lack of either of these doesn't stump the ingenuity of A.D.C. organizers. Regional Director C. J. Haughey faced a special problem in a twelve-mile-square Observer Post Area in the west coast logging country. One central logging camp was wireless equipped but observers were scattered all over the district at satellite camps and on roving supply boats. None of these boasted radio — but each camp and ship did have a whistle.

The observers concocted their own series of long-and-shorts to indicate number of planes spotted, altitude, direction and speed. When an observer sights aircraft, he blasts away with a signal that echoes and re-echoes throughout the tall timber. The next whistle-operator picks it up and relays it to the next until it comes within earshot of the main camp. The wireless key starts chattering to a control station which flashes the message to the A.D.C. reporting centre by telephone.

If you've got any romantic conceptions of A.D.C. observers standing lonely vigil in a hilltop post, with eyes and ears glued to the sky and nothing to do but watch for aircraft, forget them. Not only are they all volunteer workers, but Regional Directors, Chief Observers and the Official Observers of every Post area carry on their regular civilian pursuits while on the detection job. The

farmer goes ahead with his harvest, with an ear and an eye cocked for planes; the farmer's wife pushes dinner to the back of the stove and pops outside when she hears a plane, then makes for the telephone. Yet they have set up an amazing record for spotting them all.

Mrs. Jim Bigson, Chief Observer at Dawson's Point, Ont., runs a farm, operates a picnic ground and raises sheep — and takes her shift on watch along with her crew of Official Observers. She has help though. Her sheepdogs have developed an uncanny knack for catching the first whir of a distant plane, long before they can be heard by human ears, and come bounding to her, growling and tugging at her dress, to give her the tip-off.

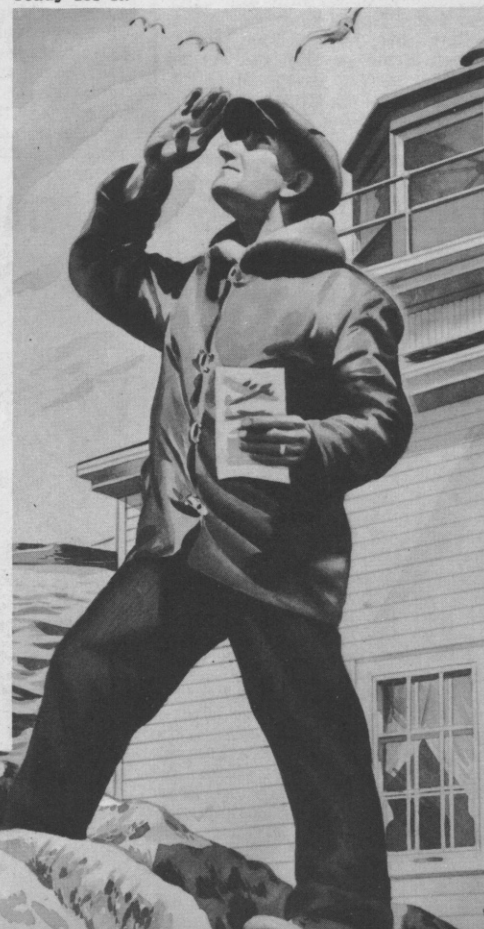
Enthusiasm for the job is the outstanding characteristic of these friends of the RCAF. One Regional Director took on his A.D.C. duties despite the fact he operates a logging business, acts as commissioner of his electoral district and chief ARP warden for a large region. Merely doing a routine job for the A.D.C. didn't satisfy him, however; he purchased a launch fully equipped to go to the aid of aircraft forced down in the sea, purchased a large marquee tent as a bathing station for a nearby Army unit, and with his wife maintains open house for all servicemen in the district.

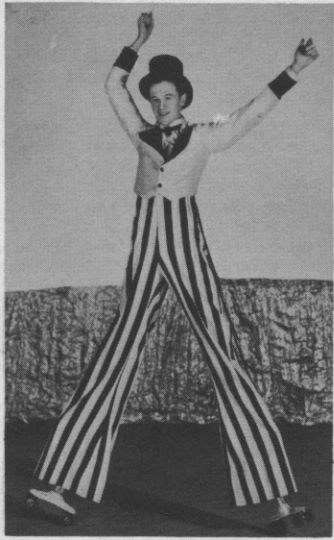
In fact, RCAF authorities have even had difficulty keeping observers' enthusiasm within bounds. A women observer in the east reported sighting a "funny-shaped thing that looked like a large round ball", floating off shore. She was told that the Navy had been asked to investigate and take necessary action.

"Never mind," came her reply. "It's gone. I shot it with a rifle." Once again the A.D.C.'s official magazine, "The Observer", had to warn all observers to leave mines strictly alone — "Notify the Aircraft Detection Corps. The Navy will destroy them."

Zeal of many observers may be accounted for by the fact that they have sons or brothers with the RCAF. There are not a few whose sons have already given their lives on operations. Now that the war's course in Europe seems to have turned in our favor, the danger of the Axis trying a long-range air attack on this continent may be lessened. But don't forget Mr. Moto — still smarting from the pasting Tokyo took — who may even now be plotting targets on our west coast. And as long as the war lasts RCAF training and operational flights will fill Canadian skies with planes that may at any moment need help and need it fast.

Whatever the emergency — the A.D.C. will be ready for it.





Struts Stuff With Stilts On Skates

By AC2 Maurice Lucow

WINNIPEG — Meet Ernie Mort, the airmen who floats through the air with the greatest of ease... but without a plane or even a 'chute. AC2 Mort, a student WOG at the WETP school in Winnipeg is reputedly the only person in Canada who can roller skate on stilts. In fact Ernie is almost a better skater on stilts than he is on his own legs... which is really saying something, for he is former Manitoba roller skating champion.

Aged 20, Ernie has been roller skating for more than 12 years. He fell the moment he first put skates on, but his father wouldn't let him quit. From then on it was a cinch and it wasn't long before Ernie was extremely adept at the roller skating art.

His father, also a roller skating enthusiast, taught him his full bag of tricks. In 1939 Ernie won the amateur championship for trick and fancy figure skating.

Both his father and mother helped Ernie develop the act on stilts. It started in the Mort kitchen where "we stretched a rope across the ceiling and, as I hung on for dear life, I practised getting accustomed to skating by balance."

AIRMEN ON THIS BUSH STATION GET NEWS BEFORE YOU DO

WEST COAST STATION—Isolation doesn't prevent this station from keeping up with the news.

Thanks to Cpl Gill Stevens, veteran newspaper and radio man who canvasses the airwaves while the station sleeps, personnel get news bulletins seven days a week.

Cpl Stevens devotes his entire off-duty hours to copying press wireless reports from news centres all over the world, even including the enemy capitals of Rome, Berlin and Tokyo. The gang on the station read mimeographed news stories ahead of the general public.

Although this is an isolated station where airmen get one week bush leave in eight, Cpl Stevens sticks to his self-appointed job and has refused to take time off during his entire stay of more than a year.

Edited in newspaper style, the news as it comes in over the wire — often hours before it appears in the newspapers — is rewritten and mimeographed in bulletin form for distribution about the station, army camp and village. The Commanding Officer receives a personal copy each morning before breakfast.

ACEY DEUCEYS GET HELPFUL HINTS IN BOOKLET FORM

EDMONTON — Before the serge had time to bellow "settle down", a group of rookies fired a barrage of questions.

"When do we eat?"

"When'll I get my uniform, an — when do we get our first 48?"

"Where's the wet canteen?"

"Whad'ya do when . . . ?"

The scene was 3 M Depot, Edmonton, a few months ago. Similiar scenes had been re-enacted virtually every day since the depot opened.

But now it's different. No longer are recruits stymied for information and guidance. Answer to the problem was supplied by FL W. J. Hansen, officer commanding Reception Wing, and Cpl. J. Bricker, managing editor of "The Airman", who compiled a thirty-page booklet on "Helpful Hints for Acey Deuceys".

Interspersed throughout the booklet are station photographs. Cartoons by Rodger, adapted from "The Airman", add a humorous touch. One pictures an airman shouldering a rifle. The caption reads: "A rifle weighs 6.89 pounds — after carrying one all day the decimal point drops out."

Under "Wine, Women and Song", in part it says: "In your contacts with the gentler sex you are not expected to act the "Wolf". You will find that you can have fun without overstepping the bounds of propriety and becoming offensive to anyone."

"Helpful Hints" also touch on sick and dental parades, canteens, sports, laundry, reduced fares, transportation, administration, banking facilities, personal and legal problems, etc.

For guidance, an official map of Edmonton is included, advising personnel what street cars to take to reach the depot.

A closing paragraph reads: "By being new arrivals at this starting point in the RCAF you all have various things in common. One is that you will not have anyone to introduce you to each other, so get into conversation without any preliminary manoeuvres. You probably will be together for the next five or six weeks and friendliness is a wonderful alternative to loneliness or snobbery."

Bailing Out At 35 Feet

By Cpl Ruby G. Horton

JARVIS — If you were to wander unsuspecting into No 1 B and G School drill hall here, you'd think the station had been turned into a paratroop school.

High in the girders is a mock-up of an Anson fuselage. A stout cable runs down from the door to a distant support and a regulation parachute harness is rigged to a pulley on the cable. At a signal, the jumper leaps out the door, takes a drop and a jolt that duplicates most of the sensations of a real 'chute jump, then goes careening down the cable to terra firma.

Every flier knows that one day he may really have to use that 'chute he lugs around with him. The object of this device is to give aircrew confidence in jumping; to teach them how to turn in the air, land gently face forward. The contrivance is a part and parcel of every student's training at this station.

Air Marshal "Billy" Bishop had a look at the rig and expressed his approval. Group Captain A. D. Bell-Irving, Commanding Officer, along with several other high ranking officers have personally



tested the "jump" and expressed their enthusiasm.

Personnel of Works and Buildings built it, with WO1 "Lucky" Steiss and Sgt George Dillon as consultants.

GAPES AT FOUR-STORY BUILDING BUT BIG PLANES DON'T RATE A SECOND BLINK

By FO A. T. Parkes

MONCTON — "This is some building; many like it in Canada?" asked George Budgell as he confronted an officer at the recruiting centre here.

The officer was a mite nonplussed for the building which houses No 15 Recruiting Centre is but four stories high.

"And those trains, I never knew they were that big till just now."

"Till just now?" spluttered the officer. "Where have you been?"

"Labrador," was the answer.



CPL GILL STEVENS POUNDS OUT A BULLETIN BEFORE BREAKFAST

TAR GOES AIRCREW

EDMONTON — Sailor "Red" Mills of Edmonton will soon start training for aircrew, fulfilling an ambition he has had since before the war.

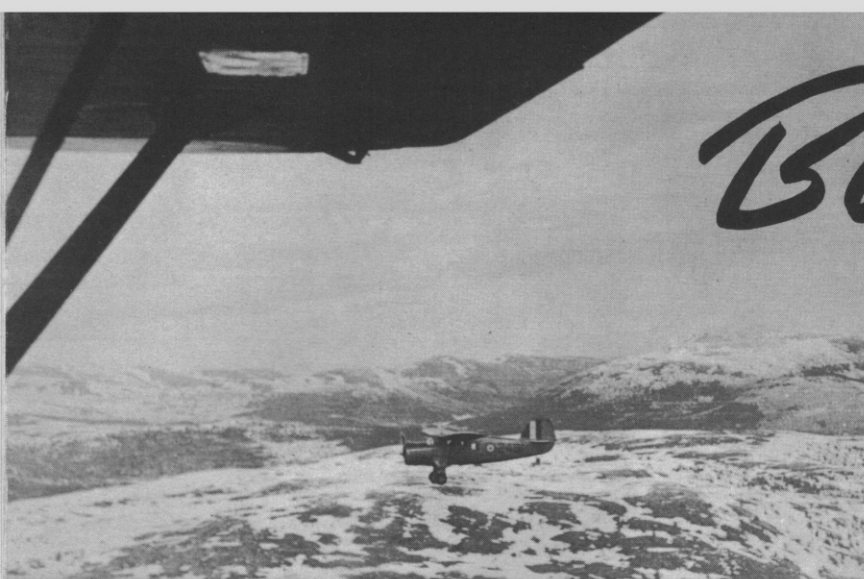
Early in the war Red enlisted in the RCAF as aircrew. But he married shortly before reporting for duty and to his disappointment found that regulations at that time precluded enlistment of married men as fliers.

Mills joined the Navy, but he did not lose his hankering for the air. After three and a half years service with the Navy Red was doing well at his job as telegrapher. He had sailed the seas and had been on many an exciting trip.

A few months ago when home on leave he dropped around to the RCAF recruiting centre and inquired about chances of getting into aircrew. Regulations had changed. So with the co-operation of the RCNVR his transfer to the RCAF was arranged.

Barn Storming

THREE MUSICAL BLUES MAKE VAUDEVILLE DO A COMEBACK ALONG THE SKY-ROUTE TO ALASKA



SKY-HIKING THOUSANDS OF MILES TO REMOTE BUSH STATIONS



SWINGTIME TRIO (DAVE DAVIES, JIMMY RICCIO AND LEN MOSS)



GAVE ENTERTAINMENT-HUNGRY AIRMEN AND YANKS A BREAK

Applause, cheers, whistles rocked the mess hall and drowned out the last bars of "Nola". The three perspiring entertainers in Air Force blue — a strange uniform in this territory — grinned, took a bow and broke into "Please Think of Me".

Khaki-clad U.S. doughboys sang and hummed an accompaniment. It was midday but you take your entertainment when you can get it, a hundred miles from Nowhere, Alaska. These RCAF visitors had just dropped in by transport without advance warning; only been in the camp a few hours and this was their second packed house — but the performance was suddenly interrupted.

"Better get t'hell out of here," a soldier panted. "Th'ice on the river is breaking up and it'll be flood tide any moment!"

Cpl Len Moss squeezed his accordion into its case, AC Jimmy Riccio grabbed up his sax and guitar, vocalist AC Dave Davies bundled up the music and other props. Then the three made a dash for it, through the 18-inches of mud that seemed to surface the whole Yank camp. They just reached the field in time to board a U. S. transport and sky-hike it for Fairbanks.

That word "sky-hike" almost became the theme song of the RCAF's Swingtime Trio for three months this summer, when they hop-skipped-and-jumped 10,000 miles across Canada, up the North West Staging Route into Alaska, then back again. And about half of it — from Edmonton to the Bering Strait and back — they did by thumbing rides on U.S. Ferry Command and RCAF aircraft.

This streamlined entertainment group, sort of a pee-wee brother to the "Blackouts" show now touring main-line stations, took the train west from Rockcliffe late in April. Their job was to give lonely acey deucys in northern B. C. and the Yukon a musical break — but they found themselves giving their first show to a gang of bored servicemen on the train, and before they were through they had gone clear to Nome. When they reported back at Rockcliffe seventy days later, they had staged 76 shows, not only for RCAF men, but also for entertainment-starved Yanks and civilian construction gangs, playing in hospitals, hangars, quonset huts and a remote Alaskan radio studio.

The three would pile out of a plane at an isolated field somewhere on the sky-route between Edmonton and Alaska to find their audience already clamouring to see a show. There'd be a mere handful on strength, compared to most RCAF stations, with messes, officers and airmen's quarters and admin section all tucked compactly together in one building. On these stations the bush marches in on all sides, so densely that it took searchers nineteen days once in winter to locate a plane forced down about six miles from camp. The only visitors come and go by air, and the boys save up their 48s so they can bum a ride on a Yank transport down to Edmonton.

You couldn't find a more enthusiastic audience in a Broadway first night. And while the RCAF crowd was still yelling for more, envious U. S. lads would be dragging the trio off for a show at their camp nearby.

That's how they got to Alaska. Enthusiastic Yanks passed the word along the aerial grapevine that these Canadian Air Force Swingtimers were strictly G. I. — which translated means good guys and wonderful to lend an ear too. The wires buzzed back to AFHQ, back came permission, and off roared the trio by transport to hop the bush-buried border into the U. S. territory. They didn't stop till one day they found themselves staring across the ice covered Bering Strait towards Russia. They became quite offhand about taking salutes; many a Yank soldier they met had never seen Air Force blue, was certain it must cloak somebody from a great height.

To U. S. soldiers on the sick list at Nome and Fairbanks, a dose of the Swingtime Trio was as good as a hospital release. For a Negro G. I. they played a bedside request for the "St. Louis Blues"; his big eyes beamed, and got misty. "It's a better tonic than any medicine we have here", said a U. S. nursing sister.

"Entertainment isn't a luxury in those out-of-the-way spots — its practically a necessity", said Len Moss on his return.

"But there's one thing even more important — mail from home. If you've got any pals in the bush, write 'em and write 'em often!"

The Swingtime troupe went all out on May 18, when they gave five shows at Fort St. John, for a starter. At noon they boarded a bus for a sixty-mile jaunt to Dawson Creek where they entertained during supper and in the evening. That night Cpl Moss recorded nine shows for the day in his little blue log book.

Back in Edmonton they added AC2 Dennis Thyne and his bag of conjuring tricks to their show, and also added to their establishment one Betty Lou — a pigeon. Gift of a Swift Current waitress, Betty Lou was happy to help out in the disappearing acts but her dive-bombing technique was nerve-shattering. The boys gave her the air and headed back east, playing RAF and RCAF stations all along the route.

With a bass-fiddle slapper and a comedian added to their troupe, the trio is blossoming into a miniature variety show and is already headed for remote points east. But they say they won't be happy till they play North Africa, Sicily — and Rome.

WD Aims To Crash Grease Monkey Trade

by LAC Byron Fisher

FINGAL — From "repairing" human beings to repairing aircraft — from students nurse to airframe mechanic. That's the lot of LAW Muriel Langley, attractive ex-nurse from Montreal now stationed here. She's one of the first WDs to aspire to the AFM trade.

In the Women's Division since March, 1942, LAW Langley had taken a parachute rigger's course in Montreal and so joined as a par-rigger. Officially she's still in that trade but she soon hopes to be remustered to airframe mech.

"They're teaching so many boys to wash dishes or scrub floors that I decided when I get married one of us will have to know how to make a living!" she wisecracked. "Serious-

ly, though, it's just that I find the work more interesting."

Her new work is concerned with undercarriage control, hydraulic system, main planes, fuselage, tail empennage, cockpit and cabin. Heaviest work is removing the wheels, although no work seems to be too heavy for her. She likes it all — with one slight reservation.

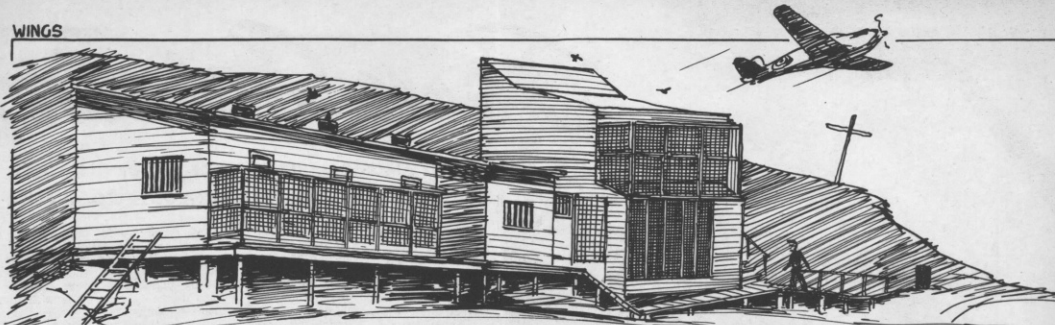
"When you chip off a piece of finger with a chisel or whack your thumb with a hammer," laughed LAW Langley, "it's not particularly joyous, but there isn't any perfect job, is there?"

LAW Langley doesn't expect to follow her new trade after the war but she believes the experience will be valuable and may provide openings she otherwise would not have in other



Nurse to sick airframes

fields. "But I'm not worrying about that till later," she said. "All I want now is to be a full-fledged grease monkey."



THIS IS ONE STATION THAT HAS EVERYTHING - INCLUDING THE PIGEON LOFT, AS SEEN FROM THE MARINE BASE. PIGEON RELEASED FROM BOMBER IN WHICH I WENT ON PATROL FAILED TO RETURN TO ROOST AND WAS "STRUCK OFF STRENGTH."
NEXT OF KIN HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED!

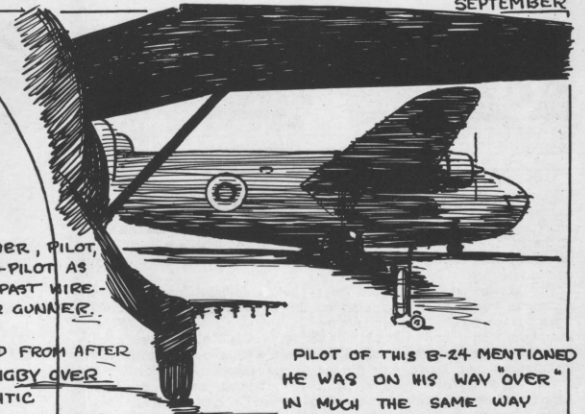
"Home War"

ARTIST PAT O'LEE TOURS EAST COAST BASE AND GOES ON PATROL IN A DIGBY



OBSERVER, PILOT, AND CO-PILOT AS SEEN PAST WIRE-LESS AIR GUNNER.

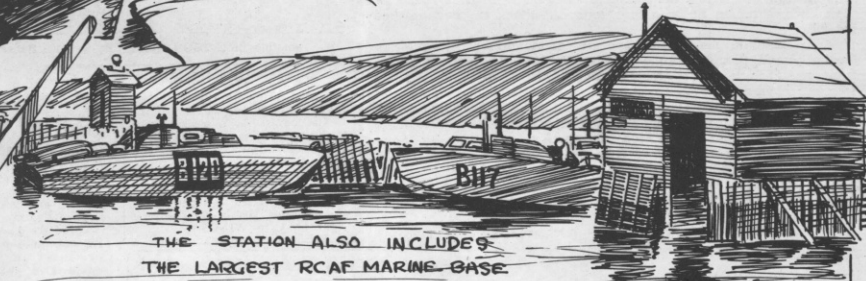
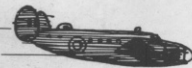
SKETCHED FROM AFTER END OF DIGBY OVER THE ATLANTIC - CREW LIVE FOR THE DAY WHEN THEY'LL SPOT A "TIN FISH." PATROL AVERAGES A TEDIOUS TEN HOURS.



PILOT OF THIS B-24 MENTIONED HE WAS ON HIS WAY "OVER" IN MUCH THE SAME WAY YOU AND I WOULD CONTEMPLATE A BEER AFTER WORK.



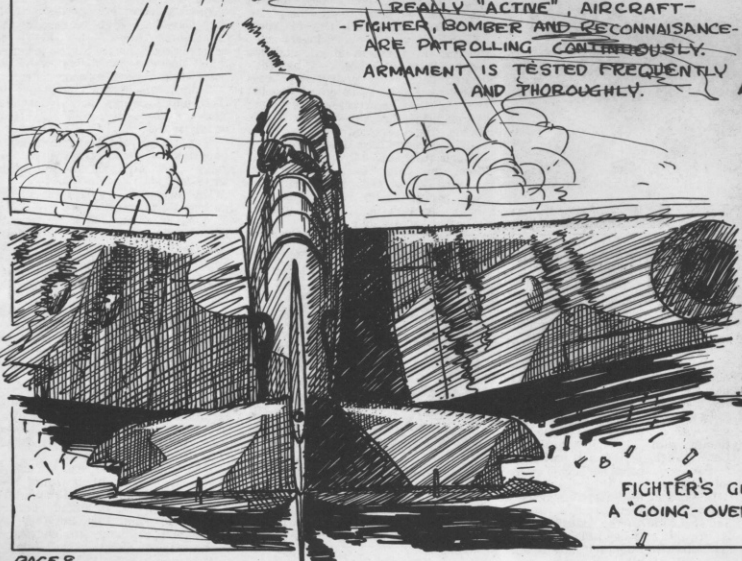
BEING A COASTAL STATION AND REALLY "ACTIVE", AIRCRAFT - FIGHTER, BOMBER AND RECONNAISSANCE ARE PATROLLING CONTINUOUSLY. ARMAMENT IS TESTED FREQUENTLY AND THOROUGHLY.



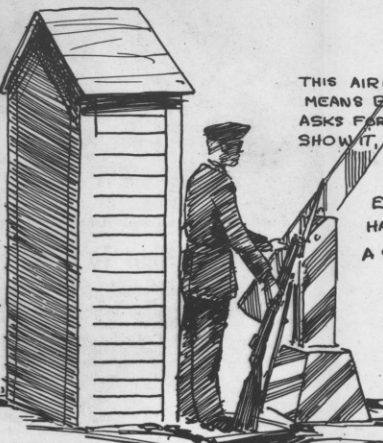
THE STATION ALSO INCLUDES THE LARGEST RCAF MARINE BASE IN CANADA. CRASH BOATS AID IN AIR-SEA RESCUES.

THIS AIRMAN REALLY MEANS BUSINESS. WHEN HE ASKS FOR YOUR PASS YOU SHOW IT, AND IN A HURRY.

POSTED AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE HANGAR AREA, HE BEARS A GRAVE RESPONSIBILITY - AND KNOWS IT!



FIGHTER'S GUNS GET A "GOING-OVER."



NO. 4 HANGAR - VISITING AIRCRAFT OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS AND FROM ALL PARTS OF THE CONTINENT AND ABROAD, ARE SERVICED HERE. T.C.A. OFFICES ARE TO THE LEFT OF THE HANGAR.

f/s O'LEE "SOMEWHERE ON THE EAST COAST" / 43.



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WE'LL BE THERE

Another brilliant chapter has been added to the history of the RCAF; title—Sicily. And this time everybody was in it . . . riggers, pilots, clerks, gunners, fitters, MT drivers . . . all up front and under fire.

Even before the word go — before British, Canadian and American troops went swarming up the beaches — RCAF aircrew were pasting Sicilian strongpoints and blasting Axis shipping. When zero hour came and the mighty flotilla of 2,000 ships descended upon Mussolini's unhappy island, our fliers were shooting up ground installations and daring Axis airmen to challenge the invaders.

A wing of Canadian bomber squadrons arrived in North Africa just before the invasion began and were "in virtually continuous action" from there in. The Alouette squadron thundered down upon the island to lend air support to a French-Canadian regiment, a colorful all-Quebec show and a graphic example of combined operations.

The Windsor Spitfire squadron was moved from Malta to Sicily to become one of the first Allied air units to take over captured enemy fields — and to give our ground crew their first crack at the headlines.

In a dramatic "private invasion" (see page 12) the boys who never see action in the sky scrambled up the beaches on the heels of Canadian troops and slugged and sweated to ready a base for their Spits, standing up to a night-long air attack as they finished the job.

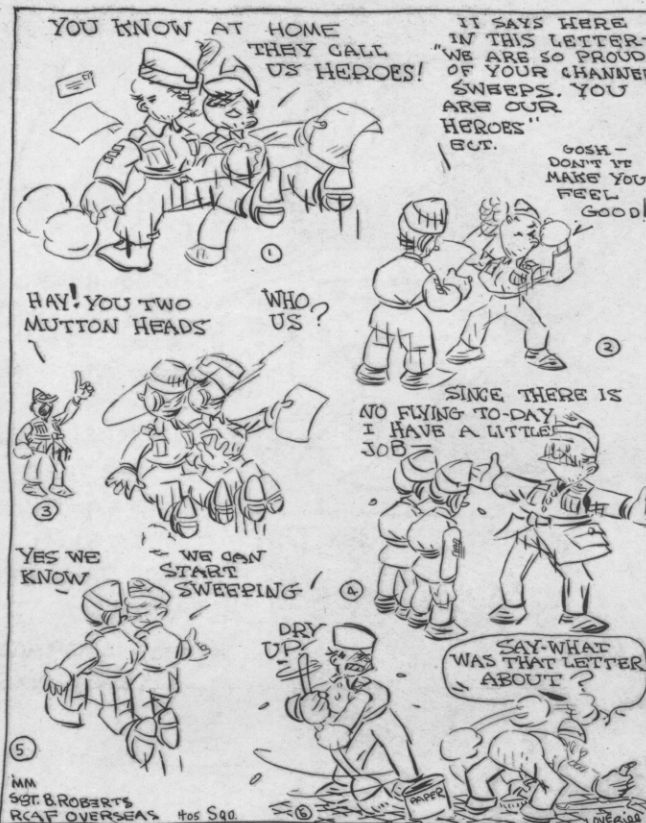
Canadian fliers won "special commendation" from Major General James Doolittle, famed leader of the U.S. Tokyo raid and commander of the Allied North African Strategical Air Force. If ever our boys could take credit for a "good show", this was it.

Yet Sicily is just the latest in a long series of sky fronts which have seen RCAF men among the first in action. They were there over France, Britain, East Africa and Tunisia, and they are there every night in growing swarms over hot-spots like Hamburg in the vital heart of Germany.

As this is written Hitler is still wondering where the next great Allied blow will fall — but there's one question he need waste no time pondering.

Wherever the next attack is launched — we'll be there!

DEAR MOM.



Another "CARTOON HOME" By Sgt Bill Roberts, Overseas.

MUSE WOOLERS!

Newest thing on the CBC network in September will be "Bards in Battledress" — a weekly quarter-hour of ditties, verse and poems written by airmen, airwomen, soldiers, Cwacs, sailors and Wrens.

All RCAF versifiers who'd like to hear their inspirations — grave, gay, epic or satiric — piped across the airwaves, should get them off right away to WINGS.



BOUNCING BULLETS

We have just received April WINGS over here, and I was very surprised (and secretly gratified) to see the article called "Night Hawk" in it, under my name.

There are one or two details which are not quite pukka though. Firstly we do not use tracer at night — it would give away our position too much and might invite the Hun to use a much better aiming point. Also, in the illustration the bullets are shown bouncing off the Jerry kite. God preserve us from that happening — believe me, they do go in.

Don't mind my little criticisms, however. The article was very well presented, especially the illustration. WINGS has only recently been reaching us but it is most welcome as it gives us the gen on what's happening in the Service at home. Keep it up.

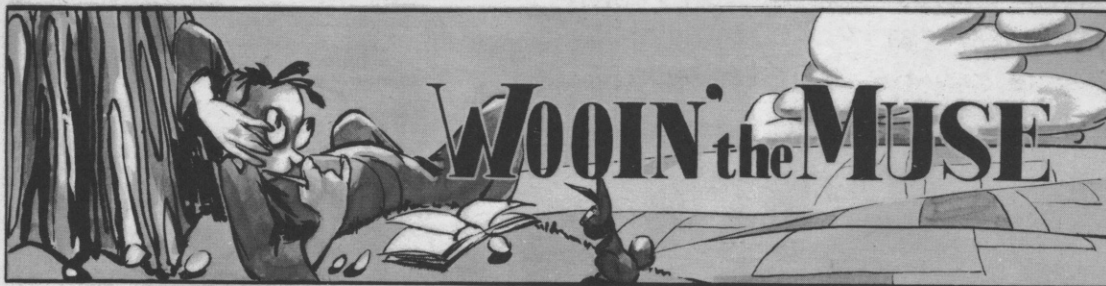
SL G. M. Bower,
RCAF Overseas

PS—Had a scrap with a much more satisfactory conclusion the other night. Got a DO 217 in flames. It's very pleasing to see the b—s burn.

WINGS IS 'OURS'

We enjoy WINGS over here very much and think very highly of it as being "our" paper.

Sgt. H. R. Mooney (Nav)
RCAF Overseas



WOOLIN' the MUSE

BARRACK BLOCK BLUES

Last night I dreamed of a double bed
A foot or so from the floor,
With percale sheets and a corded
spread

In a private room with a door.
But I awoke alas in my upper bunk
In this barren barrack block,
My legs were dangling from
either side

And my toes curled up from shock.
Each evening I strain my aching arms
As I vault to that narrow shelf,
Each morning I slither out feet first
And gently skin myself.

Thank Heavens I never walked
in my sleep
For think of the scare if one
walked on air

From a bed that's four feet high.
I do not sigh — as Omar did —
For a couch in the wilderness,
For heaven to me would no doubt be
A double bed — and no less.

AW2 G.M.P. LAURISTON
Eastern Air Command.

THOUGH THEY DIED

And though they died, there still
Are flaming maples on the hill,
Blue water laughing, trailing vines,
Wind making music in the pines.

And still the sparks fly upward,
Little children play,
Though there are places empty
At the close of day,
Life must go on, and Spring will
come once more,
Great storms throw strange new
shells upon the shore.

They would not want you to forget
To walk at evening when the sun is
set,

Remember mountains, veiled with
coming rain,
To laugh sometimes, and learn to
laugh again.

AW1 M. N. WOODWORTH,
9 SFTS, Exeter, Ont.

THE SCENT OF THE MINIVER ROSE

There's a scent in the air,
Like a perfume so rare,
From the garden of England it blows;
Like a surge of the tide,
It's a symbol of pride,
'Tis the scent of the Miniver Rose.

In the Strand, at the Ritz,
In the heart of the blitz,
'Mid the tangle of firemen's hose,
There's a spirit to win,
To fight on, not give in,
That's the scent of the Miniver Rose.

There's a church with a spire,
That's been gutted with fire,
'Twas a target our enemies chose;
But there's one thing they've learned,
That can never be burned,
It's the scent of the Miniver Rose.

AC Wilfred R. COCKS, RAF
Eastern Air Command.

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Bearer!



In India every LAC lives like a Maharaja. His bearer darns his socks and brings him tea in bed

by FL Ken Wright, PRO

INDIA — "Bearer!"

From Bombay to Chittagong, from Karachi to Trichinopoly, throughout the length and breadth of India, and down into Ceylon, you hear that word a hundred times a day. A bearer, in India, is a native servant. Back home airmen of the RCAF do their own chores, and count themselves lucky if they don't have to do those of someone else, as well. In India many an LAC has "part interest" in a native servant.

The airmen generally share a bearer between four, or even half a dozen, living in the same hut, and contribute equally to his salary. Sergeants make similar arrangements, while officers either share a bearer between two or have one to themselves.

A bearer in India is your porter, seamstress, messenger boy, keeper of your petty cash, overseer of the under-servants such as sweepers, interpreter and general guardian of your welfare. He will wash your hair, book theatre tickets, sew on buttons and darn socks, send out your laundry, fan you, serve you at the table, pay off coolies, taxis and minor "creditors", shine your shoes and buttons, do your shopping — in fact just about everything but think for you. Some Canucks insist their friends' bearers even do that for them.

Salaries vary considerably in different parts of the country, and have advanced sometimes as much as 500 per cent, since the start of the war, but on the average a bearer gets thirty to forty "chips" a month, a "chip" being the Indian colloquialism for a rupee. The equivalent in Canadian funds is between \$10 and \$13 a month, although some bearers get as much as \$20 to \$25 a month, usually from members of the United States force.

Your bearer takes great pride in turning you out smartly. If he thinks your bush jacket is not a good fit he will diplomatically suggest that the "durzee", or native tailor, be called in to remedy it. If he thinks your shoes are getting a bit old he will tactfully suggest he knows of a good place in the bazaar where you can get some new ones cheap.

He watches your interest, and doesn't let the "dhobie", or native laundryman, charge you too much or lose your socks. In return he will probably stick some of his own washing on your bill, although you won't find it.

He will not, as a rule, carry anything, although he is a "bearer". He will make sure the "Panee wallah" brings the water for your bath, and he will give the proper amount of "Backsheesh" or tip, to the coolie who carries your bags at the station. The coolie, by the way, will also be carrying the bearer's bedroll, at your expense.

RCAF men first arriving in India find bearers strange, but soon get into the swing of the system. At the RCAF station back home they were not used to having a servant bring them toast, tea and fruit on being awakened in the morning. They

were not used to having their bath drawn and their clothes laid out on the bed. An officer at home going to breakfast would probably be served by a mess steward; in many messes in India he is served by his own bearer, who knows just how crisp he wants his bacon, how many minutes the eggs should be done, and makes sure the cook does it to his master's taste.

Your bearer may come from the east, west, central or southern section of India, but not from the north. The northern races are warriors, and their caste and hereditary regulations prevent them from being a servant to anyone but the King. Your bearer may be a Hindu or a Moslem, or a member of any other of India's some 200 sects, but he keeps his beliefs to himself while he is with you.

There are, of course, good, bad and indifferent bearers. A good one is a man to be prized, and a few extras now and again such as a new uniform for him, costing you two or three dollars, is a necessary investment.

When you travel your bearer goes with you, you paying his fare, which is inconsequential for most journeys. He will travel in a special servants' compartment, and at way stations where you couldn't even find a glass of water he will pop up with a cup of tea.

He will keep your thermos filled with reasonably pure and cold drinking water, he will make up your bed at night. On Indian trains there are no sleeping cars as such, you carry your own bedroll, sheets and blankets, and open it out on the seat.

At some Air Force stations in India there are "enrolled followers" as servants, but these usually are confined to mess and table servants. In officers' messes, however, in which your own bearer waits on you, he dresses in his "best suit", usually white, and sometimes is bedecked with a broad sash of ribbon in Air Force colors — his "old school tie". Whether he is Hindu or Moslem he never appears in your presence without his head-covering, be it fez or turban.

He often has a name difficult for Europeans to pronounce, and he is quickly dubbed with something else.

What are the Canadians going to do when they get back home? Will LAC Plonk, when he gets back to Halifax or Toronto or Montreal or Vancouver roll over when he hears the reveille bugle and wait for his morning tea? Who will shine his buttons before he goes on parade? And his shoes? And who will sew on his buttons? And after the war, what will friend wife say when he wants these things done?

Tour done, Shorty begged last crack — and got it

by FL Ken MacGillvray, PRO

MALTA — He was sitting in a corner of the crew-room when word came of the big do over Comiso. He was a quiet little chap, with a bright new PO's stripe conspicuous beside his Canada badges on the shoulder of his sun-bleached shirt.

"Everybody's on", announced the Flight Commander. His eyes ranged the room. "Everybody, that is, except you, Shorty. Too bad your tour's finished and you're stood down. This ought to be pretty hot." He turned to go out, as the other pilots grabbed helmets and bunched toward the door.

Shorty was on his feet, too. He gripped the Flight Lieut's elbow. His quiet voice was almost lost in the babel. "How about one more trip?" he demanded. "Just this once, before I go back to England to that instructor's job? What's an hour or two over the tour-limit, anyway? How about it?"

He carried his appeal to the C. O. and he won. The Flight Lieut had been right. It was a hot do. Over Comiso aerodrome the Spits were met by a swarm of Messerschmitts and Macchis, and it was every man for himself for a few minutes. A Hun and a Macchi went down in flames, two more were probably destroyed, and three damaged when the Spits finally headed for home in triumph.

Then they noticed the gap in their formation. A hasty R-T check identified the absentee.

"But I knew who it was, even before we checked" one of the lads said later, gloomily. "As a matter of fact, I had a funny feeling when I heard him pestering the Flight Commander." His voice rose angrily.

"Why the hell did he have to stick his neck out? Why do guys do these things? Just asking for it, that's all." He glared, kicked at a stray flying-boot on the floor, and walked away.

But somehow, you couldn't help feeling that in Shorty's place he would have done the same thing. Forgetting the long tour of duty finished and the bags all packed for Blighty, any other guy in the squadron, would have been plucking at the Flight Commander's elbow, here in this crew-room where it seemed that you could still hear the echo of little Shorty's urgent pleading:

"Just this once? . . . What's one more trip? . . . How about it?"

ON OPS

RCAF 'ROUND THE WORLD

RCAF roundels or U.S. stars — it's all the same to him

ALEUTIANS — There's a kid from Kalamazoo piloting a B-25 Mitchell bomber who has to keep close tab on what formation he's flying with, in these parts where Canadian and Yank crews are both out after Japs.

The wings of Johnny Rodger's Mitchell medium carry the U. S. stars — but if he ever found himself surrounded by ships of the roundel brand he mightn't notice the difference. Johnny's flown a few of them himself.

Johnny left his job in the Kalamazoo Stove Works to head for Canada in August, '41. He enlisted in the RCAF, trained at 2 MD, 2 ITS, 14 EFTS, and was within a month of those silver wings at 10 SFTS, Dauphin, when he had to decide whether to transfer to the U. S. Army Air Forces or stick with our outfit for good. Since the folks at home in Kalamazoo were now in the war, too, he thought he'd better do his fighting directly for them. He cleaned up the rest of the grind at Ellington Field in about a month, got his wings, commission and a posting for overseas combat duty. Soon he found himself up here where he and his Yank pals are teamed with the boys he left behind in the RCAF.

There have been a few moments of excitement, enough to bring Lt. John T. Rodger the American Air Medal and the U. S. equivalent of a Bar — the Oak Leaf Cluster. The first was for a little job he knocked off to celebrate his mother's birthday a while back.

Warning, wolves: hands off

SICILY — The Canucks, Tommies and Yanks have taken over and are beginning to feel quite at home — but you'll hear no howling from street-corner wolves. The boys are more likely to don a poker face and put a reassuring hand on their side-arms when a shapely Italian signorina goes by — and nary a whistle.

"The less you have to do with Italian women the better," warns a service guidebook. "The men are jealous, the code of morals strict, and loose women are almost unknown except in towns and larger villages.

"The people are not weaklings but hot-blooded and quick tempered, believing in revenge, apt to be ruthlessly cruel and to take to guns and knives instead of fists to settle a quarrel.

"In the rural districts a girl does not go with a man unless she is engaged to him. Even the most harmless behaviour on your part will arouse suspicion and may give offense, while anything in the nature of courting or more is to look for trouble and get it."

"There are no pubs in Italy," explains another helpful hint. "The wines, though pleasing, will upset your stomach and go to your legs as well as your head unless you know when to stop."

No wine . . . no women . . . and no pubs in which to lift a voice in song!

Nazi strafing didn't stop Clerks and mechs in Sicily

SICILY — A flight sergeant discip was the first Canadian airman to leap from a landing craft to the rocky beach of Sicily. Steve Lisowski of Winnipeg hit Italian soil a jump behind the adj, FL James Sinclair of Vancouver, and FO John Evans, who led the way ashore.

Thus the "Windsor" spitfire squadron capped its already action-packed career in the Mediterranean theatre by being the first RCAF unit to set up shop in Sicily.

Barges had scarcely nosed onto the beach when RCAF transport drivers sent their heavily loaded MTs splashing ashore and rumbling away to an airfield from which enemy planes had fled but a few hours before. It was early morning but the men who jammed the trucks found the citizens of a captured Sicilian village out in the streets, gaping sleepily at the RCAF's "private invasion".

The groundcrew and admin men saw carcasses of Italian cavalry horses and the ruins of bombed buildings and blasted bridges along their route, evidence of the terrific Allied offensive by air and ground which had paved their way. The rumble of guns up ahead was old stuff to these lads who had followed Montgomery's rout of Rommel's corps across the desert.

When they reached the field they found it had been ploughed up, and was pocked with shell craters. Fitters, riggers and clerks sweated it out all day under the hot Sicilian sun to prepare for the coming of the Spitfires. Night came, the work went on — and enemy planes came chattering down on their abandoned field for revenge.

Off trucks the boys lugged hundreds of tins of high-test fuel while machine-gun bursts and cannon shells raked the field, and flying flak from the 'drome's defense guns thudded about them. Again and again Nazi planes came back but the whole squadron kept slugging the night through to finish the job. In the gang were LACs Tony Bouchard from Temiscoutta, Que., and Eric Levitt of Montreal, Sgt. A. A. Fell of Norwood, Man., and Cpl. J. R. Flagepole of Grand'mere, Que.

Enemy snipers were still hiding out in the sector. Airmen who used to grouse about commando training and carrying side arms, now patted their guns comfortingly. Cpl. Charlie Dougall of Windsor headed the guard that was thrown out to surround the field. Everybody packed service revolvers and an amazing variety of other weapons appeared.

Meanwhile MT guys like Bill Feist of Wembley, Alta., and LAC Larry Annis of Orillia, Ont., burned up the rugged roads between shore and field, bringing in load after load of supplies. LAC George Hett of Calgary drew one of the prize assignments — piloting a fuel truck, which a single burst from a strafing plane might have blown sky high.

LAC Bill Mabb of Winnipeg left the wheel of the MT he had manned during the landing operation, to help the MO, FL Alex MacPhee of Detroit, get the Medical section set up, with LACs Orrie Truman of Weston, Ont., and Max Kaplan of Winnipeg also pitching in.

Next morning the whole gang stopped to cheer as the Spits flew in from Malta, where the squadron had been based since its recent transfer from North Africa. The new CO, SL Stan Turner,



A flying instructor in Kansas City is the butt of plenty of kidding these days. Up in a training ship with a well-advanced student he dropped off to sleep. Finishing his flying period the student landed, rolled the ship into the hangar and walked off leaving the instructor sleeping. Later the instructor awoke and was startled to find no student in the front cockpit. The silence told him the motor wasn't running. In his sleepy state, he thought the motor had quit and the student had bailed out. So he rolled hastily over the side of the plane, pulled the rip cord, landed on the concrete floor of the hangar, and broke his collarbone.

In exchange for a 40-ounce bottle of liquor, a northern Alberta resident will doff his civilian clothing and don an RCAF uniform. He's been corresponding with Edmonton recruiting officers for some time now. The latest communique from the north related a story of marital troubles and the desire to "repair myself from sorrow." If the RCAF would "trust me and very kindly buy one 40-ounce bottle of dry gin" the prospective recruit promised to repay the officers and enlist in the Air Force. "Upon these conditions they can send me overseas."

The band played martial airs as the WAC Third Regiment marched in fatigue uniforms to a new drill field. Upon arrival they heard from Major Joseph Fowler, regimental commander, this order new to WAC ears: "Prepare to weed." It was followed by the command: "Weed." And while the band played "Bend Down, Sister," the WACs weeded.

A private at Kearns Field army training centre, Utah, invariably bought two bottles of Utah's 3.2 beer. He poured them together before he drank — and explained one day to a curious bystander: "I'm used to six percent beer."

DFC and Bar, piloted the leading 'craft as the fighters circled the field. And when the fliers landed, little more than twenty-four hours after the "occupation", they found a smoothly-operating base awaiting them, set plunk down in the newest and hottest war theatre.

He got a DFC in Britain and another from the Yanks

When one of the Liberator's engines failed, the pilot did a little quick thinking. He knew the Lib could get along very well on three motors — but not lugging the full bomb load that was now tucked in her belly.

Ditch the load and guarantee a getaway? Not with Bengazi already in sight! So he floated the big ship in over the target, clinging to every

A seasoned Edmonton airman of two year's service, going on annual leave in civvies, strode past a training wing hut en route to the gate, got quite a shock when from the hut came the familiar airman-to-rookie cry, "You'll be sorry!"

WDs ring in on almost every RCAF trade these days, but one new acey deucey was recently flabbergasted by the turn of the times. Arriving at Trenton the padre's office was his first stop, but the first padre he called on, being of different denomination, referred him "down the corridor to the right." Being a true rookie, the lad turned left into an office only to be confronted by a female officer. Hightailing it back to his informer, he indignantly spluttered, "I wanna see a MAN padre!"

"Don't look at me," quips AC2 Max Changnon of Montreal if the guy next to him falls asleep in class at TTS, St. Thomas. And no wonder—Max is a professional hypnotist in peacetime and has travelled with Cole Brothers and other circuses.

In Cairo, Lieut. George Ponty of Los Angeles, whose grandfather had willed him two Greek islands, briefed a bombing mission over the Mediterranean. Said Ponty, pointing: "Hold your bombs over those two chunks of real estate — they belong to me."

Some RCAF lads back from a North West Staging Route station tell this one on an American medical officer. "Doc" Chairsell, the MO, hung out his shingle, pointing to his office. At the bottom was added "Maternity Cases Free." Subsequently Doc was posted. The young MO who succeeded him was confronted one day by an Indian squaw who had travelled many miles to take advantage of the free offer. The surprised doctor didn't have time to waste words. The child was delivered — gratis, of course.

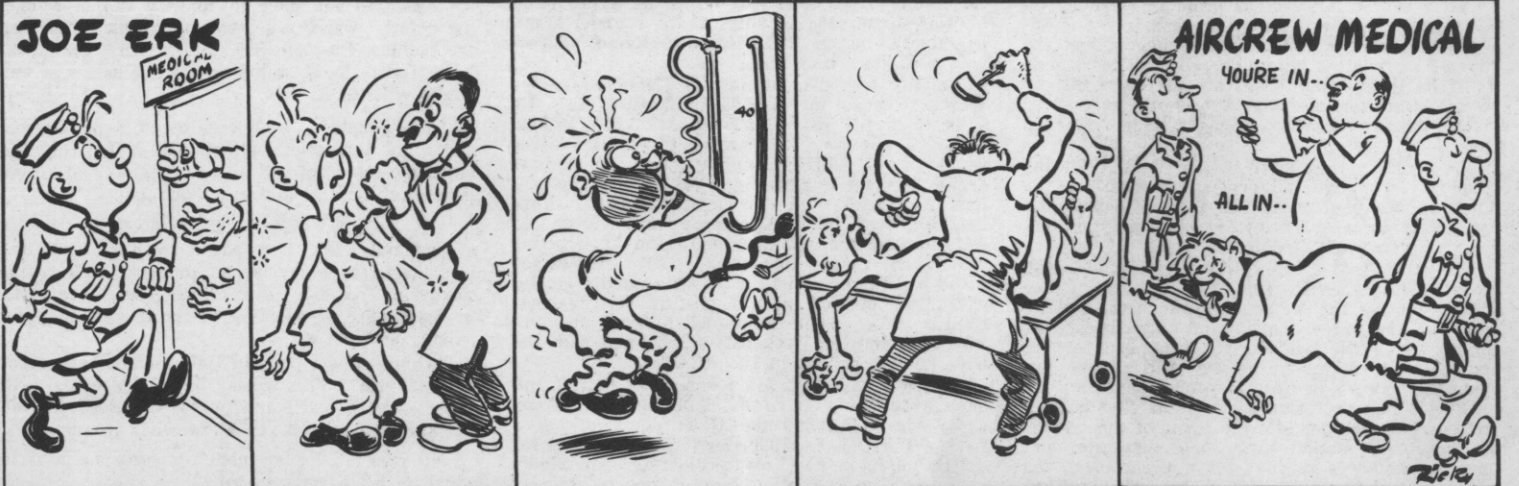
In Camp Stewart, Ga., Private Andrew J. Capariso's commanding officer judged him "limited service material." The CO then learned that Capariso had survived fifteen months' internment in North Africa, English air raids, shrapnel wounds at Dakar, three torpedosings, sixteen days on the Atlantic in an open boat, three days on the Atlantic on a raft with a dead man.

inch of altitude, then dumped the works square on the mark.

Free of her cargo the Liberator surged away and beat it for base, a base that was kept shifting as the crew followed Rommel's tank-tracks from El Alamein to Tunisia.

That explains how FL Don MacIntyre, 28-year-old ex-school teacher from Saint John, N. B., holds two DFCs — one from the RAF and the other from the U. S. Army Air Forces, to whose 9th Bomber Command the crew was attached at that time. The British award had come earlier, after his fifteenth operational flight in the European theatre, and before he flew his Liberator to Africa.

FL MacIntyre recently arrived home on leave, and married the girl who was waiting for him in his home town. Since then he's been getting about the country considerably, prior to his return to ops. So if you've been puzzled by sight of a flight-lieut wearing an unfamiliar, vertically-striped ribbon alongside his DFC—now you know.



DUTY-FITNESS

This rough-and-tumble workout will make you fighting fit

Grab a deep breath and brace yourselves, boys. At the crack of the pistol you're going to find yourself hurdling fences, ploughing through mud pits, scrambling over walls, diving under "low bridges" and swinging Tarzan-style over creeks and ditches.

That's just part of the new Duty-Fitness program which is likely to make modified commandos of the whole RCAF. Done up in a pocket-size booklet officially tagged AFP 34, Duty-Fitness banishes the old-style PT period which was too often a monotonous session of jerks plus a few games.

Running, rough-and-tumbling and hard-slugging competitive games keynote the new deal, with standard calisthenics whittled down to the proportions of a preliminary warmup.

Sports like hockey, touch rugby, basketball, lacrosse and boosting yourself over the new obstacle course which is to be introduced at all stations, will make up half or more of every Duty-Fitness period.

Between the warm-up and the games will come new conditioning drills whose very names — barrel roll, bouncing ball, crouch run, straddle leaping — give a clue to the punch that packs the new program.

These sweeping changes represent one more of the "finishing touches" that are constantly being applied to the air training plan. Experience has shown standard PT methods inade-

quate to the specialized needs of life in the Air Force. Flying trainees split their time between classroom and aircraft. Ground trades do dozens of kinds of desk jobs, rigging, fitting and other duties. Practically all these assignments are what the MOs call "sedentary occupations"; even the hard manual labor involved in some of the mechanical and building trades serves only to tighten up certain muscles, leaves others untouched. Yet no airman can study, fly, keep the maintenance cogs clicking smoothly or fight the vital "war on paper" with drive and efficiency unless he's on his toes both mentally and physically.

You can't have one without the other and keep fighting fit.

But the Duty-Fitness style of physical conditioning is just one factor in the new campaign to put the Service in tip-top shape. The other vital element will be the provision of regular daily workout periods for all trades, the big effort first being aimed at the aircrew training program, the new schedule gradually being extended to the whole Service.

This drive to put even greater crack

and sparkle into the great CTE machine is typical of the RCAF's insistence that every phase of the vast program be kept constantly up to scratch, that all activities be periodically surveyed and overhauled for greater efficiency.

That's why two officers, one a medical and the other a PT specialist, were recently sent out to investigate reports that our aircrew trainees were coming off the CTE production-line tops in their flying trades, but

rooms. Most days bring a mixed schedule of air and ground hours, but the balance is constantly shifting back and forth.

This may be all very well for classroom work, but what it does to physical training can be imagined. A program of three or four hours of PT weekly might be entirely wasted if, as sometimes happens, students go several days without any PT time at all — then get two or three hours of it in a single day.

On top of this investigators became convinced that the old-style type of PT class didn't make the most of the time available. They turned in their report and prompt action followed.

More Time for Workouts

Air Training division agreed that physical conditioning periods should be increased, with the intention that all flying trainees should get an hour's workout each day, five days a week. Details are presently being worked out along with revisions in the flying training syllabus that were already underway. Meanwhile the new Duty-Fitness program was developed to the special needs of all Air Force personnel, an artist put to work to illustrate the tricky hurdles and duck-unders of the obstacle course, a photographer assigned to get pictures illustrating the conditioning drills — and AFP 34 rushed on and off the press in record time.

Immediately the new course was ready a staff officer from AFHQ was sent to Trenton to introduce it to instructors there so that the PT&D course might be completely revised for all forthcoming classes. Meanwhile, the Duty-Fitness booklet was distributed, not merely to all PT&D men throughout the Service, but to thousands of officers and NCOs of every trade, so that it will be thoroughly understood and responsibility for its successful introduction shared by every group leader in the RCAF.

Provision of sufficient time at regular intervals, introduction of a Duty-Fitness syllabus scientifically designed to Air Force needs — these are two vital factors in the success of the new program now being launched.

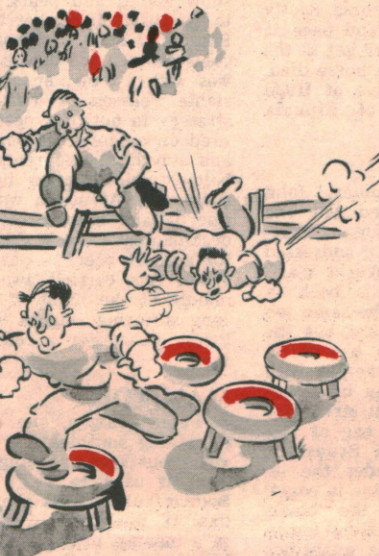
But there is a third factor so important that without it the whole scheme can fail, and the fighting force of this Service be seriously impaired.

The third factor is the attitude of every airman — the realization of the individual that he must throw himself into the Duty-Fitness program with the same interest and spirit which caused him to enlist in the Air Force in the first place and which leads him to put his best effort into the job every day. For unless he does, his own work can suffer tremendously without his even realizing it, and the efficiency of the whole air training plan be impaired.

What the RCAF is out to accomplish with the launching of this radically new program is effectively summed up in the foreword of the Duty-Fitness Booklet, written by Air Marshall Breadner, CAS.

"The Duty-Fitness Program of the Royal Canadian Air Force has for its purpose conditioning men physically in order that they may be fit to cope with the rigors of combat flying and the arduous duties of ground crew. It is a program designed to develop in the airmen those essential qualities of endurance, strength, coordination and burning desire to win.

"In order to become adequately prepared for war the airmen must enter into the activities of Duty-Fitness with a grim determination to get most out of the program. We should not forget that there is a definite relationship between properly conditioned men and a keen, alert, mental attitude."



at something less than the fitness peak which every fighting man must have. If any evidence of such slacking in physical standards existed, authorities determined to find out promptly and put the fix on it without delay.

The investigators visited M Depots, Initial, Elementary, Service, Wireless, Air Observer and B&G schools. They interviewed COs, MOs, PT&D men, Messing and Auxiliary officers — and they talked to and observed the trainees themselves, from the new Joes in the Manning training wings to the boys with the shiny new wings at Y Depot.

Here are some of the things they learned:

Four of the five flying school COs interviewed felt the existing physical fitness program to be inadequate. The CO of an EFTS, where graduating students are asked to fill out questionnaires criticising or suggesting improvements on the course they have just completed, reported that ninety per cent of the students felt they didn't get a proper chance to keep in condition. MOs provided observations to show that aircrew conditioning progressively climbs from enlistment to ITS, then tends to decline once concentrated flying training begins.

The chief reason was easy to find. Flying and ground instruction schedules are worked out on an elastic basis and adjusted from day to day according to the weather. When the sun climbs through a clear sky, the Tiger Moths, the Fleets, the Harvards and the Ansons are airborne from dawn to dusk. Up goes the red-and-white checkered flag on the control tower — flying washed out — the planes are trundled into the hangars and the students head for the class-

NEWS FROM YOUR

Home Town

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Even ration officials get a laugh now and then. A Charlottetown applicant for transient labor coupons was called 'on to give serial numbers of his employees' ration books, so wrote: "oatmeal, porridge and corn flakes." Plans are being made to build a 17-bed hospital at Souris. Charlottetown City Council has given permission for Maritime Central Airways to build a hangar on the airport property. Buttermaker Leo Hughes' home was badly gutted by fire at Kensington; daughter Shirley 17, and Granddaughter Orvillene Darrach, aged two, narrowly escaped death. George Brookins of Kensington had his well known horse, Scotty Watson, ready to go in the 2.22 trot and pace at Charlottetown racing meet; but it never got to the starting line. Just before the race the horse died. Right Rev. Dr. J. A. Murphy, a native of Hope River, has been appointed pastor of Kinkora church.

NOVA SCOTIA

In his 68 years as a coal miner, John MacDonald, 79, of Westville, suffered but one minor cut on his hand; he's retiring. Silver-tongued-orator Arthur Cuzner, aged 13, addressed Sydney Mines Rotary Club on the "World War". Frank K. Ormiston of Bridgewater is back in harness as C.N.R. telegrapher, doing the same job he did 59 years ago; he retired in 1935 but the acute shortage of operators brought him back. Mrs. Joyce Snow, 88, of Upper Ohio, helped with haying this summer. Posing as a hen inspector, a man entered the home of 70-year-old Mrs. Mary Wadman of Sydney and stole a nest egg of \$13. William Jeffery found in the rear of Brunswick Street Methodist church, Halifax, under the influence of "essence of lemon", paid a fine in court; retail merchants are being placed on the "blacklist" by the liquor commission for selling lemon extract which is being used in large quantities since the advent of liquor rationing. Mrs. Sophie Comeau, oldest resident in the Meteghan area, and head of probably the largest family in Eastern Canada, recently observed her 107th birthday.

NEW BRUNSWICK

Moncton police draped a nude Army deserter, Mick Litke of Toronto, in a 1943 model grey blanket after arresting him on a local verandah; Mick said he'd been assaulted and robbed. Ten women have joined the ranks of workers in the C.P.R. yards at Saint John, cleaning, weeding and taking care of switch lamps. Packs of hungry dogs, whose meat supply has been cut off by rationing, are reported roaming New Waterford's outskirts; they chased a deer into town, forcing it to leap through a plate glass window, and one dog was shot at Scotchtown in the act of killing a pig. An Italian internee, John Catalino, alias Urso, got five years in Dorchester penitentiary when convicted of wounding a fellow internee; tried at Burton, it was the first case of its kind ever heard in New Brunswick. Victim was Leo Difabio of Montreal. Thomas Firlotte, veteran farmer of Kempt Road, near Campbellton is looking after his crops alone; though he's 89, he recently thinned out his four-acre patch of turneps and hoed them in less than a day.

QUEBEC

Napoleon Turgeon, Mandeau district farmer, captured three bears within a 15-day period, all in the same trap; one weighed 325 pounds. The good citizens of St. Hyacinthe just don't like pasteurized milk; four town councillors asking re-election on the compulsory pasteurization ticket were defeated and director of municipal services, G. Rene Richer, has resigned. Montreal pedestrians took a second look and then a third. The attraction was a woman clad in a racoon coat strolling along Sherbrooke street with the mercury well above the 80-mark. Mayor Ernest Fleury of Knowlton is retiring after 25 years in civic life, more than 20 of which were as councillor. Fire of unknown origin destroyed the \$15,000 St. Patrick's parish recreational centre in Quebec City. Chief Justice W. L. Bond, in a superior court judgment unseated Herve Ferland as an alderman in Verdun; he ruled that Ferland, formerly mayor of Verdun, was unqualified to run for election for the aldermanic post because he had been declared bankrupt. Chateauguay

and Woodlands have been infested by a deluge of frogs. Cause of the "plague" is thought to be overflowing of the Chateauguay River which, when it receded, left millions of frogs' eggs inland.

ONTARIO

A 51-year-old buggy brought \$15, and a democrat — new in 1885 — sold at \$18, at an auction on Jim Garvey's farm in Mono township. Jesse Baker of Vaughan township is eating fruit salad these days — from a single tree. As a result of grafting, a thorn tree bears thorn apples, quinces, snow apples and pears, a fifth graft is expected to produce June berries. Missing two years, Paul H. Lucas, 15, wrote his parents at Woodstock from a military hospital in Britain that he was with a Canadian artillery unit overseas. Constable Pearson of Tillsonburg had to resort to strategy to outwit a pet coon on the loose. Cornered on a roof, the coon dodged down a chimney and stayed beyond reach until a fire was lighted below, which forced it out. Like movie-goers, citizens of Alvinston with a thirst for beer must line up and buy tickets. In one hotel here the deskman sells the W.C. Fields special — "a ticket for a short beer" — at the beverage room door. When rats carried away his false teeth in the middle of the night, it was the last straw for a long suffering Guelph tenant, who applied to the Prices Board for a reduction of his \$35-a-month rent.

MANITOBA

Peter Craigon, one of Winnipeg's half dozen remaining smithies, has been at the work for 52 years but says "shoeing the old gray mare ain't what it used to be." Eighty-two-year-old Illia Bodnarchuk of Ross allegedly shot and killed William D. Burly, 43, of Winnipeg, then buried him in a manure pile. Mrs. Matilda Robertson, 81, of Winnipeg spent the summer with her daughter-in-law at Strathclair helping with the harvest. Multi-millionaire John Jacob Astor III, owns two farms

Letter From Home For

LAC NEAL MARVEL

RAF Station, Dorval, P.Q.

Swift Current, Sask.

Dear Neal:

Everything goes on just the same since you left home, although the gang misses you. There's the usual crowd blocking Central avenue on Saturday nights, when everyone and their uncle comes to town. It isn't everywhere you'll be able to see Reeve Carefoot and Mayor Freddy Hayes standing around informal on the street and snapping galluses, just like that.

The weather has been gosh awful hot, and I guess the stubble crop is about shot and even the summer fallow looks peaked. Gardens in town grew vegetables plenty, but we sure had to use a lot of city water at 15 cents a thousand gallons.

The United Farmers had a convention here and Ed Stephen of Stewart Valley was chairman. The crows and near crows (only kidding) are out with the Reserve Army at Dundurn for two weeks and learning to do things if the emergency arises. There's Reg Booker wearing two pips as is Homer Sinclair. Leaving the Sun in the lurch is Ken Burrows, and he's a sergeant now.

The Odd Fellows had their annual election and Lewis Wells is the Noble Grand. The paper had a letter from Bert Cameron who's up on the Alaska highway shucking mosquitoes as big as oranges. Jim Bleakley was home on a couple of weeks furlough. Sid Dahl spent a weekend with his folks from the Maple Creek camp. You know LaVane Thompson, well she's getting married and they've been having showers for her. That seems as much as they'll give me space for, so will cut the engine. Cheerio lad, from the folks.

Jim GREENBLAT,
Editor "The Swift Current Sun"

Next month WINGS will print a 'letter from home' for another airman, written by the editor of his home town newspaper.

in St. Francois Xavier district. New to northern waters, a Creek Chub was caught in the Saskatchewan river by two fishermen of The Pas, Sandy and Alex Richard. A beautiful friendship was displayed in St. Boniface police court when Joseph Laurence and Jack Lamoureux, charged with fighting in the street, were fined \$15 each; they pooled their funds, paid Laurence's fine and he went out and raised \$15 to get Lamoureux out of jail. Miss J. B. Wallace of Minnedosa is a busy woman. She received a temporary appointment as deputy clerk of the county court; deputy registrar, surrogate court; deputy accountant, court of King's bench, and deputy clerk, crown of pleas for the northern judicial district of Manitoba.

SASKATCHEWAN

To Mrs. T. Wallace, of Milestone, mother of seven sons in the service and another in the RCMP, went a bouquet when families of servicemen were honored at a community party. A proposed pigery caused a lot of trouble at North Battleford; 300 citizens protested its erection near Coronation Park and the sale of the land by the city was rescinded. Observing her 95th birthday at Altamont, Mrs. Louis Chartrand recalled early days when a neighbor walked 75 miles for a 25-cent plug of chewing tobacco. A rainbow was seen at Moose Jaw a few minutes before midnight. One hundred and fifty convicts in Prince Albert penitentiary donated blood in one week to the Canadian Red Cross Society. When Beecher Thorne of Somme attempted to start a fire in his stove with gasoline he touched off a blaze that destroyed his home, a poolroom, hotel, garage, and a blacksmith's shop. Mrs. Gene (Granny) Dinsmore of Kinistone is a real war worker; she has knit 325 pairs of socks since the start of the war. A 20-mile route march probably wouldn't mean anything to 82-year-old J. Drever of Binscarth, Man.; James Drever, of Osage, a son, awoke at 3 a.m. one morning and found his father standing by the bicycle that he rode 150 miles from Binscarth in three days, "just for the visit".

ALBERTA

Able Seaman Jim Doyle, 19, spent his first leave in four years at his Edmonton home after travelling 185,000 miles with the Royal Navy. The keen sense of smell of an RCMP dog cost Gustave Karl, Birdsholm district farmer, a \$300 fine for unlawful possession of illicit spirits; RCMP patrol visited the farm but "Smoky" was the one to uncover the 10-gallon wooden barrel in a heavy patch of mustard seed. An agitated Edmonton hotel clerk called the police at 11.30 p.m. — an elderly man was causing a commotion; police arrived and found him sitting in a chair in the lobby clothed only in a pair of socks. Robert Jevnes of Rocky Rapids is telling of a two-headed pig with a centre eye and one on each side; the animal eats with both mouths but appears to squeal out of one and grunt out of the other. Rev. J. H. Stark of Athabaska spent his month's vacation doing aircraft repair work for the war effort. Speechless Medicine Hat citizens read in the Saturday Evening Post the phrase "...cold enough to freeze a polar bear from Medicine Hat"; the city is only 75 miles north of the U.S. border. Emmett Mohler of Camrose didn't venture far into his 140-acre field of rye; he was afraid of getting lost. Average of the whole field was six feet, four inches in height.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

"It's just like getting your oil changed," quipped James Dunn of Kamloops after his 50th blood donation to the Red Cross Clinic. Mrs. Elsie Cranston of Vancouver, formerly of the RCAF Women's Division, was accepted into the new veteran's branch of the Canadian Legion. At Kelowna Johnny Matthews, 14, shot and killed a 400-pound bear with a .22 rifle after trailing it three miles. The Rossland Miner, weekly newspaper here for the last 48 years, has suspended publication for the duration. Pte. William Man-kouski was fined \$100 or two months in Vancouver jail when convicted of possessing 21 liquor permits. The Trades and Labor Council at Vancouver passed a resolution asking the Hotel Owners Association to explain why an inch and a half froth goes with every glass of beer. Ralph Sundin, Victoria garageman, accepted and filled an order to vulcanize a patch on a woman's girdle. Mrs. C. E. Rathbone, Penticton, digging potatoes, came upon a peculiar shaped tuber; it was "wearing" a valuable diamond ring which a friend lost 12 years ago. Cpl L. Davidson of Courtenay spent three days peeling cascara bark and netted \$90.

HOME TOWN news is prepared by the Editors of WINGS from material kindly supplied by Canadian Press, Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, and individual daily and weekly newspapers.

WHEN THE COMING OF A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR IS ANNOUNCED, THE HUMBLE ERK GETS DOWN ON HIS "BENDERS" AND —



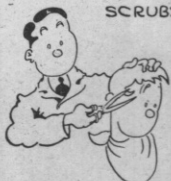
SCRUBS —



AND POLISHES —



AND SWEEPS.



IN SPITE OF CLOSE ATTENTION TO DETAILS —



HE GETS BARRACKED BY THE CORPORAL —



TICKED OFF BY THE FLIGHT-SERGEANT —



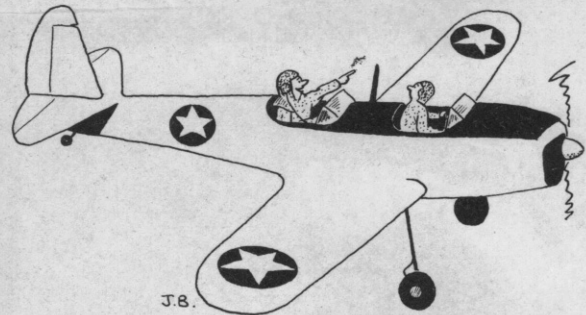
AND OF COURSE HAS THE USUAL STRIP TORN OFF BY THE SECTION OFFICER.



HAROLD HUNT

AND THEN WHEN THE GREAT DAY ARRIVES HE TAKES HIS PLACE IN THE RANKS BURSTING WITH PRIDE AND SELF-CONFIDENCE TO AWAIT THE INSPECTION WHICH USUALLY TURNS OUT SOMETHING LIKE —

THIS!



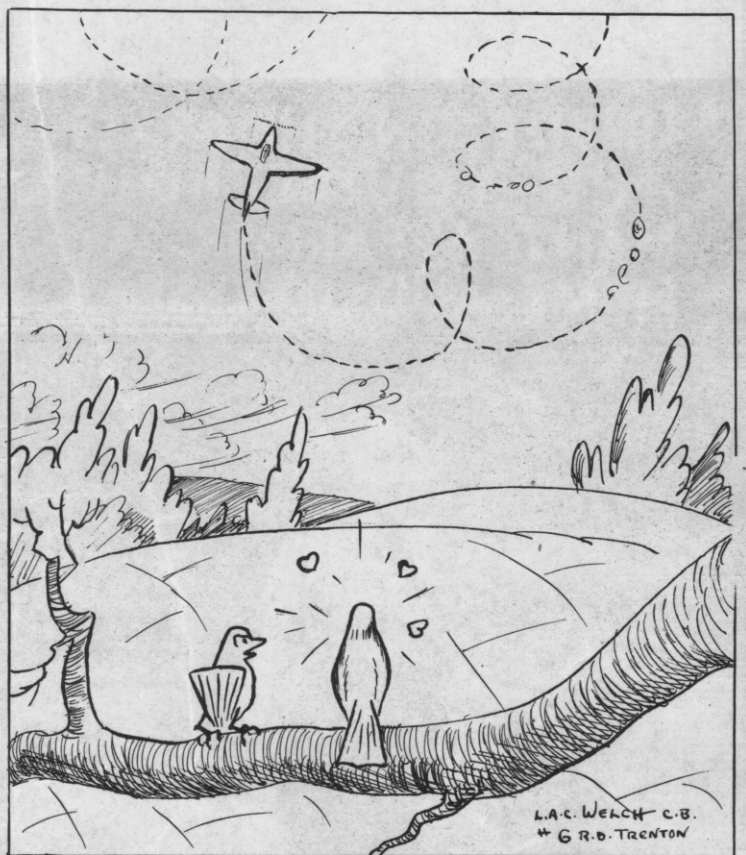
J.B.

"LET'S BE DEVILS — LET'S PROPWASH HIM!"



Frank Reel Dobby 1943.

"... JUST LIKE MEN. THEY'VE BEEN ARGUING ALL DAY OVER A TEENY-WEENY THOUSANDTH OF AN INCH."

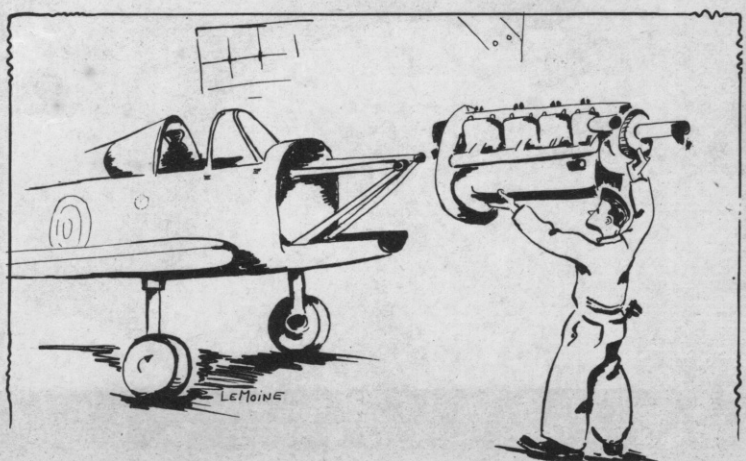


L.A.C. WENCH C.B. * G.R.B. TRENTON

"DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE CARRYING THIS AFFAIR TOO FAR?"

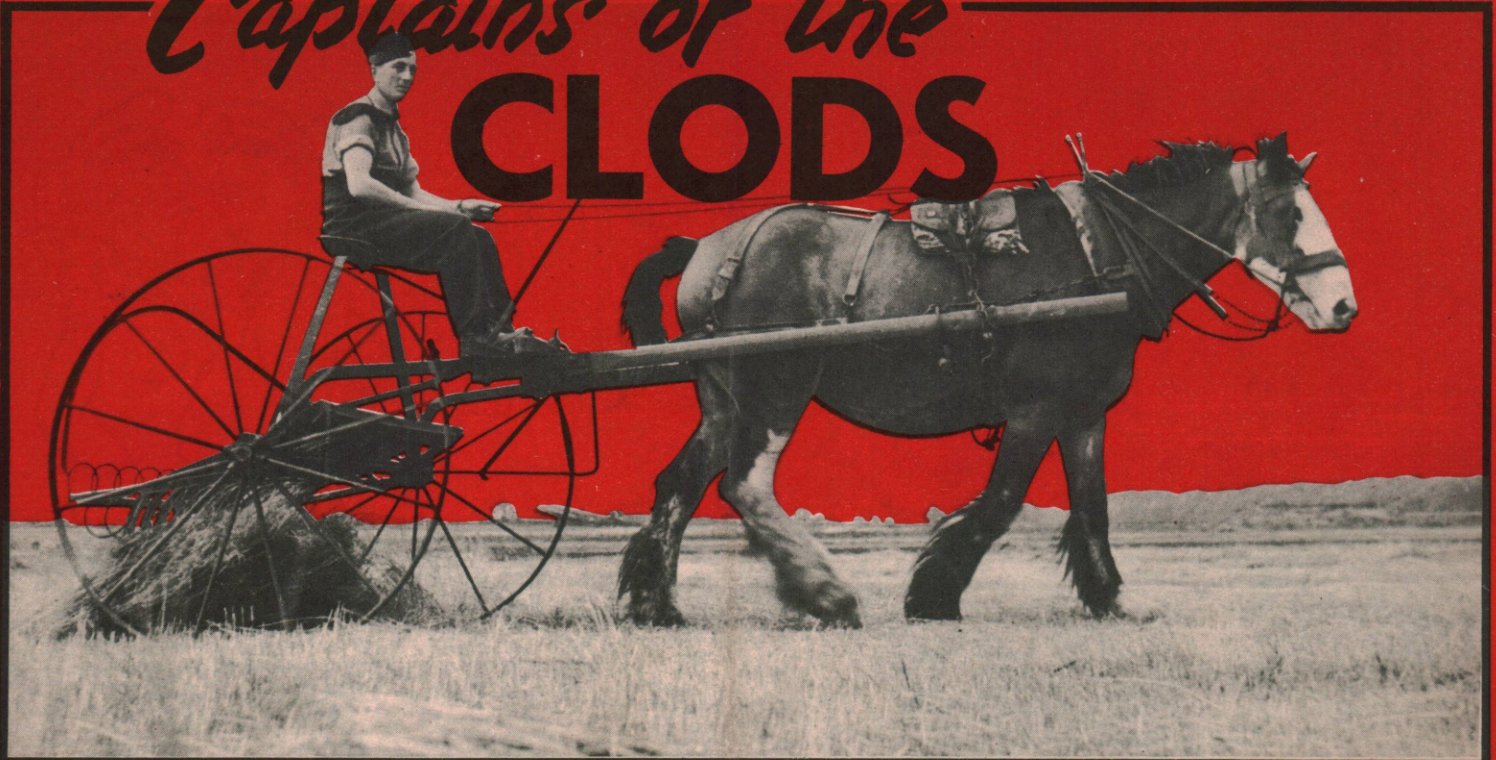


M. Rodle



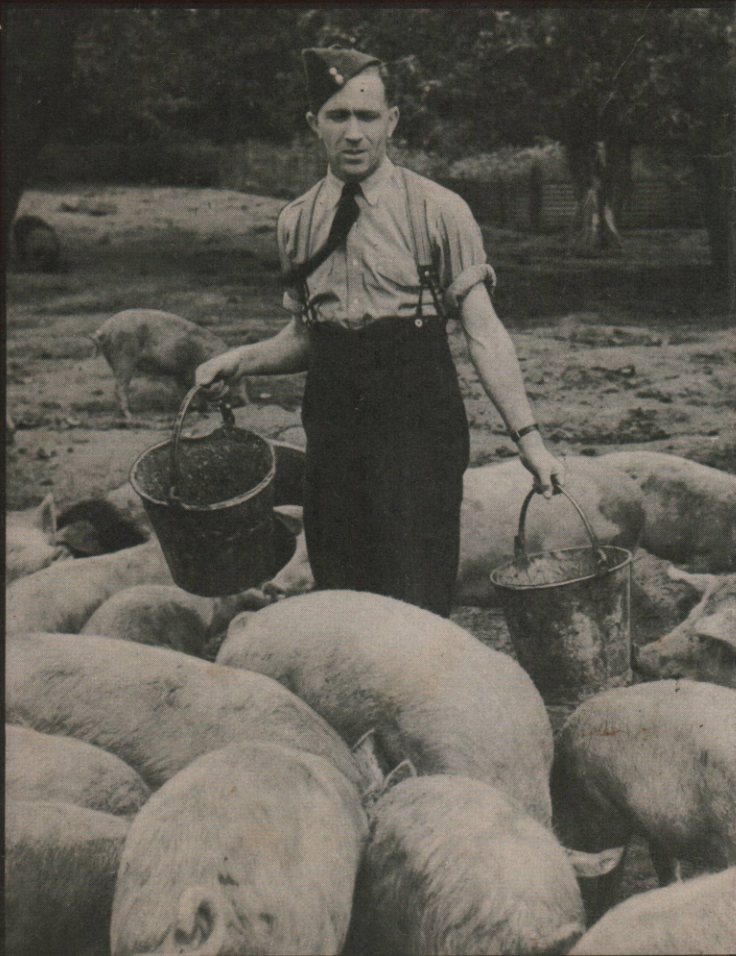
LeMoine

Captains of the CLODS



LAC BOB KESTER RIDES HAYRAKE ON FARM RUN BY RCAF BOMBER SQUADRON OVERSEAS. BOB FARMED WITH BROTHER AT ZEPHYR, ONT.

**UNBUTTON THE BRASS
AND YOU'LL FIND
MANY A FARMER, AT
HOME AND OVERSEAS**



SQUADRON FARM HAS 300 PIGS. LAC JOHN GALLAGHER, ALMONTE, ONT., DEMONSTRATES AN EQUIP ASSISTANT CAN DO ANYTHING.



FLOYD KAULBACK HAD HIS OWN MIXED FARM NEAR GREAT VILLAGE, N.S., AND BRITISH COWS GO FOR HIS TENDER MILKING TOUCH, TOO.



VICTORY GARDENERS AT 12 SFTS, BRANDON: LAC E. SIMSLEY, PLUS Cpls MARY BRIGHT & NORAH HAMILTON, Sgts B. GALT & BETH WILSON.

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