

WINGS



LOG OF THE R-C-A-F

5c

NOVEMBER

1943



W.J. Council

**NOR'WEST
SKYLANE**
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RCAF IN ICELAND

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TRENTON PERSONNEL CLAMOR for Contact on pay day. Edited by Flight Sergeant Bill Sargent Contact is a newsy, breezy, illustrated tabloid.



PICKING A PIX for The Airman's Post, Brandon weekly, are Cpl Wes Troop, photographer, Sgt Bob Tyre, editor, Gerry Dunkley, N.Z. scribe.



ONE OF THE BETTER mimeo sheets, The Shovel, is turned out weekly at a west coast unit. Here's editor LAC C.C. Blackmore at work. EDITOR OF PUKKA GEN is AC M. Munro pounding out copy at an east coast RAF station. This mag has a crack cartoonist in LAC H. Hunt.



"Read All Abo

Station editors publish papers for 47,000 readers

They flaunt every flying name imaginable . . . Contact . . . Flypaper . . . Gen . . . Wagmag . . . plus a wealth of other wartime monickers such as Thumbs Up and Depth Charge, and a few screwball handles like Tiger Rag and Vulture Kulture.

They whir off the mimeographs and rumble off the presses, packed with lively sketches of station personalities, pictures of station shows and highlights of station sports. Spiced with cartoons, choice bits of gossip and gags overheard in the airman's mess, they are enthusiastically acclaimed by officers, airmen and airwomen.

They are the Air Force station papers — fifty or more of them — produced from Newfoundland to Alaska. And Ceylon and Sicily.

They have a total circulation of 47,000 readers. Last December a lot of viewers-with-alarm forecast a disastrous wash-out for all station papers when it was ordered that they might no longer carry advertising. The moaners didn't realize the lusty spirit of Service journalists. Here according to a survey just completed, is what happened:

Six of sixty-one papers were discontinued, due solely to loss of advertising revenue. Six others closed down partly because of lost revenue and partly because experienced editorial personnel were simultaneously posted. In addition, three ceased publication (according to their own report) for local reasons unconnected with the advertising situation.

All the others have quickly adapted themselves to the new conditions — and at least three new papers have been launched in Canada, plus the breezy "Tropic Topics" recently started by the RCAF in Ceylon and not included in the survey. The change over wasn't easy; some papers found it tough slugging, readers squawked about fewer pages and pictures. But ingenious station editors worked harder, wrote more interesting stories to compensate for other lacks, and in not a few cases the result was a smarter publication.

POPULARITY BOOST

Trenton's Contact, an elaborately styled magazine, was completely reorganized as a sixteen-page monthly news tabloid. Result, says Trenton's report: "considerable increase in popularity."

RAF Station Clinton (now 5 Radio School, RCAF) got a modest \$50 monthly grant from the station fund and filled advertising space with additional stories and pictures. "Popularity increased," report the editors of the Towers Review. "—The real need to sell the paper resulted in a better paper to make it worth buying."

The Fingal Observer (4 B & G) remains a monthly, but has also gone news style and is becoming one of the best illustrated papers in the Service. In fact, there is a marked trend towards publishing newspapers instead of magazines on RCAF units, though the more literary style remains most popular with RAF stations.

The west coast "Patrician" is an outstanding example of RAF talent — a fifty-six page packet of news from every section, satirical sketches, cartoons and photos — as many as thirteen full pages of pictures, in some issues. From across the continent, the east coast "In Transit" vie's

with the Patrician and half way between is Gen, put out by 33 SFTS Carberry, Man., which makes a good thing of cartoons by FO John Bulling (JB), whose work is also familiar to WINGS readers. Common to all of these and seldom found in RCAF papers, are frequent articles and photos on Canadian scenic spots and history. Through their own station magazines, RAFers are learning plenty about their temporarily adopted country.

The fact that forty Air Force papers are printed, with only eight of them mimeographed, shows that our stations are determined to turn out the best possible looking job where facilities permit. It's noteworthy, however, that by far the largest number of camp papers published by Army Units in the U.S. (where ads are now also banned) are mimeographed, and the strikingly effective mimeo sheets produced across the border — dressed up with numerous cartoons and clever column headings — suggest that this is a medium which might be more fully exploited in our own Service.

STENCIL CUTTER'S ART

The art of cutting illustrations on stencils has perhaps been best developed by The Shovel, mimeo weekly published on a remote west coast station where no letter press is available. In the same sector Cannette does another bright job of improvising with a duplicator in lieu of a press.

Probably few station paper readers have any idea the amount of off duty time that is spent over typewriters, drawing boards and galley proofs to provide them with entertainment on paper. Station paper editors for the most part work entirely on their own time, and if you're a mech or an MT driver you'll get no promotion this side of the ocean for the hours you slave writing copy. It's a work of love that pays off in interest, for the toilers themselves and the whole station.

Editors with a real nose for news often scoop the local papers, particularly these days when remustered aircrew are returning from Overseas and popping up at many stations: then it's merely a matter of dragging from the close-lipped heroes the inside story of their adventures on ops. The editor has to cudgel section reporters to keep them writing copy — and writing it in time to meet the next deadline. He must check on all newcomers to pounce on every bit of talent that hits the station, wrangle with the printer to get the issue out on time and draft a gang of newsboys to sell it when it appears.

The cost problem has been solved through sales and grants from non-public funds. The Patrician sells at fifteen cents a copy, netting \$120 on the monthly cost of \$300. At Dafoe, Sask., 5 B & G turns out a slick forty-page offset job twice-monthly at \$300 per issue, derived entirely from sales at twenty-five cents a copy.

Bright and lively sheets are produced at anywhere from \$50 to \$330, more than half costing \$150 or less. Most papers clear at least half their costs from sales and most station fund grants are for \$100 or less.

The big job being done by unit publications in boosting station spirit and Service morale is impossible to calculate. A lively paper is almost always a sure indicator of an efficient and lively unit. Thanks to the paper, personnel know what's going on, are given spontaneous leadership in Victory Loan campaigns, in the fight to win E pennants. When a unit boasts a paper that packs a punch, the whole station pulls together.



the continued success of your publication, may I couple my appreciation of your contribution to the war effort, for this is a war in which all branches and agencies of the Royal Canadian Air Force must unceasingly strive to give of their best."

The irrepressible *Airman* will rush out an extra at the drop of a Mussolini. While readers were still pouring over the regular issue of Friday, Sept. 3, Bricker and his boys were sweating over the galley proofs of "Vol. 2, No 49A." This burst on the station next day to the sound of hoarse shouts of "Extra — extra!" to give a vivid account of Edmonton's "largest RCAF spectacle", a parade to mark the end of the war's third year. The following Wednesday came "Vol. 2, No. 49B" — a hastily mimeographed flash which headlined (after the usual "Extra") "UNCONDITIONAL ITALIAN SURRENDER". Came Friday and the regular weekly edition, for a total of four separate issues in seven days.

Said a member of WINGS' staff as the extras kept pouring in by airmail all that week, "Why don't they quit horseing around and make it a daily?"

Typical of the enthusiastic support that backs

new sheet, and his two year stay at Edmonton has given the paper a continuity of effort that has been denied many other papers due to postings.

But no editor can run a weekly paper by himself in his spare time. Bricker early solved that problem by kidnapping talented airmen from disposal wing. Theoretically, Blues stay in the posting section two to eight weeks, but many a newly found reporter or artist has been whisked out of the *Airman's* office within a few hours. Twenty different airmen have worked on a single issue, the staff changing overnight — every night.

The Airman is perhaps best described as a good idea which grew up rapidly in a peculiarly fertile environment. It's a smart paper because 3 M Depot is a smart station — and the reverse is also undeniably true. Twice the station has won the Minister's Efficiency Pennant, and on both occasions the CO, Group Captain R. M. Smith, has commended *The Airman* for its part in boosting station spirit and teamplay. For the paper unhesitatingly crusades for anything that will improve 3 M Depot. Editorials urging reduction in butter and sugar consumption have brought immediate results. *The Airman*, sometimes getting wise to breaches in station department before things become serious enough to attract

ut It!"

3 M Depot's 'Airman' loves bold heads and extras

WHILE you read this, exhausted after your day's arduous duties and now sprawled comfortably in the airmen's lounge, Sgt Jerry Bricker is pounding away at a typewriter in a remote nook of 3 M Depot, Edmonton. He started his day at 0700 hours in the same spot, knocked off from 0800 to 1700 to juggle shirts in his regular trade as equip assistant, then grabbed a bite to eat and pounced on that typewriter again.

Mrs. Bricker and the two kids left lonesomely at home, the 27-year-old sergeant interrupts his labors only long enough to goad on an artist whom he has shanghai'd from Disposal Wing to turn out the week's cartoon page. By 2200 hours the last chunk of copy goes into the big envelope marked "printer" and Sgt B. heads wearily home.

Comes Friday and Jerry Bricker, his artist pro-tem and other assistants of the moment, get their reward. Scuttling through the depot go hastily mobilized airmen newsboys, each to be swallowed by a hoard of grasping Blues roaring as with one voice — "Gimme an *Airman*!"

Good spirits at 3 M take a sharp boost each weekend with the appearance in this fashion of the station's effervescent weekly tabloid. Four to eight printed pages, plus a mimeo sheet of cartooned gags and gals, *The Airman* packs its punch by headlining all the latest station doings, bulletining coming entertainment and columning all the latest gossip. Airmen, officers, trainees, staff — the station eats it up.

PLAY UP LOCAL NEWS

How 3 M Depot's *Airman* takes problems of staff and finance in its stride and rolls lustily on from week to week, to the constant delight and benefit of the entire station, provides an illuminating close-up of the job being done by similar publications throughout the Service.

Last month marked the *Airman's* second birthday. From the start (Vol 1, No. 1, Oct. 17, 1941) *The Airman* aggressively covered the station's news and editorialized its stronger feelings for all to read under heads like "The War Today", "RAF Blasts Channel Ports". Since this global kick-off, the paper has swung more and more to headlining local matters. Typical editorials today urge airmen to think, plan and save for post-war days, or spotlight the plight of Edmonton servicemen with families of small children against whom many landlords discriminated.

The Airman is constantly breaking out in flaring headlines, stunt stories and contests. A special insert one week heralded the end of station duty flight, and rallied airmen to keep efficiency at a peak so it wouldn't have to be reinstated. One sizzling Friday in July wilted readers got the cool-off from a four-column screamer, "CHRISTMAS IS COMING" and were urged to fill out a "what I want for Christmas" list so that local gift shops could tell folks every airman's wants and wishes.

For its recent anniversary issue, *The Airman* wrote AFHQ asking for a message from the Chief of the Air Staff. Air Marshal Breadner kindly consented, and said in part: "With my wishes for



ENTERPRISING EDITOR OF 3 M DEPOT'S AIRMAN is Sgt Jerry Bricker (foreground). Cartoonist AC2 R.C. Willis (left) and Reporters AC2 R. Buchanan and LAC N.E. Holland (at phone) were on staff when photo taken. Posted to 7 SFTS, Holland now writes for MacLeod's "Slipstream."

The Airman at 3 M Depot was what happened last December when it was ordered that Service publications might no longer accept advertising. The station could have decided to chuck the whole project rather than tackle the problems of publishing without advertising revenue. Instead, *The Airman* organized a noon-hour poll, demanding of all airmen "Do we continue to publish, financed by canteen profits, or do we lie down and die?" . . . A few blunt readers scribbled on their ballots, "Chuck it up" . . . "A useless rag". But 1490 of the 1,500 voters said they couldn't get along without the paper. *The Airman*, cut in size but its enthusiasm not the slightest impaired, still comes out every Friday. If anything, popularity has increased.

Station personnel get the paper free. Subscriptions at a dollar a year, sold to airmen on posting, roll in at from \$40 to \$100 monthly, which goes into the kitty along with a monthly grant of \$300 from canteen funds.

For 2,000 copies, a four-page issue costs \$48, six pages \$70 and eight pages \$84. Added to this are occasional engraving and another \$20 a month for mimeo paper and ink for the weekly cartoon insert. The managing editor's financial eye is as keen as his editorial optic; costs for a recent month totalled \$341 — revenue, \$343.

Like every other station paper, *The Airman's* chief problem isn't money but staff. Sgt Bricker arrived at 3 M Depot just as the paper was getting under way, about three months after the station opened, and soon was made managing editor. He had formerly helped publish *The Aircraftman*, at TTS St. Thomas, Ont., and had founded *Reconnaissance*, at 4 SFTS, Saskatoon. His experience and ideas were a big help to the

higher attention, goes right after trainees and staff with a loud bellow to "smarten up". "Disciplinary action" in such cases has usually become unnecessary.

Says the CO: "Officers, NCO's and airmen alike feel a real sense of pride in *The Airman*. Education in Air Force discipline, customs and procedure to newcomers of the RCAF family is a principal aim of the paper. It assists in no small measure in helping the recruit to adapt himself to Service life. It offers valuable guidance to all airmen in the maintenance of proper deportment both on and off the Station. *The Airman* has undoubtedly become an integral part of 3 M Depot life, and an instrument available to all to further an airman's interest in the Service.

Bought a
Bond
yet?

SAVE WHILE SERVING

ICELANDERS

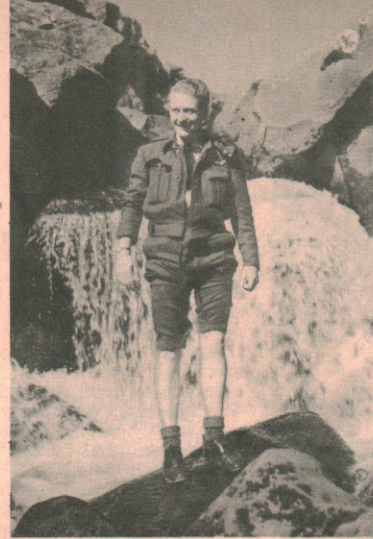
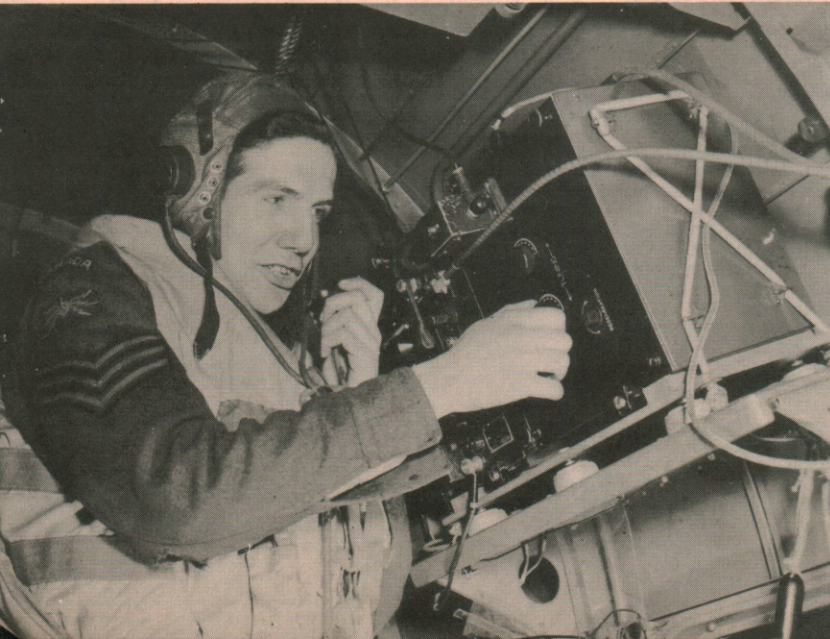


Not many Canadians in Iceland have relatives they can drop around to visit in off-duty hours but FO Tom Finnbogason of Winnipeg, has. Here we see him out boating with two small cousins, Hjordis Thor, aged 7, and Orn Thor, 11.

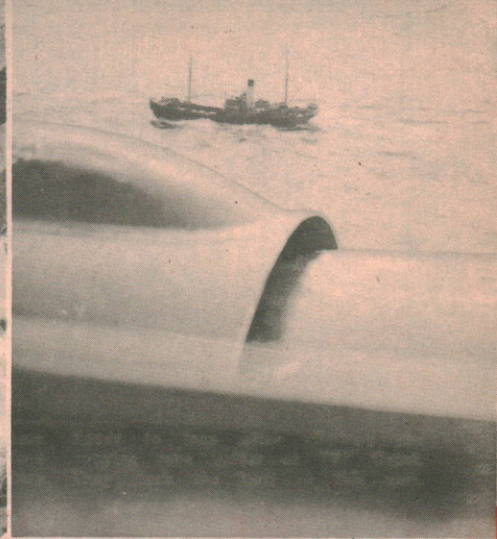


It's no Pullman even if they have got uppers and lowers. These two Toronto boys have been in Iceland since May. Happily ensconced in the upper is LAC Murray Garrett; down below LAC Alfred Fram is also able to grin and bear it.

At the controls of his aircraft radio is Sgt Edmond Beaudry of Windsor. A WAG, he has been in Iceland since early summer. People out there have a high standard of education and for the most part speak English. The boys live in Nisson huts.



FO Don Urquhart of Bracebridge, Ont., doesn't intend to get his pants wet exploring a rocky stream in Iceland.



One of the boys upstairs got this shot of a British trawler from a Hudson flying from its Iceland base.



Off-duty finds PO Stan Knopp of Toronto sketching a portion of the gaunt Icelandic landscape. Before the war he was nature-artist and specialized in Arctic subjects, often lecturing on this subject. Stan is an observer.

FROM THE NORTH ATLANTIC LAVA PILE THESE CANUCKS PATROL THE SEAS FOR SUBS

Photos by PO Jack Dalgleish, PRO

(See story page 11)

There's a little sunlight even in Iceland and LAC David McLeod of Fort Frances, Ont., a radio mech, makes the best of it. But from this North Atlantic isle the northern lights are said to resemble all colors of the rainbow and more besides.





Seacrew



Stocking coastal bases, salvaging sunken kites keeps RCAF sailors busy

SOMEWHERE, WEST COAST — The crew cast an eye at the surf breaking on the beach. "Not bad today," was the verdict.

Art Hopper jumped from the Combat M350 into the dinghy and caught the outboard from Al Sutherland as the ship rolled towards him. There was no wharf or float here and very little shelter from the heavy seas. Getting ashore in the small dinghy was a perilous trip at best and getting there dry almost an impossibility.

A dozen trips by the dinghy and the cargo was ashore and another RCAF west coast base stocked up.

Carrying supplies occupies most of the time of the Combat, a sixty-foot halibut fisherman manned by the crew of ten seagoing airmen, but it may be called upon to do anything from towing scows to salvaging sunken aircraft.

The ship's routine is much the same as that of a coastal steamer — watches are six on and six hours off. Sleeping quarters are cramped but adequate. In off hours members of the crew amuse themselves by playing cards or by the traditional pastime of "shooting the breeze", hunting or fishing.

Recovering the wreckage of a Stranraer which had crashed in a narrow channel in the Queen Charlotte Islands is a salvage job the crew will never forget. The aircraft had been carrying depth charges which exploded as she sank and there was much speculation as to whether there would be anything left to salvage, or whether all the depth charges had gone off.

The water wasn't deep, and as grapnel hooks dragged along the bottom the crew momentarily expected to be blown sky high as they disturbed a lurking depth charge. But luck was with them. They managed to hook onto something that was willing to move without too much protest. They dragged it into a small bay, ran the towline through a snatch block, hooked onto a nearby tree, and began to tow once more. Out of the water came what was once an aircraft but now a shivering rattling string of fabric and twisted metal. Everything but the engine was recovered and loaded on a scow for salvage.

More than once the Combat's crew have gone to the rescue of aircraft forced down in remote places by engine trouble. More than once spare engines have been taken along and the Combat has become a floating machine shop while engines were changed or repaired.

The Combat is skippered by WO1 N. J. "Nels" Nelson, a middle-aged, hardy seafaring Norwegian, who has fished the west coast from Seattle to Alaska for thirty years. As long as the Skipper is on the job, regardless of weather, west coast bases are sure of being supplied. Sgt. N. R. "Norm" Cosulich of Vancouver, the Skipper's mate, after two years on the Combat has gained enough experience and sea time to obtain a Mate's Coastwise certificate.

The chief engineer, WO2 Bob Sears, came into the service before the war. He sees that the Combat chugs along at a steady nine knots. But most important member as far as the crew is

concerned is Stan Hudson of Vancouver, a corporal cook and a past master in the art of cuisine.

Old hands at the game are Cpl W. R. "Red" Carruthers, second mate, and LAC Al Cloke, second engineer. Deckhands LACs Art Hopper and Al Sutherland had little nautical experience before entering the service but after two years are hardened sea dogs. A newcomer is AC1 Don McDougal of Earl Gray, Sask., but the only seas Don had seen before joining up were seas of grain. Cpl. Gordie Connor of Hespeler, Ont., is W/T operator.

Any hour of the day or night the Combat may hear the squeal of brakes as MT trucks come to a stop on the jetty loaded with men and supplies for a nearby island station. The chief starts the boiler factory, the supplies are loaded, passengers taken aboard and the watches set for the trip. Once the Combat has passed the bar, the narrow entrance to the channel, where ocean swells roll in and pile up in the shallow water against the outgoing tide, the seagoing crew is out in the open Pacific. In five or six hours they arrive at their destination, the anchor rattles down and the dinghy goes over the side.

Late last summer the crew spent much time searching shores and beaches of the many remote islands for some trace of the RCAF marine craft, "B.C. Star" which disappeared with all hands. Rumors of floating wreckage abounded all along the coast, and each one had to be investigated. Finally the boys arrived back at base, after a little longer absence than usual and heard the latest rumor: that their own ship, the Combat, had gone down with all hands.

Take-off Terminal

by LAC A. E. Bert Nightingale

EAST COAST — Got your CANADA badges up? Then No. 1 Y Depot, the RCAF's jumping off spot from Canada to other lands, will be glad to welcome you. Here you'll find every rank from an AC to Air Commodore.

A stranger to the station might say the outfit is something akin to a manning depot. It is, in that there's an ever-changing personnel and it's seldom that transient personnel are "residents" for many weeks. But there the similarity ends.

Incoming and outgoing personnel are not composed of rookies or newcomers to the Service. They are sergeants, pilot officers, flight lootes and up — their training completed, all heading overseas.

You arrive at Y Depot fresh from the harrowing experience of saying farewell to a host of friends and relatives. From then on life is one grand rush. You receive handy lists of what you should take over and the things you can do without. You are rushed through a final trip to equipment stores. The medical staff gives you another

INTER-COM

THREE PAGES OF STATION-TO-STATION CALLS

checkup. The accounts section sees to your financial affairs, offering advice as to how your money matters should be cared for while you are occupied elsewhere. The boys upstairs — pilots, navigators, air bombers, and other aircrew — have an even busier program than ground crew. They are given various technical tests involving such matters as altitude and the correct use of the latest flying equipment.

A particularly important but little known feature of the depot is the methodical and painstaking checkup of the blood type of everyone that passes through the station. A staff of fully-trained technicians checks and double checks to make sure your medical documents and your identification discs bear information as to your type of blood for quick use in emergencies.

You go through range practice, respirator practice, gas drill — in short you become accustomed to most of the conditions you will meet at your next station across the drink. By the time you leave here you are fully trained in up-to-date phases of modern warfare and you have a good idea of what you have to cope with. There are secrecy orders you must memorize, vital information you must guard against letting fall on ears that are waiting eagerly for just such a slip.

Despite the rush, there's plenty of free time for amusement. Tuesday and Saturday evenings are set aside for a dance on the station. You may invite the lady of your choice or failing this partners are provided. A large number of WDs on staff are always on hand. Other nights there are movies, and there's always a full sports program.



Drogue Driver

by FO C. A. MAGEE

FINGAL, Ont. — So you think the life of a drogue pilot is drab, monotonous and uneventful? And you think we're Joe-boys continually floating around towing a mobile wind sock? Sounds logical, but listen to what the boys have to say who fly the drogue at 4 B&G.

The drogue pilot may have two or three hundred flying hours or he may have two or three thousand. He may be shaving his first few whiskers or he may have more than a few gray hairs in his head. Day in and day out he flies the same line, keeps as nearly as possible the designated altitude to the foot, flies a precise directional heading, makes his turns as consistent as possible and goes through the same procedure in streaming the drogue. True, this would seem monotonous and uneventful, but —

One morning a redhead who hails from Texas and answers to the name of Wheat took off as usual to tow the overgrown wind sock around the sky. On reaching his position over the 'drome he told his operator to stream the drogue. The operator opened the hatch, threw out the drogue — and went right out with it, minus his parachute. Luckily he had fastened a small cable, known as the G-string, to his chute harness. Nevertheless he was hanging head down under the fuselage. Trying to contact the operator by inter-com Pilot Wheat received no reply. Looking into the operator's compartment he found no operator. When he failed to see a parachute drifting earthward he decided to land and report the strange

disappearance of one drogue operator.

Taxiing to a stop the pilot found the operator bruised and lacerated, in his compartment. The only reason he was still alive was that after the plane had decreased speed to land he had been able to grasp the hatch door and pull himself back into the plane.

A pilot named Stozle from Louisiana took off on the same uneventful mission of towing a drogue. After completing the exercise he flew over the drome to drop the drogue. When it failed to come off, he found the cable had become wrapped around the tail wheel. The operator couldn't cut the cable behind the tail wheel, which left 1,200 feet of cable and a drogue trailing from the aircraft. Stozle knew that to land on the aerodrome meant coming in low over electric wires and fences with the possibility of electrocution or a half-flip onto the drome. His decision was to dive low over a large section of trees and try to land the drogue on one of them and snap the cable in two. But the cable pulled the plane down to within a few feet of the ground before it finally broke.

Occasional tight spots like these keep the drogue pilot from feeling he's just another Air Force Joe-boy. For added excitement, there's that funny feeling he always gets when the gunnery ship pulls along the side and he finds himself staring into the muzzles of twin machine guns. He knows the guns are supposed to be empty or "on safe" — but the empty guns seem to be the ones that always shoot.

MARCH PAST — Personalities In Blue

Two singles then a double

CLARESHOLM, Alta. — Fighting son of a fighting father with three brothers in the Services, FS Arthur Pearce won his pilot's wings as his third RCAF badge when he graduated at 15 SFTS here.

As an aero-engine mech he wore an air gunner's wing with 6 T.B. Squadron of the Permanent Force. Subsequently he qualified as a flight engineer. Pearce graduated as an AEM from TTS, Camp Borden in May, 1938. Later that year he moved with 6 T.B. Squadron to Vancouver and when war broke out was sent to an OTU, remaining there until January, 1940, where he took his AG course. Wireless was a necessity in those days so he became proficient on the key.

His squadron was sent to another OTU where he earned his sergeant's hooks and was promoted to flight sergeant before being loaned in February, 1941, to "Atfero", predecessor of the RAF Ferry Command. After a sojourn in Bermuda where he did maintenance work on giant flying boats he was posted back to the east coast and then to Dorval with the RAF Ferry Command. He received his engineer's badge at Dorval in December, 1942, but early this year remustered for pilot training.

Invasion rescue

by LAC I. C. KATZ

6 ITS, TORONTO — Fliers have banged into all kinds of luck but the kind of luck that fits into the story of FO Alan Bell, an instructor here, is so extraordinary it would fill a reporter's dream of a scoop.

He did operational flying in England in '41, then headed for the Middle East in a Beaufort torpedo bomber but as it neared Casablanca, French anti-aircraft fire forced the crippled aircraft into the sea. FO Bell had to be dragged into a rubber lifeboat, having picked up some shrapnel in his leg. A band of Arabs captured them

as the lifeboat neared shore and turned the Canadians over to the French. Bell was hospitalized and the rest of the crew interned.

At the hospital a Corsican doctor with a minimum of surgical experience amputated Bell's left leg, but even in this condition ten armed guards watched him day and night for three weeks. Finally he was moved to an internment camp and then to a military hospital.

After four months of monotony the legless flier was placed aboard a ship bound for France where he was to be interned. But at 2 a.m. on Nov. 25, 1942, the French ship ran smack into the



FS Pearce

FO Bell

Sgt Williamson

North African invasion fleet. Needless to say it was the happiest moment in Bell's life. The Allied fleet bound for Oran took the Canadian officer aboard. They shipped him to Algiers and then to England.

SP with a past

WEST COAST STATION — The strong, silent type is Sgt A. Williamson, senior Service Police NCO at this depot but like many SPs he earned his spurs in civilian life.

As a lad of 17 he found school dull in Scotland so he joined the Glasgow police force. He had barely got the feel of his billy when an irate football fan knocked him out with a brick as he tried

Wimpy nailed but skipper and crew beat 3 to 1 odds

by AC2 Jock Carroll

EDMONTON — "Our two Wellingtons were just out of Malta past the eastward-lying isle of Gozo, when I heard the laconic voice of the tail gunner over the inter-com.

"Half-dozen Macchis and Messerschmidts coming down from fifteen thousand."

"That air gunner had eyes that were really sharp. More than once they had saved us a nasty mess. But this time, I thought, we were dead meat. Two Wellingtons — heavily laden with hot torpedoes needed in Egypt — against six fighters.

"Evasive tactics meant little. To run downhill you need more than two thousand feet. I looked around for clouds. One of those damn perfect afternoons. Mediterranean blue sea below, and a sky like a transparent blue bowl. I saw them myself then, coming down in a wickly efficient circus ring following one another around us in a diving turn. That meant at least three of them would be hammering away at us all the way through the manoeuvre.

"It was over quickly. The 'Intermezzo II' vibrated as incendiaries smashed into the port engine. Three 'pots,' the radial engine cylinder heads, came off but she staggered on. I throttled open the open engine and ruddered to port to hold her even but just then a Messerschmidt held our tail assembly in his sights too long. The controls fluttered loosely. We fell.

"Dinghy stations!" I shouted into the mouth-piece.

"We came down until you could see the white froth on the tips of the waves. I worked the controls until the sweat trickled out from under the edge of my helmet. About thirty feet off the water I managed to bring the nose up and stall her. Then we hit.

"I was dazed for a few seconds; then I noticed she hadn't dug in, but she was settling quickly. As I clambered out the hatch I smiled, thinking of that story our CFI used to tell the students — that a fall, no matter from what height, never hurts you. It's the sudden stop at the end.

"Scrambling along the wing, I automatically counted the chaps already in the dinghy, waiting for me. Five. All there. Good . . . I wondered how long before we'd get another ship."

That's just a sample of the operational gen PO B. E. Forrest has on tap to give the boys in 3 M Depot Reception Wing, where he has been posted as adjutant. After you've met him that "World Traveller at 21" poster is no longer funny. Because he's just that. Previous postings have taken him to England, Gibraltar, Malta, Egypt, Iraq, Iran and Africa.

He was at Malta back in "those days" when all supplies were brought in by submarine; when you sometimes ate four pounds of grapes a day to keep from hunger; when you got potatoes once a week, bread once a week and a drink once in a while and a date ??? PO Forrest just smiles.

He bombed Rommel's HQ in Egypt and on the return in spite of hasty "tunnelling" to get away from AA fire, was hit with both 40 MM Bofors contact shells and fused 88 MM flack. He managed to hold her up till they "pranged" in behind their own lines where a New Zealand patrol picked them up. After that he was invalided to Johannesburg for a well-deserved rest, then Capetown, Freetown, England and eventually posted back to Canada.

As for future plans, PO Forrest looks up and smiles. "Well, I've never been to Russia."

to quell a melee during a game. Regaining consciousness he learned his career as a Glasgow flat-foot had ended — until he became 21. That was too long to wait so he came to Canada to join the Mounties and from 1912 to 1914 he tried valiantly to maintain peace in booming Dawson City.

At the outbreak of World War I Williamson enlisted in the Army, returning to Canada at the end of hostilities. Later he became a construction foreman at Fort Churchill, Man.; slept in tents at sixty below zero; blew up icebergs which drifted into the harbor.

"At that time," he recalled, "liquor wasn't rationed but there wasn't enough to keep ice out of one's bones. One Jean Battice who lived three miles across the river sold his homemade spirits at \$1 an ounce and beer at \$1.50 a pint. Later Battice was found in the woods with a bullet in his back."

Sgt. Williamson returned to his first love in 1937, joining the B.C. provincial police force with whom he remained until enlisting in the RCAF.

WINGS

Spaghetti virtuoso also wields a wicked bow

LACHINE — "Russo!" bellowed the flight sergeant. "Anybody seen that guy Russo?"

A middle-aged, swarthy airman with a striking waxed moustache hustled through the doorway, a scribbler protruding from his trouser pocket.

"Y-y-yes sir."

It was AC2 Angelo Russo. The same Angelo Russo who, a few months previously had abdicated his throne as spaghetti king of Windsor, Ont., to look after the gastronomical well-being of RCAF men. The same Angelo Russo who was as well known as a violin virtuoso as he was a spaghetti bender.

But in those fatigue clothes Angelo no longer looked like the elegant chef that used to cater to big business executives and celebrities who made his "Russo's Spaghetti House" a favorite border rendezvous. Now he was just another cog in the machinery at 5 M Depot, Lachine.

Angelo led the way to the mess hall where it was "nice and quiet", for a chat.

"Look here," he grinned, tugging at the waist of his trousers, "they had to put a V in the back of my fatigue pants when I first joined up. Now they're too dam' big. And it's not because the meals aren't okay. The food here is the nuts — no kiddin', it's really good." After getting a specially tailored uniform what does Russo do but rush into organized sports and lose 12 pounds. "And now the uniform's too big," he moaned.

At 46 Poppa Russo has followed his three sons into the service. Nicki, 22, is with an RCAF travelling show; Johnny, 22, also in the Air Force, is stationed in the Aleutians. Joseph, 23, cooks aboard a ship in the RCNVR. Then there's Anthony — he's too young but is itching to get into the scrap with the rest of the family.

The bespectacled Angelo leaned back in his chair.

"Y'know, I've been Joed a little, too. Yeah, I chop wood for the cook in the sergeants' mess; I paint, polish floors, cut grass and pick up paper." Then he pointed to his bald head and chuckled.

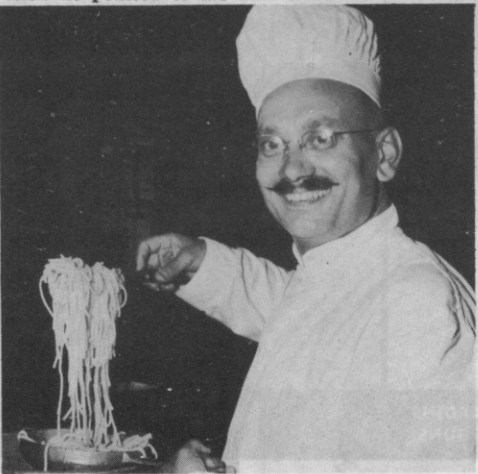


Photo by AC. Jack Markow

ANGELO RUSSO BENDS DE SPAGHET'

"I'm just in a couple days and they need some guys for Joe jobs. On parade they tap a few of us. 'Haircut' they say to me. And I'm bald! But it's a lotta fun."

Had he dished up any spaghetti since he'd been at Lachine?

"Not yet," he grinned. "They're not going to let an AC2 mess around with food. I used to be good at dishing the stuff up even if I do have to say it myself. I'd get a lot of Windsor musicians, football players and athletes at my place. Even reporters came in for a dish. Those reporters were good eaters."

Russo's celebrated spaghetti house attracted big name orchestra leaders and other personalities. Xavier Cugat, Ben Bernie, Alvino Rey, the King Sisters, Glenn Gray and the late Graham McNamee often frequented his restaurant. "They used to call me pop."

Angelo has been in the music game since he was nine. "As a child I played the fiddle and my father the harp, in front of saloons. I've got a \$2,500 fiddle — a Margine." He has fiddled around with other instruments but with the violin he's a virtuoso. He was a member of Guy Lombardo's orchestra when it was organized and at nineteen had his own orchestra, playing at leading theatres and summer resorts. For a time Russo supervised



Nor'west Skylane

Our crews run the fields along the road to Tokyo

by FL A. G. Cannings, PRO

EDMONTON — Along the Northwest Staging Route the forgotten ranks of the RCAF who normally have little to do with active flying are getting a forced feeding of big scale operations covering fighters, bombers and transports.

This Staging Route is the aerial supply lane that has been charted northwest from Edmonton over the Muskeg of the Peace River District, cutting across the mountainous upper corner of British Columbia towards Whitehorse in the Yukon. The RCAFmen posted to the staging units along the route are clerks, cooks, diesel engineers, fire fighters, tractor men . . . They man the flying control stations and maintain the fields which have to date handled untold hundreds of machines without a loss.

Airmen moving into the various staging units found themselves near but yet so far from civilization. Every morning friendly pilots would drop in with papers not more than a day old. Mail came in often since supply aircraft were always on the move along the entire route.

Compared to their Air Force opposites in Alaska and the Aleutians, the boys along the "Yukon Pike" are well off socially. Near most of the stations there is a small settlement where they soon found they were welcome in the homes of the storekeepers and trappers.

On the more isolated posts such as Watson Lake, officers and men are left on their own to provide entertainment. Since they are in a country that has produced some of the finest furs in the Dominion, some have taken to the traplines in their limited spare time. They found willing instructors in the native trappers who wandered the thousands of square miles of the Yukon Ter-

music for Windsor and Walkerville Board of Education.

He hasn't neglected his fiddle since being crowned spaghetti king, or since abdication to join up. At 5 M Depot he won a spot on Major Bowes amateur hour in New York. The story goes that the Major installed Poppa Russo in one of the best rooms in the Waldorf-Astoria but it wasn't five minutes before he was down in the kitchen showing the chef how to put the ol' permanent wave in spaghetti.

Corpulent Angelo glanced at the scale of rations and opened his scribbler. "There's a lot to this ration business but I should know it pretty well in a week. In civil life I didn't pay much attention to proteins, fats and vitamins. But here they serve up a good meal with a balanced diet."

He got up from his chair and picked up his scribbler. It was time to report back. "Yeah," he quipped, "I'll do a little fiddling around with spaghetti and also continue to fiddle with the real thing."

ritory during the summer.

In summer, others have supplemented the ordinary rations with huge catches of trout, pike, whitefish and perch. In the long evening hours when it was still light enough to read a newspaper at midnight, the bays were dotted with canoes, boats and dugouts and the sub-Arctic twilight echoed with shouts that told of the big ones that didn't get away.

There are Americans on some stations and one RCAF sergeant drew international bonds a little tighter when he discovered a baby eagle along the heights of the Frances River. The eagle had

INTER-COM

apparently fallen from the nest forty feet up in a towering pine. After bringing the young eagle around to the ways of men and seeing him grow from the size of a tom turkey to a proud, fierce monarch of the skies with a seven-foot wing spread, the sergeant formally presented the American troops on the station with this living symbol of their liberty.

In operating the flying control stations along the staging route, the RCAF crews have had to learn the hard way. The first winter they were cold and the monotony of food was keenly felt. Clothing was adequate near the station but unsuited for prolonged spells in the bush.

But buildings are now modern and warm. Clothing is plentiful and there are arctic supplies for the bush parties or for those who have to go out into the cold on rescue missions. There are sinks and showers and indoor plumbing. Cook stoves burn coal and wood.

To ensure a supply of wood when the four-foot level of snow prevents much foot travel, gangs of a construction and maintenance unit have been working at all stations laying in a minimum stockpile of three thousand cords of fine birch, alder, fir and spruce.

The Canadians like the opportunity of being able to buy American cigarettes for their own use at five cents Canadian per package of twenty. There is also on occasion — ice cream!

It's a vicarious thrill at best, but when officers and men of the Northwest Staging Route read headlines about the smashing aerial blows which speeded the Jap defeat and evacuation in the smoky islands of the Aleutian chain, they feel they had a part in the victory.

For it was their radio voices and instructions that brought the P-38's, the 40's, the Mitchells, the Liberators and the Commando transports safely along the jumps from the factory to the fighting front, through the heavy weather that so often curls from the Carcajou ranges and the Mackenzie delta to make flying a matter of good pilots, good ground control stations and a certain amount of good luck.



SCORCHING AFRICAN SUN BEATS DOWN AS WC DAN MACINTOSH, DFC, REGINA, BRIEFS HIS BOMBER CREWS FOR THEIR NEXT BIG RAID.



BESIDE THE WRECK OF A MACCHI 202 ITALIAN FIGHTER OUTSIDE A HANGAR AT CATANIA STANDS PO THOMAS PERCIVAL OF EDMONTON.



IT'S A FOUR-POUNDER LANDED IN WATSON LAKE BY LAC R. HOPKINS, WHILE AC MACLAUGHLIN AND CPL THOMPSON LOOK ON. (SEE PAGE 7).



P39 FIGHTERS WARM UP AT AN RCAF STATION ALONG THE NORTH WEST STAGING ROUTE FOR ANOTHER HOP ON THE ROAD TO TOKYO.



BRIEFING OVER, ALLIED AIR COMMANDER MAJ-GEN JIMMY DOOLITTLE WALKS AWAY WITH GC DUNLAP, CO OF RCAF BOMBER WING IN AFRICA



SERGEANT PAUL DESJARDINS HOUSECLEANS REAR GUNS.

SOME
LIKE IT HOT
and some like it cold. On this page you can pick your climate - but don't blame us if DAPS writes your posting in reverse



SGT PRASLOSKI, BUSHMAN FOR 37 YEARS, SWINGS A MEAN AXE



FINE SPOT FOR A FORCED LANDING! RCAF PHOTOG SNAPPED THIS IN CARACAJOU CANYON, WHOSE 300-FOOT CLIFFS DWARF WAITING TRUCK.



RCAF WELLINGTON SQUADRON MECHS IN NORTH AFRICA GIVE A WIMPY A FINAL CHECK-OVER IN READINESS FOR A RAID ON NAZI TERRITORY.



JUST AFTER THE SHUTTER CLICKED WO FRANK PLEDGE, HAMILTON, JUMPED IN HIS KITTYHAWK AND DROPPED THE BOMB ON JERRY.



AIRMEN MUST CUT, LOAD AND HAUL TONS OF FIREWOOD TO HEAT LOG CABIN BARRACKS BEFORE STAGING ROUTE FIELDS BECOME SNOWBOUND.



FL JIM GOHL, BOISEVAN, MAN., A KISKA YET HIMSELF, ASTRIDE KITTYHAWK THAT DOWNED A ZERO; NOTE JAP FLAG ON PORTSIDE



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NOVEMBER, 1943

No. 10

HEADLINE MEN

You can't keep a newspaper man down. You can put him into an Air Force uniform, make him an MT Driver, a pilot or a mech, you can keep him busy at those duties eight or ten hours a day. And first thing you know he'll be clattering away on a typewriter long after dark turning out a station paper.

It might seem like Joe work to some people — and he may call it worse things — but he does it because he gets a kick out of it and because he can't help it. The newspaper business is like that, once it gets you, you're a gone duck. Which is very much of a break for the fifty or more stations who have talented airmen like this on strength and who thereby boast some of the brightest papers and journals published anywhere.

Up front in this issue WINGS tells the story of the RCAF's station papers and the men who get them out. It's an interesting yarn (stories about newspapermen generally are) and it may give you 47,000 station paper readers a better idea of how unit papers operate and the tremendous amount of work that goes into them.

As if they weren't busy enough already, many of the men who write for station papers also find time to do stories for WINGS. Since WINGS has no field staff of its own, it would be difficult to estimate what a big help this has been. And we can't voice our thanks too strongly.

Every week and month as the flow of RCAF journals pours into the WINGS office, it provides a colorful cross-section of life in the RCAF — and another impressive illustration of how large and enterprising is the Service to which we belong. Fifty or more unit papers publishing from Alaska to Ceylon; Wings Abroad circulating almost everywhere RCAF men serve overseas; WINGS going to every last flying station, recruiting centre and isolated detachment on this continent.

Some outfit, this Air Force !

ARE YOU A FRUSTRATED REPORTER — Poet — Cartoonist or Fictioneer?



... just put it on
paper and pass it
to your station cor-
respondent

or
MAIL DIRECT TO

WINGS AFHQ OTTAWA



The Cadillac with AOC passed AC Smith one seven two three. Now AC Smith did not salute, but gazed sublimely at his boot.

The car was stopped and thence emerged a host of aides who promptly surged 'round Smith, to see if he were blind that he had openly declined to rise in salutation.

They took his number, rank and name, where he was bound, from whence he came, recording all they thought they needed. The Cadillac forthwith proceeded on to its destination.

A massive screed was then compiled, made out in triplicate and filed. An edict just, severe and stern (ending "Acknowledge and Return") and fixed with austere stamp, "By Hand" for circulation from Command; to wit: "Sir, it devolves on me, directed by the AOC, that noting to his deep regret, today an airman whom he met did not salute or try to

WHERE'S JOE

Having trouble locating an old buddy? Then why not shoot his name along to WINGS and we'll broadcast a general alarm.

This month R117020, Sgt H. H. Smith of No. 12 AID, Toronto, asks us to locate FS Jimmy Low. Try him at 8 AOS, Ancienne Lorette, Que., Sarge. And from overseas R153489, Sgt L. H. Coleman writes for information concerning LAC F. B. McGray, formerly stationed at Fingal, Ont. He's now a PO and overseas with you, fella. You can write him care of RCAF Overseas Headquarters.

pay a compliment in proper way, in spite of flags upon the car (see three thirty-two bracket one KR). This serious breach is in your hands for action as the case demands." (A dignified and proper strafe for one so high up on the staff.)

Acknowledged with regrets and woe, the matter passed the SAO in envelopes marked "Confidential" (for such an act this seemed essential). "A matter has been brought to me by order of the AOC that airmen under your command are slack in using their right hand." Written in RED on all of these was "For your information please".

Subordinates got busy then and wielding ever ready pen, wrote chits of dire dissatisfaction, ending "for immediate action," beginning thus, "It would appear" (but why, "it would" was not made clear) "the custom of a smart salute is falling into disrepute. (KR paras eighty-two and three, and standing orders plain to see herewith attached and passed to you). Investigate... make culprit rue. Such gross and careless non-compliance is insubordinate defiance."

Each OC unit thus apprised of old traditions jeopardized placed on Squadron notice boards with fuss a solemn warning worded thus, "The AOC regrets to say that instances have come his way of airmen who did not salute the staff car as it passed on route."

The Squadron clerk could not ignore — so — duplicated by the score and duly passed and underlined the adjutant then countersigned. The P&D staff then all read the words the AOC had said.

The NCO's were next paraded, duly instructed and upbraided, despatched then to the rank and file, where in their turn, in flowery style, explained with force (if not with tact) when staff cars come how one must act.

NOW AC Smith will click his heels to everything that runs on wheels from Cadillac to humble Ford (for pen is mightier than the sword).

Thus with voluminous decree, edictal of the AOC, to guard with dignified respect, tradition won through blood and sweat, was marked for entry in the annals (with "Noted") through the usual channels.

AND SO the Air Force turned once more to minor things — well — such as WAR.

Note: The foregoing epic was deposited in WINGS office by a hand unseen and bearing no clue as to the author's identity. Whether it was written by the airmen concerned — or the AOC — we're as much in the dark as you are. — Ed.

WINGS Editor: Corporal Ed Hayes. Art Editor: FS Patrick O'Lee. Executive Editor: FO R. G. B. Anglin. WINGS is printed and distributed by the AFHQ Duplicating Pool. WINGS welcomes contributions from all Air Force personnel — station stories, fiction, cartoons, poetry, photos — which may be submitted through station WINGS correspondents or mailed direct to the Editor, WINGS, AFHQ, Ottawa.

Skipper's ace fly killer, Gus the Chameleon missing

by FL Ken MacGillivray, P.R.O.

SICILY—Gus the Chameleon, smallest mascot in the Royal Air Force, and possessor of the deadliest shooting eye in his squadron, is missing.

Pet and pride of an RAF Kittyhawk fighter-bomber squadron in Sicily, and personal property of PO Wallace Rutherford of Campbellford, Ontario, Gus had been through many a dive-bombing and strafing do, and judging from the gleam in his eye, he loved every minute of it.

He attached himself to the squadron one day in the Spring back in Zuara, during the desert war, and in five minutes he had cleared Rutherford's tent of flies — bane of desert life. The



pilots watched in amazement and envy as he flicked the insects from every angle with his lightning tongue. "His deflection shooting was a joy to watch", says Rutherford. "In all the weeks we had him, watching him at work all day, we saw him miss a kill only once — and then he came so close that the fly panicked and spun in."

Gus' biggest moments, however, were in the air. Soon after he arrived, Rutherford began taking him on operational trips strafing and dive-bombing behind enemy lines. "He used to perch behind the reflector-sight and hang on like grim death," relates the Canadian, "but sometimes if I pulled suddenly out of a dive, he would lose his head and give me a dirty look as he climbed back up again."

Later, while the unit was in Malta, Gus went to a billiard parlor with his master, wandered away and fell asleep in a cue-rack. The squadron advertised his loss, and next day the owner of the billiard parlor brought him back and firmly refused a £1 reward.

Gus continued his operational career in Malta and later in Sicily, until the other day in an olive-grove he got separated from his Canadian master.

"We're pretty broken up at losing Gus", says Rutherford, "but we have one consolation. If he should ever fall into enemy hands he won't change his colour for them. We had him so long that he took on a permanent khaki hue"

'Nothing but a cold hunk of rock' — that's Iceland

BRITAIN—"Iceland is nothing but a cold hunk of rock." So say two boys just returned to Blighty after nine months on the island. The boys in question are Sgts Fred Wright and Bill Ramsay, both of Vancouver.

"In Reykjavik," Fred explained, "there's no blackout. The people wear American clothes, excepting, maybe, the older folks who still stick to Icelandic national costume. Every store in town is a general store, and like general stores at home the local bards hang around, with their hands in the cracker barrel. The people have a high standard of education and for the most part speak English. Every summer they tear the streets wide open to look at the sewage."

On a sightseeing tour of the island the boys stood up to their knees in an Icelandic forest. "There's hardly a tree on the island," said Bill. "I don't suppose we saw a tree that was higher than head height. Even then they were twisted

by the perpetual winds that sweep the place."

They swam at the hot springs. "A geyser near the pool will blow if souped up with soft soap," remarked Fred. Icelandic money? "This blue note (10 kronur)," he said, "will buy steak, two eggs and a cup of coffee."

"Yeah," added Bill, "and the coffee tastes like creosote." The boys were able to get Canadian beer out there, hamburgers, hot dogs and silk stockings. What good the silk stockings were they don't know. Icelandic women preferred Icelanders.

Besides being cold, Iceland was dry. "It was drier than a temperance meeting during prohibition," Bill remarked. "Their beer is absolutely non-alcoholic."

The boys lived in Nisson huts — like living in a section of a London subway. Northern Lights? You could hear them swish up there. "We used to stand silently for hours and watch them. They were all colors of the rainbow," they said. "Weather was nuts — it would shine, rain, hail and snow all in the space of half an hour. The meteorological boys wouldn't predict the weather any further ahead than 36 hours.

"The pig-keeper on the station, a local fellow with bags of kids, would spit, look up at the sky and predict the weather right on the nose, 48 hours ahead. We often caught the Met boys conferring with the pig-keeper.

"What seems the longest night in the world is night watch in winter. We'd have dinner at sunrise and it would be dusk by the time we went to tea. After that it was dark until the Northern Lights started at midnight."

ON OPS

RCAF 'ROUND
THE WORLD

Forces find North Africa a hitch-hikers' paradise

by FL R. D. Forster, PRO

LONDON — Hitch-hiking may have experienced a North American slump through the curtailment of motor travel, but in North Africa war has produced the reverse effect. Tunisia and Algeria are hitch-hikers' paradises, in the opinion of FO C. P. Shannon, of Vancouver, who has had a close up view of many sectors of North Africa. His present assignment sees him making numerous trips between England and the Mediterranean.

"When the boys get a 48 or more they travel all over the place," said Shannon. "There are so many Army transports on the road, and all types of Service vehicles, that the means of going places is not a very difficult problem, nor is the important item of getting back. Everybody seems to head for the beaches, and the bathing really is terrific. On the coastal roads you can drop off practically anywhere, and find good stretches of sandy beaches. It is surprising to find the roads in such good condition, too, considering what has gone before.

"The main routine at the Army rest camps seems just one thing, bathing," he continued. "The boys are in all the time. It has got so bad that the boys have to wear trunks, now that the nurses are on the scene. The water is very clear, and saltier than what we are used to. Everybody carries a deep suntan. You find plenty of Canadian aircrew boys around the North African beaches."

Canadian airmen are prevalent in most of the North African sectors that Shannon has visited, and they are there in goodly numbers, too.

"At a place called Taforoui there is a 'Vancouver Club' set up in a room in the quarters. In another place, an old barn is labelled 'Canada House,'" he went on. "At Taforoui and Blida they have been having many softball games with the Americans. They play quite a lot of ball in North Africa."

During his travels around North Africa, Shannon visited an American prisoner of war camp which had accommodation for 20,000 Axis troops.

"Many of the American guards could talk Italian", Shannon said. "When they told the Ites that Mussolini had fallen they wouldn't believe it. They put it down as propaganda. They looked pretty happy behind the barbed wire. They should, and the US rations they were getting would be a big improvement on their own."

Prior to coming overseas Shannon spent two years as an instructor at Saskatoon and Claresholm, Alta., and worked in Seattle and Vancouver before enrolling in the R.C.A.F.

Riggers and fitters in Far East don't have it so rosy

by FL Ken Wright

CEYLON—Airmen back in Canada and Britain probably have visions of their fellow riggers and fitters and other tradesmen stationed in Ceylon lolling beneath palm trees on tropical beaches, being served long cool drinks by pretty dusky maidens. They probably imagine other airmen in India getting the station elephant to pick up a bunch of bananas from a high tree for them, or sending a native runner around to see if there are any kites which need servicing this week.

The pictures are pretty, but only pictures.

Admittedly hours of work are likely to be shorter than they are back home, and on some stations there is no work done after lunch. The latter, however, are "rest" stations in the rear areas where squadrons whose efficiency has been hit by enemy action and sickness are sent to recuperate. The airmen, however, still have to be content with temperatures which rise to as much as 120 during the hottest part of the day, so as much work as possible is done in the mornings.

There is plenty of overtime, however, especially in the forward areas. Back home, or in Britain, when a kite is badly damaged, either by enemy action or accident, it leaves the hands of the station personnel and goes to a depot set up to do major repairs and overhauls. In the Far East,

however, when squadrons operate from forward 'dromes hundreds of miles from base, the station personnel have to pitch in and do their own major repairs.

It is high tribute to these lads that one of these squadrons, which operates a great deal from advances bases, has a higher rate of serviceability than almost any other of its type in service.

There are lots of palm trees and tropical beaches it is true, but there is also lots of malaria, dysentery and other tropical diseases, which sometimes cut seriously into the strength of the maintenance units, making additional work for those who are fit.

And any Canadian in the Far East will trade you all the bananas you can carry for one snowball.



Dickering for some extra rations in North Africa is FO Norman Green of Toronto. Native traders are cagey but "Greenie" isn't what his name would imply.

SHORT STORY

LONDON—A lengthy corporal and a brief LAC, both of an overseas RCAF Base Accounts Unit, happened to get a room together.

Cpl "Long John" Palmer settled the argument as to what height the mirror should be hung by calmly tacking it to the blind where it could be adjusted. "Short Order" Grainger, LAC, room-mate and boon companion, didn't argue.

Every bed-time after turning out the lights, Cpl Palmer raises the blind. Every morning LAC Grainger laboriously pulls out the bureau drawers like steps and can be seen mounting them, razor in hand, to haul it down to his own level.

Ex-boxing champ breaks record packing 'chutes

BRITAIN—A former heavyweight boxing champ of the RAF set up a new record for parachute packing when he examined and packed chutes at the rate of one every eleven and a half minutes so that the silken lifesavers would be ready for members of the RCAF's first Lancaster squadron for their raid on the strategic German scientific works at Peenemunde.

He is Sgt A. H. Lee who mobilized all available hands, packed and examined 100 chutes in record time. Usually between twenty minutes and half an hour are required to pack a chute but Sgt Lee proved he could do better when racing against time. When the green light came next day for the raid the parachutes were ready. The mixup occurred when the squadron completed its training on Lancs and were all set for their first sortie but chutes had not arrived.

The sergeant not only knows how to pack parachutes but how to use them as well. Before the war he had made 43 drops and since 1939 has baled out 100 times as instructor at a paratroop unit. He is proudest of the letters he has received from airmen now prisoners of war who have used chutes which he packed. He estimates that eighty flying men have used his chutes and each one has come down safely.

Overseas reception depot is halfway house to Berlin

BRITAIN—Halfway House on the way to Berlin might well be the term applied to the RCAF Personnel Receiving Centre to which airmen and officers are directed after landing in Britain. Fresh from their training in Canada they get their first insight into a scene of operations.

Marching to the Centre from the station one of the first lessons the aircrew learn is one of humility. British people are glad to see them but for four years they have seen incoming drafts marching down the streets. Along the way they will see many other men with wings up, some with ribbons on their chests, and the newcomers begin to realize that they are only part of the many.

After what they have heard of British rationing it is a pleasant surprise to sit down to an abundantly stocked plate of good food. The quarters are comfortable and in pleasant surroundings. Some of them were formerly luxury hotels. New aircrew are quite properly anxious to get into operations and they cannot understand a delay in their plans. Of one thing the impatient airmen can be certain and that is that the permanent staff are only too glad to get him on his way and this will be done as soon as there is an opening. In the meantime life for the newcomer is made as pleasant and instructional as can be.

Circumstances permitting, some may get leave. If not, a suitable round of entertainment is arranged by the Reception Centre or other organizations. For instance, there is the Hospitality Bureau. The ladies are voluntary hostesses who arrange leave for thousands of men. The kind of request they get may be a telegram such as "Rhodesian and Canadian officers, fond of golf, would like weekend in Cornwall or Devon." The Knights of Columbus offers a similar service in addition to recreation facilities.

And at the Reception Centre old friends meet. The people of Britain have long since learned to

JOE ERK ---

Subject: CATS IN THE COOKHOUSE



LAC Brown-Doff to Orderly Sergeant: "Can you do anything about the cats that keep roaming about the cookhouse?"

Orderly Sergeant to Orderly Officer (after three reminders): "There's a complaint, sir, about cats being in the dining hall, sir. Can anything be done about it?"

Orderly Officer to Administrative Officer: "The airmen's mess is full of confounded cats. Will you attend to it?"

Administrative Officer to CO: "There seems to be a hell of a mess in the airmen's mess: the place is swarming with cats."

CO to Group:
Cats, Airmen's Mess, Unexplained Presence Of In

1. Attention is drawn to the presence of felines in the airmen's mess.

2. Have these animals any right to be on the Station?

3. If not, what action is to be taken?

CO to Group (after a lapse of six weeks):
 Has nothing been done about the felines in the airmen's mess?

Group to CO: Yes.

CO to Group: What?
 Group to CO: Nothing.
 CO to Group: The matter is urgent.
 Group to CO: The number of felines in the airmen's mess was not stated. P.S.—How many cats are there?

CO to Administrative Officer, AO to Orderly Officer, OO to Orderly Sergeant, OS to LAC Brown-Doff: "How many cats are there in the airmen's mess?"

LAC Brown-Doff to Orderly Sergeant, OS to Orderly Officer, OO to Administrative Officer, AO to CO: "Four".

CO to Group: After careful counting it has been found that the number of felines in the airmen's mess is four (4).

Group to CO: What sex?
 CO to Administrative Officer, etc., to LAC Brown-Doff: "What sex are those damned cats in the ruddy airmen's mess?"

From LAC Brown-Doff to CO: "Two Tabby, two Tom."

CO to Group: It has been found by examination that the sex of the cats in the airmen's mess is as follows: "Two female, two male. So the matter is most urgent."

Group to Air Ministry:
 1. The Commanding Officer of Station reports the presence of felines in the airmen's mess.

2. The total strength is four (4) — at the moment.

3. The sex of these felines is as follows: Two female, two male.

4. Are these animals permitted on the Station? If not, what steps are to be taken for their removal?

5. It is requested that the matter be investigated without delay.

Air Ministry to Records: We are enclosing a copy of the letter received from 13 Group with regard to felines in the airmen's mess at Station. Can you give them any information?

Records to Group, Group to CO, and then from the CO, verbally to LAC Brown-Doff:

1. There is establishment for six (6) cats at this Station.

2. The other two will be posted in a few days.
 —From Pukka Gen., RAF, East Coast

clear a quick path when two Canadians come together. There's a "Hello, Joe," and a "Hello, Bill! Where've you been you old so and so?" The mad dash forward to shake hands, and Heaven help anybody or anything that is in the way of the two onrushing Canadians.

It's not all play at the Centre. There will be classes on the Link, signals or navigation to enable aircrew to keep their hand in; also swimming lessons and instruction in launching of rubber dinghies. There may be some PT or airmen may be initiated into the digging of slit trenches.

Or a class will go up to the naval school where they will be taught recco, enemy for the bombing of, and other matters that pertain to co-operation between the Air Force and Navy. There will likely be a spot of firewatching, too. A flier may find himself part of an infantry regiment, with the tanks or manning a machine gun on the ground. With this in mind they are sent on a "Commando" course where they learn how to throw grenades, how to use a Bren and Sten gun, and in general a rough idea of the job of the RAF regiment.

She's back in Britain with WDs after locking up shop

BRITAIN — Thirteen years ago Violet Gott packed up and left this country for Canada. Just a few months ago she locked up her grocery store in Keewatin, Ont., and headed back to England — in WD blues.

Besides running the grocery store, the English-born Canadian had also been caterer at the nearby Kenora golf club, and these days she's simply carrying on at the same old stand — a few thousand miles distant. Three times a day she turns out meals for upwards of forty husky NCOs at RCAF Bomber Group headquarters.

LAW Gott had a turn at Air Force cooking at 7 M Depot, Rockcliffe, but things are a little different in Britain. "We have to use about twice as much baking powder here as we did in Canada because the flour is different, much heavier. But on the whole the food supplied us is very good."

NIGHT FLIGHT AFTER LINK.





ACs R. Clements, Marysfield, Sask., H. L. Matkin, Cardson, Alta., sail over a hurdle at 7 ITS, Saskatoon.



Slivers don't mean a thing to these lads as they scale the twelve-foot board wall at 5 M Depot, Lachine



Ready to leap after climbing the swaying rope ladder at "Y" Depot. They clock the boys at this unit.

Hayman Tours Hurdle Circuit

Rugby coach clocks grunts 'n groans on obstacle runs

Lew Hayman sat silently, his keen eyes glued on Freddie Kijek as the Hurricanes' ace kicker got one away. Hayman leaned over, grasped his seat a little firmer as Toronto snatched the lead from Ottawa Combines. It was obvious the erstwhile coach felt a touch of nostalgia.

"Sure I miss it," he said later. "There's no question about it."

For the first fall in ten FO Lew Hayman, one of Canada's outstanding pigskin mentors sat in the grandstand. He had guided Toronto Argos to three Dominion championships in eight years. Last fall his RCAF Hurricanes romped through the season and walked off with the Grey Cup, symbolic of the Canadian football crown.

How did he like his new assignment, remustered to PT&D to help put over the Air Force's new Duty-Fitness program?

"Fine. It's every bit as interesting as football," declared Hayman, then added, "but maybe not as exciting."

PICKING THE TOPS

Back in his office at Air Force Headquarters he reminisced on football; his early days with Argos after leaving Syracuse University; the thrilling series in '38 when his gridiron artists edged the strong Winnipeg squad; his star-studded Air Force club.

His strongest team? He didn't hesitate to answer that one. — "Argonauts of 1938."

That club boasted such stars as Bill Stukus, Art Evans, now pilot officers, Art West, Red Storey, Bob Isbitzer, Burly Thornton and Wes Cutler.

This work-out adds strength and muscle and makes you fighting fit as 5 M Depot boys will tell you.

He wouldn't venture an opinion whether his last year's Hurricanes were on a par with them, simply because the opposition was in a different class.

That was all to the interview because Lew had to catch a train for the west. For Hayman was one of the group of PT and Medical officers who took the fitness survey and created the new Duty-Fitness course described in September WINGS. Reports reaching AFHQ revealed that the boys on stations everywhere were already hurling themselves over and under every conceivable type of obstacle — witness the pictures on this page — and Lew was off to see for himself, to clock their time for the new hazard maze and listen to the grunts and groans. (Headlined the 2 M Depot Airman's Post at Brandon, announcing introduction of such a course — "Coming in on a crutch and a prayer.")

NEW FOOTBALL TACTICS

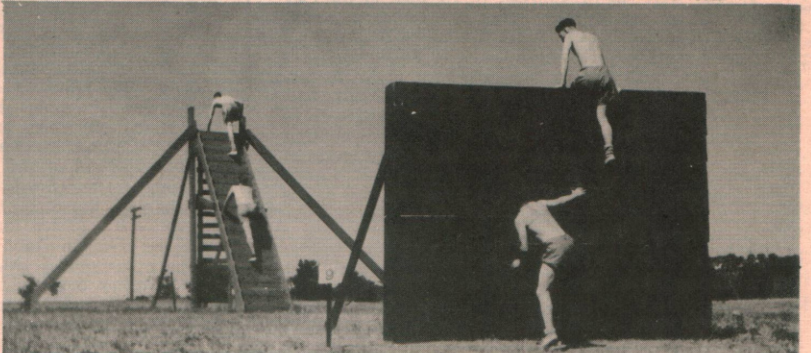
FO Hayman is enthusiastic about the Duty-Fitness scheme because it ties right in with his own theories on football conditioning, which he sums up as "run, run, run!" While he's getting an eye-full of what goes on among the hurdles, the ladder climbs and the water jumps, he'll be storing away a few ideas for future use on post-war gridirons.

When he returns to the coach's bench, says Lew, he's going to place even more emphasis on conditioning than in the past. His future teams may find their training camps bristling with walls to climb and tunnels to scurry through. Which may startle some of the boys, but not the ex-airmen who turn out for a Hayman team: after what they're going through right now they'll be ready for mountain climbing and a turn on the flying trapeze.

FO Lew Hyman, ace football mentor, now a PT and Drill officer, watches lads at 7 ITS on the chinning bar.



Before embarking, boys with CANADA badges up get a Duty-Fitness work-out at "Y" Depot. Above, No. 1 man wavers but keeps balance, walking a dismembered tree. Par time for the "Y" course is 2 3/4 minutes but one lad did it in 40 seconds less.



A smooth, vertical board wall and a "frozen" escalator don't stymie Toughened airmen at Saskatoon ITS. Try this for poise and balance! It's an Indian suspension bridge or catwalk at 7 ITS, Saskatoon.



NEWS FROM YOUR

Home Town

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

The dehydration plant at Summerside, designed to process potatoes for shipment overseas, employs more than 135 persons. Police have raided several establishments in Charlottetown and quantities of home-made beer were seized and dumped. A First Great War vet, John F. Leightizer of Charlottetown is over 60 and has given 12 blood donations at the Red Cross clinic. More than \$16,000 has been raised towards a hospital in Souris; the building will cost about \$30,000. A Holstein cow owned by Premier J. Walter Jones of Bunbury has beaten the Canadian butterfat production record for junior three-year-olds; the previous record was 720 pounds for a ten-month period. Work is well under way on construction of a hangar at Charlottetown airport; the contract was let for \$25,000. The average potato yield in Prince Edward Island ran about 150 bushels an acre.

NOVA SCOTIA

Johnny Farr, of North Sydney, who composed a number of songs for Victory Loan campaigns, came through with another for the present drive; it's called "We're on the Way to Victory." Amos Fielding of Burlington operating a mowing machine lost his purse with \$25. That night Mr. Fielding dreamed of his loss and saw the purse lying in a patch of tall grass; next morning he visited the spot and found the money. Two Antigonish farmers, Ronald MacIsaac and Angus MacEachern, polished off a 700-pound bear with clubs after a charge of buskshot failed to bring it down. In Clarence, they have hens with religion. On a recent Sunday one of them entered the church during service, passed up the aisle, crossed in front of the pulpit and down the other aisle, talking in hen-like manner as she went. Females have replaced all male employees between the ages of 16 and 40 in Kentville's stores and restaurants; the men were drafted for the new potato dehydration plant. A. H. Galarneau, National Selective Service officer, spent his vacation by relieving the labor shortage; he helped Blake Clarke of Lakeville harvest apples.

NEW BRUNSWICK

From Sussex it was learned that FL T. B. Senez, RCAF, of Halifax, aircraft detection corps officer for the Maritimes, has covered 12,000 odd miles in an army jeep during the past six months. Department of transport notice in a recent issue of the Canada Gazette read: "permission has been granted . . . to change the name of the motor vessel "Nazi" of St. Andrew, N. B., official number 158,497, owned by Mr. Albert E. Justason, Pennfield, N.B., to that of "Burla J." New Brunswick's potato crop is worth more than \$10,000,000; a yield of more than 300 bushels an acre is estimated. Thirty engineering students from Sackville surveyed marshlands near the New Brunswick-Nova Scotia border preliminary to proposed construction of new dikes and drainage systems to reclaim some 75,000 acres of marshlands. Gerald Carty, 17, negro youth of St. John is the fifth boy in his family to become a member of the RCAF.

QUEBEC

English place names in Quebec which in the last few years had assumed either French prefixes or French translations are to be restored and no more changes are to be made. Hampstead has decreed that its cats be placed in the same category as dogs and henceforth pussy must wear a tag and appear on the streets only on the end of a leash. Mayor Arthur Rousseau and six councillors of Three Rivers were re-elected for another two years. Clair Simard, 16, is godmother of the 10,000 ton cargo ship "Fort Lennox" launched in a colorful ceremony. Capt. R. C. Barman of St. Bruno was fined \$10 when convicted of failing to spray his apple orchard. Edgar Lesourtois of St. Godefroy de Beauce was walking along the railway track when he felt a little tired and sat down to enjoy a little nap. He woke up in La Tuque hospital after being hit by a freight train. Henry Bourdon, Montreal court clerk, has sat through many cases in which landlords and tenants battle their differences under wartime regulations; then he found himself with a judgment ejecting him from his flat because his landlord wishes to make structural alterations to provide accommodation for a greater number of persons.

ONTARIO

After an absence of more than 60 years, Cupid visited Mount Zion church near Shelbourne; first wedding of the twentieth century in the church was that of Florence Newton and Bruce Wilson, both of Mansfield. Charles Summerhayes of Brantford, who observed his 81st birthday in October, came out of retirement to aid the war effort; he's back blacksmithing. A large buck deer has been seen roaming Goderich countryside with a heavy-duty horse collar dangling from its neck. The magnetic bar on the department of highway's nail picking truck travelling between Elmvale and Wasaga Beach in one morning picked up 19 pounds including nails, bottle caps, sharp pieces of metal and even large railroad spikes. At the Small Arms Ltd., plant in New Toronto, there are 286 grandmothers among war workers. In future persons caught marking Rainbow Bridge at Niagara Falls will have to scrub the wall with soap and water. Bert Sutter of Pike Bay made a profit of a car accident; he struck a wolf and collected \$35 provincial bounty and \$10 township bonus for the pelt. Pretty Pearl Allen, 19, is Brampton's first woman barber. At Haysville, J. B. Garland's farm was burning but a cat who had just given birth to four kittens entered the blazing building until she carried each one to safety; the mother cat was so badly burned she had to be destroyed.

Letter From Home For

AC DAVID WIGLE

West Coast C.M.U.

Amherstburg, Ont.

Dear Dave:

Downtown this morning they are talking about the six-pound pickerel that Jimmy Gowing landed at the Government dock yesterday afternoon. He was sitting in the sunshine, day dreaming, when a mighty tug came on his line. He played around with the fish for some time but his line was too light to land it. Wally Wagg ran down to get a net and that is how the big boy finally was landed.

Your young cousin, Jimmy Sutton, was the big shot at the Public School Field Day. The lad won the Kindergarten championship and he was a mighty proud young man with his three ribbons across his chest.

A few days ago there was a lot of excitement here as the large auto transport carrier, the City of Petoskey, landed on the shore near the end of the Gordon pier. The fog was very thick at the Lime Kiln Crossing and after going through, the skipper dropped anchor. The anchors didn't hold, the current threw the boat around and when the fog raised she was but a few feet from shore. Captain McQueen's tug, The Stoic, went to the aid of the stricken ship.

Young Tom Purdie is home after 18 months with the RCNVR. His ship took part in the North Africa landings. Don Rogers, with the RAF in Italy, has been mentioned in the news stories from there.

The other evening the Amherstburg Masons had a dinner honoring your grandfather on the occasion of his 92nd birthday.

Word came through from England that Bill Patterson was seriously injured in a carrier accident but he is recovering.

All the best from your friends in Amherstburg.

John A. MARSH,
Editor, The Amherstburg Echo

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

MANITOBA

The dimout the other night at Portage la Prairie had nothing to do with the war. Hundreds of thousands of flies forced cafes and shops to close and dimmed street lights to a faint glim; the insects piled six inches thick against some buildings. C. H. Harness of Winnipeg found among his mail a letter addressed from Hawarden, England, dated Oct. 20, 1912; it took that long to

reach him. Peter Fraser, Pilot Mound farmer, took shelter beside horses during a thunder storm; lightning killing four of the five animals but Fraser was beside the one that survived. Mr. and Mrs. Abe Falk of Plum Coulee who observed their diamond wedding anniversary recently have no children of their own but at various times have taken into their home 16 children, three of whom were adopted. LAC Fred Billows, a Winnipeg youth in the RCAF in North Africa sent a letter home five feet in length and written on both sides of the paper. A \$25,000 water development centering around Proven and Otter Lakes will be undertaken to provide a mass breeding place for 125,000 to 200,000 ducks. A minesweeper has been named after Deerwood, population 300; it is the smallest place in Canada to have a warship named after it.

SASKATCHEWAN

The weatherman staged a variety show in West Plains and Cypress Hill districts the other day; the temperature rose to 82 degrees in the afternoon but before evening there had been two electric storms and eight hours later an inch of snow fell. A cat on Mrs. Ellard's farm near Hawarden hatched a set of four hen's eggs and saw the thing through. Visitors to Lawson have been known to go on the wagon indefinitely after one tour of the village; in the population of slightly more than 100 there are five sets of twins, four of whom live on the same street. In Regina, dog catcher Paul Fugero got an emergency call; he sped down the main thoroughfare, rescued a young Mallard duck from the dogs that had it cornered and returned to his office wondering "what next?" Historic Battleford Fort will be rebuilt as a permanent reminder of work of the Royal North West Mounted Police in bringing law and order to the North West sixty years ago. Coyotes are causing losses to farmers in the Saskatoon area, attacking sheep, chickens and even small pigs. Mrs. John Anderson of Estevan, suffering from peritonitis, was treated with penicillin flown from Toronto.

ALBERTA

T.C. Miles, Claresholm district rancher, threshed this year with a "League of Nations" crew; it comprised an Indian, a Swiss, a German, two Huttenrites and a Doukhobor. Street-name singposts have sprung up on grounds at 7 SFTS, MacLeod; they include "Hurricane Highway"; "Whirlwind Way"; "Defiant Detour" and the road to the WD barracks is "Spitfire Street". Red Deer now boasts a woman optometrist and a woman barber, Mrs. J. A. Lampard and Mrs. Leona Wilson, respectively. At Hughenden, A. Harrison's car caught fire and gave its own alarm when the horn honked incessantly. E. R. Oschsner after motoring to Bittern Lake found that one of his hens had roosted on the front bumper all the way. The rye crop of Emmet Mohler of Camrose yielded 6,100 bushels from 149 acres; under the quota system it will be three years before he can get it all to market. Edmonton now has 19 women insurance agents. Hugh McGillivray of Nanton awakened by the roar of a plane, dashed to the window and found his barn on fire; the airman had raced his motor to warn him. While Walter Ridell, Gleichen district farmer, was receiving treatment for pneumonia, neighbors got together and threshed his entire crop.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Ficken and their three children, of Vancouver, unable to rent a house, have been making their home in a parked automobile. A cow owned by George Mohr of Powell River tried to jump over a flume near the Kelley spruce plant and broke through the huge trough, causing a minor flood; the cow drowned. Twice a Spaniel owned by Harry Stokes of Vanderhoof has found sets of false teeth and brought them home. Mrs. Bennett of White Rock, who is blind, does her own housework, splits her own wood and has knitted 583 articles for the Red Cross. W. E. Valleu informed Burnaby City Council that he built his home on the wrong lot; the city owned it so they traded. McBride village, population 230, was left without a clergyman when Rev. G. L. Harvey of the United Church enlisted in the Army. Nurses at Lady Minto Hospital, Ashcroft, in their spare time put up 280 quarts of jam, fruits and vegetables. Mrs. Oules of Wenatchee packed 295 boxes of apples in one day. The Chilliwack Progress passes on a hint to whistle a popular tune when approaching a hen-house; sudden fright may disturb the laying. Revelstoke is without a dentist so the Board of Trade advertised in Alberta papers for one.

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



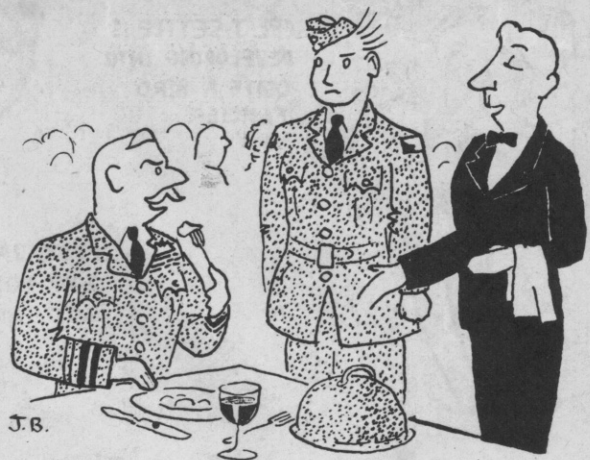
"OOPS, SIR"



"IT SEEMS TO BE UNSERVICEABLE, SIR"



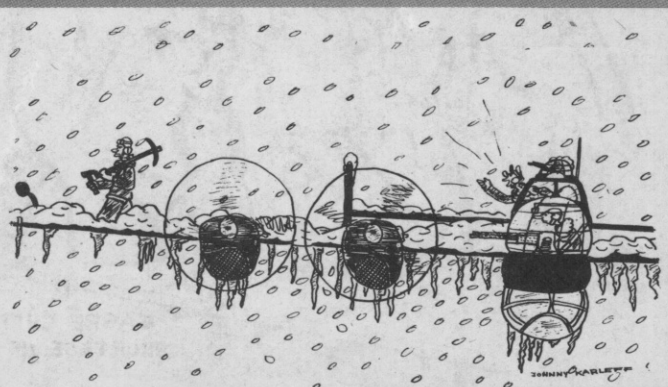
"I DON'T KNOW SIR — SHE JUST CAME IN ON THE BEAM."



"WE'RE PRETTY CROWDED, SIR. DO YOU MIND THIS OTHER AIRMAN SITTING AT YOUR TABLE?"

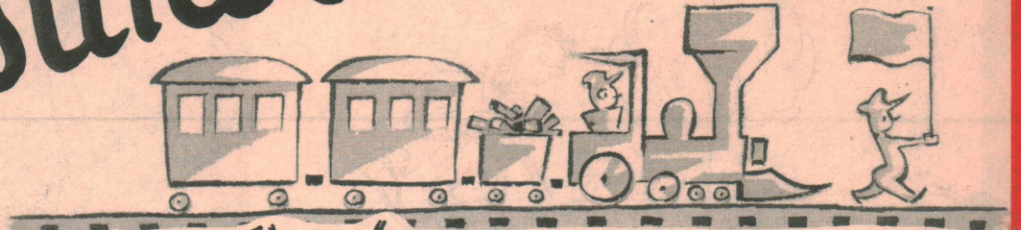


"I DON'T KNOW WHICH ONE OF YOU MEN PLANTED THAT SMOKE POT IN MY OFFICE LAST NIGHT, BUT WHEN I FIND OUT, I'LL PIN HIS EARS BACK!"



"YATES—YOU'RE CARRYING THIS DE-ICING BUSINESS TOO DAMN FAR!"

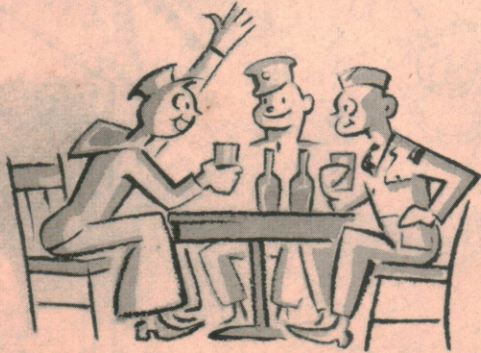
The Peninsular War



THE GASPÉ 'COMET', 12 HOURS OF MEANDERING MONOTONY.

A NAVY TYPE'S IMPRESSIONS OF SHARING SERVICE LIFE WITH PIGEONS AND PONGOES AT A COMBINED-OPS BASE ON THE GASPE PENINSULA—

by Lt JIM KEMP, RCNVR.



INTERSERVICE CO-ORDINATION



FLT. SGT. J.R. LORD HAS ORGANIZED THE G.D.'S INTO A TOPS BALL CLUB.



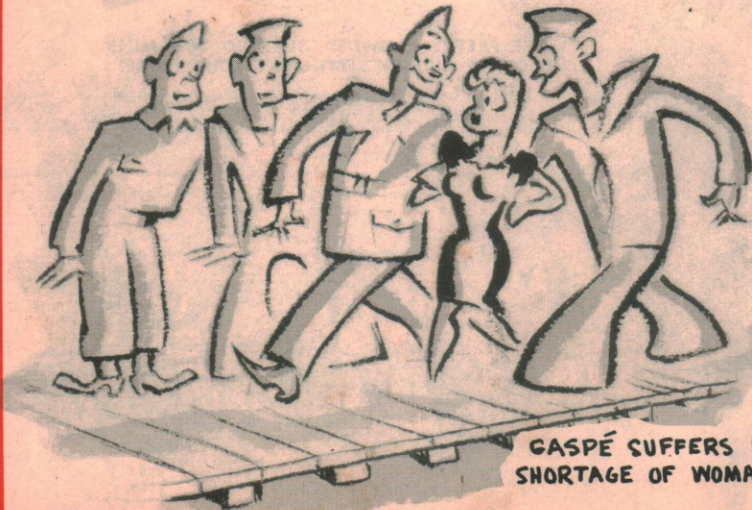
CPL. J. SETTLE IS DEVELOPING INTO QUITE A BIRD FANCIER.



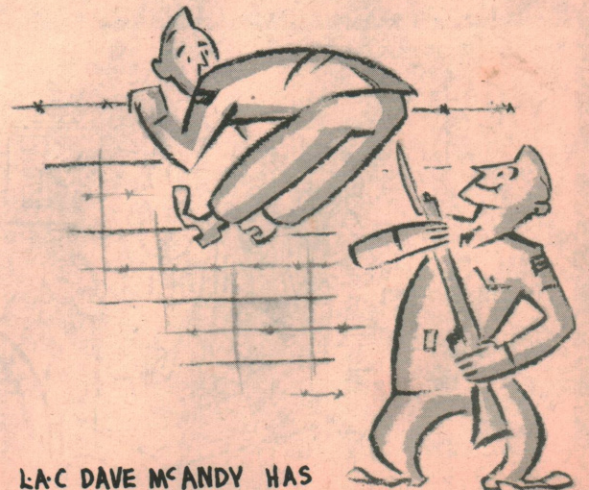
COOK JACK HELM EXERCISES HIS 230 POUNDS IN THE GENTLE ART OF JITTERBUGGING.



BARBER E.G. OLSEN COMBINES FIDDLING AND BARBERING TO THE MUTUAL ADVANTAGE OF EACH.



GASPÉ SUFFERS FROM A SHORTAGE OF WOMAN POWER.



LAC DAVE McANDY HAS QUITE A TOTAL TO HIS CREDIT ON SECURITY GUARD.