

WINGS



LOG OF THE R-C-A-F

5c

DECEMBER

1943



F/S O'Leary

Merry Christmas Issue

4 EXTRA
PAGES

He likes to fly with his shoes off and collect crazy souvenirs, this hero of 174 operational hops

by SL FRANK de B. WALKER, CHIEF PRO

TWO squadrons of Air Force blue-clad young Canadians — buttons and faces shining — looked up in mass hero worship at the stocky young man on the speaker's platform of Stanley Park Barracks and held their collective breath. Some of them held it too long — were just a bit too tense and excited — and over they went. One after another until seven or eight of these game Air Cadets were stretched on the floor.

Then the young fellow on the platform came to the rescue.

"Relax chaps! The same thing has happened to me. Stand easy! There's nothing to worry about." In this fashion the most decorated airman in the Air Forces of the Empire got everybody out of a tough spot. He was not thinking then how important he himself might be; nor was he thinking that the hundreds of spectators had come more to see him than the Cadet parade. He was thinking of his men — and they were his down to the last boy on parade. He was showing the in-born sense of leadership that has made him the outstanding commander he is.

The stocky young man was, of course, Wing Commander Guy Penrose Gibson, VC, DSO and Bar, DFC and Bar, famed leader of the raids which wrecked the Mohne and Eder dams.

The Winco came to Canada in Winston Churchill's party headed for the Quebec Con-



WC Guy Gibson, VC, DSO and Bar, DFC and Bar.

Mr. Dambuster

ference and, accompanied by an RCAF Public Relations Officer, set out on a 12,000 mile zig-zag trip to let Canada see the Empire's most outstanding young aerial leader and, in turn, let him see Canada.

The following four weeks were one long procession of speeches, receptions, quick flips by plane, punctuated by a train trip through the Rockies in the West and another through the Maritimes, when his aircraft was grounded by fog. By the time he again landed in Ottawa, Mr. Dambuster had proved that he could take it. He was still smiling, still asking "How did I do? Do you think those chaps got something out of it?"

That gives you a glimpse of a side of Guy Gibson you haven't heard about. Perhaps it is something that only comes out when you have sat in an aircraft with him, taking off from a Northern Saskatchewan field on a bright September afternoon. The Winco, whose feet are hurting him, has removed his shoes and socks and like a small boy, is delightedly wriggling his toes, while the pilot, efficiently carrying out what should have been a routine take-off, finds for a moment he is in trouble. The aircraft just won't "come unstuck". At the last second with the runway all used up and nothing but bushes and trees ahead the aircraft lifts and clears by a few feet.

"Gee! and me with my shoes and socks off", exclaims the Winco.

Perhaps other seemingly simple things will tell you more about him. Like the day in Calgary, when surrounded by an admiring audience of Air Force veterans from 1914 18 days, and plied with questions from every side he interrupted to remark, "But gentlemen, there is nothing extraordinary about me except my good luck!"

Or perhaps a day later when he was told that the younger brother of a missing member of his squadron had begged permission to meet him. An Air Vice-Marshal, a mayor and other important people deftly and diplomatically made way for a chat with an embarrassed but thrilled young LAC, a boy whose only ambition was to carry on the job his older brother had started. "When you get to England one of these days", said Gibson with a smile that said how well he remembered the

brother, "you look me up". Grinning again he added, "I think I'll make that an order".

At 9 SFTS, Centralia, they are probably still telling the story of how the Dambuster while washing up in the CO's quarters "borrowed" some nice green hand lotion that was on the shelf. On confessing to the CO that he had helped himself, he learned to his amazement and the CO's amusement that the bottle contained a very special hair tonic. Sequel came at take-off time and hour later when, with everything stowed aboard, the CO ran up to the aircraft, opened the door and handed over the bottle of "hair tonic" which made such a good hand lotion. That bottle went back to England with him, as a valued souvenir.

He collected other things too, this remarkable young man. When he mentioned that his feet were tired he immediately inherited tubes, cans and bottles, each containing a cure better than the one before. When he got a headache, he was showered with headache tablets, salts and what have you. At the end of his trip the most amazing piece of luggage was a bath towel tied like a sack and filled with every patent cure you could find on the market . . . You would almost think he was a sick man instead of the husky veteran of one hundred and seventy-four operational flights.

He's as human as you . . . this capable young Dambuster. In an automobile he's as nervous as a cat when someone else is driving; goes to sleep and snores his head off in an aircraft no matter what the flying conditions; likes ice cream and steaks and would rather go to a movie (that is, a cinema) than attend the most elaborate reception; he likes to meet blondes but you won't be with him long before he shows you a picture of his very beautiful wife.

He knows a lot of things and is always anxious to learn more. There is one thing above all which shows in everything he does and says, his appreciation of good discipline. Says Mr. Dambuster, "I don't mean just saluting and shiny buttons, though they are usually an indication of the type of man. What I mean is 'Can he take an order with a smile and then go and do what is expected of him?' If he can . . . he's my man when there's a tough job to do!"



That plaintive noise you hear is an ex-inmate of the Aleutians beating his gums. And don't laugh — you might be posted there!

*Oh up in Umnak when you're blue
You up and chase a cariboo
There's ruddy else that you can do
In the AL — E-U-SHUN Islands.*

—Williwaw Willy

by PO DAVE GRIFFIN, PRO

OHO", say your pals, "so you're back from Alaska, eh?"

Whereat you look at them coldly and say: "Listen, I was not in Alaska. I passed through Alaska on my way, but it was just a stop off. I was in the Aleutians, which are no part of Alaska. Alaska is a civilized place, where you can sometimes find indoor plumbing, and where there are women, and the odd drink even if it does cost you a buck and four bits per shot, and a very small shot at that. The next guy that tells me "Oho, so you are just back from Alaska", I am going to personally kill with my own two little hands."

No fooling folks, if you want to draw sparks out of an RCAF lad who has served in the Aleutians, just start out by confusing those remote little hell holes of isolation with Alaska.

You see, friends, Alaska has been settled for quite a few years. There are cities and towns in Alaska. There are electric lights and butcher shops, and restaurants and juke boxes. And there are girls.

Now take the Aleutians. (Take them, by all means, this party here doesn't want them.) Where our particular squadron sat sweating out the war, it was 1500 miles back to Alaska. There we were on our little ash heap, with the Bering Sea on one side of us and the North Pacific on the other. The Pacific is warmer than the Bering, so the fog hung around us in great, thick chunks all the time. There are no trees, no gals, nothing stronger than coffee, and sometimes, if the boats weren't getting through right, it wasn't so strong either. When I say the island was an ash heap, I mean just that. It had been formed when a volcano burst up above the sea and sprinkled itself with its own lava dust.

No one can live in a place like that and be normal, so I guess we all developed a fine, nutty flavor while we were there. Some of the conversations, for instance. You never beefed, or grouched. It was called "beating your gums," which is a quaint expression the U. S. troops up that way had. Roughly translated, it means "beating your gums".

CONVERSATIONAL LOT

We were probably the most conversational lot in the Air Force. There wasn't very much else to do. And mostly we'd talk about home and what we were going to do whenever we saw home again.

Gang of us were sitting around in a Quonset hut one night while a williwaw did its best to tear our camp up by the roots. A williwaw is a hurricane that blows up and down and sideways, all at the same time. FO Ken Caldwell, a confirmed Vancouverite, was nibbling on a ship's biscuit and imbibing his own particular brew of tea, which was somewhat villainous. He ventured the remark that if he ever got back to civilization, by which he meant Vancouver (I'm from Toronto myself) that he would have himself a double order of what he said was the finest dish known to man. This, according to him, was Boundary Bay cracked crab. Art "Major" Fanning, who comes from Winnipeg, which he claims to be the essence and core of civilization, looked startled. "Do you mean to say you'd rather have crab than a good thick steak?" he demanded. He proceeded to extoll the virtues of grilled steak, not too well done. The argument started to rage and became acrimonious. Personalities were being exchanged when the door flew open and in blew (literally) PO Jerry "Dead End Kid" Blair of Shawinigan Falls, Que. "Wuddizzit, wuddizzit?" he yelped. "Watcha

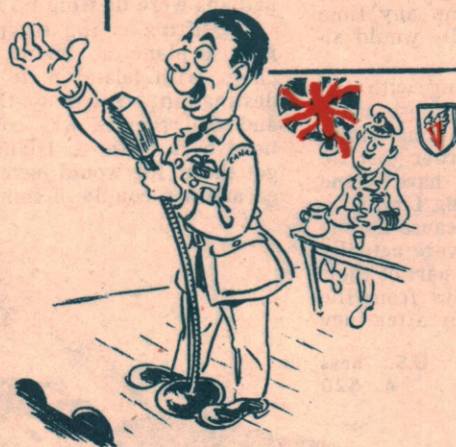
A Ferry Christmas

By SL Carroll McLeod

1

I M push around on Victory Loan to make de speech for cash.
I'm on de platform day and night, wit' words I'm make big splash.
Go here, go d'ere, wit radio, me and Mackenzie King.
D'at billion dollar loan she's click, it make boss Ilsley sing.
So after dat, big boss he say, "Your job she's done tonight,
What nex' you lac to do?" I say "Fly ocean wit' big kite".
"H'okay" he's say, wit' smile on face, "you're post wit' Dorval gang,
We'll fix wit' chief for fly de Lank, be sure you're not get 'prang'."

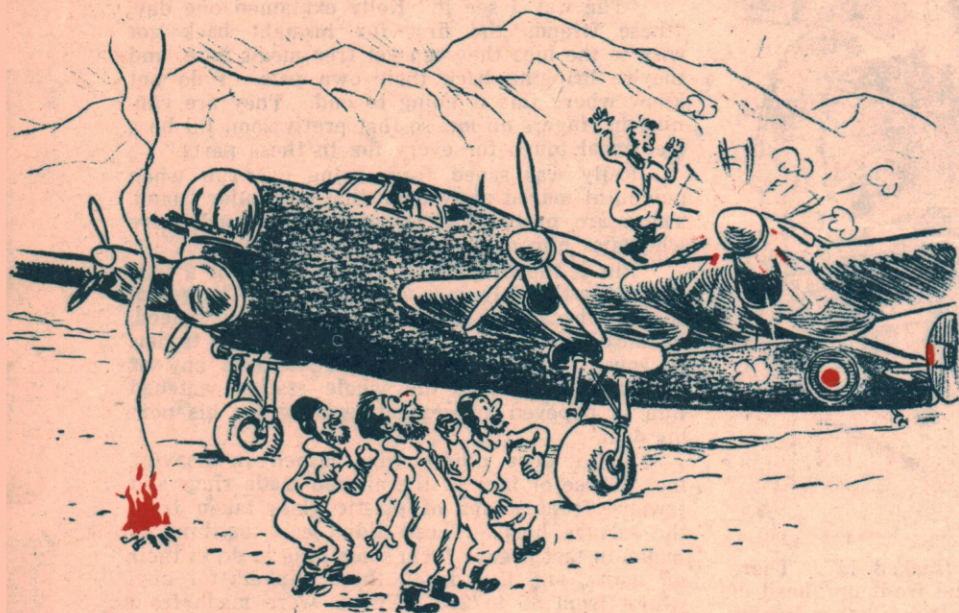
F OR two, t'ree week at Ferry place, I'm spend much time in class.
Do circuits, bumps and brief wit' crew, November, she's pass, fas'.
One day I'm push d'ose t'rotle wide, dat Lank she's climb from groun'.
Nex' place we mark on map for stop, she's close by London town.
De hours pass by, no work to do — dat guy wit' h'eye on star,
He's figure wit' his pencils, and tell us where we are.
We have nice lunch, wit' ham and egg, no ration books to clip,
I'm dunkin' toast into my tea, w'en trouble shake de ship.



3

W IT' mixture, carberator heat, I'm coax dat lank along.
Our "Nav" guy "fix" us nort' of course, so far he's not been wrong.
Sure up ahead, we spot Scotch hills, between d'ere's snow in valley.
D'ose engine quit, I'm squat us down lac "strike" on bowling alley.
Wit' crew of mine, we're scam from ship, d'ere's guy in kilt comes squawkin'
He's talk wit' "burr", bout Santa Claus, I don't catch what he's talkin'.
De odder guys d'ey catch on quick, d'is guy he's talk in jerks,
It's Christmas Eve, kids party planned, big snowstorm spoil de works.

M Y gang lac odder Ferry guys, fill baggage for d'eir friends,
D'ere's always fruit and candy bars, and lots of odds and ends.
So wit' d'ose t'ings dat kiddies like, we're tramp thro' snow to town.
Wit' Christmas party on for kids, d'ey're not to be let down.
I'm always hope, some Christmas Eve, I'd play dat Santa guy.
Well sure enough in dat small church, I'm get dat chance for try.
In flyin' suit, wit beard on face, aroun' dat Christmas tree,
We hold big party for d'ose kids, same t'ing you'd do for me.



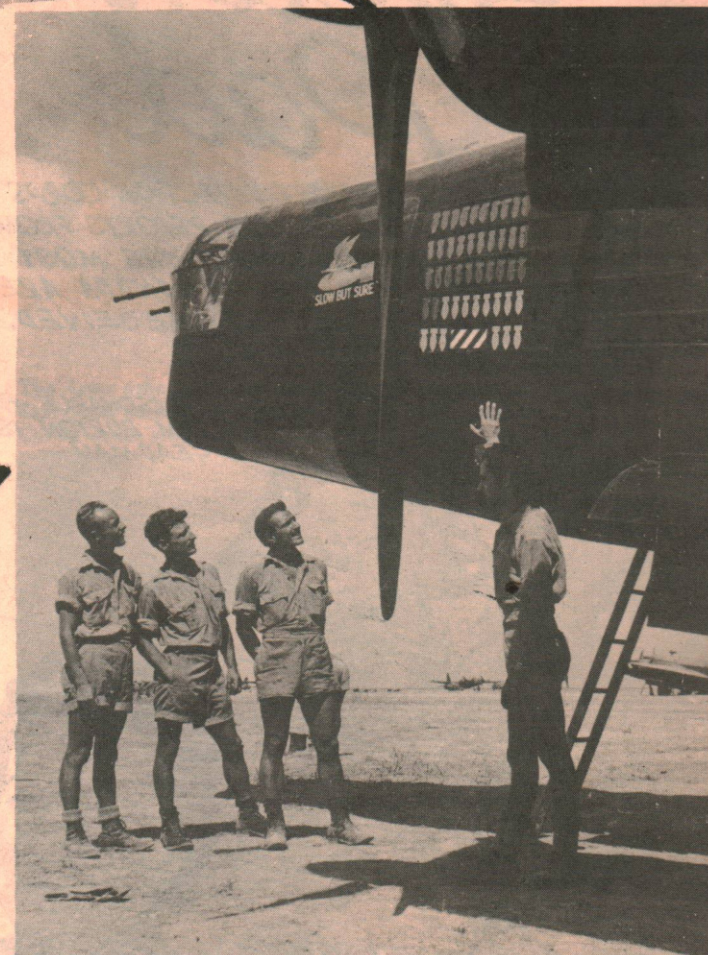
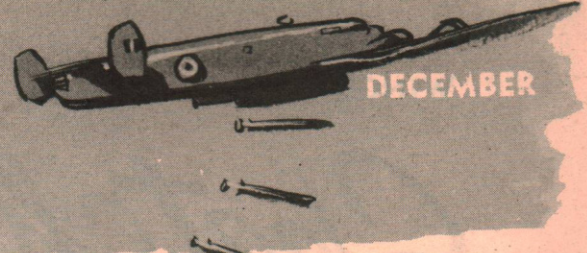
2

A LL engine quit, d'ey switch de tanks, d'ere's not a cough or sputter,
I'm dive dat Lank, down tro' de cloud, de intercom she's mutter.
Firs' t'ing I'm see, d'ere's lots of snow on hills close by de shore,
D'ere's not much time for make de choice, I'm in de jam once more.
My crew are standing close around, d'ey know de chance we're takin'.
We spot big lac, between some hills, I yell, "dat's place, we're makin'".
D'ere's ice on lac, it's solid stuff, I'm glide in on de wheels.
Dat Lank sit down, lac whipping cream, you know de way it feels.

F OR twenty days we're pass de time, dat hair on face gets tick'.
We're try d'ose engine every day, but never do dey kick.
My engineer he's make las' try, wit' special priming tool,
Firs' engine catch and d'en de res' — we jump aroun' lac fool.
I'm taxi all around dat lac, and tes' d'ose engine more.
We leave dat Greenlan' place behin' December twenty-four.
For seven hour, we're cruise along, dat Lank she's purr lac cat.
We're lookin' for de sight-of lan', w'en again d'ose engine "spat".



Turtle with Wings



"The Turtle" takes time out from sorties to pose with an AG and three mechs. Left to right are Sgt Donal Ouellette, Windsor, Ont.; LAC Yvon Monette, Montreal; Cpl Andre Lupien, Quebec and LAC Eric Merry, Vancouver.

All through the Sicily show and on into Italy, this Wimpy ran up 46 consecutive raids. She was slow but sure, but the Turtle was no Aesop's fable.
 by FO TED FARAH, PRO

TUNISIA, with the RCAF Bomber Squadrons — The Turtle had waddled away over the horizon from this Canadian bomber base for the last time — and her departure was like tearing a little bit out of the hearts of each of the four airmen who were her ground crew.

If ever an aircraft seemed to be inscrutably alive and possessed of a soul, it was so with The Turtle, which has set a record so far among the RCAF Wellington Squadrons of Northwest Africa by going out on forty-six consecutive bombing sorties and never turning back once because of mechanical trouble.

She did it in a way that amazed everyone, for when she arrived on the station, a new-looking kite, and was taken over by the Alouette squadron, she immediately acquired a reputation for being slow. She was known then only as X for X-Ray.

That was in June, before the Sicilian campaign. As she went out night after night, carrying different crews to Mediterranean targets, often late getting back but always coming back and

never acting temperamental, her aircrews began to feel a kind of condescending confidence in her and the ground crew began to get over its feeling of inferiority because X for X-Ray was slow. She was dependable. Her twin engines hummed perfectly.

The ground crew lavished hours of travail and attention on her. They talked with subdued pride in their hearts about her steadiness. The four in the ground crew were: Cpl Andre Lupien, reddish-haired fitter from Lac a La Tortue, Que., LAC Yvon Monette of Montreal, a rigger, small, with handsome features and a thick, blondish moustache; LAC Eric Merry of Vancouver, fair-haired and as Anglo-Saxon as the other two are French-Canadian; and finally, AC C. E. Schierer, of Ponoka, Alta. All were grease monkeys of one sort or another before they entered the Service.

One night over Messina, during the invasion of Sicily, The Turtle was caught in searchlights and had fifteen holes shot in her by anti-aircraft guns. The hydraulic system in her rear turret was put out of action, and some other mechanical trouble resulted. She brought the aircrew back all right, though. The next day the ground crew worked like madmen and had her serviceable again for the night's operation.

The Sicilian campaign ended and she hadn't missed a sortie. The ground crew came right out in the open and proudly painted a small bomb on the side of her nose for each operation. Began the bombing of railway yards, communications lines and aerodromes in preparation for the invasion of Italy. X for X-Ray was out with the squadron every night, carting her load of bombs to the target, dropping them, then heading home.

Pilot Officer Armitage of Miniota, Man., bomb aimer in the crew that was flying X for X-Ray most often, dreamed up the name for her. The ground crew was delighted. It expressed their innermost feelings. They did what any ground crew would do. They got an airman who was handy with a brush to paint a winged turtle on one side of the nose. The turtle held a bomb in his claws. They kept adding a small bomb for each trip.

The Turtle got up to forty bombing sorties and showed no sign of weakening. The four in the ground crew were the centre of heated arguments with other ground crews in the messes. The crews of L for London and T for Tommy were only half a dozen trips behind and jibes were hurled back and forth as they declared they were going to catch up and pass The Turtle.

If ever there was adoration in the eyes of men for a machine, it was in the eyes of the ground crew of The Turtle when they talked about their kite.

Came September. The Turtle was no longer new looking. Her fuselage was coated with dust. Her paint had an oldish tinge. She looked a little fatter and heavier than some of the sleek new

jobs that had come in to replace kites damaged or lost. The life of a warplane is measured in hours.

But the Turtle's performances kept improving. The ground crew spoke of her as though she were alive, a slogging, slightly sad, friendly old soul. "She gets better all the time", said LAC Monette after the forty-fourth sortie. There was wonder in his eyes. "She used to be slow but she picked up speed as she got older!"

"The last four nights she's been one of the first back", said LAC Merry. "She climbs better than any of them when she's got a full bomb-load." "She's had 285 hours", LAC Monette said as though he'd counted them one by one. "Forty-one thousand two hundred and eighty-three miles — almost two times around the world."

"They were going to finish her at 280 hours", said Cpl Lupien, "but they examined her and she was in such good shape, they said they'd let her go at 300".

"We're very proud," said LAC Monette.

The Turtle made her forty-fifth trip in fine style and her bombs helped blast an aerodrome in Italy that was of great value to the enemy. She went out on her forty-sixth sortie and her bombs fell on another aerodrome, where aircraft were set on fire and hangars ablaze. But when she came back and the engineering officer checked her over the next day, he found her bearings were wearing away. She'd used too much oil on the trip.

She had to be taken off operations — away to a repair and salvage unit, to have new engines put in her. But chances are good that The Turtle will be returned to operations again. As far as the ground crew is concerned, they expect she'll be flying over Berlin the night before the Armistice is signed.

The Turtle didn't go away without receiving recognition. A squadron leader had heard the talk about her and said: "You should give her the DFC with all those ops."

The ground crew agreed. They painted the ribbon of the DFC under the rows of painted bombs for each trip. It didn't matter that the ribbon was upside down. The Turtle had been suitably decorated.

Sketch Pad

WITH THE AIRCRAFT DETECTION CORPS IN WINNIPEG, WHERE REPORTS FROM OBSERVERS THROUGHOUT THE MOST NORTHERLY PARTS OF CANADA ARE RECEIVED.



PERSONABLE F/L B.M. BURTON IS HEAD MAN—

VIEW SHOWING ELEVATED PLATFORM FROM WHERE INFORMATION EMANATES AND THE ROOM IS CONTROLLED.



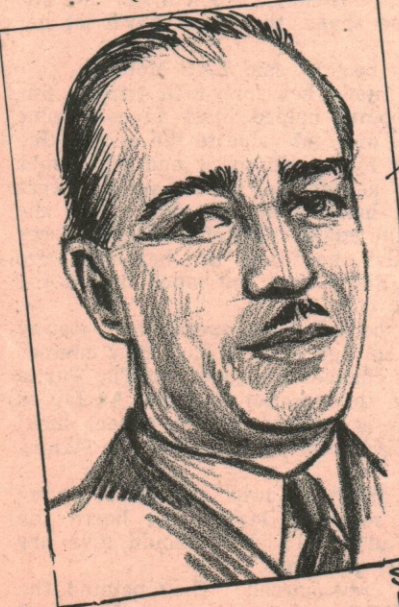
NEWLYWED SGT. M. WILSON WHO MANAGED TO FIND TIME TO GET MARRIED.



A TYPICAL NORTHERN OBSERVER.



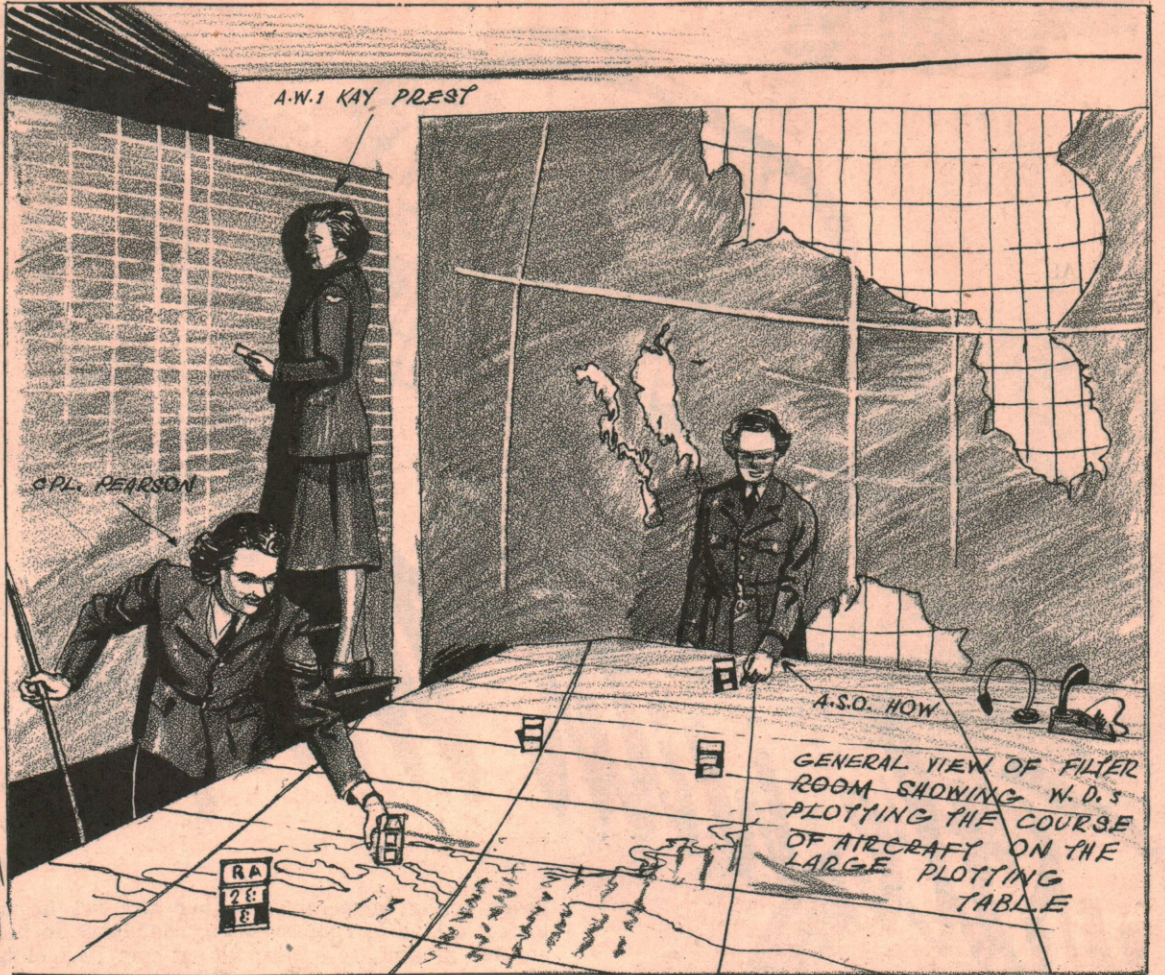
A.W. I LORNA DUFTON—CLERK OPERATIONAL FILTER—THAT IS SHE PLOTS COURSES OF PLANES.



F/O D.E. HURLBUT HE EXPLAINED THE GRID SYSTEM TO US.

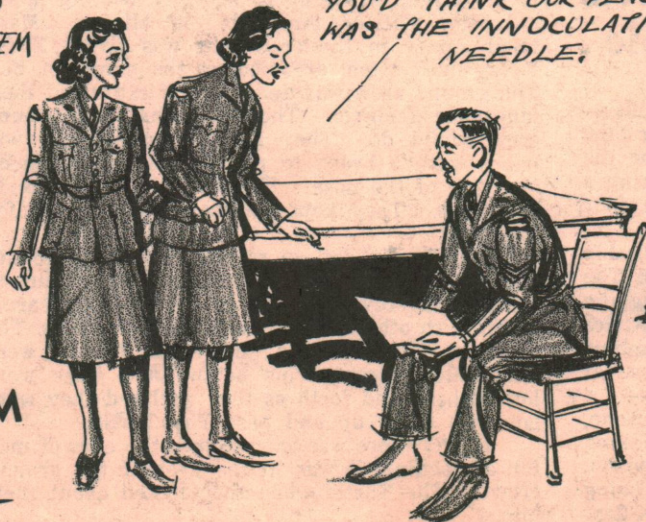
DRAWN FOR INTER-COM

by SGT. MAURICE MAC DONALD.



GENERAL VIEW OF FILTER ROOM SHOWING W.D.'S PLOTTING THE COURSE OF AIRCRAFT ON THE LARGE PLOTTING TABLE

GETTING PRETTY MISS DUFTON TO SIT FOR THE ABOVE SKETCH—YOU'D THINK OUR PENCIL WAS THE INNOCULATION NEEDLE.



A.W. I COLTER TAKING OBSERVER CALLS FROM A NORTHERN OUTPOST.

AERIAL SHUTTERBUGS

"Camera level - shoot!" It's the war cry of flying photographers

by WO2 H. L. WOODMAN

EAST COAST BASE—FL Ray Sim, OC of an Army Co-operation unit was seated at his desk, perusing the latest training circular, when the telephone rang. It was the Colonel from local Defense Headquarters. Excitedly the Army chief poured out the story of a natural site for an ammunition dump in his area, discovered quite by accident. Could the Co-op boys take a mosaic, covering two square miles?

Whistling, the flight lieutenant walked out to his navigation room, and from a chart cabinet extracted a mile to the inch map. He studied it for a few minutes, then dialed the photo section. Five minutes later, Cpl Al Jones appeared, togged out in flying clothes and carrying an aerial camera. The officer and non-com turned their attention to the map and with pencils and rules set about drawing a number of parallel lines up and down the area which would have to be photographed. The met section obliged with a wind speed at 8,000 feet, so practically all calculations could be made on the ground, and the pictures shot with a minimum of delay when the objective was reached.

With details worked out, they took to the air and flew directly to the location.

The electrically driven camera was set in motion, clicking away at intervals, recording everything in range. Back and forth they flew, up and down the parallel lines until they had covered the whole area, then home again. From here in, it was the corporal's pigeon, and he

CONVOY SAILS



EDMONTON — Tears of gratitude fill the eyes of RAF boys as they wave farewell to a "convoy" sailing from a prairie port for Britain. One lad leaning on his mate's shoulder cried: "At least we can say we sent home the bacon."

SP's French backfires

BRANDON—Don't be alarmed if the gens d'armes (SPs to you) should challenge you at the detention room door one night with a couple of queer sounding words such as "qui vive". Instead, look the SP straight in the eye and retort politely: "Bon soir, corps de garde." And while he's feverishly leafing through his "Guide to Easy French" to find the answer to that one you quietly sidle past him and run.

But those French primers the SPs are sweating and toiling over here to become bilingual experts are proving mighty handy. In fact the French lessons have brought to light some interesting stories.

A certain Brandon SP eager to demonstrate his facility with the language coyly approached a girl on Tenth Street in Brandon the other night and said tenderly, "Bonjour, Mademoiselle, etes-vous seul?" The girl blushed prettily and replied, "Oui, je suis seul." The sergeant beamed, "C'est tres bien." He furrowed his brow trying to recall the French word for movie. "Mademoiselle," he ventured finally, "voulez-vous passer ce soir avec moi dans ma chambre?"

The girl let loose with a frightened squeak, screamed "Wolf!" at the confused sergeant and ran off to look for a policeman, leaving the poor SP sadly wondering why a perfectly innocent invitation to a movie had caused such an explosion.

trotted away to the photo section with his precious film. The necessary processing completed, he emerged with a stack of wet prints, and was followed to the general work room by Cpl Muck McNutt, carrying a large piece of bristol board.

"Say fellows", McNutt remarked, "I recall one time when I was developing a mosaic up in Newfey. I took out the roll, tossed away the leader, and processed the film. The pictures were taken under ideal conditions, and I was very anxious to see what I had, so I snapped on the lights. Well, you'd have sworn, too. I found I'd developed the leader and thrown away the film!"

Meanwhile, Sgt Green, NCO in charge of the section had arranged the long work bench so that the mosaic could be properly laid out. At this stage the job was a mess. The prints all looked alike, they were wet, and the sergeant and two corporals nonchalantly started tearing them up.

However, soon things started looking brighter for our mosaic. The torn pieces were "precision torn" by masters of the art. They were laid together like a jig-saw puzzle and they fit just as well. Cpl Jones smiled. "You know", he said, "I wasn't sure whether we'd have anything here or not! I was afraid I'd left the lens cap on."

While the mosaic was still wet, it was again photographed as one close-up print, and enlarged. The finished photo was a masterpiece, not one seam or joint was showing. The boys could pat themselves on the back for this job.

The Army was elated — the job was just what the Colonel ordered. Yet this was just one of thousands of mosaics the photo Joes have taken up and down the coast. Leaders have been developed by mistake, and lens caps have been left on the cameras. Too, most of the boys have thrilling experiences to recount, everything from nearly falling out of aircraft to spotting subs. Others have gone on twelve hour patrols to get shots that would only take five minutes if an aircraft were available to do the job specifically. Sgt Green, and Cpls McNutt and Jones are typical of the many aerial photographers serving in the Air Force today.



The Army asks that a proposed ammunition dump on the East Coast be photographed. FL Ray Sim and cameraman Cpl Al Jones study computer and maps before take-off.



The assignment completed, dark room crew works on the mosaic, in the process of being laid down. Left to right are Sgt Green, Cpl Muck McNutt, FL Sim and Cpl Jones

INTER-COM

TWO PAGES OF STATION-TO-STATION CALLS

Bushed on the beach

WEST COAST STATION—When is a man bushed? There may be numerous answers to that one but the boys at this Detachment have their own test.

If a man walks along the seashore alone with his head down and at a shuffling gait, apparently talking to himself, he's not really talking to himself. He's not bushed. He's talking to the seagulls. He's not bushed till the seagulls start talking back to him.

Those who have been on the West Coast for a while have quite a collection of friends among the seagull clan. They've even had young ones named after them. In fact, original members of this Detachment have organized the Loyal Order of Seagulls — a most exclusive body into which none can be accepted who has not been a pioneer.

Santa wore a fan

EASTERN FLYING BASE—Though the calendar designates December 25 as Christmas Day, boys attached to a squadron here couldn't wait that long. Experience had proved that they might be scattered all over the globe by Christmas. So, on a hot August night they celebrated Noel with all the usual trimmings.

The officers had rented a large cottage at a nearby beach where they and their wives spent off days, weekends and leaves. While the boys were at work their wives and lady friends decorated the cottage with red bells, wreaths and other Christmas decorations. Previously the boys had gone back into the woods and chopped down a large Christmas tree which they planted in the front yard of the cottage. It was gaily decorated with lights, tinsel and underneath the usual presents for Jack, Joe and Mary.

Bright idea



CENTRALIA, Ont.—Wartime priorities didn't prove much of an obstacle to FS "Hammy" Hamilton when he was faced with the task of providing indirect lighting in the airmen and airwomen's club at 9 SFTS.

The enterprising Flight, who was in the electrical section prior to his recent posting to Mount Pleasant, Ont., procured fifteen tin hand basins, a hundred odd feet of plumbers chain, and with the necessary sockets, made up his light bowls in the form of Air Force roundels. The above photo shows the result. Entire cost — about \$11.

MARCH PAST — Personalities In Blue

Orchid for Orchard

MACDONALD—The kind of courage and devotion to duty that ought to win any man's war was brought to light at 3 B&G School recently when Sgt Alan Orchard of Australia won his air gunner's wing.

Sgt Orchard saw service in the early North African campaign and suffered the loss of his right leg. Subsequently he was honorably discharged from the Australian Army. Not being able to settle down to civilian life he made application to the RAAF but was rejected. Still down, but not out, he took his case to the Chief of the Air Staff and demonstrated his ability to do anything that an airman might be expected to do normally, except march. He was accepted.

The plucky Australian proved his ability by coming eleventh in his class of 123.



FS Hicks

Sgt Orchard

Politics and plumbing

by SGT ROSS MASON

LACHINE, P.Q.—Twenty-five pounds lighter and with a concavity at the belt where a slight convexity was once noticeable in civilian life FS Roy S. Hicks, Windsor, Ont., is now stationed at 5 M Depot as the senior NCO in charge of all plumbing and heating.

The man who once assisted in swinging a \$3,300,000 refinancing for the Metropolitan General Hospital is now swinging wrenches and loves it. Memories of his political career in Windsor are now just that — memories.

When war broke out he had the itch to get in. He was in the reserve army but after settling his affairs and selling his business he enlisted in the RCAF in March, 1941, as an AC2 fitter general.

Roy laid aside the huge wrench with which he was attacking tubing and piping in the maze of equipment that is the heart of the depot's hot water plant. Wiping away the grease and dust which covered his hands and smiling broadly, he said he had never been so completely happy or satisfied in his life as he had been since he took up his work for the RCAF.

"I enlisted because I wanted my two daughters in the Women's Division to be as proud of me as I am of them," he said. "Eleanor is a corporal at 16 SFTS, Hagersville. Evelyn is now a section officer in the WD's and is stationed at St. Thomas. Both were teachers. My other daughter, Claire, is a student at Grace Hospital and plans to enlist as soon as possible after graduation . . . in the RCAF."

"We think we are releasing three men for aircrew, and soon we'll release another. If Mrs. Hicks were able, I think she'd be in it, too."

32 times paraded

FINGAL—Thirty-two times Gib Smith was paraded between his regimental sergeant-major, adjutant and colonel before getting his transfer to the Air Force. Then, in August, 1942, after twenty-two months in England with the RCAMS he was sworn into the RCAF in London.

In May, 1940, he left his home in Verdun to enlist in the Army. After remustering overseas he took his ITS in Yorkshire and went to grading school on the border of his native Scotland.

After returning to Canada he got forty-four hours in at Windsor Mills before being sent out as an air bomber. He is now on Course 91 at 4 B&G, Fingal.

Overseas, he missed being bombed twice by minutes. When he joined the RCAF he slept past

his stop in London, which was bombed fifteen minutes later. He went on to Brighton which had been bombed fifteen minutes earlier.

What does he think of English girls? "They're a little dense at times, but once you get used to 'em they're all right," he says. "They're not as hep as our girls, unless they've been mixing with Canadians. But once you get used to them they compare favorably with ours."

Teddybears and horseshoes

EDMONTON — SL Jimmy Walker, DFC and two bars, twenty-four-year-old Edmonton fighter pilot with ten and a half enemy planes to his credit, believes the calibre of Hun pilots is not as good as near the start of the war but admits the Germans have some fair squadrons.

"The Black Cats and the Ace of Spades squadrons aren't bad," he says. Another called the Wings over Africa is fair. "The Huns seem to realize they no longer are kings of the air. At least we have their pilots wondering about it," he declared.

The Edmonton ace served with an RAF wing in Russia for about three months during the big German push where he got his first Nazi plane. He referred to the Russian people as "extremely well read. They can quote Shakespeare from back to front".

He bagged eight and a half of his total in Africa and was forced to bail out twice, both times within his own lines. In Africa his squadron usually went out three times daily in good weather and stayed aloft an average of one or two hours.

SL Walker wears a small iron horseshoe attached to his identification disc. He has worn the charm since he went to England almost three years ago. "I don't know if it is any good or not", he said. "One time when I forgot it I was shot down but then there was another time I was shot down when I was wearing it. Most of the fellows have something like it."

"Boris", a teddy bear is also one of the hero's pet mascots. It lost an eye in aerial combat but has been with SL Walker since he received his wings at Uplands.

His flying and shooting tactics are simple to read: "Get there first before he gets you and just hope like heck you hit him before he hits you."

Headache for St. Nick

TRENTON—It's often a case of "the old order changeth" — but the ideal Christmas gift wish from a guy or gal in uniform remains pretty much the same. He'd still like to wake up and find a curvilinear cutie in his sock. She still wants a man.

At least, these choices were found on the Christmas gift list poll conducted for Trenton personnel by *Contact*. Given an unlimited scope, suggestions ran all the way from puppies to a sojourn on a tropical isle with Dottie Lamour.

But the Big Three for the men who took it seriously were a wristwatch, a pen and pencil set and a camera while the airwomen's favorites included lingerie, a folding iron and camera with film.

It was obvious from some of the suggestions that there is no lack of imagination among Trentonians and that old Santa is in for plenty of trouble if he attempts to satisfy some of the wishes.

If there's any truth in the well-known saying "Gentlemen prefer blondes", then Trenton must have a lot of gentlemen. An MT driver, a believer in wine, women and song, also wants a barrel of beer thrown in. One gal asked for a man "in any shape or form."

The cold spell had a decided influence on some of the voting for red flannel popped up often as the choice of quite a few.

One WD, much to the amazement of the *Contact* staff placed a good book and a pair of non-issue black gloves ahead of her preference for a man.

Most interesting combination was that of a clerk accountant whose choice was an indefinite furlough, Hedy Lamarr and some expense money.

Postings close to home were the choice of many so it remains to be seen whether old Santa has any pull with DAPS. From the looks of a lot of suggestions *Contact* expects to receive a form any day from the old boy himself begging for a large crate of aspirins.



LAWs Hazel Harwood, Chatham, Ont., and Phyllis Kiely, Montreal, garbed in 1 ITS jerseys, but from 2 KTS, Toronto, led the cheering this fall for RCAF Hurricanes.



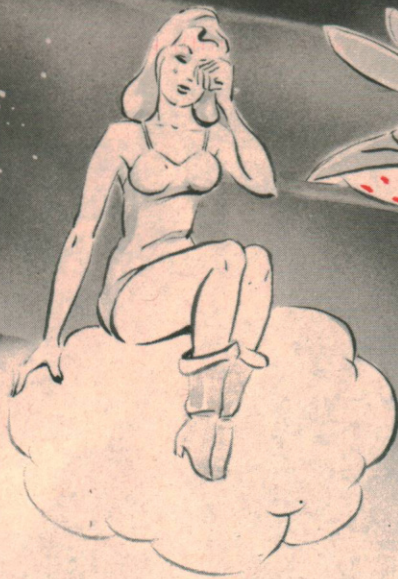
First Canadian air ace to win two Bars for his DFC, SL Jimmy Walker, 24-year-old Edmonton flier took a bride after arriving back in Canada. (See story).



Ferdinand the Bull leads the way to a dance at 3 B&G, Macdonald. WD Sgt McCaw follows in with clowns FS Hutchings and Sgt Eddy. At left is Sgt Burrows. Behind Ferdinand's eyes lurks Sgt Brock.

A WD at Fingal, Ont., checks dress and deportment before leaving camp and sees herself as others do.





TWAS the night before Christmas
The camp was asleep.
So I thought I'd step out—
Without even a peep.
My take off was breezy
I climbed ahead fast
As hangars and barracks
Became things of the past.
As I cruised along softly,
My slipstream behind,
The stars twinkled brightly
Along with my mind.

WHEN lo! to the starboard,
On some cumulus fluff,
Crying her eyes out
Sat a cute bit of stuff.
"Why are you crying
Oh maiden so fair,
Did Santa forget you
And why are you bare?"
Still sobbing gently
She told me her plight—
Of why she was stranded
Out there in the night.

I gave her my tunic
The evening was cold
And I cuddled her close
While her story she told
"I was working for Nic'
Producing new toys
To tickle the hearts
Of our air-minded boys.
"Just swinging along
On the four to twelve shift,
Testing new airfoils
To get better lift.

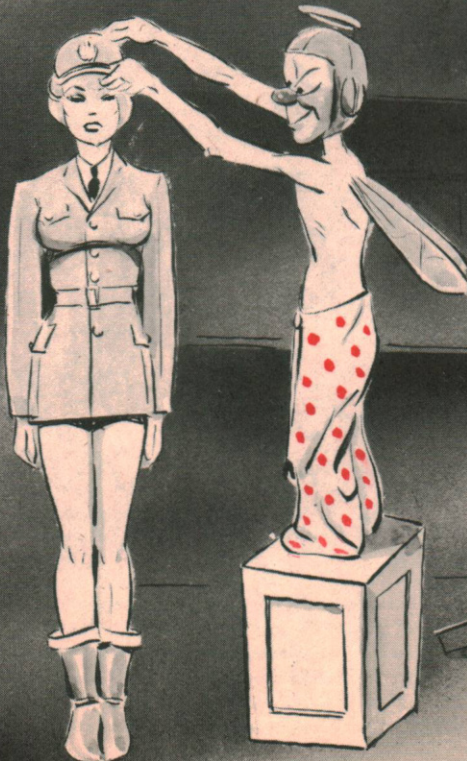
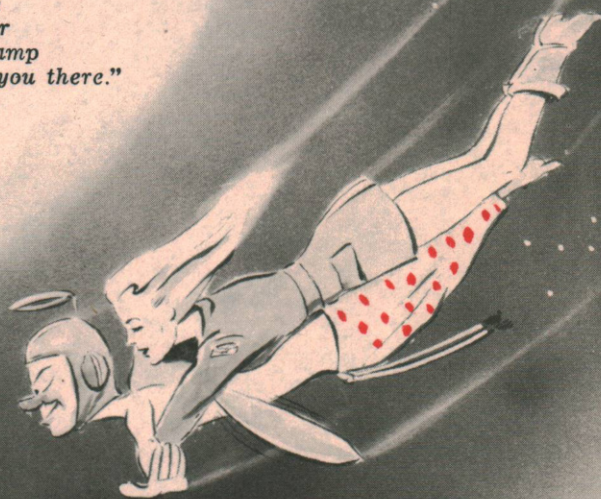
The Adventures of Whimsey and Carol

by W.J. COUCILL

WHEN caught in a gust
From the wind tunnels roar,
Bereft of my clothes
I was blown through the door.
"Then dropping in space
Till this cloud broke my fall
So cold and alone
That I started to bawl."
"Just hang on to me
Little maiden so fair
We'll fly back to camp
And get clothes for you there."

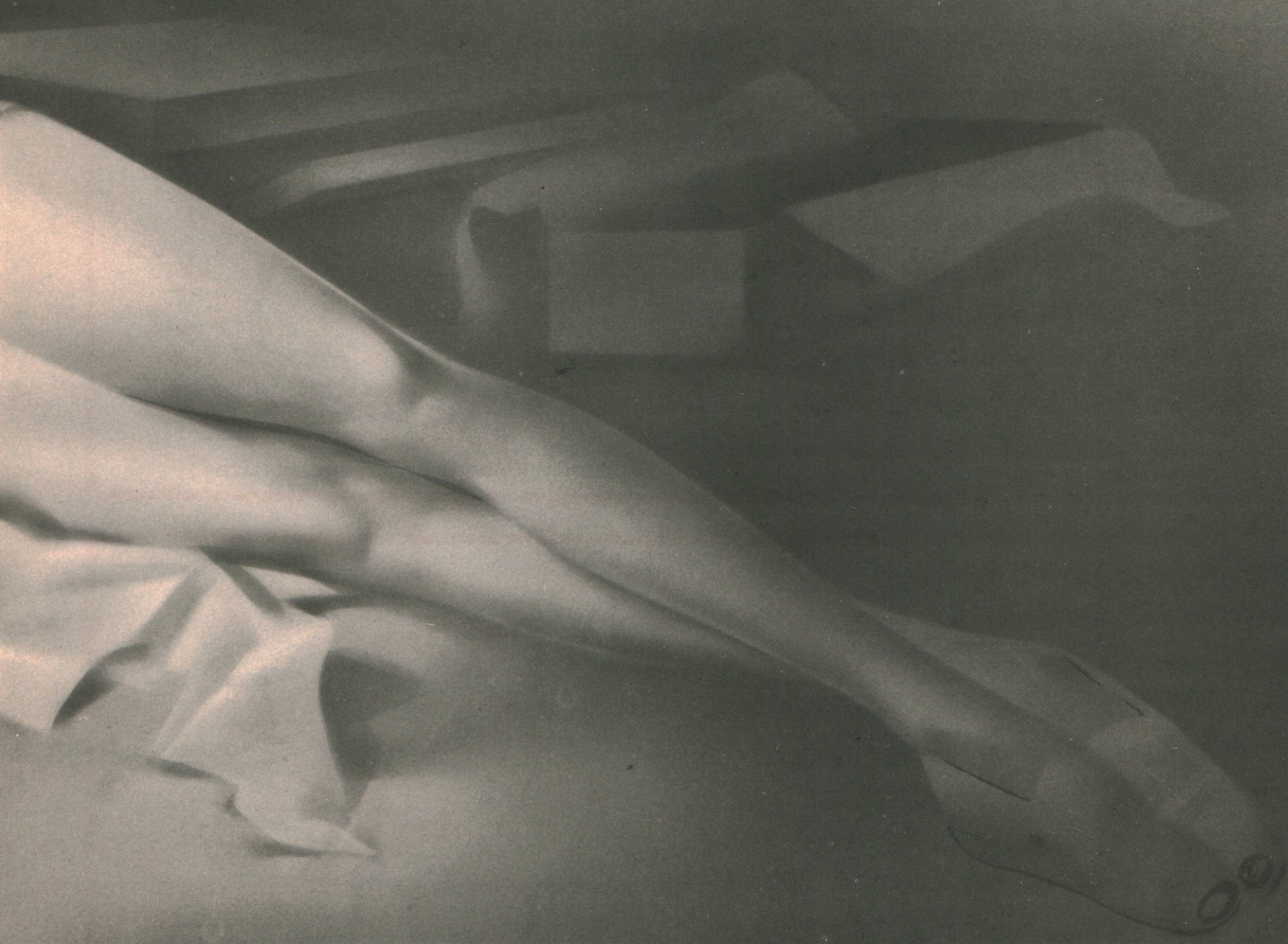
SO we made it a dual,
Came in on the beam,
And I marched off to stores
With my peaches and cream.
I dressed her in blues
From her head to her toes
The fit was but perfect—
She poured into clothes.
Then we both made a vow,
That we sealed with a kiss,
Not to breathe to a soul
What had happened amiss—

SO if you happen to know
Of a W.D.
With eyes like the stars
And deep as the sea
With a figure like Venus
And voice so divine;
Remember this brother—
She's pledged to be mine.





Merry Christmas
from Joe Erk and Wings



F/S O'EE

Des nôtres se distinguent en Italie

Le lieutenant de section A. Houle, D.F.C.

Quelque part en Italie, avec le C.A. R.C. — (Spécial à "Wings") — Le lieutenant de section Albert Houle, de Massey (Ont.), qui a déjà mérité la "Distinguished Flying Cross" pour avoir abattu deux "Junkers 87" et en avoir endommagé trois autres vient de se distinguer de nouveau. En effet, il a abattu un "Focke-Wulf 190" et en a avarié deux autres.

Houle a accompli ce second exploit le mercredi 6 octobre alors qu'ils pourchassaient dix "Focke-Wulf" qui venaient de pilonner Termoli, une ville de l'Adriatique. Les avions allemands, en l'apercevant se sont aussitôt réfugiés dans les nuages. Mais Houle s'est quand même lancé à leur poursuite jusqu'à l'épuisement de ses munitions. Et c'est ainsi qu'il a réussi à en abattre un et à en endommager deux autres.

C'est à la suite d'un raid au-dessus d'El Alamein, en Egypte, que Houle avait abattu, au cours d'une même envolée, deux "Junkers 87" et en avait avarié trois autres. A ce moment-là, il pilotait un "Hurricane". Maintenant, il a un "Spitfire".

Avec Houle, en Italie, se trouve également le sous-lieutenant d'aviation Gilbert "Legs" Leguerrier, de Montréal, qui s'est déjà distingué en abattant un "Junkers" au-dessus de Suez. Il y a aussi le sous-officier breveté Paul Lapointe, de Montréal, un petit-neveu de feu le très hon. Ernest Lapointe.

Houle prétend que Lapointe a tout ce qu'il faut pour devenir un excellent pilote de chasse. "En outre, a-t-il dit, il étudie sans arrêt et ne rêve que de duels aériens".

Enfin, il y a les aviateurs canadiens français suivants: les sergents Paul Paradis, d'Ottawa, E. Bertrand, de Montréal, et Fred. Flageole, de Grand'Mère; les caporaux Roger Lamontagne et Jean-Paul Forgues, de Montréal; Cédric Arsenault, de Richmond (I.P.E.); Jean-Paul Lauzon et G. Richard, d'Ottawa; Ernest Brosseau, de Saint-Etienne de Beauharis; Gilles Fortier, de Louiseville, et Fernand Michaud, de Rivière-du-Loup (Qué.).

Plusieurs autres Canadiens français sont décorés

Plusieurs autres aviateurs canadiens-français ont été récemment décorés outre-mer, pour la bravoure, l'habileté et la détermination dont ils ont fait preuve au cours des nombreux raids auxquels ils ont pris part.

Voici ceux qui ont mérité la "D.F.C.": le lieutenant de section J.-C.-H. Déglise, pilote, de Montréal; l'officier pilote Denis Turenne, pilote, de Saint-Pierre (Man.); l'officier-pilote Armand Meilleur, radiotélégraphiste-mitrailleur, de Montréal; l'officier pilote Normand Brousseau, pilote, du Cap-de-la-Madeleine; l'officier pilote J.-A. Lymburner, navigateur, de Verdun (Qué.); l'officier pilote A.-R.-I. Laberge, de Montréal.

Il y a également l'officier pilote J.-P. Duval, de Gracefield (Qué.), qui a été décoré de la "D.F.M." ayant été recommandé avant de recevoir son brevet d'officier.

S. Em. le cardinal Villeneuve au Dépôt de Toronto



Le Dépôt de l'effectif No 1, à Toronto (Ont., où se trouve l'école d'anglais du C.A.R.C., a eu l'honneur, il y a quelque temps, de recevoir Son Eminence le cardinal J.-M.-R. Villeneuve, o.m.i., archevêque de Québec. Son Eminence, après avoir passé en revue la garde d'honneur du Dépôt, a adressé la parole en anglais et en français à quelque 3.000 officiers et aviateurs catholiques, puis leur a donné sa bénédiction. Sur la photo ci-haut, prise à l'arrivée de Son Eminence, on voit (de gauche à droite) le vice-maréchal de l'air F. S. McGill, commandant de la 1ère Région d'entraînement aérien, Toronto; Son Eminence le cardinal Villeneuve; Mgr James C. McGuigan, archevêque de Toronto; le capitaine de groupe H. O. McDonald, commandant du Dépôt de l'effectif No 1; le chef d'escadrille T. McIlhorne, commandant de l'école d'anglais.

Les auteurs et le réalisateur de "Frères d'Armes"



Voici les animateurs de "Frères d'Armes", cette nouvelle émission radiophonique qui est entendue tous les lundis soirs, de 8 h. 30 à 9 heures, sur le réseau français de Radio-Canada. Il incombe aux trois premiers de rédiger les textes, alors que le quatrième s'occupe de la réalisation. De gauche à droite, on voit le sous-lieutenant Ernest PALLASCIO-MORIN, qui représente la Marine; le sous-lieutenant Paul VERMET, qui représente l'Armée; le sous-lieutenant d'aviation Gabriel LANGLAIS, qui représente le C.A.R.C., et M. Guy MAUFFETTE, cet excellent réalisateur de Radio-Canada. M. Jacques Auger, artiste bien connu, a été choisi comme annonceur de la partie consacrée à l'aviation.

Deux héros canadiens français en congé

Les commandants d'escadre Roy et St-Pierre

De retour au Canada, l'un après 22 mois d'absence et l'autre dix-neuf mois, les commandants d'escadre J.-W. St-Pierre, D.F.C. (E.-U.), et Georges Roy, D.F.C., ont été l'objet de brillantes manifestations à Montréal, Trois-Rivières, Québec et Saint-Eustache.

Tous deux ont été invités à maintes reprises, à adresser la parole, en plus de prendre part à des émissions radiophoniques à Montréal, à Trois-Rivières, à Québec et à Hull. A leur arrivée à Montréal, ils ont été accueillis par plusieurs personnalités, entre autres Son Honneur le maire Adhémar Raynault, l'hon. Hector Perrier, secrétaire provincial, qui représentait l'hon. Adélarde Godbout, le vice-maréchal de l'Air Albert de Niverville, commandant de la 3e Région d'entraînement aérien, Montréal, et l'hon. Philippe Brais, c.r., président conjoint du Comité du 5e Emprunt de la Victoire pour l'est du Canada.

A la gare, on remarquait également l'hon. Arthur Sauvé, membre du Sénat, et Mme Sauvé, qui étaient venus saluer leur gendre, le commandant d'escadre St-Pierre, M. et Mme A. St-Pierre, de Saint-Eustache-sur-le-lac, parents de ce héros, ainsi que Mme J.-W. St-Pierre; l'hon. Philippe Roy, ancien ministre plénipotentiaire du Canada à Paris, et Mme Roy, parents du commandant d'escadre Roy.

Au cours des diverses allocutions qu'ils ont dû prononcer, les commandants d'escadre St-Pierre et Roy ont parlé du travail accompli par l'Aviation royale canadienne sur les deux théâtres de guerre auxquels ils ont été affectés, c'est-à-dire en Grande-Bretagne et en Afrique du Nord.

Comme on le sait, le commandant d'escadre St-Pierre a formé et a été le premier commandant de la fameuse escadrille "Alouettes", dont les membres se sont si hautement distingués en Angleterre et en Afrique du Nord.

Quant au commandant d'escadre Roy, il a été d'abord, pendant plusieurs mois, commandant de section des "Alouettes", puis, ayant été promu commandant d'escadre, il a pris le commandement d'une autre escadrille.

Les commandants St-Pierre et Roy ont déclaré qu'ils étaient particulièrement heureux, après une si longue absence, de se retrouver au Canada, "mais ce n'est pas sans regret, cependant, ont-ils souligné, que nous avons dû quitter nos hommes. Après quelques semaines de repos, il nous fera du bien de retourner au combat".

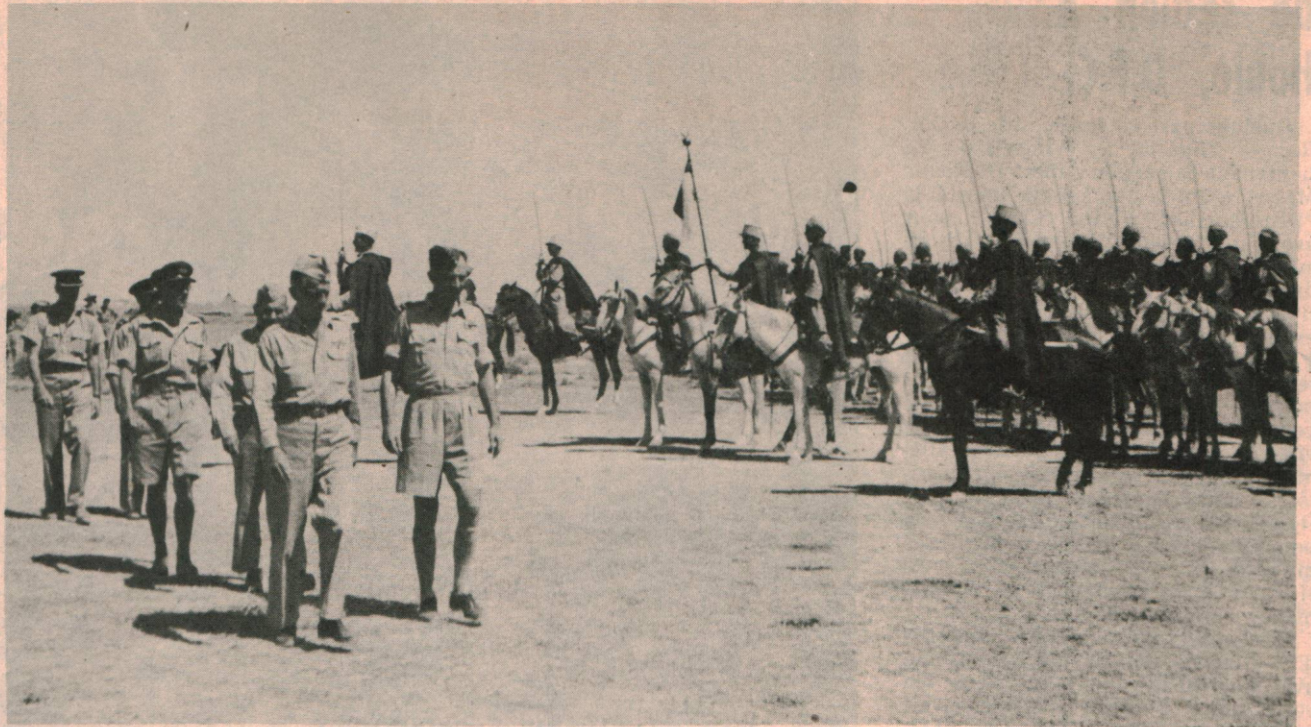
Le chef d'escadrille A. Michaud décoré

Le chef d'escadrille Achille Michaud, commandant de l'école élémentaire d'aviation No 11, au Cap-de-la-Madeleine, a été décoré, récemment, de la "Air Force Cross", en récompense des précieux services qu'il a rendus, d'abord comme moniteur de vol, puis comme commandant de l'école du Cap-de-la-Madeleine. Nos sincères félicitations.

N'OUBLIEZ PAS !

"WINGS" compte sur votre collaboration. Merci d'avance.

Les Etats-Unis honorent le commandant St-Pierre



Le lieutenant-général Carl SPAATZ, commandant des forces aériennes du nord-ouest de l'Afrique, passe ici en revue un détachement de spahis affectés à la défense d'une base aérienne du Corps d'aviation royal canadien, en Afrique du Nord. Ces spahis faisaient partie de la garde d'honneur qui s'est portée à la rencontre du général Spaatz, lors de sa venue à cette base pour remettre la "United States Distinguished Flying Cross" au commandant d'escadre J.-W. St-Pierre, de Saint-Eustache-sur-le-Lac (Qué.), à qui revient l'honneur d'avoir formé et d'avoir été le premier commandant de la fameuse escadrille "Alouettes". Sur la photo ci-contre, le commandant d'escadre St-Pierre reçoit sa décoration.

Un as des "Alouettes" en permission au Canada

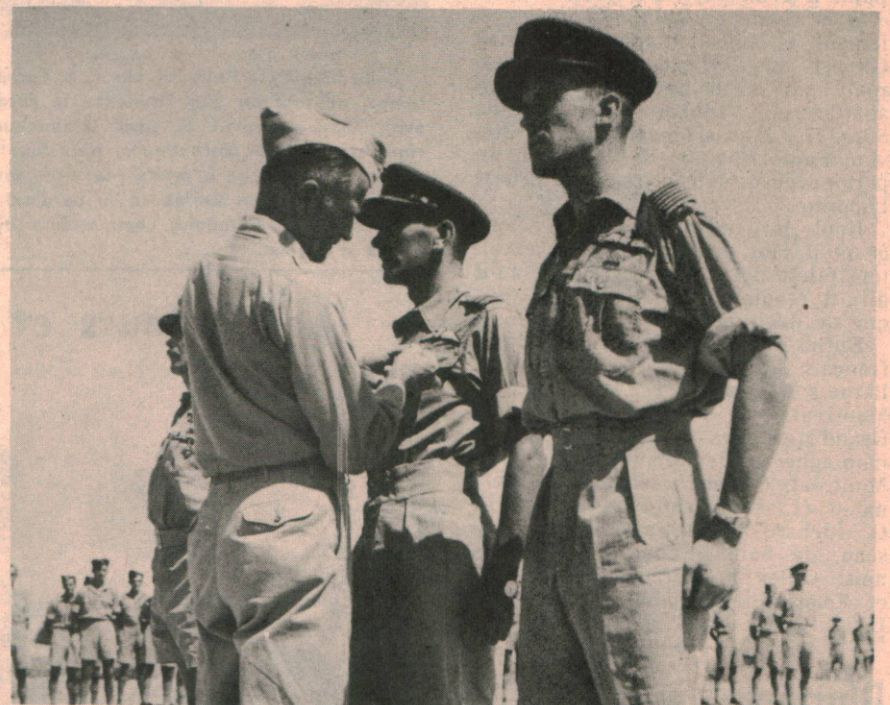
Un fameux pilote de bombardier est présentement de passage au Canada. Il s'agit de l'officier pilote Henri "Hank" Marcotte, de Montréal, qui a pris part à soixante-deux raids et mérité ainsi la "Distinguished Flying Cross".

Aussi modeste que courageux et habile, Marcotte s'est contenté de dire, quand on lui a demandé pourquoi il avait été décoré de la "D.F.C.": "Je n'ai rien fait d'extraordinaire. Je n'ai fait que mon devoir, comme les autres".

Marcotte, qui se trouvait outre-mer depuis la fin de mai 1941, faisait partie, depuis le mois de janvier dernier, de l'escadrille des "Alouettes".

Félicitations !

Au moment d'aller sous presse, on nous apprend que le vice-maréchal de l'air Albert de Niverville est nommé directeur de l'entraînement aérien au Conseil de l'Air et que le capitaine de groupe Adélarde Raymond, promu commodore de l'Air, a été choisi pour le remplacer à Montréal. Sincères félicitations



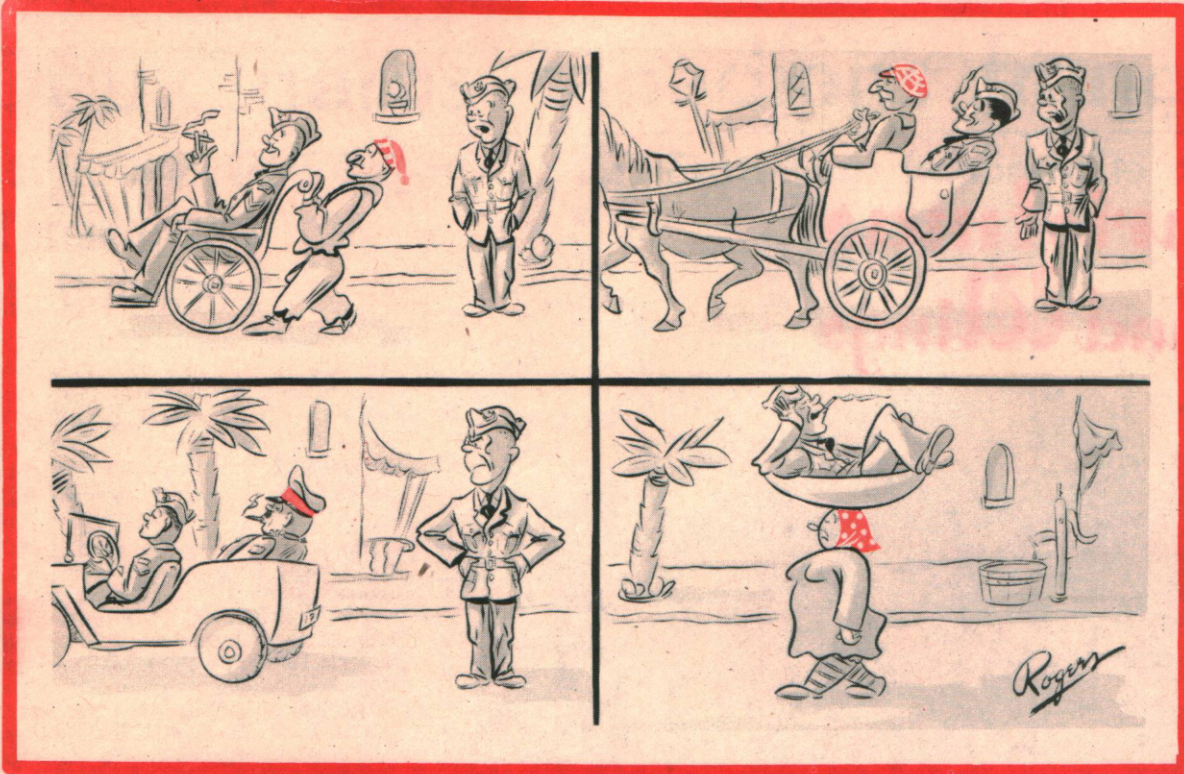
Le sous-officier breveté J.-G. Groleau l'échappe belle en Méditerranée

Le sous-officier breveté de 1ère classe J.-G. Groleau, de Saint-Henri, Montréal, qui est récemment arrivé en permission au Canada, se rappelle encore — et il n'est pas près de l'oublier ! — cet incident tragique qui a failli lui coûter la vie en septembre 1942.

Groleau, qui est un radiotélégraphiste-mitrailleur, se trouvait, ce jour-là, à bord d'un avion de reconnaissance qui engagea le combat avec des appareils allemands, au-dessus de Tobrouk, alors aux mains de l'ennemi.

"Les avions ennemis ne nous donèrent pas trop de fil à retordre", dit Groleau, "mais le tir de la D.C.A. endommagea fortement notre appareil, au point que l'un des moteurs resta en pannes. Nous mimes aussitôt le cap vers notre base, qui se trouvait près d'Alexandrie; mais notre appareil, faute de propulsion suffisante, se mit à perdre de l'altitude. Puis un second moteur s'arrêta. Notre avion plongea dans la mer. A ce moment, je marchais dans la carlingue. La vio-

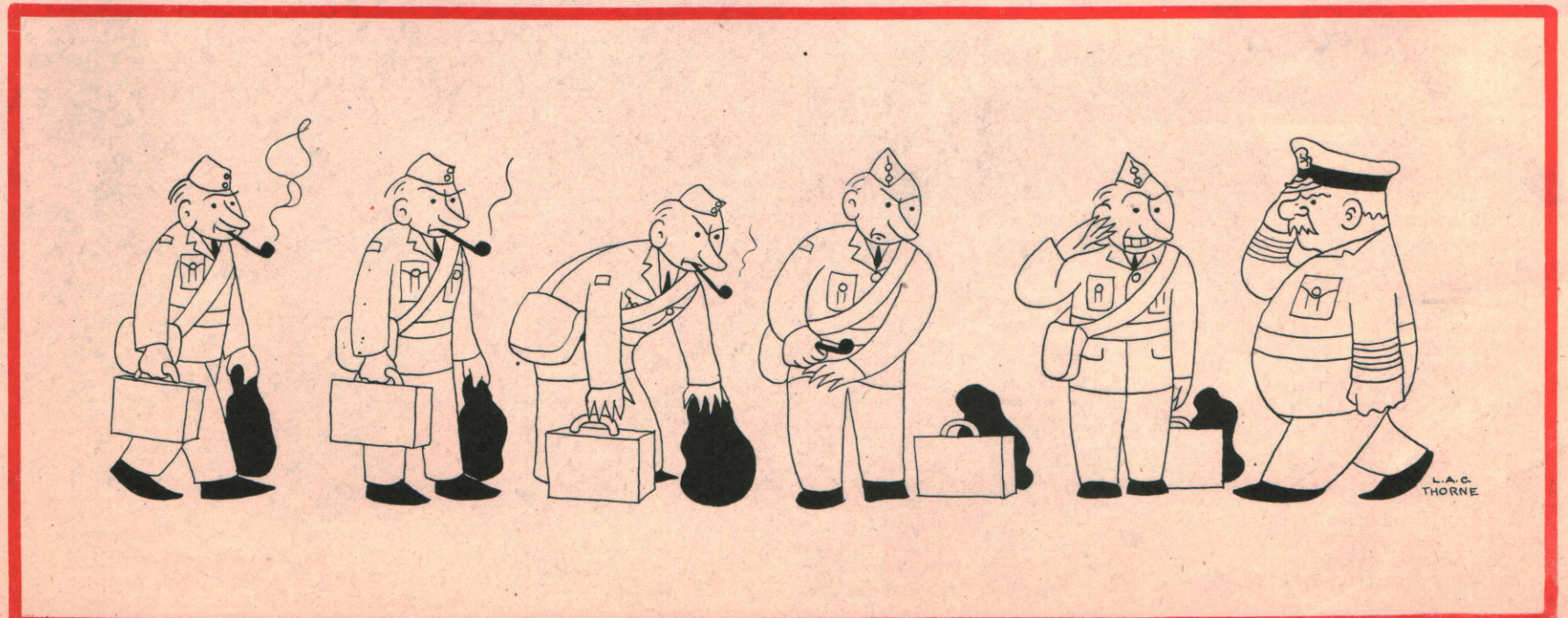
lence du choc fut telle que je fus projeté contre une paroi et... je perdis connaissance. Mes camarades me relatèrent, plus tard, que je remontai à la surface, grâce à ma ceinture de sauvetage, avec des débris de l'avion. J'étais encore inconscient, mais de mes compagnons me gardèrent près d'eux jusqu'à ce qu'un bateau de pêche arabe vint nous chercher pour nous transporter à l'hôpital, à Alexandrie. Des membres de l'équipage, trois étaient morts sous la violence du choc et sept autres étaient blessés, soit par la chute, soit pas le combat antérieur. Pour ma part, je souffrais de deux blessures, causées par des éclats d'obus, à une jambe. Six mois plus tard, je pus reprendre mes fonctions".



"HEY, SARGE — WHERE DO I FIND THE STRING WE PUT IN THE MEAT?"



"I TRUST YOU GENTLEMEN ENJOYED YOUR CHRISTMAS LEAVE!"



ON OPS

RCAF 'ROUND
THE WORLD

Anti-cussing drive clicks, churchgoing hours pile up

TUNISIA—Padre Herb Ashford feels he is getting somewhere with his Christian endeavors out here.

As his anti-cussing campaign entered its sixth week, a pilot who had been one of the most fluent and frequent offenders accosted him.

"Padre," he said, "there's one thing I've never told you. I may still cuss a bit now and then when I'm on the ground. But I never swear when I'm over the target. If I did, I'm afraid the Good Lord might bend one at me."

FL Ashford who was born at Newcastle, N.B., and whose wife and family now live in Calgary, actually is responsible for the piling up of a great many church-going hours among the RCAF officers and airmen on this station.

By the hundred, the aircrew and ground personnel attend his outdoor services each Sunday on the dusty Tunisian plain. They sing the hymns he calls for and listen to his sermons, which are in conversational language and often embellished with anecdotes.

"I'm a bit of a rebel about religion," the padre says. "I think we can do away with a lot of this humbug. I consider myself a salesman — a real salesman. I'm trying to sell it so that when the boys go back home they'll throw their weight behind the Church. Not for any Holy Joe purposes. But the Church is fulfilling a practical need, and it has to have the support of these men if it's going to fulfill its destiny in the world."

Being human, the padre isn't omnipresent. But he makes a very good attempt so far as this station is concerned. In a dusty staff car, he drives out to the airfield at take-off time each night, stops at each bomber, and exchanges pleasantries with the crew. This has become a virtual ritual. The crews find reassurance in his presence. He is in the intelligence tents when the crews return from their bombing missions and come in for interrogation in the early hours of the morning.

In the mornings he visits the station hospital, tours the various units, messes, individuals, helping airmen with personal or domestic difficulties that come up in letters from home.

Things are hardly ever solemn where the padre goes. In the headquarters cook tent, for example, the boys kid him about his circuits to the various messes. "I hear," said one of the cooks, "the padre goes over to the signals section and sends messages out on the teletype each morning to find out where they've got the best pie."

"Darn right, I do," says the padre.

Camels or snakes — you hit anything on African runways

NORTH AFRICA—Sooner or later it had to happen. The other day in Tunisia the take-off of a Wellington bomber was held up until a herd of camels could be chased off the runway. Camels are only one of the many forms of animal life which abounds in the oasis where an RCAF bomber squadron is stationed.

Reptiles are particular pests, crawling around billets and creeping into beds. FL Laurent "Ginger" Gingras, Montreal, in addition to his duties as squadron adjutant, has been appointed Lord Chief High Executioner of reptiles. With his six-shooter he strides over to the trouble-makers and blows their brains out.

Across the water, in Sicily, the animals proved to be a little more useful for PO A1 Grout, Edmonton, PO Duncan Galloway, Montreal, and their RAF wireless operator.

They were forced to bale out over Sicily when one engine of their Wellington burst into flames. In the jump the wireless operator broke his ankle. After carrying him a quarter of a mile, the Canadian officers hoisted him on to the back of a Sicilian donkey and transported him another two miles to a coast road, where they found U.S. Service police.



Susy of the MT masters art of keeping left to do right

by LAW JOAN SUTCLIFFE

ENGLAND—When LAW Susy Smyth got over feeling sorry for herself on the high seas and planted her feet on solid British soil she began to take an interest once again in the things that she would be associated with whilst in England. At the start she was a little bewildered and not so very happy. Now, Susy — we will drop all formality because this is an informal little story and although correct Air Force procedure would be to call her LAW Smyth, or just Smyth, we cannot do that because Susy is a pretty little thing and even after nearly two years of service in Air Force blue she is still the same little blonde who can almost believe in Santa Claus.

Well, to continue our story, Susy saw odd little cars hurtling down narrow streets and winding lanes. How, thought she, remembering the straight endless highways of her Western plains, can I ever drive here — on the wrong side of the road, sitting on the wrong side of the car. Around those terrible flat curves and blind corners. And the bewildering mass of signs and signals in the towns. Little Susy held her head and moaned, she saw in her dreams: "No Entry — one-way street", "No waiting this side on even dates", "Drive on the right", then "keep left" — "It is prohibited to overtake", and finally — "End of Prohibition!"

That was not all, Susy was shaken again when she arrived at her station and saw for the first time the pile of stone and mortar that was H.Q. She found herself hurrying down dark passageways that reminded her of stories of King Arthur's days. And then she found the Transport Section — in the stable yard. In that small space which once echoed to the sound of horses' hooves, were parked the cars of the Section. It was a gloomy sort of a place. Large rats ran in and out of dark doorways and the wind moaned through the rafters of the workshop. Around an open fireplace in the stone-floored little cubby hole that was the office, were a number of strange people making toast — they invited her to join them and then forgot her. But she was shown around and instructed how to make a daily inspection of vehicles. She even got behind the garden hose and washed a car during her first two weeks.

Life seemed rather hard during that time, especially after the flight sergeant took her out for a driving test and try as she would, everything went

wrong. To begin with, she hugged the left side of the road as though it was trying to escape her. She crawled around corners and forgot her hand signals. She crashed gears changing on the hills. She practically forgot everything she had learned in several years experience.

However, Susy did get a car of her own to look after and drive. It was a van and her head came only to the top of the dashboard and her feet would scarcely reach the accelerator. She was sent out on her maiden trip with a pair of trusting officers who did not know the way to the station where they were going — neither did Susy. That did not stop her from enjoying the drive through the pleasant country-side on meandering, sunken roads. The quiet rivers, hedges, old windwarped trees — all were different and beautiful beyond imagination.

They stopped and asked the way of farmers, policemen, schoolboys, and old men sweeping the litter from the road sides. The days of the blitz had passed so they received instructions without hesitation — "Go around that corner there, take the lane branching to the left and turn again right then turn after you have gone a hundred yards, then go left over an old bridge and right again down a winding lane. If there is a gate at the end of it you are on the wrong road so go back to where you started from and begin again. Anyway — you can't miss it."

Susy has learned by experience that that phrase is the motto and password of all transport sections in England.

She remembers the night she came back from a distant station alone. It was late and her eyes began to ache. She had been driving all day. Then she saw two headlights approaching on her side of the road. She pulled over until she could get no closer into the left side of the road. Still the lights came on . . . closer . . . — she jammed on the brakes to avoid collision. The lights were a pair of white moths, caught in the beam of her own headlights.

Now, after months of experience, Susy believes that there is not much difference whatever side of the road you drive on, and that the gloomy stable yard has become a second home. She knows the meaning of being browned off but she admits that she has a good time in her off-hours — yet still looks forward to the time when she'll cross the ocean again.



Primitive surroundings overseas don't hamper Cpl-cook Napoleon Stradiotti, Vancouver; apple turnovers are as good as ones he used to serve at Chateau Lake Louise.

140 MPH "INCREDIBLE!"

GREAT BRITAIN—An old letter written to the late Frank L. Packard said that "if a man went at 140 miles an hour he would be blown to pieces." FO Frank Packard of Montreal, son of the popular novelist who died a few years ago, received the letter the other day. He himself has often flown his Spitfire at more than 600 miles an hour over enemy territory where he bagged a Jerry recently.

The letter was written May 4, 1910, by the managing-editor of "Popular Magazine," criticizing a story written by Frank Packard, Sr., on the grounds that Packard's hero was performing improbable feats.

FO Packard's brother is FS Bob Packard at 1 Wireless School, Montreal, whose book reviews are familiar to WINGS readers.

Frankfurt got its bomb quota that night, thanks to mechs

GREAT BRITAIN—The phrase may be stolen from a recruiting depot poster but the Moose squadron's ground crew "keeps 'em flying." With only an hour to go before the squadron was scheduled to take off for a raid on Frankfurt, "J for Johnny" was u.s. The entire tail oleo leg and a magneto had to be changed. Normally it would be a two-hour task. It looked like the Halifax wasn't going to Frankfurt this time.

An hour later FO Harold "Brownie" Brown, DFC, skipper of "J for Johnny" watched the aero-engine mechanics working to the last minute on the magneto of one of his four motors. The riggers were putting the final touches on the remounted oleo leg.

Said FL R. P. Bales, Montreal and Toronto, the squadron engineering officer, "It was a case of whether or not Frankfurt would have a few thousand pounds more bombs to worry about, so the boys pitched in and did a marvellous job.

"The ground crew boys are just as keen to get the kites into the air as the boys who do the flying," says the flight-lieutenant, who points out that often motors, tires and wheels are changed at the last minute so that the bombers can get airborne for visits to Germany.

Supervising this quick change artistry on "J" was FS Fred Sinclair, Durban, Man. The riggers who worked on the tail included AC1 Frank Korody, St. Catharines, Ont.; Sgt Herb Ball, Windsor, Ont., and Cpl. Jim Lindsay, London, Ont. The aero-engine mechs who exchanged the magneto included AC1 Don Herrett, Springhill, N.S., and LAC Ace Pratt, Ottawa.

Pop did more than heave hash — he was a gunner too

GREAT BRITAIN—Sgt Horace "Pop" Brewer, London and Guelph, is one hash heaver who has seen more action than you could shake a skillet at. Pop recently landed back in England after a stay in Cyrenaica.

Three years ago Pop Brewer came overseas and cut culinary capers in the kitchens of the air-men's mess on a southern station. He packed his cookie cutter and left for darkest Africa with a Canuck Spit squadron about March last year. Then he went over to the RAF and stayed on an aerodrome near Benghazi. The place was an Italian field which had been messed no little by the RAF. But they got things going again and Brewer plunked hash in hands belonging to the "Desert Rats", an RAF fighter squadron and the American bomber group. One day they had some German pilots for lunch. "Prisoners — hostile and young," was Brewer's pointed description.

He hit a high spot in life when a bunch of Italian and German paratroops landed on the station, and not for one of Brewer's pastries either. Versatile Brewer became a machine gunner, but before he had a chance to fire they had most of the enemy rounded up.

Brewer has hit slit trenches at speed more than once, with Eytie and Jerry pilots on the starter's gun. He's improvised stoves out of oil drums and served suppers on long treks across the sand. He was out there last Christmas and got turkey, chicken, pork and one bottle of Canadian beer.



Interrogating crew after a big raid on strongly defended Mannheim is FL John Garton: Sgts Jack Wheeler, Winnipeg; Jerry Blanchard, Tignish, N.S.; Don Goodfellow, Codrington, Ont. give him the gen.



Winco's log book shows he's piloted 55 species of kite

GREAT BRITAIN—Commercialism, war and the mechanics of scientific flying may have taken the thrill and adventure out of the air but WC Robert T. P. Davidson, Vancouver, flying Winco of a Typhoon bombing squadron, finds his thrill in variety. During a lengthy service career he has flown fifty-five different types of aircraft over England, Egypt, Greece, Crete, Palestine, the Western desert, Ceylon, Greenland and Iceland.

Of all these scattered lands, he finds the Balkans and Greece the best for flying. "Perhaps it is because that part of the Mediterranean reminds me of our West coast, with mountains going right down to the sea, trees, and snowy peaks," he says.

Although WC Davidson has spent most of his time with the RCAF as a bomber pilot the Winco has knocked down five enemy kites. Here, too, variety has been the key-note with five different types on his list, two Italians, a 505 Cant floatplane and a CR42 fighter; a German JU52 troop carrier; a Japanese version of the Seversky 97 bomber and a Zero.

Both Japs were shot down on April 5, 1942, described by Davidson as "the biggest day of my life." His outfit was on its way from the Middle East to the Burma front but was diverted to Ceylon. They had only been on the island two weeks when scores of Jap planes swooped down.

Only four pilots were in readiness when the Japs were sighted. Before Davidson and his fellow pilots could take off fifty Jap fighters were over the drome. "There were some hectic battles over the island that day," says the Winco. "Our squadron got twelve confirmed seven probables and ten damaged."

Being with the first squadron into Greece and the last out provided Davidson with more hectic experiences. Bombing from Grecian bases wasn't soft. "We were always getting shot at," he says. There was plenty of fighter opposition from the Italians until RAF fighters came over from Egypt. Then the Germans arrived. Sore point with the pilots was the loss of all the mess silver when they were finally pushed out of Greece. They flew their ground crews to Crete.

When Hurricanes were sent over, Davidson and other bomber pilots helped out. They had orders to go back to Egypt in their Blenheims. "I wasn't there long, being sent back in a Hurricane," the Winco says.

Getting out of Crete was even more trying than the exodus from Greece. Forty-five men were piled into a Sunderland flying boat and carted over to Egypt in the middle of the night.

Reforming the squadron and converting from Blenheims to Hurricanes Davidson's squadron did a stint on the Western desert. "I got my Hun, the JU52, when I was out on a ground strafing job. I caught him in Halfaya Pass, and shot him down," he says.

A later and more peaceful war scene came when he ferried a Boston across the Atlantic by the hippy-hop route, via Labrador, Iceland and Greenland, a climatic extreme from the temperatures of the Middle and Far East.

Now he is flying Typhoons, the Winco says, "We can do a bit of pushing around ourselves with that sort of stuff to fight with."

If you want tea in Italy you ask for a jar of 'Chi'

ITALY—Chai, pronounced "Chi", does not mean Chicago in the Royal Air Force. At least in this part of the world, where the grapes grow green and you flush lizards out of your bed, chai has come to designate the inevitable cup of tea without which, the English give one to understand, the war simply could not be fought.

Why this colloquial abbreviation for the mid-west's first city should have come to be connected with the most important drink in Britain's forces is not clear.

Local experts on the origin of service slang figure it's like the rest of the private language of the Air Force, it just happened. It's there anyway, and to Canadians or Aussies or anyone else serving in RAF squadrons here, a jar of chai is just a cup of tea under an assumed name.

New words or phrases develop from time to time with a special meaning to the initiated, but mostly they don't mean much unless you're around the men who use them.

When a type says, "she's right", he does not mean that he agrees with his mother on the desirability of changing the socks every other day. He's simply indicating that the apparent doubt about the situation under question has evaporated or never existed, and the whole thing is well in hand.

"The drill is to get some screech," a type might remark, but he would not have in mind a square bashing session, nor would the mating call of the oozalum bird concern him. He is suggesting, in a word, that the form — or idea, or wheeze — would be to get hold of some native wine and have a small celebration.

There were one or two hybrid efforts took root in Sicily and have carried over here, such as woavah, which some airmen fondly imagine is the pronunciation of the local word for an egg. That's the kind of a derivation which gets to be used pretty often — usually without success — so the word gets around, so to speak.

Then there are South Sea Islanders, a term which some uncouth fellow tacked onto some Aussie friends in his squadron, but its use has not become widespread, possibly because of the type's appearance when the South Se — er, Australians, were through with him.

And you've had it, of course, still means you've had it. We've had this.

Busy Walrus crewmen get wet people to dry land

GREAT BRITAIN — Whether it's an arrogant Prussian or a friendly American pilot, Sgt Gordon Brown, Danville, Que., and his Walrus crew are only too pleased to haul folks out of the blue waters of the Mediterranean. The boys of the RAF Air-Sea Rescue Service ply their ponderous biplane amphibians around Italian coasts at a zippy 100 miles an hour pulling off rescues.

Sgt Brown is one of the few Canadians engaged in this work in the Italian theatre. "The queerest case I've had since the Italian campaign began," says Brown, "was when we dragged a chap out of his rubber dinghy off Sicily."

When the crew got him aboard they discovered he was a German fighter pilot. "If he'd pulled his gun as soon as we got him aboard it might have been awkward," Brown says, "but he was too busy shaking hands with us, in his delight at being saved."

On the way back the Walrus had to force-land in a vineyard. The only thing to be done was to walk to the nearest military camp. The fighter pilot showed his Prussian nature by refusing to walk. He insisted on being taken in a vehicle. "He was a choice example of the Hun with the officer complex," Brown says.

Most genuinely appreciative customer was an American pilot who was fished out of the drink early in the Sicilian campaign. A few days later three others of his squadron were picked up. Soon the Americans sent along invitations to a special dinner party given by the American squadron to the rescue lads as a gesture of appreciation.

"After weeks of bully beef we could hardly wait for the big night," says Brown after describing the menu. "But," he adds, "as tough luck would have it, I had to go out on a job and missed the feed."

"Anyhow, it was a nice thought."



The Lament of THE KID IN LOWER TWELVE

by LAC IRV JOHNS

Now don't get me wrong, fellas, I ain't the beefin' kind. I kin take as much of the guff as the next guy, an' if the weather ain't bad, mebee a little more. When the weather is bad my rheumatics starts to prod me, see. That's why I am usin' a lower bunk ever since I joined this outfit.

That's how come I know there is two classes of guys in this setup . . . upper-bunkers and lower-bunkers . . . and that is where I figger I got a beef comin'. Exceptin' it's safer if it rains an' the roof leaks, a guy in a lower ain't got no livin' status alongside one of them upper-bunkers.

I got it on pretty good authority, too, that a guy that sleeps in a upper bunk has a much better chance to get his commission on account he's so used to climbin' over other guys.

Now take this guy who is using the top story of my Parkhill, he's just an average upper-bunker. The Tarzan type. An' he scares the livin' day-lights out of me every time he makes a leap for his top perch. Someday he is goin' to miss and root up a lotta floorboards with his snoot.

I call him Joe when I am polite. So I will tell you a little about Joe and it will be the same as tellin' about all the upper-bunkers you will ever meet.

I am sittin' on the edge of my slumber-pit last night, readin' in the paper how the Maple Leafs is a cinch for the cup when the bunk takes a lurch to port and I am sittin' on the floor with the paper wrapped around my neck like a Little Lord Fauntleroy collar. That's Joe doin his crash

dive. I get settled back once more readin' the news on the bombin' of Berlin when . . . Wham! something whooshes through my paper takin' out the last three paragraphs I am readin'. It is just a service boot that Joe is lettin' down for the night. I swing over to the other side of my bunk to miss the second one and land there just in time to get it right on the noggin an' if you think them boots is heavy on your feet you wanna get one of 'em on the bean sometime.

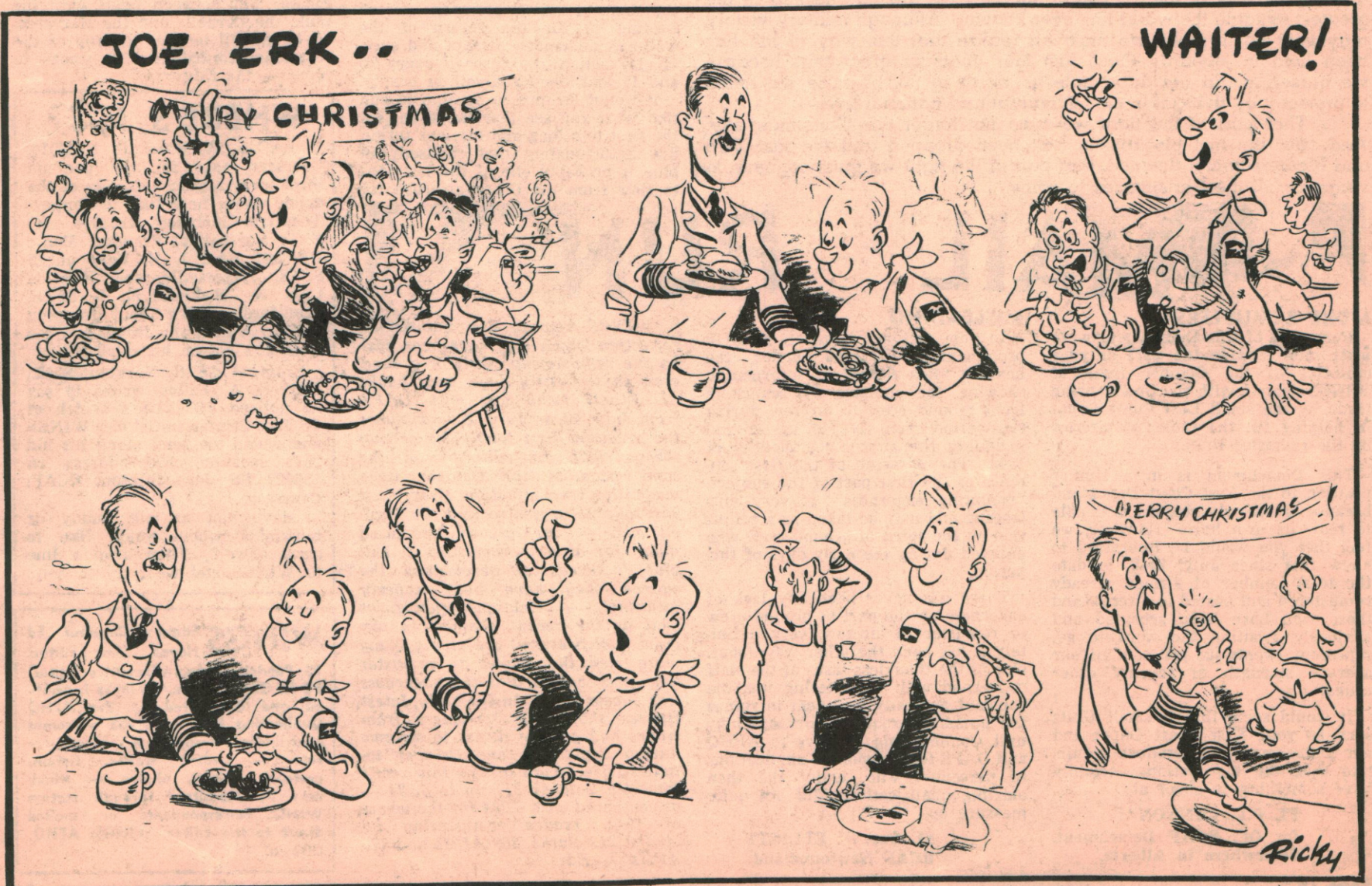
I am just gettin' settled again, reading some recipes on the women's page, which is about all that is left of the paper, when I smell somethin'. It is like a mixture of rags burnin' and the cold slaw we get in the mess hall. But I know it ain't, because what's stickin' in my eye, ain't exactly a bunch of raw carrots. It's Joe's feet danglin'.

So I figger mebbe I'd better climb in bed and if I can forget where I am, mebbe I can go to sleep. I close the old peepers and start countin' sergeants jumping over a cliff, when I feel somethin' like I wanna sneeze. I open my eyes, and think for a minute it's snowin'. Then I realize it's just Joe bangin' the ashes off his cigarette. So I pull the sackin' up over my head and hope for the best.

Joe suddenly decides he has to go somewhere in a hurry and he hops down, using my bunk for a stepping stone, planting his big fat foot right in my face, and ripping the pillow case with his toe nail.

And that is only the start. Other little things he includes in his boudoir repartee are tromping on my clean linen with dirty boots on his way up, hanging his socks on the underside of the upper spring an' tossin' orange peelin's down my neck. One thing I gotta give him credit for is being a clean guy though. He always tests his socks every evenin' to see if they need washin'. He tosses 'em up to the ceiling and if they come down they're OK for another day but if they stick there, they need washin'.

But do I get mad? Naw, like I said before, I ain't a guy to beef an' besides that he just weighs a hundred-eighty-five to my one-forty. But if they find that lug fit for a casualty list some mornin' you'll also find I was on the postin' list the night before. — from Trenton Contact.



WINGS
LOG OF THE R.C.A.F.

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EVERGREENS AND PALM LEAVES

There will be pop-eyed natives in the jungles of Ceylon on December 25th as they watch the performance of a white man's rite as strange to them as a cannibal's war dance to any occidental.

Palm leaves may be substituted for evergreens, coconuts for paper bells, and somehow from somewhere a turkey will be produced with cranberry sauce — or a reasonable facsimile. A great bulging fellow in red leggings will appear lugging a bag loaded with gifts, and those brown-dyed citizens of the inscrutable East will watch with awe and wonder the spectacle of a Canadian Christmas.

With appropriate local trimmings this scene will be repeated simultaneously in many places — in India, in Cairo, Tunisia, Sicily, Italy, Britain, Iceland, Newfoundland, Labrador . . . wherever a few RCAFmen are gathered either in their own units or with the boys of the RAF, who will also labor to concoct a Christmas celebration in true Dickensian style wherever they may be.

On Canadian stations there'll be no need for make believe, and certainly no dreaming of a white Christmas if this winter is anything like last. For that particularly fortunate half of the Service on leave there will be Christmas at home — if not with their own, with some other hospitable family.

It goes without saying that this Christmas will not be all peace on earth, good will to man. Many of our pals that day may be fighting their way back from hazardous missions, wondering if they'll make base in time for Christmas dinner or at all. There will be hundreds in hospital beds, for whom to conjure up the spirit of a Canadian Christmas will take plenty of imagination — and guts.

Yet Christmas will be in the minds of everyone of us that day, wherever we are, whatever our situation. And it won't be entirely a matter of Christmas pudding, presents, or even homesickness. For the celebration that is Christmas — the true spirit of that day to which all the turkeys, gifts and cranberry sauce are but incidental coloring — is of more vital significance this year than perhaps ever before. The way of life for which He stood who was born on the first Christmas day, is the way of life for whose survival we are now locked in the greatest struggle the world has ever known. Although military victory may now be in sight, we must all realize that this way of life has been held in jeopardy these last four years in great part because we ourselves did not appreciate its worth to us, because we failed to protect it by living it in our individual and national lives.

That part of the fight we must not forget this Christmas day. And after the last blockbuster has been dropped and the last Zero and Messerschmidt downed, that part of the fight we must continue to wage for all the Christmases to come.



MORE REMUSTERS

Personnel of this Detachment were most interested in the part of your editorial of the October issue of WINGS dealing with the fine showing made by the small East Coast Depot in helping fill the ranks of aircrew by the remuster route.

This Detachment is in a similar position to the East Coast Depot and because of security reasons is unable to blow its own horn. However, we feel that you would be interested to know that since July, 1942, to date the total number of airmen already remustered and posted to aircrew and those who have been accepted and anxiously awaiting the word to go, represent twenty-six per cent of our average strength of seventy other ranks.

It would seem that if small Units such as your East Coast Depot and our Detachment can produce results like this, the big stations certainly have something to shoot at.

FL F.L. CONNON
for OC, RCAF Detachment,
Somewhere in Alberta.

MISLEADING

In your October issue on page 10 prominently displayed under the heading "Box Score", is information showing the number of remusters from ground crew to aircrew during the period from 1/9/40 up to and including the first eight months of 1943. The phrasing of the first sentence of the first part of the subject, "mounting eagerness", is very misleading and may be taken as a reflection on the spirit of ground crew who enlisted during the early days of this period.

There has never been any lack of eagerness on the part of ground crew to remuster to aircrew, very definitely it has been the other way about. One of the thankless tasks of the staff concerned with remustering was the constant necessity for them to refuse the numerous requests forwarded by unit Commanding Officers to AFHQ and DAPS for decision on applications of personnel who, under the then existing qualifications, did not quite measure up.

SL Geo. T. ELLIOTT
RCAF Newfoundland

Airbrush to Aircrew

Into WINGS' mail basket the other day dropped the following airgraph. Sir:

I picked up the April copy of WINGS in the mess of an RCAF aerodrome somewhere in the jungle of Ceylon. The girl on the front cover by Sgt O'Lee took my notice. Working in London before the war for Lord Beaverbrook's Express and several class magazines was an air-brush artist by name, O'Lee. This artist whose brush could produce the most luscious females, had many fans as fervent as any of Petty's. So similar is the smooth work of WINGS' O'Lee that I presume the two are the same person. If so, tender my regards as a past and present fan, and tell Sergeant O'Lee to let us have some of his "ladies out of uniform."

Lt. R.W.H. Thody, R.A.S.C., Ceylon

The British Army lieutenant is as right as rain — Beaverbrook's O'Lee is WINGS' O'Lee, although he's found a crown to go with his hooks since the above letter was written. And we hope a copy of this issue of WINGS eventually finds its way to that RCAF mess in Ceylon and Lt. Thody manages to drop in and cast an eye at the two-page O'Lee girl that appears in the centre spread.

After they spot it, a lot of other WINGS readers may also be wondering why we've waited for our eleventh issue to introduce an O'Lee girl. The fact is, since we plucked him from the remuster pool at 1 M Depot a year ago, Pat O'Lee has been so busy laying out pages, air-brushing covers, drawing story illustrations and cartoons that he's never had time to create an O'Lee girl. But the September issue in which the WINGS' pin-up girl first vanished from page 14 carried with it an insert questionnaire — and the demand which promptly started flowing in for the return of the wolf-bait demanded prompt and spectacular action. So turn to pages 10 and 11 and steep yourself in beauty.

It would be nice to be able to add that what you see there is to be just the first in a long and luscious series, but unfortunately that rhapsody in blue is probably one of the last jobs to flow from the O'Lee airbrush for



FISHERMAN O'LEE

some time. For happy justice has finally caught up to our art editor, he has passed his M2 and may have been posted before this issue appears to start his aircrew training. The Flight's attempts to get into the air began in England before the war, when he applied for the RAF; tired of waiting on the list he sailed for home and joined the RCAF, but that same M2 had him behind the eight-ball until recently.

Pat prefers to think of himself as a wizard with a fly-rod rather than a dab with an airbrush. He took ten days leave in August to go fishing, but his chief catch was the photo reproduced herewith. Apart from those ten days, however, Flight O'Lee (or just plain Lee, as Records insist on calling him) has worked night and day and a good many week-ends to make WINGS a success. We hate to see him go because he's been in large part responsible for the modern styling, the colorful presentation and the illustrative content of this magazine. But between bouts with the Link, the Cornells and the Harvards, we hope he'll be able to drop us the occasional contribution in weeks to come. — the Editors

WHERE'S JOE?

LAC J. R. Marshall, R163014, Overseas, asks for the gen on three stray airmen this side of the drink whom he'd like to contact. The trio includes R163016 AC E. D. Marshall at Brandon, Man.; R193984 LAC J. E. Rexe at 16 SFTS, Hagersville and R188484 LAC R. Shalders at 5 SFTS, Brantford. How's about dropping the guy a line, you three, and see what he's got on his mind?

From 11 SFTS, Yorkton, Sask., LAC E. A. Fallen writes to say he noticed FS O'Lee's sketch of FS Jack Stinton in October WINGS and would we send along his old pal's location. His address is: J36027 PO Jack Stinton, RCAF, Overseas.

Have you an old buddy or bunkmate whom you'd like to track down? Then drop a line to WINGS and we'll try to help.

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.



MAYBE SHE'LL ADOPT YOU, TOO — But pretty Kay Hausler will probably have her hands full playing godmother to the Canucks of RAF Squadron 36 in North Africa. The boys found her photo in WINGS, demanded she adopt them.

ABOUT THESE BOYS YOU'VE ADOPTED, KAY —

WHEN WINGS told Kay Hausler that a bunch of RCAFmen way off in Africa had made application to become her adopted brothers-in-blue, she read their letter eagerly and demanded to know more. Kay's brother, FS Don Brooks, flies with an RCAF ferry squadron working out of California and so she's an Air Force enthusiast from away back.

FO Masters didn't say much about what these Canadians with 36 Squadron RAF have been up to, except for that reference to a long hibernation in India. So WINGS did a bit sleuthing, and came up with the accompanying picture of the gang's spokesman and a few added details.

Tom's gang flew their bombers to India — 8,000 miles in fifteen days despite some undercarriage trouble. They were posted to a station in the wilds, where there were lots of Canadians and a few from Tom's home town, Toronto. The blistering summer season was at its height when they arrived, but they were soon in action over the Bay of Bengal and down the Burma coast, escorting shipping, staging night bombing raids and having themselves a whale of a time.



FO Tom Masters

One morning two aircraft were detailed to find a Jap storage plant and bomb it. They flew the trip at fifty feet looking into every possible hiding place. About 300 miles inside Jap territory they spotted a large building — just what they were looking for. Bang up against a hill, the target had only one approach and this would threaten the plane with severe down draughts from the hills.

BACK ACROSS BURMA AT 500 FEET

Tommy Masters went in first to make sure this really was the target. Flying at ten feet his crew opened fire as soon as they came in range, in case the Japs were waiting for them. As the storage dump rushed up at them the pilot tried to pull up to clear the trees — but nothing happened.

The kite came up a bit, not enough to make full clearance, and the bomber ploughed right through the tree tops. They dumped their bombs, and fighting the controls every foot of the way, got their plane away from the target, but she seemed barely able to fly. The kite was little better than a sitting duck for any fighter or ack-ack gun, but they flew home across one of Burma's hot spots at 500 feet and made base after three hours.

The aircraft had practically no control left, but the crew refused to jump over the drome and sat it out while Masters brought her in. Nobody could figure what had kept the plane in the air. They called it luck.

Since hitting Africa the boys have been mixed up in the Italian show, seeing plenty of action. Not to mention the night they went out to direct one of our boats to where some Jerry airmen were floating on the sea, only to have their own engines act up and threaten to drop them on top of the drifting Jerries. But they got back from that one, too.

That's about all that's happened to them so far — till they picked up WINGS and saw Kay Hausler's picture. They scored on that raid too!



A PHOTO LIKE THIS of Kay Hausler making movie prints for the National Film Board appeared in February WINGS. RCAFmen in Africa, searching for a pretty girl to adopt them, spotted the picture (in August!), decided unanimously on the WINGS girl. There's only one catch; she's married.

Canucks in Squadron 36 — Here's YOUR Xmas package

IF your morale ever gets a boost from the gags, gals and stories you find in WINGS, they often have the opposite effect on the WINGS staff because of the headaches involved in getting each issue to press. But right in the midst of the rush to get the December issue away, spirits in the WINGS office soared to the oxygen level with the arrival of this letter:

36 Squadron, RAF,
British North African Forces
Editor, WINGS,
Dear Sir:

This request is no doubt a little out of your line, but at least I hope you will be a pal and help us out.

Having served in India for some time we have long reached the stage where female attention is just a memory. Seeing the handwriting on the wall, the RCAF personnel on the squadron decided the solution lay in being adopted by the right pretty girl.

We now had the solution but the right girl was another problem. For days we looked at papers, books and magazines with no agreement reached. This continued until in the end we discarded the idea.

Today I picked up your copy of WINGS dated February, 1943 which has solved the problem, hence my request.

In the upper right hand corner of the back page is a picture of a girl who is agreed upon by all. Just to make it clear, she is working on the sound track of a film and is wearing a black sweater. Now if you could send us her name and address we'll do the rest. A better picture of her would be readily accepted.

This is the first Canadian paper we've seen in many months, needless to say we can almost recite the edition now. It's a swell magazine and our only regret is that it remains for someone to bring a copy over before we see another one.

Thanking you on behalf of the RCAF types on 36. Hoping to see our request bloom — soon!

*Cheerio for now
FO Tom Masters.*

"That . . ." exclaimed one member of the staff, after reading the letter, "— makes the whole year's work worthwhile. Yep, even a year at Headquarters! . . . Let's get some action for these fellows in Africa!"

A copy of the February issue (which had reached the boys in Africa about August!) was dug from the

files, the sweater-clad lovely at the controls of the film-printing machine was quickly identified, a courier was despatched to the National Film Board, an NFB photographer went to work, and beaming at you from this page — Tom Masters and pals of Squadron 36 — is the photo you asked for.

Her address?? Better than that — a letter from the young lady herself is already winging your way, airmail, along with the originals of the photos on this page. Plus the first copy of this issue of WINGS to flip off the press.

There was just one embarrassing snag in the proceedings. After his first jaunt to the Film Board, the WINGSman returned with a tear in his eye. "These guys in Africa — they've had it. She's cute, she's sweet, her name's Kay Hausler and no squadron could adopt a nicer girl friend, but . . . but she's MRS. Kay Hausler!"

BLOCKBUSTER

This blockbuster toppled the entire WINGS staff into their seats (all four of us) for a moment, then somebody re-read the letter from Africa.

"Those Joes in Africa were in India before that," somebody finally observed. "Look at the line about female attention being just a memory. It's obvious they've given all the usual glamorized pin-up girls the go-by. What they're after is a good-looking Canadian gal who can write 'em letters, telling them what's going on back home here. Kay Hausler scores on all points, so maybe they won't mind so much if she is married."

More silence, while this argument was digested. "Anyway," the counsel for the defense hastened to add, "suppose they all get to fightin' and lambastin' each other till they can't even agree on what target to go for in their next raid! What a fine thing that would be for morale!"

"Maybe," he concluded, "it's even better this way. Then when they come home she can have them all up to dinner and nobody gets mad, even her hubby . . ."

So here she is, Canucks of RAF 36, Somewhere, North Africa — Mrs. Kay Hausler. She can cook too, and she was so tickled to find herself adopted by the Kay Hausler club of Points East that she probably will invite you all up to dinner as soon as you get your end of the war cleaned up and make for home.

NEWS FROM YOUR

Home Town

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Egg production in PEI increased about thirty per cent this year over 1942; it is expected poultry meats will show a similar increase. Harold MacLeod of **Vernon River** was named president of the Retail Merchants Association of Southern King's County. Civic tax collections in **Charlottetown** are \$10,000 higher than last year and \$21,000 higher than in 1941. Federal investigation of the need for longer runways is planned at the airport at **Charlottetown**; shortness of the runways has caused several accidents. **Prince Edward Island's** deputy minister of works, L. M. McMillan, has been appointed fuel controller for the province. Daily services in St. Peter's Cathedral chapel at **Charlottetown** have been discontinued for the winter to conserve fuel. Island beef cattle breeders protested the discontinuance of live cattle shipments to Newfoundland; shipments to Newfoundland totalled \$200,000 annually.

NOVA SCOTIA

Consumption of doughnuts in **Halifax** is higher than any city in Canada. At a Kiwanis Club sale at **Truro** bananas brought \$20 a dozen. There's a war on against juke boxes in **Sydney**; police have been asked to stop them operating on Sundays and council also wants to fix a weeknight curfew for the music barrels. Eleanora Langille of **Mahone Bay** has been accumulating pennies for twenty-two months, so she turned 10,000 of them into a Victory Bond. Blacksmith John MacInnis of **North Sydney** has finally put the fix on bad-tempered nags who come in for shoes: he pops the animal into a cage, ties its legs to posts. Mrs. Alice Brittain of **North Range** has a bantam pullet that laid her first egg at the age of four months and ten days—laid ten more — and then set. On the police blotter his name was "Gargit", the address, **Baffinland**; he was alleged to have waved a revolver in a restaurant, and he appeared in court talking gibberish, clad in furs. But the **Halifax** judge thought he was too handsome for an Eskimo and called in a Mountie who could really talk the language of the north; result, "Gargit" gave way to Paul Beckstead, address, **Kentucky and Ottawa**—and the Canadian Navy began looking into a little matter of thirty days overdue on leave.

NEW BRUNSWICK

The towns of **St. Stephen**, **Milltown** and **St. Andrew's** have taken out licences to buy and sell wood in an effort to assure equitable distribution. Jack Sloat of **Fredericton** learned it doesn't pay to go horseback riding in a blackout; his horse was galloping along one of the city streets when the sirens blew for a test blackout; the horse fell, throwing Sloat who suffered a broken leg and head injuries. Fred Manning of **Halifax** has offered to replace **Saint John's** tramways system with buses; what he failed to reveal was where the buses would be obtained. Harry Durling of **Meductic**, on his way to the nearby woods to try his luck at deer hunting, noticed the top of an apple tree in motion; he found three bears had climbed the tree so he opened fired and hit the jackpot — a dead bear every shot. After Glen Jenkins of **Chatham** bought a horse from Delbert White of **Newcastle**, it was seen walking along the highway towards **Newcastle** and later was found wandering about its old home, having travelled six miles through the night. The **New Brunswick** government for the fourth consecutive year sent cigarettes to men from the province serving overseas — about 750,000 fags in all.

QUEBEC

Residents of **St. Hilaire** are getting tired of train whistles; in a petition to the board of transport commissioners they said whistling kept dogs howling and people awake all night. But here's the problem — in a stretch of 1.88 miles there are four stations, two sharp curves, a level crossing, a drawbridge, a siding as an engine-watering place — and the town has a mountain behind that gives back a lovely echo. Pedestrians of **St. Timothee** ran for cover when a truck belonging to J.A. Legault came ziz-zagging down the main street, side-swiped a tree, climbed over the sidewalk and was stopped by the front entrance of a restaurant; the driver reported the steering wheel had broken. Bishop's College School students at **Lennoxville** have pitched in to solve the manpower shortage; the usual work as waiters, groundsmen and general help is performed by the boys; besides which they

have cut and sawed fifteen cords of wood. Residents of **Chandler** voted 133-74 against a proposal to prohibit sale of liquor in the municipality. All animals destined for sale as meat in the city of **Quebec** must now be rigidly inspected before and after being slaughtered.

ONTARIO

A large bull moose weighing between 1,200 and 1,400 pounds was shot by Ernie Lyndham of **Fort William**. One of two St. Bernard watchdogs on Rufus Martin's farm near **New Hamburg** had all the signs of a hangover one morning; he was found in a dazed condition, complete with bloodshot eyes. Thieves had doped the dog and made off with 75 of Martin's chickens. Title of the youngest grandmother in the CWAC has been unofficially conceded to Mrs. Kathleen Ryan, 36, at **Kitchener** basic training centre; her son and two sons-in-law are overseas. Two thirsty Sarnians, Mitchell Jardines and Ronald St. Jeans beat the sold-out signs at the brewers retail store by bringing folding beds and camping at the beer store's door until opening next morning. The editor of the **Grimsby Independent** predicts that after the war berries, cherries and peaches will be picked one day in the **Niagara** fruit belt and served at tables the next day in **London, Eng.** A stray cat wandered into a **Lindsay** home, hopped into a box and began mothering a couple of young turtles. **Toronto** police reported there has been an increased number of persons arrested on drunk charges as a result of drinking hair tonic.

Letter From Home For

LAW JEAN LEITCH

11 SFTS, Yorkton, Sask.

Kamloops, B.C.

Dear Jean:

The Air Force lads have had to find a new rendezvous while waiting in the early morning darkness for their truck to the nearby station. Their hangout at the **Commodore** is temporarily closed following a fire there the other evening. It took the brigade three hours to douse the fire which broke out right under the noses of the kitchen staff and quickly spread up the wall and through the double roof.

The squirrels have nothing on the people of **Kamloops**. You never saw such storing up for the winter days. Each backyard is stacked with wood. We certainly shouldn't experience a repetition of last year's fuel shortage.

John McElroy got a great reception the other night. You know he's a flight lieutenant now and is just back from **Overseas** with a **Distinguished Flying Cross**, but more important he brought home a bride, too. She's **Virginie Gifford** from **Dannville, Que.**

The **Western Air Command** entertainers were performing that evening at the **Elks** auditorium before a packed house. The mayor met the couple at the junction and they were escorted right to the stage. John's parents were there too and they received a great ovation.

Men of the **Forestry Corps**, just back after three years in **Scotland**, have been on leave at their homes here. They're going to work in **British Columbia** forests now. No snow yet. But it will be along soon and so will **Christmas**. The very best to you and the four other Leitch's in the **Air Force**.

Ronald White,
Editor, **Kamloops Sentinel**

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

MANITOBA

Minnedosa town council has decided to enforce a curfew; the school nurse reported that between fifty and seventy-five per cent of the children in the schools were under weight from keeping late hours. Paul Dorozynski of **Transcona** started an orange tree five years ago and this year the 18-inch tree which he keeps indoors during the winter bore 22 oranges. Three married brothers of the **Buzahoras** clan of **Winnipeg** were presented with

blond baby sons within a fortnight. Harry Howell of **Ilford** walked 25 miles through a blizzard to **Gillam** on the **Hudson Bay** railway to catch a train for **Winnipeg** and enlist in the **Army**. A resounding slap sounded in a crowded elevator in a **Winnipeg** department store and a red-faced gent got out hastily at the next floor; a little tike asked his mother why the lady slapped the man. "Shshsh," said the mother. "Well I don't like her," the boy replied. "She stood on my foot all the way up — but I got even. I pinched her leg." The first timber wolf seen in the **Morris** district for many years was shot by **Dave Walters** after it had been chased by a car from **Rosenort**. The **Christening** robe of little **Joan Marie McCall** of **Miniota** was sixty years old and had been worn by both her mother and grandfather.

SASKATCHEWAN

Herbert Howlett, of **Moose Jaw**, complainant in an assault case, testified that Mrs. Hilda Klein lit two fires while he was rebuilding the chimney on her home. Howlett gently laid two bricks across the top of the chimney to smoke her out. Mrs. Klein threw a garden rake, a pail of water and a cup at the bricklayer; result—one court case. Max J. Deck of **Revenue**, grain buyer, claims after six years of experiment to have perfected an instrument which when attached to any gasoline engine will increase the mileage per gallon by 75 to 100 per cent. Hunters are getting good bags of ducks and geese in the **Plenty** area around the **South Saskatchewan** river. The rural municipality of **Elfros** has become a full-fledged partner in the **Wadena** Union Hospital through an agreement entitling **Elfros** to one-third share in the institution. Residents of **Ridgedale** are wondering what to do with Jackie, a pet crow belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Ed Bergquist. He is a confirmed thief and recently topped a series of minor exploits by flying off with a windshield wiper from a neighbor's car. **Dave Foltz** of **Melfort** figures he's got a hen working overtime for victory in the food campaign. She laid an egg that measured six and a half inches in circumference and contained another egg complete with shell.

ALBERTA

Mrs. C. Coote of **Clive** has knitted and presented a sweater and two pairs of socks for each **Clive** man who has joined the armed services; her record to date is 64 sweaters and 130 pairs of socks. Because of teacher shortage the **Two Hills** school division has refused attendance at any of its schools to pupils from outside the division. H. J. Snell of **Red Deer** suggested to the **Board of Trade** that a free building lot be given each man from this city returning from active war service; the suggestion was approved. Unable to obtain a high school teacher, the **Grimshaw** school board now is transporting pupils to **Berwyn**, eight miles away. **George Sand** of **Calgary**, former **Army** private of this war was chewed and mauled by a huge grizzly bear. He played possum and the grizzly finally ambled off roaring with pain from seven rifle bullets he had pumped into her. Under direction of **Capt. W. R. "Wop" May**, a "first aid" parachute squad is being organized in **Edmonton** to carry relief to airmen forced down in **Canada's** northern wilderness. **Lily DeBock**, of **Saba Beach** picked more than six pounds of wool — enough to make a suit of clothes for some airman—off trees and fence posts during the summer. Sheep in the district are great backscratchers.

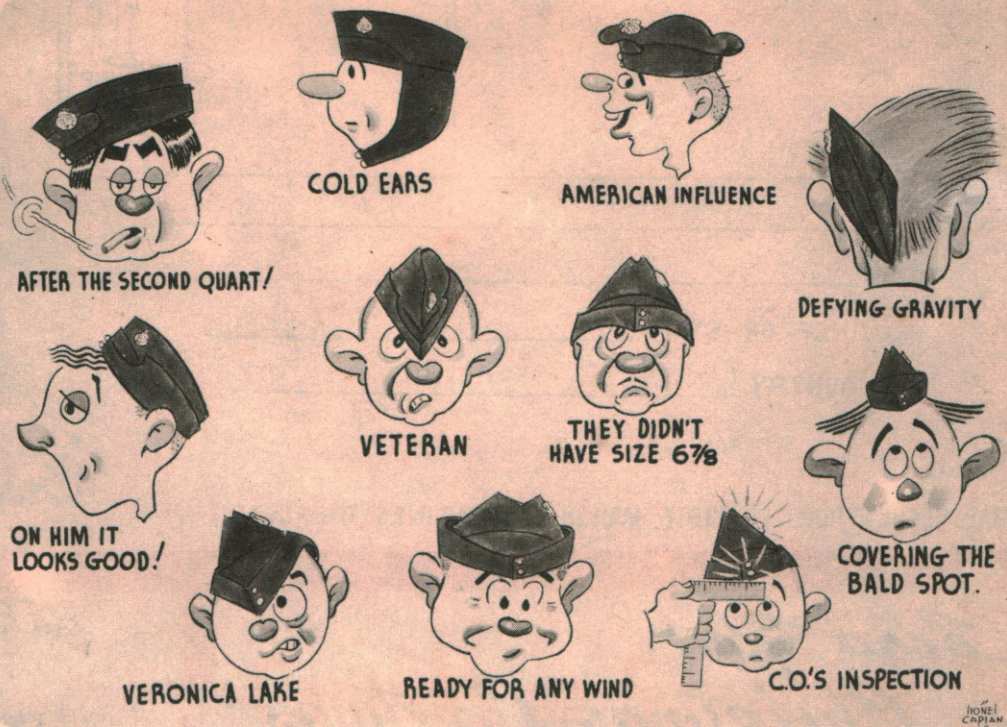
BRITISH COLUMBIA

New Westminster police are cracking down on jaywalkers by collecting a \$1 fine from those walking against traffic lights. Rather than leave her ten-year-old terrier, Mrs. J. D. Cochrane of **Vancouver**, elderly widow living in a basement, has refused hospital treatment which medical authorities say is necessary for her health. **R. R. Christianson**, **Lulu Island** farmer, on whose electrified fence a valuable hunting dog was killed, was given suspended sentence; he was charged with using power from an electric light circuit instead of dry batteries. Four-year-old **George Barnes** snatched his baby sister from her crib, grabbed his two-year-old brother **Richard** and rushed them to safety when fire destroyed their home at **Powell River**. **Miss Daphne Hall** of **Vancouver** reported to police that her pet skunk had either strayed or been stolen. The theft theory was doubted by some. Because of overcrowding school buses, **Mission** school board decided that pupils living within two miles of a school will not be picked up by the bus. **Frank Capostinsky** of **Kamloops** was fined \$100 and costs for increasing the pay of a truck driver.

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



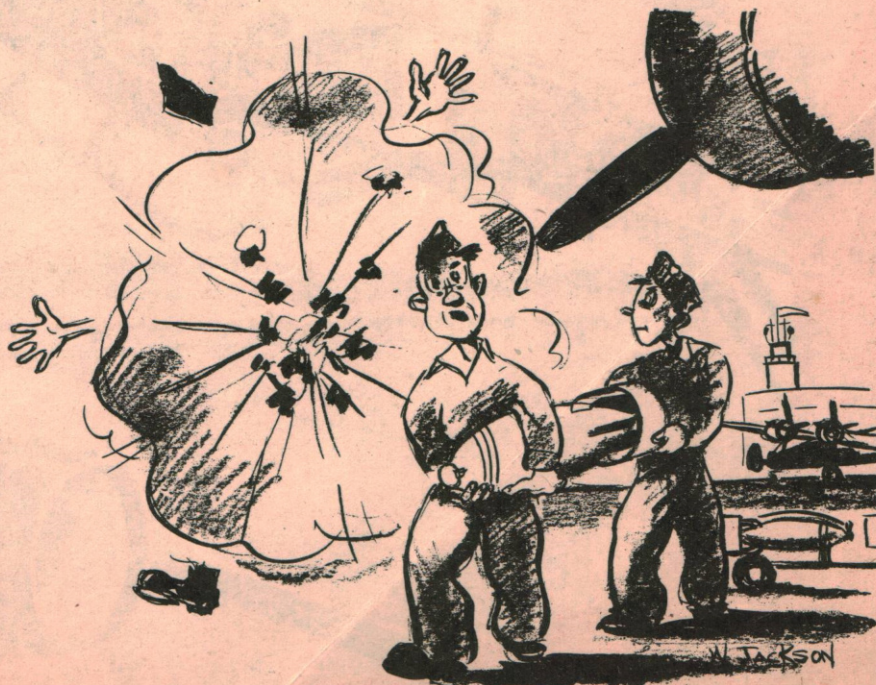
"HELLO SARGE! REMEMBER THAT BLIND DATE YOU WANTED? WELL—I FINALLY DUG ONE UP"



"I DON'T CARE HOW EXPENSIVE IT IS — THIS IS NO WAY TO SNEAK JUNIOR IN"



"THEN HE SAID: 'GO AHEAD — PUT ME ON THE PEG!'"



"BUTTERFINGERS!"



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