

WINGS

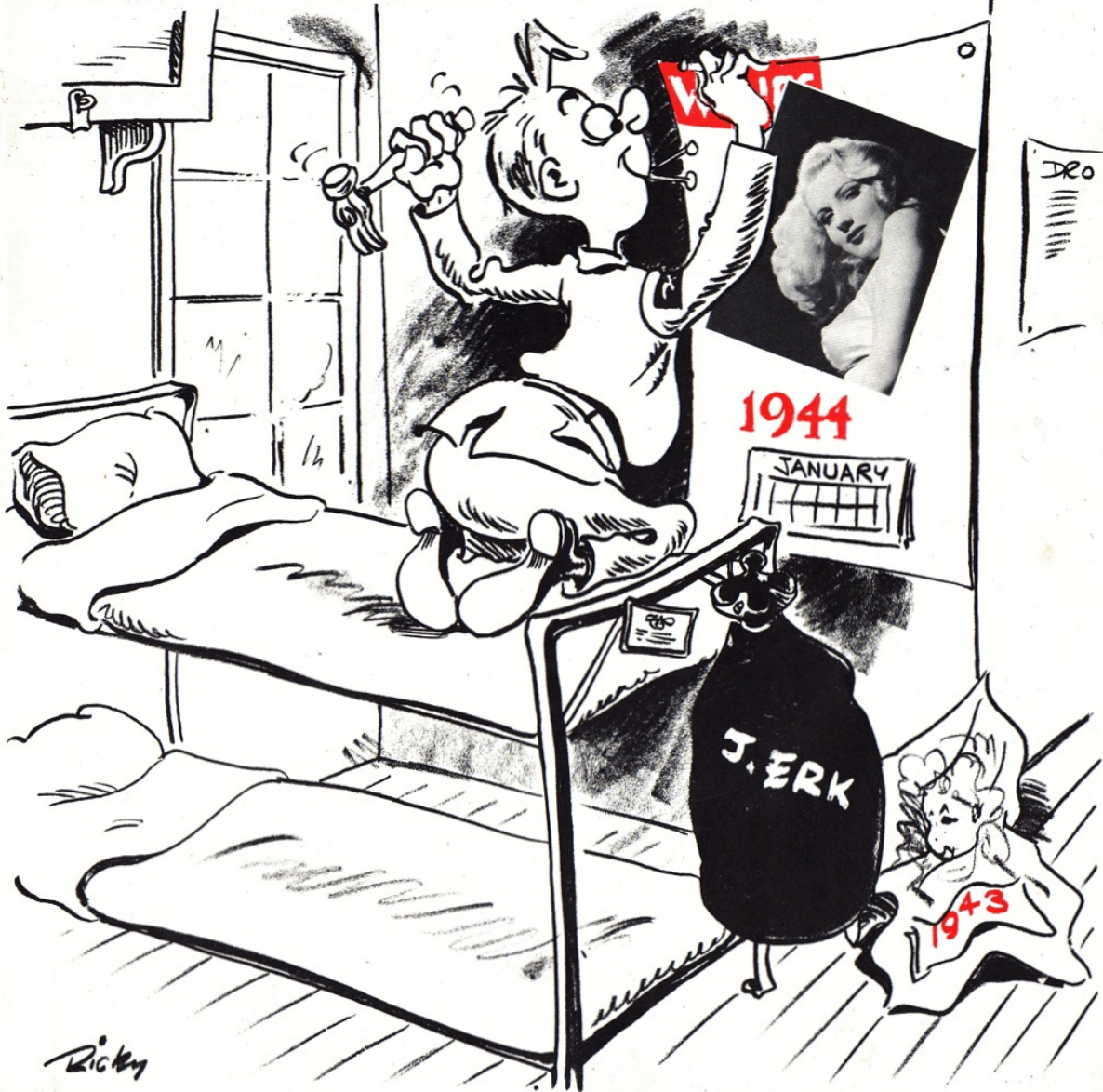


LOG OF THE R.C.A.F

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JANUARY

1944



Ricky

REAR GUARD

Day in a Tail Gunner's
Life — See Page 8-9



YANK PILOT DELIVERED FORTRESS TO ROCKCLIFFE; WC MIDDLETON FLEW FIRST MAIL RUN TO BRITAIN



RCAF MAIL RUN

SPEEDING THE MAIL TO THE BOYS OVERSEAS



MAIL CREW (L TO R): FS E. J. WEBB, MAINE; FO W. G. McELREA, WINNIPEG; FO C. T. DARK, BOTHWELL, ONT.; AND FO H. G. GORDON, ST. GEORGE, ONT.

THE RCAF in Canada recently took delivery of its first Flying Fortress and promptly converted it into a flying mail wagon. Loaded with Christmas greetings for Canadian fighting men of all three services (above), the big four-motor roared away towards Britain to launch the RCAF's new mail run girdling half the globe. The airman who used to count the months between love letters will now get his mail while the girl friend's kisses are still warm on it. The bags of white airgraphs and blue air letters are flown first to Prestwick, Scotland, then on to Algiers and Cairo for relaying to all points where Canadians are fighting.



MORE OF THE PIONEERS: FO J. R. BURTON, DFM, MONTANA; FL C. R. KNOWLES, OSHAWA; FL K. W. HAMPSON, STARBUCK, MAN.; FO EDWARD ALLISTON, TORONTO



BOUND FOR BRITAIN: PO E. M. ROSENBAUM, WINNIPEG; FL B. G. SMITH, NEBRASKA; FO C. A. DICKSON, EDMONTON; FO F. B. LeBRISH, MONTREAL

Bombaimer



"Fifteen seconds," he yelled. "We've got only fifteen seconds!"

By FO VIC BAKER

FO Vic Baker has chalked up nearly forty operational trips as an observer. An ex-newspaperman, he is now doing a trick as a public relations officer during his rest period, before going back on ops.

WITH THE RCAF BOMBER GROUP OVER SEAS—An air bomber in a Canadian Halifax squadron had just dropped his bombs on the target to the apparent satisfaction of everyone but the Germans and retired to the rear of the four-engined bomber for a routine check of his flare-chute. To his horror there on the floor of the aircraft lay the million candlepower photo-flash, safety cap off and the safety pin extracted from the firing fuse. The powerful flash, which should have been automatically released with the bombs to light the target area for a record photo, had been thrown out of its chute by the pilot's violent evasive action. There it lay ready to burst and blow the crew and aircraft to smithereens any minute.

"Gremlins!" he yelled over the inter-com, as he threw himself at the flash and tried to reinsert the safety pin. But the safety device would not go in no matter how he tried. He had forgotten to take with him the portable oxygen bottle provided for such emergencies at high-level when a crew member leaves his position in the kite. As the horror-stricken bombaimer gasped for breath he feverishly fumbled with the flash's safety devices. Then a fresh terror smote him—above the roar of the engine he heard another sound, the sputtering of the burning fuse in the firing capsule. He picked up the heavy flash and staggered bewilderedly up and down, undecided what to do in this emergency.

"Fifteen seconds," he yelled. "We've got only fifteen seconds!"

BLINDING FLASH

Parachute packs were quickly brought to the ready by the remainder of the crew. "Kick a hole in the side of the kite and throw the darn thing overboard," ordered the pilot. A hole was quickly chopped in the fuselage with the emergency axe and out went the flash, in the nick of time, to burst with a blinding flash outside and below the Halifax.

This is an outstanding example of what tricks the lack of oxygen can play with a trained man's imagination and how seriously it can affect his reason. A moment's thought on the part of this

frustrated air bomber should have shown him the obvious and routine thing to do—just give a half-turn to the flash fuse and take out the firing capsule making the flash harmless. The bombaimer admitted this himself sheepishly afterwards in the tense, although adequately oxygenized atmosphere of the Bomb Leader's office in the squadron hangar.

Obviously every member of a bomber crew must be on his toes all the time. But that goes double for the air bomber. During an operational trip the bombaimer is about the busiest man in the aircraft because he assists and understudies all members of the crew.

As pilot's mate he must help his skipper with take-offs, landings and relieve him at the controls in an emergency or if he becomes over-fatigued watching the luminous instruments.

HE'S THE NO. 1 JOE OF THE KITE—NAVIGATOR, PILOT, WAG AND MECH—ALL ROLLED INTO ONE

Illustrated by Sgt. Don Anderson

As second navigator, he map reads, takes astro shots of the stars with his sextant while the navigator times and plots the shots for fixes. He also works the complicated and all-important navigational precision equipment and turns over to the navigator the information required.

The air bomber understudies the flight engineer whose instrument panel and duties he must be very conversant with in the event of an emergency.

A keen bombaimer usually knows at lot of gen on his wireless operator's equipment. In those bombers with guns in the nose, the air bomber is a gunner, too, and can be seen cleaning and caring for his guns along with the rear gunner and mid-upper. He is also the photographic expert in the plane, taking all photos from his bombaimer's position.

But to realize fully what these Canuck air bombers are going through these nights of raiding Naziland, you have to crawl up into the glass nose of one of these giant, four-engined bombers flying at 20,000 feet over a blazing, flak-infested and searchlighted target.

Lying at full length on the cushioned rest behind the bombsight you gaze through a glass panel, down into a white-heat inferno of bursting bombs, twinkling incendiary fires, popping photo flashes, bright, dangling flares, blinding searchlights, and colored flak tracer coming right up at you in a din of noise greater than you've ever heard before. And all the time the aircraft weaves, bounces and bumps its way across the aiming point of the target.

GET GOOD VIEW

It's a clear night and you get a good view of the built-up area being bombed. As you press the firing button you see those streamlined projectiles fall away in a stick from the bomber's belly along with a sprinkling of incendiaries. You follow them all the way down until they crash with a burst of flame on the target—factories, munition plants, railway marshalling yards—and see the flaming eruption and feel the thump on the aircraft's underside at the blast-wave hits it.

When you think of it, these air bombers are in a very peculiar business. It's more like a sport—deadly as it is—and a form of marksmanship requiring coolness and skill. The bombaimer's one purpose is to score goals by delivering bombs in the right place despite all opposition mustered by the enemy.

Jerry has quite a big bag of tricks, too, to befuddle and confuse the boys behind the bombsights. There are obscuring smoke screens, dummy targets, fake fires, synthetic decoys, night fighters, flak flares, blinding searchlights and a host of others being developed as each succeeding raid is carried out.

WAIT FOR OPPORTUNITY

In sport you don't just barge through everything to score; but you play for an opening, and then you go in with everything you've got. Operational bombing is like that, too. You wait for an opportunity or play for it, then go for the target with all you have, leaving the defenders on the wrong foot.

Yes, these blockbusters are powerful weapons—but only if they are dropped on the target for which they are intended. Dropped on a field five miles from the objective, they do nothing to bring nearer the day for which people all over the world are praying. But the bombaimers' optics are pretty keen and pulverized German targets are pretty common.



TEST CREW

ACEY DEUCEYS LEND A HAND WITH RESEARCH DESIGNED TO PAY BIG DIVIDENDS AND GIVE OUR FLIERS EDGE ON ENEMY

by SGT ED HAYES

1 ITS, TORONTO — Silence fell over the smoke-filled room as Cpl. Simmons entered. All eyes looked up.

"Time for the cold chamber," he said. "Whose turn?"

Three airmen sporting white flashes and garbed in battle dress, dropped their cards and shoved back their chairs. A fourth bookmarked his précis and plunked it on the table.

"C'mon fellas," Don Francis motioned as the quartet got up and headed out the door.

At a nearby clothes closet Cpl. Simmons handed out four suits of flying clothing, plus helmets, boots and gloves. The boys donned the garb, pulled the parka hoods over the helmets and stepped into the frigid chamber for another three-hour sitting session.

If you squinted at them through the little window you'd have found Al Fisher of Stratford, Ont., playing solitaire. Blond Doug Fowler was writing to his folks in Harrow, Ont. Don Francis of Sterling, Ont., was reading Liberty. "Once I fell asleep in here," explained one fellow with a chuckle, when the writer had donned a flying suit and joined them in their artificial igloo. "But they don't like that. We're supposed to squirm around and get some wear out of the suits."

That's why, though the assignment might look like a cinch, these four airmen were actually contributing valuable assistance to a vital bit of scientific research — research calculated to pay big dividends to RCAF operational crews. Outfitted in the latest model of the Type E flying suit, which you read all about in WINGS a few months ago,

they were giving it "normal wear and tear," seated in regulation pilot seats and under the closest possible approximation of cold-weather flying conditions. Keen-eyed experts were constantly on hand to check any flaws found.

And these boys in the cold chamber were just four of a squad of twenty "test aircrew" at No. 1 Clinical Investigation Unit, 1 ITS, Toronto, giving a hand with research designed to give our fliers an edge on the enemy. The twenty were spending a month prior to elementary aircrew training assisting in various phases of scientific research on everything from rations to new oxygen equipment and other devices so hush-hush that the select group must all swear a special oath of secrecy. When one group leaves, another is posted in from Manning.

Back in the "crew" room the rest of the gang was shooting the breeze while awaiting their own assignments. Bert Tyne of Hamilton, his eyes fixed on a Morse code chart on the wall, dit-dit-dit-dahed on a key to the annoyance of a couple of other acey deuceys who thumbed through page-worn magazines.

"Cripes, Newstead — you'll still be reading CAP 12 on your first night out over the Ruhr," Nicki Woolaver quipped as thirty-year-old Bert Newstead of Guelph, a former teacher and farmer, digested the contents of the ITS bible.

Nicki was a lanky, good-looking kid who had just turned eighteen, but he had probably seen more of the world than any other guy in the room. It seems he got tired of school life at Digby, N.S., and at sixteen he decided to see the world by

Soaked to the skin after a ducking in 1 ITS pool, ACs Ken McLaughlin, Bob Ledingham, Bert Newstead, Bruce Hastings and Cpl Scott Stewart got brotchen as the five-man dinghy is tested for pressure.

signing on with the merchant marine. In New York harbor one day, he said, he boarded a vessel and dropped off to sleep in a cot. When Nicki awakened he was out to sea on his way to the West Indies and South America. He stuck with the sea until he was seventeen and a half and eligible for the RCAF.

It was almost impossible to get these boys to talk about their jobs, even to a fellow airman who had been "okayed." The twenty airmen ate, lived and slept together, and put up a tight-lipped front to those outside their secret circle. They enjoyed extra privileges, they were seeing and hearing plenty they knew would be of great value to them before they were through with flying, and sometimes they'd get up for a flip in a really hot ship as part of their work. Yet every lad was naturally itching to get on with his training, even though he realized how important was the work to which he was contributing. They got itcheest during the inevitable idle spells — when the work isn't always scientific.

"Three volunteers to do a bit of sweeping," called Cpl Simmons from the door.

No one seemed to quite catch what he said. "Okay — you and you and you," he picked them at random. The boys shrugged and followed him out while the rest went back to whatever they'd been doing.

"Some days," said one lad, "the biggest job is keeping us supplied with fresh magazines."

A dozen guys chorused "I'll go!" when the next call came for volunteers — this time to test dinghies in the ITS pool.

The doorway leading to the swimming pool was crowded with idle bandsmen as five volunteers shed their uniforms and put on flying clothes and Mae Wests. Three dinghies lay on the edge of the pool.

Bob Ledingham, a native of Saint John, N.B., shoved the three-man affair into the water and flopped in after it, followed by Reg McLaughlin of Toronto. Then Cpl Scott Stewart, a technical assistant, jumped in.

"Sorry, fellows, but you'll have to get soaked first," an officer shouted.

Without hesitating the three tumbled backwards into the water, went under for a second till their Mae Wests brought them up. As they splashed and wriggled for a grip on the dinghy their boots loosened. The trio curled up, yanked off the footwear and hurled them into the dinghy. It wasn't easy to get back in, being held down by that drenched suit.

The tests were to determine the minimum pressure required to keep a dinghy afloat with the load it is expected to hold. Similar experiments were conducted in the four and five-man dinghies with Bert Newstead and Bruce Hastings assisting.

"It's good fun, stuff like that," Bob Ledingham chattered in his soaked clothes. "If I ever get dunked in the channel at least I'll know what it's like and what to do."

"Even though the water is heated and the experiment carried out under the best conditions, it is very enduring," Cpl Stewart observed thoughtfully.

It was time to put on the feed bag. "Anybody lose weight since taking this job?" they were asked.

"Not to my knowledge," Ledingham answered. "If they have they can't blame it on this stuff."

Getting caught up with reading and writing while testing flying garb in the cold chamber — all in a day's work for: (l to r) Don Francis, Al Fisher, Doug Fowler.

Test aircrew wait in crew room for jobs. (l to r) Bert Tyne taps out Morse; Nicki Woolaver reads; John Green, Jack McBurney, Bud Harris shoot the breeze.



PHOTOS BY SGT J. R. MACDOUGAL AND LAC R. G. DETRO

Parachute Lady

by LAC W. N. LE GALLAIS

WEST COAST—A parachute bloomed white against the sky with a tiny figure dangling from the shroud lines but as the chute snapped open the harness slipped up and pulled tightly around the jumper's throat.

The chutist gasped and struggled for breath plummeting through space over the body of water. The motor boat crew that sped out to pick her up when she hit the drink little realized her predicament. But Lady Luck rode with the performer — her breath held out — and when pulled from the icy waters all she had to show for it was a wrenched neck.

That was a while back but the girl parachutist who made the leap won't forget it very quickly. "I can remember quite clearly my thoughts of what people would say when my body was found. They'd think that I drowned and maybe ban my favorite sport," recalled Lilian Wright, now at RCAF group headquarters on the Pacific Coast where she is a corporal in the WD.

Cpl Wright is an old hand at hitting the silk. She doesn't say how many jumps she has made but hopes to establish a new Canadian women's record. The WD would like nothing better than a chance to jump while in the service. "It would keep me in trim and run up my score," she said.

The secret to parachute jumping? All you need is confidence, is her contention. But what is so puzzling is how she squeezes so much confidence into her slight frame. The girl is only four foot ten and weighs less than a hundred pounds.

Cpl Wright first became interested in flying at Toronto. She decided to learn the ins and outs of aviation as a hobby for her off-hours from stenography. Before she could complete her flying course the spring break-up grounded all aircraft and she took to packing chutes. Her pilot-

ing ambitions were abruptly shattered when the Air Training plan demanded all available aircraft parts and it became impossible to obtain special controls to be rigged to fit her size. Not to be outdone she decided to make parachute jumping her pastime.

The diminutive Toronto lass says she wasn't nervous about her first leap. "The time to be nervous is while you are still on the ground, not while you are up there," she points out.

Her first jump was from 1700 feet and she describes it as jumping into a big feather comforter . . . very quiet with no falling sensation and with complete control of the limbs. On that first jump she delayed the opening of her chute for 1,000 feet.

"Jumping is a good sport," Cpl Wright says. "Whenever I feel a case of blues coming on I find that a jump is a sure tonic."

Water jumps are her favorites for they combine jumping with swimming. "After you hit the water, grab your top lines and fill the chute with wind. It will pull you over the surface like you were surf boarding. Then starts a chase between you and the rescue boat as your chute pulls you along the top at a fair clip."

Lilian has never received pay for her jumps. All have been for the thrill of the sport and for the aid of war benefits. Exhibition jumps call for lower altitudes to allow the spectators a good view as the chutist leaves the ship. Too, the opening of the chute is always delayed as long as possible to give those on the ground a thrill as they watch the performer falling through space.

One time while climbing out of the cockpit she had just grabbed hold of the struts when



the ice on the prop flew off, but she held on and escaped with cut hands.

Professionally, there is no future in parachute jumping, she says, but as a sport and a hobby it has great possibilities. At present there are only about a half dozen women parachutists in Canada. A guard in a German prison camp in Eastern Canada came across Lilian's picture tacked on the wall of a prisoner's room and across the bottom was scribbled, "The only woman in Canada" — a paratrooper no doubt. — *Slipway*.

INTER-COM

THREE PAGES OF STATION-TO-STATION CALLS

Gen room



MACDONALD—Three B & G School's Intelligence Library threatens to out rival the canteen in popularity judging by the number of airmen who gather there in off-duty hours. Even in break periods trainees tie themselves to this room. But it's because the local GIS boasts one of the finest Intelligence Libraries in the West.

Not only are aircrew trainees taking advantage of it, but pilots and ground crew as well. The library provides instruction on the latest methods of carrying out air operations, new fighting tactics, etc.

It houses all current periodicals from Tee Emm to Aeroplane, and in special binders secret information regarding operations and hush-hush equipment. Features are cabinets in which breakdowns of Browning guns, pyrotechnics and ammunition are displayed and each part labelled. Walls are decorated with sectional drawings of standard equipment, maps of operational theatres, whimsical rhymes and drawings of odd types of aircraft and standard posters of the air gunner's do's and don'ts.

Five new papers

Five new station papers are reported since WINGS ran an article on RCAF magazines in November. In addition three other units have jumped back into circulation sporting dressier get-ups.

Down east at Y Depot they've blossomed out with a strikingly effective mimeo sheet. It's known as Y's *Cracks*, edited by LAC Bert Nightingale, a former Edmonton newspaperman. At another eastern station, LAC H. Munro tackled the job of getting out a monthly and has come up with *Pitch* — something a little different from the average. Its cover is a two-color job and judging by the material and layout, will become one of the best.

After a lapse of ten months *The Eastern Provider* published by a Maritime equipment depot and edited by LAC D. M. Loader, again appears. It's first issue was a modest four-page affair, but since has been enlarged to twelve. When GC H. A. W. Dickson resumed command of the depot one of his first actions was organizing an editorial staff headed by FO R. J. McCormack.

At an unnamed RCAF Detachment in Quebec *The Gantry* whirred off the mimeograph machine for the first time recently. Cpl D. L. Pearson is editor. A B & G School reports plans for a paper; the first issue was scheduled to be off the press for Christmas.

Out west, No. 4 Construction and Maintenance Unit at Calgary has launched the *Rambler*. Editor Sgt J. B. McLean and staff have a tough job keeping up with unit personnel because though "on strength" these construction lads may be scattered all over the Alaska highway area.

The RAF boys at Picton, Ont., have come out with *Hill Topics* which sports a new dress and make-up and succeeds the former unit publication *Wings*.

Another station magazine to have its face lifted recently is the *Gander*, published somewhere in Newfoundland (guess hard!) with LAC Harry Huehnergard as editor.

Tickets paid off

EDMONTON—Two RCAF old timers in point of service who recently bit the dust and headed back to civilian life can boast they actually paid to get into 3 M Depot. The station was very much in its infancy then.

It all happened when FS Eddie Maynard and Sgt J. R. Mackay were posted to the depot in July, 1941. On arrival they found that the Edmonton Exhibition was still running and the only way they could gain admittance was by purchasing tickets. So they laid the money on the line and became the first men on the station.

Eagle Eye



11 EQUIPMENT DEPOT, CALGARY—Sgt C. H. P. Sloan has crashed the Dominion Marksmen's hall of fame. As a member of the RCAF Miniature Rifle Club at 11 Equipment Depot, he rang up a perfect score in a competition sponsored by the Dominion Marksmen. To date only fifteen shooters across Canada have been able to attain this mark in competing for the shield. He is the fourth member of the Armed Forces to gain this distinction.

Swing shift swing it

DAFOE, SASK.—Civilian defence workers on night swing shifts aren't the only ones to eat at odd hours and knock off for a bit of relaxation when most folk are sound asleep.

No. 5 B & G School at Dafoe probably is the first and only RCAF station in Canada to hold a swing shift supper dance.

The idea was tried out after GC F. J. Mawdesley, commanding officer, dropped into the airmen's mess one night and found that the late meal hour for night maintenance workers was quite a social affair. He struck upon the idea of having the station orchestra play during this period. Needless to say it was taken up enthusiastically by all the airmen and airwomen present.

Now every Tuesday night the tables and chairs are pushed aside and when the nine o'clock whistle blows the late-working crews rush to the airmen's mess to dine and dance during their dinner hour.

WINGS

Iron things out

EDMONTON—Here's a story of a couple of acey deuceys to make Damon and Pythias look like pikers.

The two rookies at 3 M Depot decided to step out the other night and agreed to tag along together as both were headed in the same direction for their dates. They ambled down the same street and by coincidence turned in at the same house. Now any other two Joes probably would have squared off but there was a quick compromise.

An hour later Joe No. 1 could be seen entertaining the g.f. in the front room. Along about the same time Joe No. 2 could be seen sweating it out in the kitchen ironing the gal's weekly wash!

Pinned



TORONTO — There are no WDs at 1 M Depot so the boys got a bang out of it when a local paper presented them with a photo gallery of beautiful WDs at nearby units and said "Take your pick!" They did and here she is — Pin-up Girl of 1 M Depot, Marion Roe was an NCO at 1 TC Headquarters till she recently won a course at KTS and a commission.

Eskimo jive kid



GOOSE BAY, LABRADOR—A three-year-old Eskimo boy who had been badly burned in a tent fire and flown 700 miles over the wilds of northern Labrador was saved from certain disfigurement and possibly death, thanks to the skin-grafting job by medical officers at this RCAF station.

"Norman" as the Eskimo lad was known to the hospital staff, is seen above with Cpl Len Moss, a member of the Swing Time unit that stopped off here on an 8,500-mile tour of Eastern Canada, Newfoundland and Labrador. Performances were given in RCAF recreation hall and hospital as well as at United States and Canadian Army camps.

The little tike got hep to the swing music and enjoyed it as much as anyone in the camp. Besides, he picked up Canadian and American slang and became the personality kid of the hospital.

"Military hospitals in sparsely populated areas, such as Labrador, in addition to serving uniformed personnel, are now providing a great deal of medical aid for the natives," Cpl Moss declared on his return to Rockcliffe.

The Swing Time unit which visits the more isolated stations, on its jaunt gave 107 performances in 102 days, playing to approximately 38,000 service personnel and civilians.

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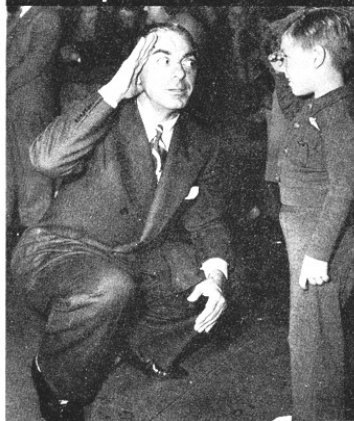
Drips unlimited



PAULSON—FS "Happy" Hodgkinson hustled through the door of the instrument section in "D" hangar, glad that at last he could settle down in a dry corner and give vent to his feelings regarding the fluid Western climate. But the rain-soaked, browned-off Easterner was greeted by a flood. Two inches of water covered the floor and more was dripping through the ceiling. Though it further dampened Happy's ardour he put his crew into action in one of the most ingenious mop-up exercises ever seen in these parts.

As indicated in the picture, an oil measuring can (top left) and a funnel (top right) served to catch the water which was drained into the pail on top of the locker by attached lengths of garden hose. Cpl Dederick (seen beside the A/C Serviceability board) located an oil pan to catch some surplus rain; Sgt Chudley busied himself with a mop and Cpl Orchard, with raincoat over head and shoulders, used a pail to pick raindrops off the ceiling. FS Hodgkinson was the four-star general directing the strategic plan to repel the invasion of Major Rain. The suspicious looking bottle in the lower right corner was not filled with that to which heroes are entitled but carbon tetrachloride. P.S. FS Hodgkinson is now back east.

Celebrity Salute



Clad in Royal Canadian Air Force blue, the colors his dad used to wear, young Warren Sefton ambled up to Eddie Cantor recently at a Hollywood premiere and whipped up a salute. The famous radio comedian, never missing a trick, popped down to the youngster's level and made a banjo-eyed attempt to reciprocate while hundreds of Hollywood curious looked on. The boy's father is now in the United States Army Air Corps. LAC M. Sefton at 5 ITS, Belleville, is the lad's uncle.

JANUARY

MARCH PAST

Personalities in Blue

Pluck 'n guts

GUELPH, Ont. — A crippled Wellington bomber crashed on the rolling Sussex Downs as it limped home following the first big 1,000 bomber raid on Cologne. Out of it was carried a desperately wounded Canuck air gunner. His recovery was in doubt as he fought back for life in an English hospital. Part of the gunner's leg had to be amputated and he was given five blood transfusions within a week.

A few weeks ago, here at 4 Wireless School, that same air gunner, Sgt Hubert Challis of Rockcliffe, Ont., with the aid of an artificial leg whose use is not apparent, walked up to the graduation stand and was presented with sparks by his mother.

From the time of his recovery his ambition was to get back into action as a WAG because he still had a score to settle with the Huns. His brother, FS Albert C. Challis, had been killed in a punishing raid over Bremen in October, 1942. Sgt Challis' return to normal sports is indicated by the fact that he has been skating and intends to ski this winter.

Majored in globe trotting

WEST COAST—It didn't take a war to make W02 Kaye Ingard Hansen a world traveller at 21. But it did take a war before he saw Canada from coast to coast. Being a discip on this station is something entirely different from any of his many peace-time jobs but he snapped up the first thing offered to get into the fray.

Born on the Danish Isle of Bornholm in the Baltic Sea, after attending school in Germany young Hansen went to South Africa with a botanical expedition remaining there three years. He got the itch to visit an uncle in India so off he went to Bombay. Then came trips to Norway, Sweden, France and Switzerland. Back home he joined the Danish Army but after two years he signed on with the S.S. Hamburg, which took him to England, Uruguay and Montevideo.

There was another uncle in Iceland he hadn't seen in quite a spell so he dropped in on him, but four months of the lava pile and Hansen was back in Denmark. In the spring of 1930 he tried a new venture in Norway — fox farming. It was then he decided to come to Canada to learn more about the game. Late that year he wound up in Prince Edward Island and had soon built up a profitable business. He was planning to ship foxes back to Denmark when war broke out.

He tried the RCAF but was told he'd have to wait. The Navy had the same answer. However, in August, 1940, he got a call from an RCMP inspector at Charlottetown advising him there was a draft leaving for Toronto and would he care to accompany him as a discip. Hansen grabbed the opportunity and from Toronto went to Brandon for a course. Subsequently he was posted to a West Coast repair depot but since then has been on a couple of other coastal stations.

After the war the sergeant-major wants to go back to Denmark to see his folks. His father and two brothers were killed when the Germans invaded Denmark.

WINGS
celebrates a
Birthday
IN THE
FEBRUARY ISSUE
20 PAGES OF
• FEATURES
• CARTOONS
• GLAMOUR GALS

Flagship

by SGT. JACK BIRT
RCAF Public Relations

LIFE on the ocean wave may sound strange when it's lived by Acey-Deuceys, LACs, Corporals, Sergeants, a Warrant Officer, and a Flying Officer — but the bounding main is quite the usual thing for the airmen-crew of the good RCAF ship *Beaver*. And they love it.

The *Beaver* is the special pride of the Eastern Air Command Marine Section. She was built by Canadian labor at the famous shipping town of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, birthplace of the *Bluenose* and other illustrious sailing vessels. The largest wooden ship to come down the Lunenburg ways (174 feet long, 34 foot beam) she was launched last spring with much ceremony. Now she has been outfitted and commissioned and will serve as a supply and salvage vessel for distant Air Force stations.

Flying Officer E. M. H. Butt of Armdale, Halifax, is the master of the *Beaver*, in charge of twenty-odd airmen-seamen. He was on the bridge when I visited Dartmouth wharf where the ship rested, cargo-laden and waiting for her maiden-trip departure.

The *Beaver* is a sister of the smaller *Eskimo* which has performed valiant service as the flagship of the RCAF "Navy". FO Butt and many of his crew have just been transferred from the *Eskimo* and he can predict the future career of the *Beaver*.

VISIT STRANGE PLACES

"A lot of it will be plain sluggin'" he said, "and a lot will be a lonely business. We'll carry all kinds of cargoes — from nails to food — and we will visit some strange places in the north. In the summertime we'll see fishing boats; sometimes we'll run across convoy routes; frequently we'll be in submarine zones; but most often we'll be alone except for the icebergs".

Visits of supply ships are great events at isolated stations. "All the airmen crowd down to the shore — there are no wharfs — and they shout their greetings. We bring them things from home — not mail, however, for most of that is flown to them. The Eskimo natives, too, greet the ships with extreme interest."

Our tour of the *Beaver* started from the Master's cabin, neat, unpretentious and with shining yellow varnished woodwork which, I found later, is typical of the ship's interior. A desk, a bunk, a chair, and a cushion-covered chest or bench complete the furniture. Next door is the chart room — a great nest of drawers for maps, charts and logs, and above them a broad table-surface ready for navigation calculations. The skipper explained the echo-sounding machine which measures the depth of the water below the ship by echoes which trace curving lines on a roll of paper.

We went out to the boat deck where the life-boats sit waiting, covered with yellow tarpaulins in striking contrast to the general Air Force blue-grey paint of the ship's exterior. I was shown ammunition boxes and armament ready for any kind of emergency. The lower deck was packed with cargo — lumber, coal, all kinds of perishable supplies — roped down firmly and ready for the voyage. Airmen-seamen were busy at various tasks from stem to stern.

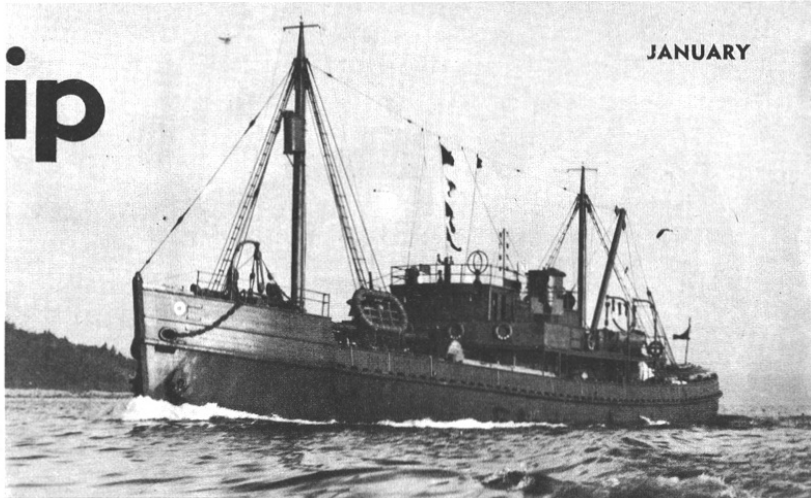
In the galley Corporal Earl Hiltz, the ship's chef, was whipping up a batch of biscuits. He is from Le Havre, Lunenburg county, in Nova Scotia, and has spent fourteen years as a chef on ships. He enlisted in the RCAF in September of 1940.

TOUGH ON THE COOK

"Everything's pretty calm and peaceful, cooking when a ship is standing at the wharf", he said, as if in apology. "But it's different when we're out and there's a heavy sea on. Sometimes the dishes end up on the floor and the pots fly off the stove. You reach for a pinch of salt and get a cupful — that's hard on recipes."

Cpl. Hiltz and the flying officer didn't want to say too much about the food served on the ship — "It might make the boys ashore jealous. You can just put down that we get the best of everything."

The *Beaver* isn't a passenger ship but she will carry a few RCAF travellers on occasions. The guest-cabin is a duplicate of the Master's stateroom. "If we get too many passengers they'll sleep on the floor in sleeping bags," said FO Butt.



JANUARY

WHILE YOU'RE SNUG ASHORE THE BOYS OF THE RCAF BEAVER WILL BE DODGING WINTRY GALES, SUBMARINES AND ICEBERGS

I was in luck. Eastern Air Command officials had come aboard for a trial run to check engine performance under working conditions. Up on the top deck Cpl. Seymour Young, the second mate, from Albertson, PEI was already hoisting the appropriate code flags. The big engines throbbed, we cast off, and slowly pulled from dock.

A speedy little harbor craft followed us out into the channel but presently turned back to Station. A plane circled us, high above, then drifted away into the sky. The late afternoon sunshine made the water dance and sparkle and the ship's wake was a beautiful pattern of glistening bubbles and almost steaming foam.

Soon we were out on the Atlantic.

A bell rang and Flying Officer Butt said: "There's the hash hammer." The crew members not on watch went off to the mess to eat. Supper was served in two shifts and I sat down with the second group.

The Airmen's mess on the *Beaver* can seat twelve men around its big table — the table criss-crossed with ridges to keep plates in place in heavy weather. But not a plate slid, not a cup rolled. We had some very tasty ham, hashed brown potatoes, sauce, cabbage, Cpl. Hiltz' excellent biscuits, pudding and one of the best cups of tea I've had in my life. And not a sign of wupsy. It was wonderful.

ODD SLEEPING QUARTERS

After supper I clambered across the cargo-filled fore-deck to a hatchway, gingerly descended an iron ladder and found myself in the airmen's sleeping quarters, one of the strangest barracks blocks in the Air Force. They call it the fo'c'sle. There are no double-decker iron beds. Instead, typical ship's bunks line the wedge-shaped cabin in the two piers, with a row of drawers or chests — one to a man — in the base below. Each man also has a locker to himself with storage space for such un-airmanlike clothes as sou'westers, sea-going parkas, sea-boots, and the like.

Nevertheless it wasn't so very different from barracks-after-supper in spite of the occasional roll of the ship. An airman-seaman in a corner was plunking at a guitar, another was writing a letter; several were around a little radio at the big table in the centre space; and the odd bunk had its occupant looking at ease, "just resting".

All but six of the *Beaver* crew are Maritimers, born near the sea, familiar with ships since childhood. Many of these men had service with the Merchant Marine and all enlisted for sea-going jobs with the Air Force. Of the non-Maritimers, AC G. L. Budgell is particularly enthusiastic about the northern trips of the *Beaver*, for his home is at Rigolot in Labrador.

From the gang in the fo'c'sle I learned that an RCAF sailor has a twelve hour day, "four on and four off"; as well as "anchor watches". Forty-eights come only on visits to main ports. Fatigues of sweeping the fo'c'sle are taken in

rotation; deck-swabbing and brass polishing (not confined to uniforms) are part of the regular work. The *Beaver*, unlike Navy ships, has no rum ration — "A veritable pity", said the men (but not in those words).

Among the crewmen, LAC Jack Best, the wireless operator from Winnipeg, is exceptional in that he had no idea of serving at sea when he enlisted in the Air Force. He went through the usual WOG training but eventually found himself posted to a ship.

"Being a WOG on the water wasn't what I expected," he said, "But I wouldn't want to be anywhere else, now."

WO1 C. E. Bastable, the chief engineer, was born in London, England, but was brought to Canada as a boy and grew up in Toronto. He was a signalman in the Royal Canadian Navy in the last Great War and became a marine engineer in 1924, working on private yachts, tug boats, and Diesel engine craft. Bastable was one of the twenty-six men from the RCMP "Marines" who came to the Air Force for sea duties.

REFRIG WELL PACKED

The chief engineer took me, first, to the hold of the ship and the great refrigerators built to carry the perishable foods that are the most important items of the *Beaver's* cargo. The largest "refrig" was packed to the door and we confined inspection to the smaller cold-room lined with stores for the voyage.

If the bridge of the ship is spotless, the engine-room is immaculate perfection. For the *Beaver* is Diesel driven; she has no stoke-hole; no piles of coal, no perspiring shovellers. The big black engine churns away, every valve, every piston, checked, polished, oiled and greased with tender care — a triumph of mechanics. The engine room was a maelstrom of pounding sound and you couldn't ask many questions — shouting was too much effort, like trying to talk in a boiler factory.

There were even pumps for supplying fresh water for the airmen's showers (yes, they have showers) and salt water for the toilets. I saw the fully automatic oil furnace that heats the ship. Storage tanks of oil surrounded us — many thousands of gallons' capacity; and nearby was the apparatus used to pump fuel out of the ship when a distant Air Force station requires assistance.

Then, as I stood there, bells suddenly rang out above the noise of the pounding engine. We had come through the harbor gates, through the channel; and soon the *Beaver* came to rest back in her own berth.

When I stepped out on the deck, my ears were still ringing with the pound of the engine and the strange lingo of the airmen who talk of "a-baft and a-beam" and "fo'c'sles" and "top decks". I think they lead a good life and they're doing a big job in Canada's Air Force. Before you read this they will already have brought a touch of home and Christmas to the northland, and the *Beaver's* future trips will mean much to the men of the RCAF on duty at lonely Arctic outposts.

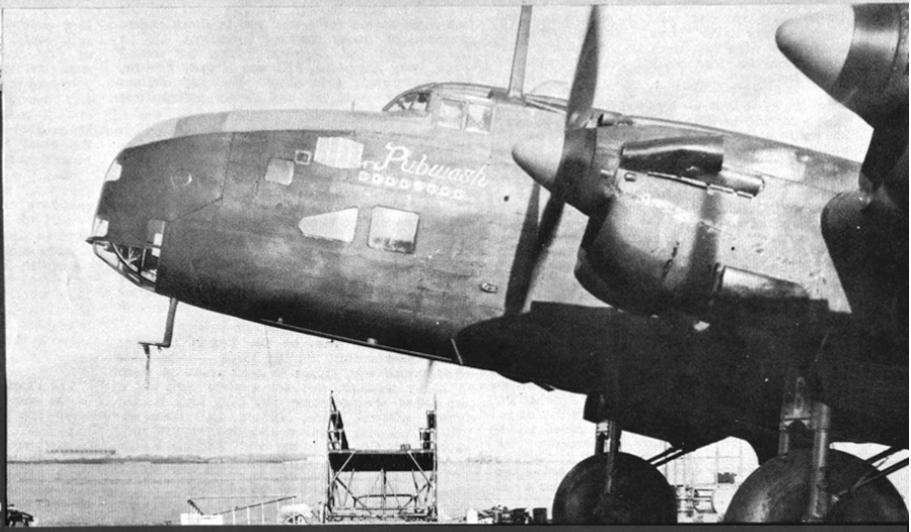


ON THIS BOMBER TEAM FS ROY RICE PLAYS

REAR GUARD



GUNNER RICE DRAWS FLYING RATIONS FOR REST OF CREW



A STEIN FOR EVERY SORTIE IS CHALKED UP ON RICE'S HALIFAX, "PUBWASH", THE BEER BARREL IS FLANKED BY SEVEN SWASTIKA-DECORATED STEINS FOR GERMAN RAIDS; OTHER IS FOR MINE-LAYING JOB.



REAR GUNNER CHECKS OXYGEN MASK BEFORE THE BIG RAID



HE DRESSES WARMER THAN OTHERS; TURRET IS COLD!



FS ROY RICE AND "PUBWASH" CREW PILE INTO TRANSPORT THAT TAKES THEM TO WAITING KITE, POISED FOR TAKE-OFF



TAIL GUNNER'S TURRET — COLDEST HOTSPOT IN THE SHIP



CHECKING AMMUNITION BELTS FOR DUDS. SKIPPER AND WAG WANT GUNNER'S EVERY SLUG TO COUNT.



STUFFED IN HIS CRAMPED QUARTERS, FS RICE STOWS AWAY HIS CHUTE WITHIN EASY REACH, JUST IN CASE.

"THE NEMY fighter, 800 yards, port quarter down . . . he's closing in now . . . get ready to corkscrew port . . . corkscrew port, GO!"

That's a rear gunner keeping his pilot instructed on dodging searchlights, weaving away from bursting flak and enemy fighters. Crew and craft depend on the watchful sky search of their "rear guard", tensed in his revolving turret behind four quick-firing machine guns.

A couple of years ago stocky, five-foot-five Roy Rice of Coutts, Alta., quit his job as a garage mechanic and joined the RCAF. He got his wing at 3 B&G, Macdonald, Man. Today at twenty-two he's an air gunner in an all-flight sergeant crew with the Canadian Bomber Group. The crew has already piled up a good few ops with its Halifax, "Pubwash."

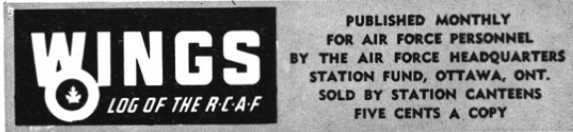
Gunner Rice puts in a busy day before a sortie. Rises early, cycles a mile for breakfast, reports to gunnery leader for instructions and then out to the huge Halifax. Most important is daily inspection of turret, gun and ammunition. All must be oiled, cleaned and tested. After lunch there's further checking of equipment and aircraft and more instruction. His turret is the only unheated spot in the ship, so besides flying clothes and electrically heated gloves, socks, jacket and sweaters, he wears his pyjamas as well.



HE OFTEN SEES MORE ACTION THAN THE REST SO HE GETS HIS SHARE OF QUESTIONING AFTER THE RAID.



BACON AND EGGS FROM WD AFTER THAT, ALL-NIGHT JOB CLIMAXES A DAY IN THE LIFE OF REAR GUNNER FS RICE.



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JANUARY, 1944

No. 12

BUILD-UP TO A SMASH CLIMAX

"The way to quit worrying about the war is to get into it," the Vets of our acquaintance used to tell us in the fall of '39. "You'll have your own job to do, peeling spuds or flying a plane, and you can let the big shots worry about running the show."

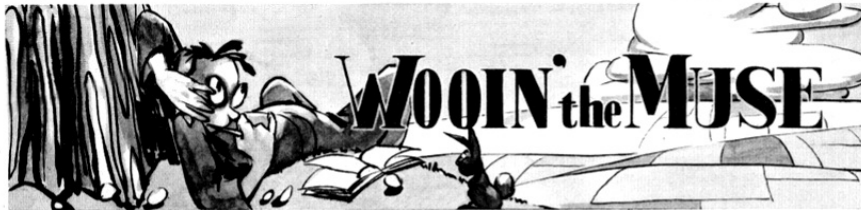
But somehow it didn't work out that way. In this war we have Progress of War classes and discussion groups until everybody from the commanding officer down to the last acey deucey is frenziedly engaged in the Battle of Brains. This is undoubtedly a good thing because a man fights his end of the war better if he has a clear mental picture of what the whole struggle is about. It's also good sport and we enjoy trying to fit today's chunk of the jigsaw into the war puzzle as much as anyone.

Right now, for instance, we're working on the theory that the war is really an adventure-thriller written by some super-author — a combination of Alfred Hitchcock, Edgar Wallace and the late John Buchan. The prologue (Manchuria, Ethiopia, Spain, Czechoslovakia . . .) established the atmosphere and hinted at terrible things to come. Chapter 1, "Poland", had everybody hanging on to their seats for the first horrible plunge into total war. And so on.

In the latest chapter, "1943", the pace began to speed up terrifically with the invasions of Sicily and Italy and the great Russian offensive. It ended with a terrific punch — the four heroes plotting final downfall for the enemy against the thundering background of blockbusters on Berlin.

We're no Progress of War expert and our simplified literary pattern may not satisfy the educational officer or the discussion group critics. But we have read a few adventure stories in our time and it looks to us as if this might be the second last chapter — the build-up to the smash climax in "1944", with perhaps an epilogue, "Japan" to conclude the long and bloody action.

Don't blame us if it doesn't work out just that way; who can ever guess for sure what a Hitchcock is going to cook up next? But as we finish the last page of the chapter entitled "1943" we're sitting right on the edge of our seat. We can hardly wait to see what happens in the next installment.



NOVA SCOTIA CALENDAR

Dirty days hath September
April, June and November,
Other months have thirty-one
Without a blessed gleam of sun,
From January first to end of May,
The rain it raineth every day;
If February could have two and
thirty,
They'd be twice as wet and just as
dirty.

LAC George Maynard,
in "Thumbs Up", East Coast.

DUMMY RUN

When the pilot's heading's screwy,
And computed height is wrong;
When the air is hot and bumpy;
And the given wind's too strong;
When the other fellow's wasted
All your time 'ere you've begun,
Just make the pilot happy
By calling "Dummy Run".

When your bomb is not selected,
Or the red light doesn't show,
When you give the wrong correction,
Or your judgment's overslow;
When the aeroplane is bouncing,
And you're heading for the sun,
And you cannot pick the target,
Well, you call a dummy run.

When the pilot starts a-cussing,
Cause your patter isn't right,
And you stammer and you stumble,
To his infinite delight;
When he says you're not a bomber
And they'll scrub you're your done
Just get even with the blankard
By calling "Dummy Run".

When you're application bombing,
And you think you're mighty smart
If you set within a thousand
Of the figures on the chart;
When you're nowhere near the target,
Well, the pilot thinks it's fun
When you mumble through the
intercom,
And call a dummy run.

When you're bombing over Berlin,
And the flak is hot and thick;
When the searchlight cone has
caught you
And you want to get out — quick;
When the sky is an inferno
And you're gunning for the Hun,
The crew will cease to like you
If you call a dummy run.

When the plane is plunging
earthwards
Must inevitably crash;

Learn to Draw MAKE BIG MONEY!

If your brass and blues cloak the soul of an artist you can let that creative urge pour forth with the greatest abandon for not only is an RCAF art competition under way, but off-duty art classes are going to be started on Air Force stations.

You've probably read in Daily Routine Orders about the art competition and the \$350 in prize money. There are two classes of entries — painting and drawing — and not more than four entries for each person, of which not more than two may be in any one class. It's open to anyone in the RCAF, RAF, RAAF, RNZAF and the Allied Air Forces serving in Canada, but war artists and members of the Art Directorate are excluded.

If you plan to enter you'd better get cracking as all work must be in the hands of Auxiliary Services Officers, (who have entry blanks), not later than February 20. Don't frame or glass your entries, but they may be matted. In any case the outside dimensions including mat may not exceed thirty by forty inches. An exhibition of all the best work submitted will be held at the National Art Gallery, Ottawa, in April and subsequently at RCAF stations.

About those art classes. They'll be carried out under the leadership of an outstanding instructor who is prepared to show beginners the ropes and give Rembrandts and Picassos a real boost. He is PO Charles Goldhamer, president of the Canadian Society of Painters in Watercolor, who



left his work as painting and drawing instructor at Toronto's Central Tech to give ambitious airmen a chance to draw and dabble.

The art groups are already springing up on stations in the Eastern Air Command, Newfoundland and Labrador where the project was launched first for the benefit of isolated units which are short on recreational facilities. Early reports indicate growing enthusiasm.

The idea works like this: When PO Goldhamer reaches a station a general alarm goes out for all interested in drawing and painting, cutting lino-block Valentines or almost any other form of art. He starts the group off, providing instruction for beginners and skilled advice for more advanced artists who desire it. He helps draft plans for station projects such as creation of murals, aircraft rec displays and other visual training aids. Primarily, however, the whole idea is to create a new recreational outlet. Once the pen pushers and brush wielders are busily turning out masterpieces at your unit, the instructor goes on to the next station.

DEDICATION

An impressive new service of dedication for Air Force recruits and for aircrew graduates has been instituted for both Protestant and Roman Catholic personnel. Coast to coast broadcasts were held recently of the first two services — a Protestant service from 1 M Depot, Toronto, and a ceremony for Roman Catholics from 5 M Depot, Lachine.

Feature of the Protestant service is a newly introduced response, "Dedication to Duty", and an "Airman's Creed", copies of which are distributed to all who take part in the service. The Roman Catholic ceremony varies somewhat, with participants repeating a "Service Pledge." The dedication services are held for all new airmen in M Depot Reception Wings, on their first Sunday in the RCAF. The service is also held upon graduation for airmen graduates who entered the RCAF before the service was introduced.

WINGS Editor: Sergeant Ed Hayes. Art Editor: Cpl. Walt Coucill. Executive Editor: FL R. G. B. Anglin. WINGS is lithographed 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.

A half sea and a clear sky,
Bomber's moon a-shining,
Merchant ships in line astern
Moving through the night
With beef and shells and bren guns
Deep and heavy laden,
Ships along the channel, and not a
cloud in sight.

FO T. E. H. Farley
8 SFTS, Moncton, W. B.

WINGS

Hollywood stars bomb Lion Squadron with Xmas gifts

GREAT BRITAIN—The Lion Squadron bombs the Hun from kites bearing the names of Hollywood stars since MGM studio took the boys in blue under its wing. So the movie stars reciprocated at Christmas time and "bombed" the Lion squadron with \$200 worth of gifts.

Every bomber operating out of this base carries a cartoon of Leo, the MGM lion, and every ship has been named after an MGM star. In a popularity poll Lana Turner headed the balloting with Hedy Lamarr second, Greer Garson, third.

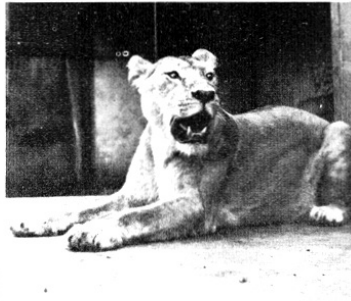
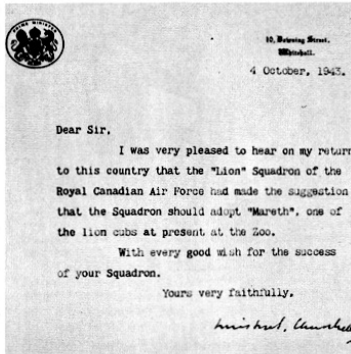
Every member of the squadron, including ground crew, has been given a miniature lion on a medallion permitting him to enter any MGM theatre free, for life.

Recently many of the Lions went to London Zoo to see "Mareth" their cub mascot. His poppa is Prime Minister Churchill's lion "Rota".

When the squadron celebrated its first anniversary AVM Brookes, AOC, RCAF Bomber Group, presented WC Turnbull with the squadron crest, a lion rampant on a maple leaf background. The squadron motto "Ferte Manus Certas" (Strike Sure) was inscribed below the crest.

The AVM congratulated the squadron on its record of 759 operational sorties amassed in less than a year of operating and noted that two CGMs, fifteen DFCs and six DFM's had been awarded to squadron members.

The boys have also become known as the screwball squadron. It was one of their pilots who recently bailed out and landed on a cow's back. FO Don Arnot on his first "op" dropped his bombs on the target and came roaring home with nine enemy fighters on his tail. Another plane returned with a 2000-pound blockbuster strung up in the bomb-bay and the bomb plopped on the runway, bouncing merrily (but unexplosively) as everybody dived for shelter.



This sergeant-pilot of the Lion Squadron picked Lana Turner in the draw so he chalks up her name on his kite. At left, Churchill's message; below, the mascot.



After Mareth's formal adoption, FO Bill Shirley, Newfoundland, offers the cub a juicy tid-bit while WC Robert Turnbull, DFM of Govan, Sask., and his Lion Squadron look on at London's Regent Park Zoo.

ON OPS

RCAF 'ROUND THE WORLD

Now it's the Boogie-Woogie Club - but not from Co'y B

GREAT BRITAIN—One of the most flourishing fraternal organizations to come out of this war is spreading through the Canadian Bomber Group at an alarming rate. The British are taking it up and it is extending its influence to the American Army and Air Forces. The name of this fraternity is the Boogie Club.

The club was born to two Thunderbird men during a blackout evening in an English inn. FO Reg Hunt, Montreal, yielding to an irresistible impulse, reached over and boogied FL Mark Roach, DFM, Vancouver. Roach went rigid with utter surprise, then yielded to the Boogie spell.

The Boogie is administered thus: You take a deep breath, pucker up your lips, reach out



and seize the upper lip of the Boogie victim between your thumb and forefinger. You then initiate a gentle up and down movement using plenty of wrist action. As you do so whisper "Boogie Woogie" in coy tones. If you're left-handed you follow the same directions, but with the left hand. That is known as a left-handed Boogie.

Strictly speaking, the name of the club is Boogie-Woogie because that is the slogan and pass word. Membership requirements are not strict and you can qualify as a Moist Boogie, Dry Boogie, Thin Hair Foogie or a Skin Head Woogie.

An ordinary Boogie is a man with a moustache. No distinction is made with regard to facial fur, and it may be droopy, upright or streamlined. However, a dim view is taken of the waxed-tip type.

Those who are not moustached and do not qualify as Thin Hair Foogies or Skin Head

Woogies are classed as Dry Boogies. The difference between a Thin Hair Foogie and Skin Head Woogie is obvious even to the untrained eye and is purely a matter of relativity. A special branch is being introduced to accommodate those whose hair has that military touch. They will be known as Brush Cut Foogies.

When the Boogie was first introduced at the pub it caught on immediately. Guests at the inn who had observed Hunt boogie Roach asked to be boogied in turn. Many a sedate and reserved country gentleman went out in the blackout that night looking for friends to boogie.

Of course, there are variations to administer the Boogie. To administer a Thin Hair Foogie you advance to a prospect who is growing through his hair. You place the right hand firmly on top of his head and rotate in a clockwise direction while gently whispering "Boogie Woogie". If the prospective member is bald you rotate in an anti-clockwise direction, thus administering a Skin Head Woogie. It is important that these directions be followed carefully or the spell will be broken.

Highlight in the club's brief history is the time they boogied the very British major. Several Boogie Club members perceived him at a table and marked him down as a prospect. A council of war was held and they descended on the unsuspecting major. Everything went according to plan, and the most surprised major in Britain became a member of the Boogie Club. Suddenly a voice of authority boomed out of a corner and a brigadier or higher loomed up. He strode majestically to the centre of the room amid an awed and electric silence. He halted, stood smartly to attention and proclaimed, "Where my men go, there go I, Boogie me!"

The possibilities of the Boogie Club are boundless and the two founders are shaken rigid when they ponder the broader aspects of their creation. They are at present considering future, higher prospects. Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt head the list. The Prime Minister qualifies both as a Dry Boogie and Skin Head Woogie, while the President qualifies as a Dry Boogie and Thin Hair Foogie. Also considered, and ranking high on the list, is Joseph Stalin, qualifying as both a Dry Boogie and Brush Cut Foogie.

Mustangs clip wings of Nazi-piloted Yale

GREAT BRITAIN—Two Mustangs streaked out of the blue over France, pounced on a cruising Yale trainer and blasted it from the skies. A couple of minutes later a Junkers 88 got the same thing.

Shooting down a Yale, a trainer in which these boys had flown at home was something new in "kills" for Canadian fighter pilots. The two, FO Lou May of Orangeville, Ont., and FO R. C. Brown of Halifax, assumed that this Yale was one of a shipment to France before that country capitulated and has since been used by the Germans for training purposes.

"That pilot must have been out on a pleasure trip," said Brown. "He was just cruising along in the afternoon sunshine at about 800 feet and we caught him by surprise."

"About three minutes later we saw a Junkers 88," Brown continued. "May went in first and set his starboard engine on fire. I followed through as May broke off. My fire hit his starboard tank and immediately spread the flames. The Hun was lower than 1,000 feet at the time. We each made one more attack on him following him down. Pieces flew off the aircraft and one wheel fell away. Apparently he was a good pilot, for he brought it in to land. He skidded violently however, turned over and burst into flames."

"DAS IST ALLES!"

GREAT BRITAIN — Wolf Squadron men on the lookout for German aircraft in a sweep over France damaged three locomotives and "dismissed" a German military parade.

PO Claude Weaver, DFM, and Bar, Oklahoma City, scored on two of the damaged trains, and the third was shared by a pair of Montrealeers, FO Hartland Finley and FO Joseph LeCoeq.

It was Weaver who played havoc with the German parade. "I don't know whether they were parading for pay, food or the Fuehrer," he drawled, "but they sure dismissed in a hurry and weren't taking time to goose-step either."

Farewell to the Faroes

GREAT BRITAIN — Back in England, glad to get a meal that doesn't come out of cans, Cpl Eddie Dorey, Liverpool, N.S., has plenty to tell of life and times in Denmark's Faroe Islands.

For six months, with one other Canadian, Cpl Craig Knudsen, Woodstock, Ont., and a handful of RAF lads, he was stationed at a northern island outpost of these islands which are themselves outposts of the war.

Most impressive stories are those of the weather. Only a stone's throw from the Arctic circle, the Faroe Islands are deep in the land of the midnight sun. "It's day all day in summer, but in the winter time we only get about three hours of twilight," says Dorey. His stay on the island marked the only time he ever played football at 2.30 in the morning. In the summer time there is no one in the village during the day, but after midnight the young people throng the streets and troop to the football field to play games. In the winter it's quiet twenty-four hours a day.

A normal breeze sweeps across the Faroes at about eighty miles per hour. When a wind springs up it reaches 120 mph. "If there's a wind," says Eddie, "you hold on to a set of ropes when you're going from one hut to another."

When the wind is up it catches the bottom of a 100-foot waterfall and carries the water back to the top of the precipice, then whirls it down again in a complete loop.

"We used to throw large tins over the falls," Dorey says, "and they would come right back over our heads."

The ocean waves normally range up to twenty feet, day after day, but when there is a bit of a blow they have been known to wash over an eighty-foot cliff, half-drowning the LACs and corporals on top.

Because of the Gulf Stream the winter weather is not particularly severe, considering the latitude. The summers are sufficiently hot to make salt and fresh water swimming one of the chief summer relaxations for Canadians. "The natives will swim



no matter whether it's raining or freezing," explains Eddie.

This is only a mild example of the ruggedness of the Faroese population. Twice every day six girls climb six miles up a mountain to milk a herd of cows. Then they lug the milk six miles back to the village.

The Faroese go in for sheep raising but they have a tough time of it because of the lack of grazing land. There's also the problem of getting the sheep on the higher plateaus where there is a scanty growth of grass. First the natives make holes in the face of the cliff large enough to take an iron climbing grip. Then they strap the young lamb to their back and climb the plateau. They leave the animals there, sheltered from the wind and with sufficient grass for twelve or thirteen months. When they come back the lambs have become full grown sheep. Then follows the arduous task of bringing the sheep down again. At one spot the men carry sheep across a gorge 200 feet deep by moving hand over hand across a wire.

As with most northern island people fishing is the main trade. For those in the outer islands of the north, whaling is their specialization of the industry. Dorey says that probably the greatest single feature of the island is the "grindefangst" or whale hunt. When a school of whales is sighted the entire population rushes to the seafont. Every boat that can take to the water is pressed into

service. Those who do not get into one of the small fishing schooners line the shores of the fjord, up which the whales are chased.

Following the grindefangst there is a festival. "Everyone", Eddie says, "goes down to the village hall where an old boy belts away on an accordion all night, to accompany the Scandinavian dances."

The dances last literally all night. During this period the Faroese keep open house. There are no locks on the doors at any time, but particularly at grindefangst the house belongs to the neighbors. "The Faroese are highly communal," Eddie says.

Every week the Canadian lads went to a Scandinavian dance. The weekly dances last only till two or three in the morning.

The Canadians have shown no appetite for native foods. Most of their rations come in cans. "It's canned meat, tinned potatoes, canned sweets," says Dorey. The lads get a regular issue of cigarettes but have to wait for parcels from home to get Canadian fags.

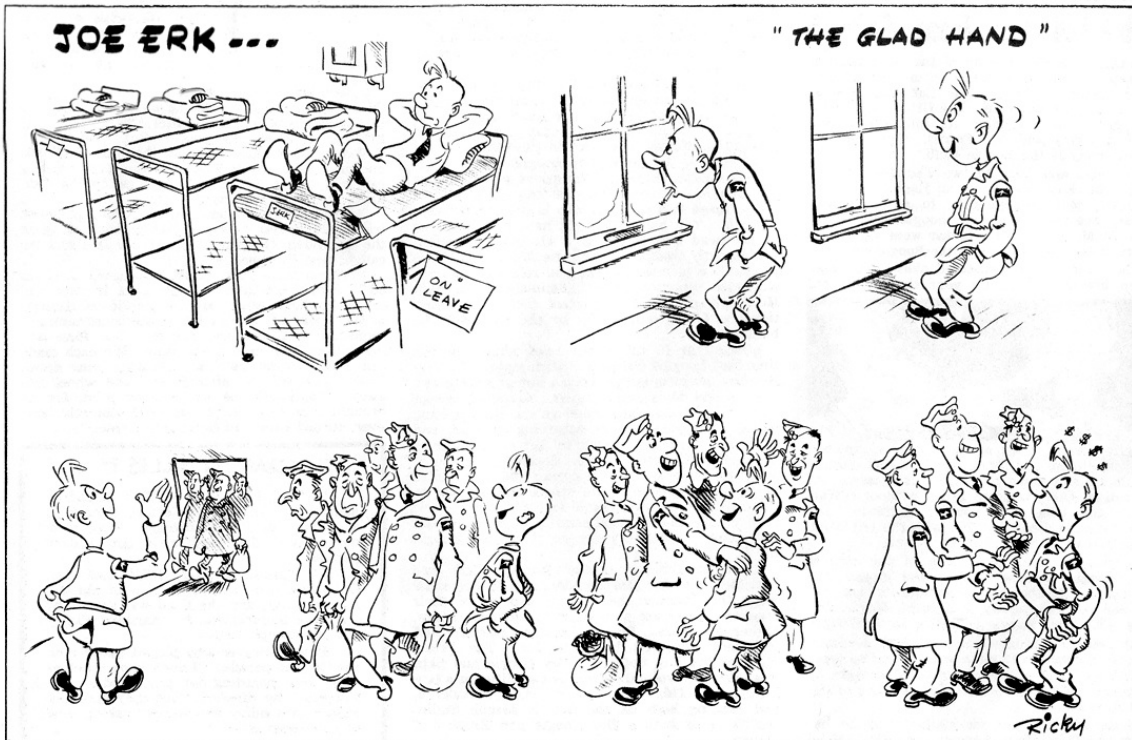
Proud Bluenose air gunner puts up Nova Scotia tabs

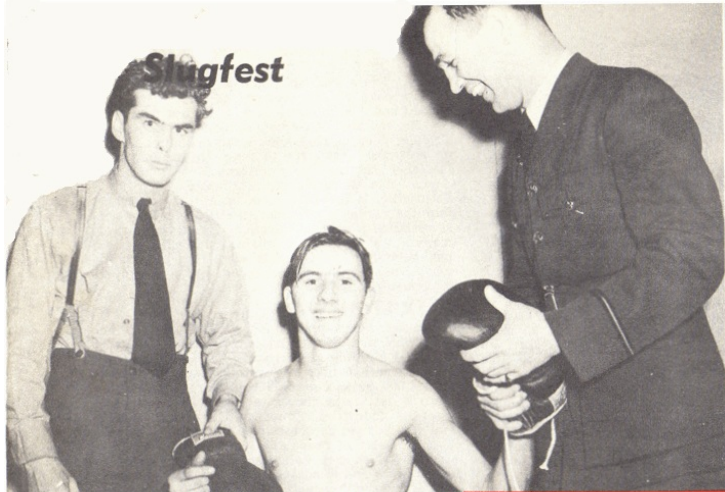
GREAT BRITAIN—"Canada" flashes are so common on RAF stations that FS Alden McLeod sewed "Nova Scotia" shoulder tabs on his battle-dress blouse.

Needless to say, McLeod is a Bluenose and calls Thorburn, N.S., his home. His new flash made its sensational debut when the bomber crews began to clump into base headquarters after the latest raid on Hanover. Noticing a quizzical smile on the station commander's face, McLeod explained that he'd picked them up in London on his last leave.

"We were walking along a narrow street, passing one of those little shops that sell nearly everything in the way of military badges," the Stirling gunner said, "when I spied the words 'Nova Scotia' out of the corner of my eye. It was the shoulder badge of the Nova Scotia Highlanders. I fairly jumped through the window in my hurry to get it, but putting an Army badge up would be carrying the thing a bit too far."

So he went to work with scissors, cut off all but the Nova Scotia part and wears it on his battle-dress now.





Slugfest
After AC2 Bird, Aylmer, polished off LAC Groves of Hagersville, in No. 1 Training Command mitt finals, his seconds, AC R. Logan and FO Box, gave him a hand with his gloves. Who's hitting who at right? That's the question as LAC Grimshaw, Port Albert, and AC1 Bradfield, Mt Hope, get tangled. Trenton's team headed by LAC Jerry McPeak, AC2 Matthews and Joey Genovese, walked off with Command honors.



Service

SPORTS

Muscles . . . Pucks & Punches

He hit the sports jackpot as an all-round athlete

EDMONTON—You'll have to agree that any kid who has had BOTH a National Hockey League offer and a major league baseball contract flashed at him has hit the jackpot with a vengeance. But that's LAC Jack Pomfret for you.

Jack, a twenty-year-old Vancouver product, standing six feet one and one quarter inches and weighing 189 pounds, hopes to be a pilot.

He was sixteen when an offer came from Lester Patrick to attend his New York Ranger hockey school at Winnipeg. But with the offer burning in his pocket Jack had to make a decision — hockey or scholastics. Higher learning won.

So he bundled up his things and entered University of Washington at Seattle. While there he attracted the attention of the school baseball coach; that led to a spot on the U of W nine, and that in turn resulted in the Seattle Rainiers of the Pacific Coast circuit offering him a contract.

That's only half of it, though. Who should do the same but the almost fabulous New York Yankees. Their scout, Joe Devine, pulled a fountain pen and a contract on him one day.

However, Canada and the United Nations needed fence busters and he eyed the RCAF instead. A fast double play — Seattle to Vancouver to Edmonton — did the rest.

This Vancouver boy is something of an all-round athlete. He's played football; fought as a lightweight in the sectional ring eliminations and after battling his way to the finals was KO'd by the mumps; he dabbled in tennis; also plays golf and holds the world's swim record for the fifty-yard breast stroke, besides numerous Canadian and U.S. intercollegiate marks.

P.S. He blows a cornet, clarinet and saxophone, and was once a member of the Kitsilano Boys' band.

Hank Hanton is first pro puckchaser to be gonged

RCAF OVERSEAS—FO F. A. "Hank" Hanton who closed a promising hockey career to become the trainbusting champion of the RCAF, has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. He is believed to be the first professional hockey player to be decorated in this war.

Hanton, twenty-three-year-old pilot from Kenora, Ont., whose ice future was in the hands of Boston Bruins, has shot up more than fifty locomotives, destroyed three enemy aircraft and damaged three others.

"It's a lot of fun," said the good-looking pilot, referring to trainbusting. "Everything happens in a hurry. There seems to be no set plan of attack. The big thing is to stay low and be ready to pull up in a hurry."

It was a great period in Hanton's life when he signed two contracts during the fall of 1940. One was a contract with Boston Bruins of the



MOUNTAIN VIEW STRONG MEN

Three reasons why there's a mania for weight lifting at Mountain View are seen above. At left AC1 G. E. Sharpe, who had designs on the heavy-weight boxing crown before the war, stands six foot six in stocking feet, is 217 pounds of muscle and brawn. He got a Brantford posting after winding up his armourer's course. WO2 Bus Brazier, ex-cow puncher and sailor from the West, took bursts at Jerries from his air gunner's turret earlier in the war then returned to Mountain View for a spell as instructor. Now he's back overseas for more action. Brazier, an outstanding athlete, who tips the scales at 190, was instrumental in stimulating weight lifting interest at Mountain View. One of his proteges was LAC J.F.K. Savard, at right, another excellent athlete.

NHL. The other was with the RCAF. That was after he had played with Kenora Thistles in the 1940 Memorial Cup final.

Ticketed to the Bruin farm club, Hershey Bears, for seasoning, Hanton's call to war came in the winter of 1941, and less than a year later he was overseas with the City of Toronto squadron. Now the same squadron has been converted to fighter reconnaissance duties and uses Mustangs, ideally suited for the purpose as well as being fully able to cope with enemy fighters.

Flying, of course, is his main concern, but Hanton hasn't overlooked the ice game. He's playing for the squadron team this winter as he did last.

Primarily interested in fighter aircraft, Hanton takes every opportunity to mix with the bomber boys. Reason: brother Lloyd is an air gunner with a Canadian Lancaster squadron.

ROUND-UP

RCAF OVERSEAS—Now it's Porky Dumart who's sporting a brass hat. Porky of Boston Bruins fame, had been a PT NCO along with Milt Schmidt, who got his commission a couple of months back. Both Schmidt and Dumart, and LAC Bobby Bauer are spark plugs in the RCAF Bomber Group's twelve-team hockey league. Bauer and Schmidt team up together while Dumart has LAC Billy Hainsworth, son of George Hainsworth, famous NHL goalie, guarding the nets of his squad. The entire quartet hails from Kitchener and Waterloo.

WEST COAST STATION—Faced by Johnny Quilty, former Ottawa boy, who starred for Montreal Canadiens a few years back, RCAF Sea Hawks are going great guns in the six-team service-civilian hockey league. If the Hawks keep up their present clip, they'll have little trouble copping the league championship. Other teams in the loop are from Nanaimo, Victoria, Vancouver and New Westminster. On the Sea Hawks line-up are Cpls J. E. Adams, D. A. Morris, S. King, E. A. Shamiok, LACs J. L. Swaney, H. G. Biade, A. Licari, J. T. Smith, E. M. Kavanaugh, K. D. Uyllott, J. E. Lowe, D. R. Verity, ACs A. Chloveschok, G. J. Johnston, R. D. Koch, FS L. Labovitch and PO K. P. Langill.

EAST COAST RAF STATION—1943 saw completion of the first sports grounds at this camp and the major English games, soccer and cricket made great advances. The weekly issue of soccer kit averaged 500 sets from May to October. This unit introduced indoor soccer into the Maritimes and judging by the requests for pitches from transient personnel, it has a tremendous appeal as a substitute for the outdoor game.

ST. HUBERT, QUE.—A semi-monthly sheet, Sports Review, edited by FS Ronnie Leitch, has made its appearance here. It's handed out free at each pay parade and keeps airmen posted on the latest station sports activities.

EAST COAST REPAIR DEPOT—Since the new drill hall went up, sports stand first in this station's activities. Judging by early performances, FS Beamish's cagers have the inside track to retain the New Brunswick basketball title. They've hurled a challenge at any quintet in the Eastern Air Command. Recently Borden Ball was introduced and already it has a flock of followers.

FINGAL—Two well-known athletes who left the playing fields for greater adventure in the skies, are now in training here as air bombers. They are LAC Ernie Dickens, 22, member of the Toronto Maple Leaf Stanley Cup winners in 1941-42, and LAC Walter Driscoll, who made a name for himself in Ontario baseball, rugby and hockey circles.

NEWS FROM YOUR

Home Town

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Frank Roper of Charlottetown was glad his car got stuck in a snowdrift the other day; he had to leave it and hike home, but that night his barn and garage burned down, so he still has the car. Without a physician since Dr. E. A. Bell died, a delegation from Borden, Tryon and Cape Traverse areas consulted authorities at Charlottetown in an attempt to obtain medical services for the district.

Six years ago Premier J. Walter Jones sold one of his Holstein bulls for \$225 at an auction in Pennsylvania. Now he learns the animal has been sold to a New York stock breeder for \$5,100. W. A. Speed, Boy Scout field commissioner for Nova Scotia and P.E.I., has urged an active Scout movement for Summerside to curb the wave of juvenile delinquency. Eggs were so scarce at Charlottetown some had to be requisitioned for service training establishments in the province.

NOVA SCOTIA

The jail and the courts at Amherst were badly snarled for several days; no one could get in or out of jail because one of the inmates was down with diphtheria. Because he wasn't a war worker FL "Red" Chisholm of Kentville, home on leave after 200 operational hours in North Africa, had trouble getting an alarm clock. The manager had to be called before the clerk would sell him a clock.

When Mrs. Hedley Brown of Windsor opened a can of clams she got more than the makings of chowder. She found eighteen pearls of varying sizes and used the largest to replace a missing pearl on her ring. Sydney Mines town council plans to seek some form of compulsory insurance for families living on property located over coal mines. Discharged from the Army after being deafened in a London bombing, Capt. Roland Wasson, 23, of Saint John has started life anew at Wolfville by returning to school to resume grade eleven studies; he plans to enter college and study medicine later. On the last day of the deer season Mrs. Muir Waller of Truro was at a hunting camp when a buck strolled up to her. She reached for an apple instead of a rifle and the deer ate it out of her hand. Then it jumped into the rear seat of the automobile and curled up to sleep while the party drove off home.

NEW BRUNSWICK

Saint John City Council has decided to establish a juvenile court. Rev. L. M. Pepperdene will be judge, serving without remuneration. A burglar broke open slot machines at a Saint John bowling alley but wasn't satisfied with his loot. He left this note: "Dear management — some crook put a slug in one of these machines." It was signed "John Doe." Ray Ellison of Berwick is strutting with his hunting story of bagging two deer with one shot. He came across two bucks whose horns had become locked in a fight. One was dead so Ellison put a bullet through the live one and carted home his winter's meat supply. Sight of a locomotive was too much of a temptation for Robert Fall, 16, of Moncton. He climbed into the cab, fiddled with some gadgets, and next thing the engine was rolling. It didn't stop until it struck another engine. Fun cost him six months in jail. A civic garbage collection will be started in Saint John; under the present system the collection is done by private truckers paid by customers they serve.

QUEBEC

Antoine Brais, 101, of Longueuil, testifying in court, declined the offer of a chair, saying he was in excellent health and preferred to stand. The old custom of ringing church bells to signal the outbreak of a fire has been revived at Aylmer because the regular fire siren is out of order.

During the 1943 pilgrimage season at Ste Anne de Beaupre 212,230 persons or 17.8 per cent fewer than last year, visited the shrine. Picture of Camilien Houde, former Montreal mayor, now in internment camp, that was hung face to the wall in the council ante-room for three years, has been given a position of honor in the alderman's room at the city hall. Chief Justice W. L. Bond dismissed proceedings introduced by Ald. Herve Ferland of Verdun to unseat a fellow member of Verdun Council, Rene Dorais. In his action Ferland claimed Dorais was ineligible to sit on the council because he was unable to read or write. Testimony that a butcher store sold horse meat for

beef and that on one occasion a mangy cat was sold for rabbit, was given and denied before the municipal inquiry commission at Quebec City.

ONTARIO

A snowball said to have been hurled by a Brockville soldier caught the engineer of a CNR train flush in the face and knocked him groggy; train service on the line was held up half an hour. Blind residents of St. Catharines have taken up bowling and are getting scores as high as 160. Ronald Hutson of Hamilton was bitten by a dog; later he visited the owner and was bitten a second time by the same dog in the same leg. Donald Holstein of Caledonia has constructed an electric "defeatherer" which prepares a slaughtered fowl for roasting within five minutes of scalding; he made it from old gears, an axle, a large drum and some belting.

Fire swept through Ham Wong's restaurant at Sutton but he managed to save a few things. After he got his show case out he rushed back and locked the door as flames licked through the walls. Herb Marisette, Flinton district farmer in Addington County fashioned a wooden leg for a cow that had lost a leg as a result of a fracture. "Jincy", a cat belonging to the J.W. McVey family of Sudbury jumped at the back door at 2.30 a.m. and woke Mrs. McVey in time for her to open doors and windows and save herself and family from asphyxiation by coal gas.

Letter From Home For

AS JAMES MacRAE CLOUSTON
West Coast Station

Huntingdon, Que.

Dear MacRae:

No doubt you will be surprised to see this letter addressed to you from your home town, but then again perhaps you will welcome it and keep it as a memento, especially as it is published in your own paper, WINGS.

The old town goes along about the same as when you were one of us. The Valleyfield Army Training Centre has now been taken over as a centre for the RCAF, and Chateauguay Barracks is now known as No. 4 Casualty Retraining Centre. The Chateauguay Barracks Band, of which the home folks had become quite proud, was disbanded as a result, so we will now have to rely on the High School Band. The new Huntingdon County Hospital will soon be in operation and it has installed one of the most up-to-date X-ray machines, a matter your father had a great deal to do with. This machine will no doubt be used in connection with the new casualty Retraining Centre. As a medical student, you will no doubt be interested in this item.

There was a hen at Hemmingford that laid an egg which had written on it: "Armistice Jan. 16, '44" and everyone is waiting to see what happens but we don't know whether to laugh or not. Because we published an account of it in The Gleaner, a certain gentleman of Italian origin, is going to hold us responsible if this armistice does not come about. Just as if we laid the egg!

I wish you a Happy New Year and hope that before this time next year you may be able to come back to the old town although I know you are going to miss the RCAF when you have to give it up.

Sidney Smith
News editor, The Huntingdon Gleaner

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

MANITOBA

An old gent beat the liquor store lineup at Winnipeg; he tapped up to a policeman who, seeing his dark glasses and white cane, led him to the front. Minutes later, bottle in one hand and cane in the other the "blind man" strode out of the liquor store and explained to the irate cop he was a night worker and had no time to stand in line

all day. There was roast chicken galore at St. Vital when a coop on the property of Mrs. A. Martin burned and 470 chickens were done to a turn.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Gronenschild of Glenora found a young deer in 1942, took it home and raised it on a bottle. Now free to roam the countryside, the deer returns every afternoon for its milk quota. Pte Margerie Anita Cluetta, CWAC, of Angusville, is the fifth member of her family to join the services. Bedlam prevailed for a while at Selkirk municipal elections when voters of many years' standing complained that their names had been left off the lists while the owners of many names on the official records might be found in cemeteries.

SASKATCHEWAN

Regina males understood the feelings of the man who chalked the following message on the wall of a building at Cornwall street and Eleventh avenue: "I got tired of waiting, Eddie". More than 4,000 Saskatchewan farm workers have temporarily left farm chores to take winter work in essential industries. Four reindeer sled broken and five not yet accustomed to harness are owned by J. J. Dalke of Porcupine Plain.

Steve Nahirney, Saskatoon truck driver stopped swearing at the Sunday driver with whom he had collided when he realized the object of his imprecations was his boss. Sign of the times on a Regina service station: "No smoking near gas pumps — maybe your life is not worth saving but gasoline is." Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wallwork have a pet deer raised from the little fawn they found in a stubble field on their farm west of Yellow Grass. Mrs. Archie McDonald of Armley had a hen that swallowed everything in sight. When killed, twenty-five pieces of hardware were found inside the hen — everything from inch-long nails to nuts, bolts and rivets.

ALBERTA

Manure loaders with a shovel attachment are being used to push beets to the flumes at the sugar beet factory at Picture Butte. Joseph Lauber of Dodds had lots of help covering all the walls of his house with beaver board; sixteen friends did the job in one day.

A "sock on the head" was more than a figure of speech with Mike Kahos, East Coulee miner, charged with causing bodily harm to George Petrovica who told police Kahos hit him over the head with a sock containing a rock. A stray goat caused plenty of excitement at the Milton school when it chased the children into a barn and then chased the teacher into the school where she climbed on top of the piano. The goat mounted the piano stool but just about that time the owner came to the rescue. Joan Gibson, Vegreville school teacher went to hospital to visit a friend — and stayed as a patient; she fell down a flight of stairs and suffered a shoulder dislocation and shock. Children in Crimson Lake district now are taking school lessons via the correspondence route. The nearest school for children is twelve miles through bush.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Cpl T. Hunt, RAF, had thrown away his ticket when notified that he was the winner of \$6,000 home in Calgary in a war fund drawing, but was cheered when told that he would get the house anyway. Mrs. L. Chilibeck, Vancouver department store cashier, in a want ad urged a stranger, evidently intoxicated, who entrusted her with \$110 several weeks ago, "to come and get it". The man had asked if he could trust her, thrust the bills into her hands and disappeared.

Joe's cousin Andy had his stomach ulcers back; Mrs. Anderson's soup turned purple; canaries dropped dead. These were some of the complaints made by Vancouverites after chlorination of Vancouver water began. One of every fourteen marriages in B.C. ends in divorce. It is the highest divorce rate in Canada — more than three times as high as the national average. Young Esther Davis of Vancouver whose nose was bitten off by her pet dog, underwent successful operations in Toronto where specialists fashioned a new nose. George Weeden of Kelowna bagged two deer with one bullet. The two bucks were fighting and the bullet passed through their necks. Pie in the sky became a reality for Rev. Hugh A. McLeod when custard pie fell at his feet as he walked along a street in Victoria; a seagull had lifted the pie from a fifth story windowsill where it had been left to cool, found it too hot or too heavy and dropped it. The preceding Sunday the minister had used the "pie in the sky" phrase in his sermon.

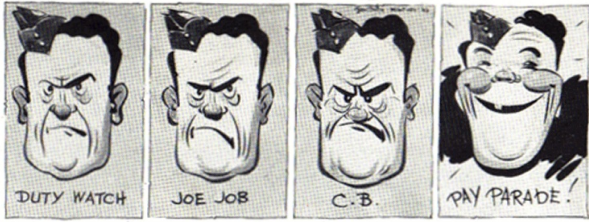
HOME TOWN news is prepared by the Editors of WINGS from material kindly supplied by Canadian Press and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

M.G.M.'s *Marilyn Maxwell*

WINGS
NEW YEAR'S DATE



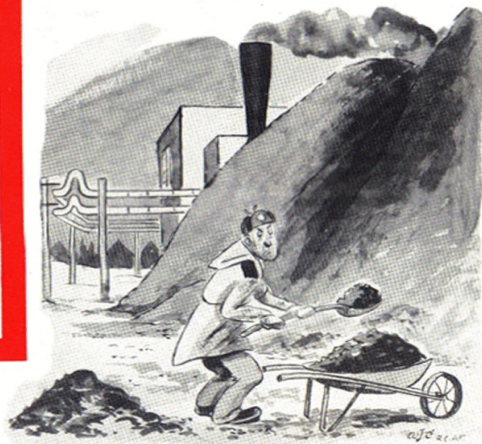
"FACIALS"



"WITH ONE MOTOR GONE I CAN STILL CARRY ON"



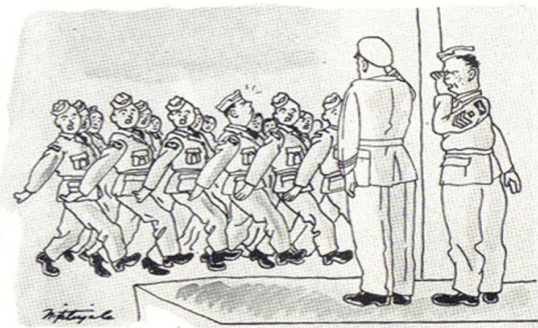
"CHEER UP SARGE, MAYBE A HAND KNIT PARACHUTE AIN'T SO BAD."



"WHAT COAL SHORTAGE?"



"BLOW HARD WIGGINS."



"THAT'S DILLBERRY, SIR, HE'S JUST BURNED UP ABOUT HAVING TO WORK LAST NIGHT."

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