

# WINGS



LOG OF THE R-C-A-F

5c

FEBRUARY

1944



**WINGS' BIRTHDAY PARTY**  
**4 EXTRA PAGES**

RCAF

## BUSHMEN IN B.C.

Story and Pix  
See Page 10-11

## MESS HALL BLUES



by LAC IRV JOHNS

"It is like this, Taffy," I explain to my sidekick as we lean on our mops. "This guy that prints WINGS magazine wants that I should write a story about Air Force life."

"What life?" grunts Taffy, who does not see the finer things of his existence.

"Oh, just any old kind of story", I tell him, "only I kin not think of a thing to write about".

"Why not tell him about the food?" he snorts. Joe has long since busted up his friendship with the cook.

Which reminds me it is just about eatin' time so we stop makin' the world a cleaner place to live in an' head for the mess hall.

Now this mess hall of ours is a real swell one. It has curtains at the windows and pictures of kites all over the walls. We go in three times a day to look at them.

First off we ankle into the lineup which is not bad today. It is only once around the mess hall. So I am able to get in some aircraft studyin' while I am bein' shoved to the inevitable.

Finally, just when I am pushing my paw into the silverware box to get me some eatin' tools I feel somethin' on my shoulder. I look around an' find it is the K.P. man. He pokes a finger in the general area of my Adam's Apple and suggests it would be a good idea if I put a tie on.

I say a few things under my breath and slink out of the mess to get my mournin' piece. Anyway, I do not have so far to walk comin' back as the lineup is already backed out of the mess hall.

I stand on one leg an' then on the other as we inch forward. Finally I am back to the silverware and wrestle my way to the counter. I smell somethin' . . . it is a smell that has made strong men shudder. My shirt runs up my back like a windowshade.

Today, we are having stew.

"My, my", I say to the guy in front of me "it looks pretty, don't it?"

"Yeh," he cracks, "just like a pitcher, on'y we are the frames for it."

Yep, it is issue stew. By any other name it still wouldn't smell like a rose. I step up and look the cook square in the eye. He looks right back at me an' waves his ladle a little. He smiles like a sardine and gives me the same kind of fishy stare as he slaps a ladleful of the stuff on my plate.

I think I am an expert on stew as I have been privileged in my kitchen experience to see it grow. Now a lot of fellas figure stew is just stew. Actually there is many different kinds of stew.

"Sinkin' stew (I hope the printer corrects that with a typographical error), is the closest friend you kin get. It will stick with you through thick an' thin. It is also hard to get off your tunic. Then there is "Whizzo" which is used for quick movement of troops. "Camouflage" stew is very difficult to recognize as it looks just like meat except that it is usually covered with spuds when it is handed to you. But what we have today though, is known as "Contradictory" stew. It is actually "Whiz-

zo" with two chunks of cheese added which is how it gets its name.

Anyway, I get my plateful an' pick me up a dish of dessert which today is bread puddin'. The cook is runnin' short on soup when I get to his stall and he has to dump another bucket of water in it to make it go around. So I get some of this an' pick up a cup and head for where Taffy is. I am havin' a bit of trouble hangin' onto everything. An' I realize how come they call it a balanced meal. I do dribble some gravy down one guy's back but he don't notice it so I tiptoe away. I set down my spoils an' decide I will have some tea. There is milk, too, only I cannot see it on account of the crowd.

Now I am all set except I am short some butter. I see the guy across the table has gone for some bread and I lift up his plate an' find his dab of butter where he hid it. He comes back an' lays down the hardtack and looks for his breadspread . . . then stares at me with one of them "a guy who would do that . . ." looks in his eye.

But I keep my head down in my soup and stab out blindly with my fork for the bread. I get a strike but I know it ain't the bread as it is too soft. I look an' see my fork buried up to the hilt in the table top. I take another try, and there is a yell. Taffy has beat me to the bread and I get him in the hand.

I am just finished my soup an' startin' on my stew when someone says "how is the food today"? I have my mouth full of stew, but I whip out some nasty words about it an' the cook an' the messing officer and several other people. I am just bangin' the table for the third time with my fist when I catch a glimpse of an arm with more rings on it than I got under my eyes. My lower lip hangs out like a fryin' pan as I realize it is the old man himself. But he don't do nothin', just gazes at the stew with a sort of funny look on his pizzer an' I think there is a tear in his eye, or it might be the onions in the stew.

So he gets the O.S. to clear a path to the door. Once there he yells "any complaints"? an' there is a blur of blue as the door slams behind him.

There is a bit of jam left which I intend to use on my puddin'. I am beat to it, though, by my friend across the table who grins triumphantly as he dumps it on his plate. He is not a gentleman.

So I take my puddin' straight, an' wash it down with my tea. I get in line again to turn in my dirty dishes an' stumble back to my slumber pit for a smoke.

Taffy is there, so I say to him, "No, I do not think we can tell this WINGS feller about the grub. It is a delicate subject an' some head push might shove us in the digger if we did."

"Yea, that's right", Taffy agrees hurriedly, as we are on the mop crew now for sayin' a few things about a sergeant who was closer than we figgered when we was speakin' of him.

So I guess I will have to look around for somethin' else to write about, but someday I am goin' to take up this food situation. Which reminds me, I hope the mess hall opens early tonight as I am gettin' hungry again . . .



Don't let the facial foliage fool you. Malcolm McClelland, New Zealand sailor-airman, about to take off at St. Eugene, Ont., is really only 21.

by SGT. ED HAYES

YOUNG Frank Wills got a bang out of the ducking he took from his Fleet Air Arm mates. To solo for the first time without a hitch was worth it. He had set down his Cornell safely on the first attempt, without making an extra circuit. That's how he got away with just one plunge into the pail: a double circuit and they'd have ducked him twice.

An hour later the same embryonic Naval pilot from London, England, on his second solo trip, settled back to bring in his kite but suddenly an unusual commotion down below told him something was amiss. A red flare shot up, then a Cornell cruised by, manoeuvring strangely, obviously trying to attract his attention. It circuted and again went through the same manoeuvres.

That was the tip-off. Frank realized it was his undercarriage — a wheel was off. Just an hour before he had made his first solo landing on two wheels, now he had to bring it in on one.

Frank broke out into a cold sweat. He could see his gang outside the flight room peering up. The fire truck waited, so did the ambulance. He didn't know it, but the CFI was there too.

The young student watched the other Cornell going through the motions of how to land minus a wheel. Frank braced himself and decided to give it a try. The fire truck moved along slowly below the Cornell as he swooped in, lowered the flaps, cut the engine and manoeuvred the ship, allowing for drift. The next second there was a short scraping sound, then it ground looped. A terrific cheer went up from his mates and the CFI rushed over and stuck out his hand as the grinning English lad shoved back the coupe top. He had made it without so much as a scratch to the prop.

#### NAVAL INVASION

If you had arrived at 13 EFTS just in time to watch that Cornell come in on a wheel and a prayer, you'd have been too excited to notice anything else for a moment. But when the other trainees surged forward to swallow Frank Wills in a swirl of Navy blue middies and bell-bottom trousers you'd have come to with a start.

"That's showing them, Frank!" you'd have heard one fellow yell. "What a blinkin' do we'll have when we go ashore this weekend!"

Navy clothes ??? Sailor talk ???

"Say —" you'd have buttonholed the first guy you met. "What kind of an Air Force station is this?"

13 EFTS at St. Eugene, Ont., is just one of four bridgeheads established by the Royal Naval Fleet Air Arm in their enthusiastic invasion of Canada.

They made their first "landing" at Kingston three years ago when they started shipping in students for advanced flying training at 31 SFTS, RAF. Then last summer they followed up by



# Flying Jack Tars

FEBRUARY



moving in on RCAF Elementary Schools at St. Eugene and Goderich, Ont., and 14 SFTS Aylmer, Ontario.

Ranging from British lads just out of school, still stumbling over the unfamiliar Navy jargon, to bearded young veterans of Mediterranean dive-bombings, these flying jack tars are studying under the Air Training Plan against the day when they'll swop a giant fleet carrier for an aerodrome. Which is why, though 13 EFTS is still closely moored to terra firma between Ottawa and Montreal, this Air Force Station has acquired a salty atmosphere and may even be heard referred to as a ship.

It was bitterly cold the night we landed at the Station. The place had all the appearances of a deserted village except for Cornells warming up on the tarmac for night flying. It was too cold to scout around outside so we dropped into the signals room where a half dozen lads had the Aldis lamp flags and keys in full play.

Jeff Robson, 18, of Nottingham, Eng., who looked more like a sea cadet, took his finger off the key to tell us he hadn't been in quite a year but already had discovered that a lot of people are under the impression the Fleet Air Arm is something the RAF loaned to the Navy. "That's where we object," he said.

With the exception of a few ground school subjects including ship recognition and functions of ship-borne aircraft, these Navy boys, who hold the rank of "acting leading airman," equivalent to corporal in the RCAF, undergo exactly the same training at elementary schools as RCAF aircrew. In it were lads who had just come off civie street, others who joined up after leaving school, and some remusters from other Navy jobs.

Petty Officer Mike Bateman of Lancashire, a telegraphist air gunner in the Fleet Air Arm for nearly three years was brushing up for a ground school exam next morning when we met him in the airmanship classroom. "You're more in the lap of the gods as a TAG," the twenty-year-old Mike laughed, explaining why he got the urge to be in the driver's seat. He finds flying pretty easy after his experiences with a fleet requirement squadron on anti-sub patrol.

## ON THE QUARTERDECK

The good-looking English chap took time out from swotting to explain naval terms strange to Air Force ears. If a sailor is chocker, he's fed up or browned off. The kitchen is a galley and food is gash. Mike explained there isn't a liberty boat at St. Eugene; that is, the flying sailors don't fall in outside the guard room to be inspected by the officer of the day before "going ashore" from the good ship St. Eugene. It's a "free gangway" which means a trip into town does not necessitate a sea voyage. Fellows who go AWL are known as being adrift. To the Fleet Air Arm lads the carefully tended plot immediately around the flag staff on

Frank Wills gets dunked by Fleet Air Arm mates after his first solo flight. An hour after this was taken Wills had to land his kite on one wheel.

the parade square is the quarterdeck. The establishment is divided into two watches — port and starboard — one watch flying and one in ground school. Slang for leading hand or a leading airman is killick.

In the same room was bewhiskered Raymond Taylor who had transferred from "ground" crew of the Fleet Air Arm. Although only twenty, Taylor's fiery red set gave him the appearance of a man thirty-five. "I got a bit chocker down below," he gave as his reason for remustering. Taylor had fifteen months' Navy service but had never been to sea until he crossed the Atlantic. He had to get permission from his commander to grow the beard. He must wear it at least three months and then cannot shave it off without his

## Visit this RCAF station and you'll be swallowed in a swirl of bell-bottom breeks and navy jargon

CO's permission. A mustache alone is taboo.

Over in the flight room the scene was pretty much the same as anything you'd see where aircrew congregate, except that Navy coats protruded from lockers and Navy hats lay on the table.

Pipe-smoking "Slinger" Woods of London, England, a young Navy vet of this war, had probably been in more hotspots than anyone else in the room. "Slinger" manned a gun on an anti-aircraft cruiser for a couple of years but his narrowest escape came when his cruiser was sunk off Tobruk. He also saw fierce action in the Crete and Greece evacuations, off Norway, in the Middle East and the Indian Ocean. As "Slinger" explained it: "My job was to bring 'em down but now the shoe's on the other foot and I love it."

## CANUCKS, TOO

When Bill Jackson quit his civilian job as flight engineer at St. Eugene, last March and signed up with the Fleet Air Arm at Kingston, the twenty-five year old Ottawan figured he had seen the last of the school. But Bill was in the flight room that night and "darn well satisfied with the Fleet Air Arm." He admitted he got the surprise of his life when he landed back at his old stamping grounds after taking his "basic" at HMS St. Vincent in England.

Occasionally when the boys go aloft they like to pull Naval terminology on their instructors. During a hop Sgt-Pilot Murray Fulton of Armstrong, B.C., asked one student if there were any aircraft around. "One off the starboard bow, sir," came the reply. "What direction are we going?" "South, southwest, sir," was the answer.

The set-up at St. Eugene is a three-way proposition. William Davidson is manager for

These flying jack tars have their homes scattered all over the Empire. From L to R are Bill MacLaren, Scotland; Bob Metcalfe, New Zealand; John Liackman, South Africa; Sub Lieut. Y. N. Singh, India; Walter Simson, Argentine; John Ward, Eire and Paul B. Stock of Toronto.

the civilian operating company, Eastern Ontario Flying School, Ltd. SL E. K. Burden, Chief Flying Instructor, is CO of all service personnel. Lieut-Comdr (A) E. R. Robertson, RNVR, is Senior Naval Officer, and one of his important tasks is maintaining the Naval atmosphere for these temporarily stranded tars.

The boys get disciplinary training at HMS St. Vincent in England but come to Canada raw and know nothing about flying except ship and aircraft recognition, the Naval Officer explained. In England they study British ships; at Canadian elementary schools revised British and American navies and at service flying schools, all ships including those of Japan, Germany and Italy. The major problem is to keep the boys under Naval discipline and from becoming too RCAF or RAF-like. However, all Naval personnel are attached to the RCAF for the duration of their training in Canada.

## 200,000 SEA MILES

A veteran sea dog handles the disciplinary end of it. He is Petty Officer Fred Davie, built close to the ground, but with eighteen years service in the RNVR to his credit. Fred reckons he has covered more than 200,000 miles of ocean in this war but bemoans the fact that he's liable to wind up a virtual nanny. "I've practically got to nurse these kids," the little Scot remarked.

It was Fred who gave us the gen on Chief Petty Officer P. F. Hutchings, regulating chief of administration. The "chief" as he is called, had one of the most dangerous jobs earlier in the war, that of mine-laying and diving. He was reticent to talk about himself but admitted he had travelled "just a bit" during his twenty-five Navy years.

That evening down at St. Eugene railway station we got the closing chapter to this yarn. Ten sober-faced young Navy lads waited for the 5.40. They were the inevitable "ceased training" aircrew — good fellows who, no matter how hard they tried, just couldn't handle a kite, and they weren't thrilled at the prospect of leaving. But fate had interfered and hopes of returning with wings on their left forearm were shattered. They were homeward bound for Britain, to try to do their part for the Navy in some other capacity.



PHOTO BY JIM ADAMS, 13 EFTS



## WINGS

### Armed forces in Labrador get the best in radio when RCAF's only station hits the airwaves

by FO S. B. FAIRES

GOOSE BAY, LABRADOR — The atmosphere is hushed and tense as the zero hour approaches. Announcers stand by, scripts in hand. Speakers run through their speeches anxiously and hurriedly for the last time. Soloists and instrumentalists finger their music. All keep glancing with dread and expectancy at the lights which say, "Stand By" in green, "On the Air" in red. Behind the plate-glass window, engineers hover over their dials and gadgets. Tension increases as minutes become seconds.

7.30 strikes! Fanfare. "VOUG, the Voice of the Wilderness, is on the air!" The stirring strains of the Air Force March Past go rolling through the frozen wastes of Labrador.

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is with pride that we announce the official opening of Station VOUG, the Voice of the Wilderness —"

That's what took place at 1930 hours, December 11, 1943, at Goose Bay, Labrador, when the first RCAF Station with a broadcasting station of its own went on the air.

It all started some months ago when GC H. B. Godwin, GC E. H. Evans, FL B. H. Beck, and William Durrell, of the McNamara Construction Company, were chatting over a nip of something. The enthusiasm with which FL Beck's suggestion for a Goose Bay broadcasting station was received took his breath away. He had expected to have to do a bit of pleading.

Plans were hatched with amazing rapidity. GC Godwin, Director of Signals at AFHQ, would arrange supply of a transmitter and immediately contact the CBC, and NBC regarding advice and programs. He would also get in touch with the Canadian, American, and Newfoundland governments as to call sign and frequency. GC Evans would arrange all possible assistance locally. William Durrell arranged that his company take a share of the cost and arrange to purchase broadcasting equipment. The balance of the bill would be paid from non-public funds.

There were some delays, of course, with priorities and such. However, the transmitter finally arrived and FL Beck, station signals officer,

#### QUESTION BOX ?

If you have any unanswered questions about rehabilitation after you've read the booklet, "What will I do when the war is won?", take them up with your unit educational officer or padre. If you're still in a fog, write a letter to the Editor, WINGS, AFHQ, Ottawa, and we'll try to find the answer.



## Voice of the Wilderness



VOUG's RADIO COMMITTEE: Front row L to R — SL H. E. Fleming; SO Swinburne; GC Hanchet-Taylor; Lieut. Shulman, USAAR; back row, LAC R. L. Spears; WO2 Daigle; FO Faires; FL B. H. Beck; Ira Freeman.

set upon it with unholy glee. What he did to the thing is not found in any books, and it is doubtful if the designer would have recognized it when he finished. But it worked and worked well, even if at first it did produce unearthly howls and squeals. Sometimes the announcer found himself speaking into his own face; but all that has been straightened out.

Liquid notes pour forth from it pleasing the ears of all listeners, including those of settlers and trappers scattered throughout this great north country, an area where radio reception of Canadian and U.S. stations is rather poor.

A general committee was formed, with GC A. J. Hanchet-Taylor appointed honorary president. Acting technicians are WO2 J. H. L. Daigle,

FS E. K. Dreyer and Cpl Cole, under the supervision of FL Beck.

A call to arms was sounded, and a surprising amount of musical and announcing material came to light. A classical trio was found in LACs Bob Punkett, Paul Daeman, and Arni Sveinson, two violins and a piano; a gypsy trio, with LAC Arch Irvine and Arch Fedoruk, violins, and Charlie Genest, guitar. Other artists are LAC Keith Bennet, bass-baritone, LAC Ed Mount, tenor, Sgt Mel Taylor, swing pianist, and LAC Red Nichols, guitar. A male quartet and a full-blown male choir also were unearthed.

More talent is coming to the fore from the RCAF, the Army, and from the McNamara Construction Company. A rehearsal book has had to be started, allotting definite times to the various artists and groups. Music is coming in on every mail, practice is the order of the day, and morale has taken a definite upswing.

Announcing talent uncovered was surprisingly good. Because of his experience and native ability, LAC Mike Spears was placed at the head of the announcing staff comprising Sgt Ralph Baird, Cpls John Bryson, Harold Nisker, Ernest Corner, John Kiely, Joseph Reed, Joseph Grossman, Seymour Charness, Norman Cameron of the RCAF and Cpl Horton of the Canadian Army, LAC's Walter Wilson, Charles Leard, Arthur Burns, Morris Green and Zinman.

Most of the boys approached the microphone for the first time in the same reluctant manner as a man might approach the electric chair, but under the skilful coaching of LAC Spears they are quickly becoming good announcers. Lieut Schulman and Sgt Monday of the United States Army Air Forces loaned their transcription library.

At present broadcasts are heard from 11.30 a.m. to 1.30 p.m. and 6.00 to 9.30 p.m. Programs are scheduled to meet every taste, and include Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Charlie McCarthy, the Great Gildersleeve, Bob Hope, Fibber McGee and Molly, as well as Hit Parade, Spotlight Bands, Harry James, Tommy Dorsey, Wayne King and many others. At two o'clock Sunday afternoon VOUG broadcasts an hour of symphonic music. At nine o'clock every night there is fifteen minutes of news.

# INTER-COM

THREE PAGES OF STATION-TO-STATION CALLS

## Student navigators go crest crazy at Rivers

by PO BRUCE KEITH

RIVERS — Pageantry is pleasing to British folk and the RAF classes at Rivers Navigation school are no exception. The boys out here have gone crest crazy. Each schoolroom housing RAF lads has a most ornate and grandiose coat of arms emblazoned on the blackboard. Symbols are used to represent the work they have done and their coveted goal — the "N" wing.

Take 79A. A blazing top banner declares: "Per Deo Et Rivers Ad Astra" (Through God and Rivers to the Stars). Oak leaves form a fringe. Rampant upon a tri-corner shield are a map, dividers, sextant, astrograph, a transferred position line, and the words: "Get the Picture" — probably an expression of their instructor.

Class 84A's crest is equally ornate. They had theirs painted on a three foot varnished wood shield. Their motto: "Per Benham ad Finem" that is, "Through Benham to the end", Benham being their instructor.

A plotting arm and mercator chart, surmounted by helmet and goggles is displayed by trainees of 86A. Dividers, ruler, and heavenly bodies indicate other tools of their trade, while footballs

and hockey sticks boast of their sports ability and a scrub brush and pail show that they have served their time on the cleanup squad. They proclaim: "Nos Concutiemus" — translation unknown.

So catching is the crest idea that even the met section succumbed. They wear felt jacket emblems now showing a juvenile and undressed cherubin sitting on a cloud getting winds by the "wet-the-finger" method.

The pay-off came with Class 83A. They borrowed the ancient navigation slogan "Man is not Lost." It comes on all the text-book covers, but they refused to accept the sober-sided medieval gentleman usually portrayed shooting the sun with a primitive sextant. They choose a heavenly body instead — the unclad figure of a nifty looking angel with a page-boy bob. She has the world sitting on her head and her wings look as though they would be in the way, but the boys would much rather hear from her the words "Man Is Not Lost" than from the ancient character.

So they go. East classroom has its brilliant crest displayed on the front board. Each new course tries to outdo the last. And it all goes to make the RAF chaps happy in the service.



# Do you remember?

FEBRUARY

AT No. 2 MANNING DEPOT, BRANDON...

THE VETERAN OF TWO WEEKS TELLS YOU ALL ABOUT IT



OH BROTHER! WAIT TILL THE BARBER GETS YOU!



I WONDER IF HE'S LOOKING AT ME

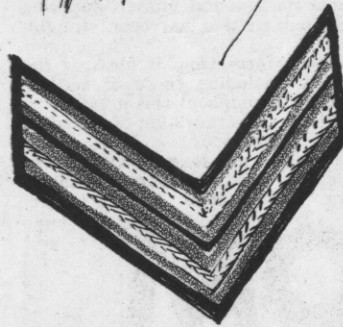


HOW THERE WAS ALWAYS LOTS OF ROOM AT THE WASH STANDS IN THE MORNING???



THE GUYS WHO GOT THEIR 48'S THE HARD WAY?

THAT CERTAIN CORPORAL?

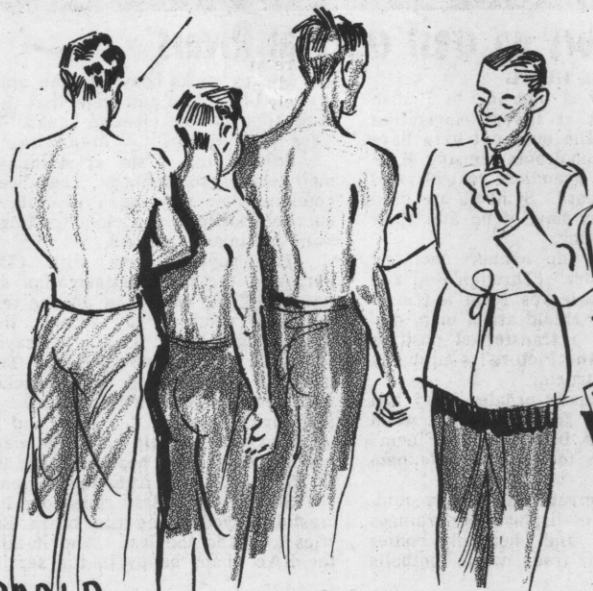


THE WAY YOU FELT AFTER THAT FIRST ROUTE MARCH?



WHAT'S HE GRINNING AT?

"BARNEY" LEWIS, DISCIPLINARIAN "PAR EXCELLENCE"?



THE "KNOCK" PARADE — AND THAT FIEND IN A WHITE SMOCK?

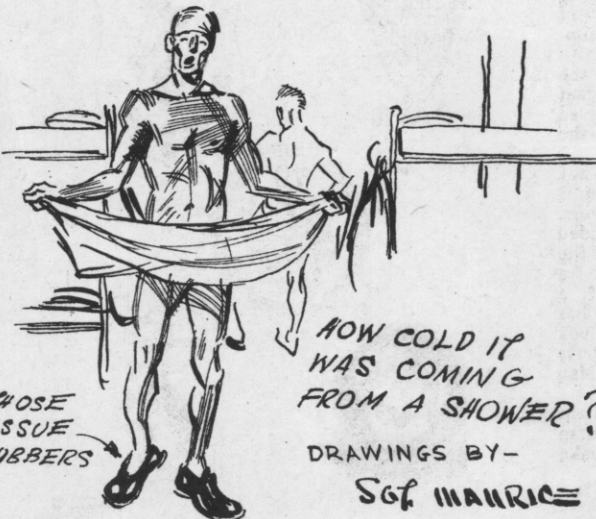
HOW COLD IT WAS COMING FROM A SHOWER?

DRAWINGS BY-

Sgt MAURICE MACDONALD.

For INTER-COM

THOSE ISSUE RUBBERS



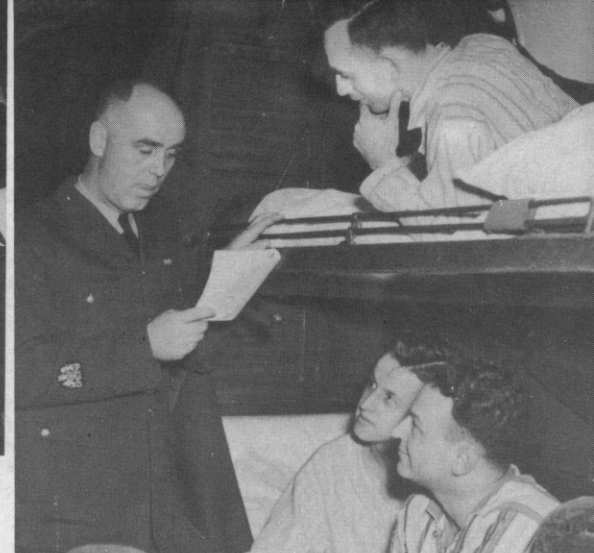
THE DEPOT IS NOW BEING USED FOR GROUND CREW RECRUITS ONLY



Barracks were never like this! While porter acts as maid on trek from Y Depot to Lachine, two of staff, LAW Myrtle Keith, Penticton, B.C., and LAW Jean Lee, Cranbrook, B. C., 'go once over lightly'



The Y Depot gang made sure Major Spot, the mascot, caught the staff special. Above — FS Guy Mercier, 'Major Spot', LAW Hazel Simpson, Kimberley, B. C.; rear, Sgt Crowe, Windsor, and Sgt Simpson, Toronto.



WO1 Jim Blundell, formerly of Edmonton M Depot, makes the rounds at night. In top berth is LAC Harry Taylor, London, Ont. LAC Bill Steacy, Regina, and LAC Nicky Engleberg, Montreal, have lowers.

# Y Depot *Posted to Lachine*

HALIFAX — Well acquainted with barrack room ballads, both censored and uncensored, the good people who live along Windsor street in Halifax will continue to have their peaceful night air shattered with songs of servicemen — but airmen will no longer be blamed. It'll be the Navy rolling back to camp.

For months the Navy looked with envious eyes on RCAF Y Depot. Small groups of Navy men, weighted down with oodles of scrambled eggs and striped sleeves went through camp with appraising eyes like airmen at a burlesque. The grapevine was well oiled and went on a twenty-four hour schedule.

Then one morning while Y Depot still lay shrouded under its canopy of fog word came through from the "horse's mouth". Lachine was to be the new location. Orders were to pack every bit of equipment.

Wrens began to join WDs in their mess and barracks. Navy ratings on the sick list filled beds in hospital. In the flying personnel medical section, technical assistants were busy pulling apart equipment. The Link Trainer section had just got settled in new quarters but it, too, was handed packing cases and told to get busy. A three-ring circus played night and day on the station. This entertainment was furnished by Station Stores trying to pack equipment, hold clothing parades, call back various stores and

check inventories — far into every night. The station library, music room, staff sergeants mess, corporals' club et al, folded up one by one.

"The main idea is to get you loaded into those busses and down to the train." This was the only farewell speech to the staff as they prepared to leave the Depot. Station WO1 Blundell, MBE, made that oration, and his "speech" went off quite smoothly except for a slight interruption when a couple of WDs came rushing into the drill hall, arms loaded down with skates, tennis racquets, a doll and sundry other packages. "You'll live to regret it if you're late for another of my parades," roared the Iron Major in a none-topaternal tone.

Then the Major herded his flock into the waiting busses. The gate swung open and as each truck and bus chugged for the last time round the corner, the boys and girls gave out with "three cheers for Y Depot" — a last salute to their old station.

And it was their station. It was they who had helped it through its period of growing pains — and watched it develop to fine maturity. That afternoon as the gang left the old camp behind there wasn't one who did not feel that part of himself had been indelibly inscribed on HMS Stadacona II — the Navy's renamed Y Depot. — by Cpl. Bob Musk, LAC Bill Ross, and LAC Bert Nightingale. Photos by PO Gordon Jarrett, PRO.

## Ever try to tote a safe through the pounding surf?

WEST COAST DETACHMENT — Large gobs of the Pacific Ocean almost completely surround this isolated RCAF Detachment and that same salty brine takes a fiendish delight in roughing it up whenever the RCAF supply boat arrives to stock up this base. But on days that the boat doesn't come (or on days that it brings a cargo of "scrambled eggs") the ocean is always on its best behaviour.

Anyone can land a rowboat when the sea is flat, but just try landing one in a nice heavy swell while towing in a raft of lumber or the odd dozen barrels of oil. Take lumber, for instance. If the boatman judges it exactly he may make it right side up and deliver the tow rope to the boys eagerly wading up to their waists in the nice cold water. But if he misjudges the waves just a fraction he comes in first and the boat comes in sometime later and the whole procedure has to be done all over again. Finally the tow rope is delivered and the whole Detachment takes part in what is known as "organized sports", this one being tug-of-war. After the lumber is beached there's the wet tow rope to undo with a thirty-foot breaker hitting you in the part of the anatomy which is generally turned that way.

Now to get the lumber up a soft sloping sand beach above high tide. The detachment "cat" is brought into operation. Dragging the lumber on a sled up the hill doesn't work, so the boys decide to use the cat as a travelling scaffold. Cross pieces are loaded above the tread of the cat and when the lumber is piled as high as the top of the driver's head he starts up the hill. If balance has been properly maintained, he makes it, if not, the load slides off backwards. A council of war is held to decide whether it would be easier to carry the lumber or load up the tractor again. The consensus generally seems to be to load the tractor.

Of course the oil barrels furnish a new type of sport. It is hard to believe the speed with which an oil barrel can float out to sea and the fun that can be had from chasing it in a rowboat. When captured the long pull starts and the barrels furnish a beautiful anchor.

This unit's real unloading achievement was the landing of a 1,500-pound safe. Placed cross-wise on the rowboat, it sank the boat until there was only about one inch of freeboard. After it had been gingerly towed towards shore, a rope was attached from the bow of the boat to the rear of a truck; a little pressure from the driver's throttle-foot and up the beach went truck, boat and safe. After dumping the safe in the sand, the next business was to get it up into the truck, which was accomplished by sliding it up a pair of planks.

Now to get it in the Administration building. The ropes holding the safe on the truck (the safe being on castors) were untied and after the usual council of war the technicians decided to move the truck ahead. But owing to the laws of suspended animation or something the safe stayed where it was as the truck rolled out from under.

There was a loud bump — and voila! The safe was unloaded. After removing the door, door frame and part of the building, getting it to the OC's office was a cinch.

## KHAKI INTO LIGHT BLUE

UPLANDS, ONT. — A gust of wind sent snow swirling across the flying field as LAC George Evans leaned against a windowsill of the comfortably heated flight room and watched a Harvard roar down the runway.

George's thoughts took him back a year or two when he roughed it with the Canadian Army overseas — when he'd crawl out of his hard bunk on a cold, damp, gloomy morning — the kind of morning that only England can produce; when he'd be off on a field exercise or a twenty-five mile route march, climbing twenty-foot ramps, negotiating rows upon rows of barbed wire, swimming with a pack or a Bren gun, scaling stone and brick walls, wading through muddy marshes . . .

He flicked the ashes from his cigarette and grinned. "The other guys called me cream puff and butterfly the day my Air Force transfer came through! If they could see me now," he cracked as he mused over that morning's events — getting out of a comfortable bunk which had sheets and blankets in a warmly heated barracks; a hot shower; a hot water shave; a tasty breakfast; a flight in a Harvard, then back in the warm flight room.

Evans is typical of scores of servicemen who have transferred from the Canadian Army overseas and at home to undergo flying training with the RCAF and adapt themselves to a new kind of warfare. The twenty-five-year-old Montrealer who had been in Britain two years with the 17th Hussars, was one of four ex-Army men in "D" flight room at 2 SFTS, Uplands, Ont., when WINGS dropped in. There was also LAC Mike Antonik of Winnipeg, who spent two and a half years with the Royal Winnipeg Rifles. Sgt Grant

Smedmor, Peterborough, formerly of the 3rd Anti-tank, RCA, had just arrived at Uplands the previous day after winding up his elementary flying at St. Catharines. He had been overseas since 1941. Youngest of the former khaki quartet was LAC Bob Lord, 19, of Hardisty, Alta. Bob joined the 14th Battalion of the Calgary Tank Regiment at seventeen and served as an instructor for Reserve personnel.

Their first impressions of the Air Force?

"I thought some of those airmen at Lachine were crazy when I heard them complain about the food," LAC Antonik offered, "although, comparatively speaking, our Army unit meals were good."

It was the improved living conditions that impressed Sgt Smedmor. He'd been accustomed to field conditions for nearly two years and stepping into an entirely different setup was enough to floor him. And that accommodation improved when he got to Canadian barracks.

In the Air Force an individual has to do more brain work himself although it is planned for him. In the Army the private provides the brawn, one of the ex-Army lads explained.

But don't get the idea they are soured on the Army. They aren't. They say there's a lot more griping in the Army than in the Air Force — but it's good for you. Soldiers get Joed, too. "A helluva lot more than you do in the Air Force," Evans said. But there's a better form of comradeship in the Army, they agreed, because men in khaki are kept together as a unit. "In the Air Force you just get to know a fellow in the next bunk when bingo — he's posted!" one chap declared.

# This Aussie knows Danger

CALGARY — A flaming truckload of high explosives went careening over a cliff-edge in Libya just as the driver jumped to safety — a convoy was saved and the driver got the Distinguished Conduct Medal. For other daring exploits in Greece and Crete, LAC Charles B. Brown, Australian student pilot at 3 SFTS, Calgary, was awarded a first then a second bar to his DCM.

For eight years a member of the Australian militia, Brown signed up with the 6th Division Australian Army Service Corps when war broke out. He was in Libya when the Allies set the Axis forces reeling. It was his job to keep munition convoys rolling to the fighting front.

One day a Nazi squadron swooped low, dumping a hail of incendiaries all around. At the time of the attack the trucks, loaded high with explosives, were cautiously winding along a road skirting a precipice. As soon as the bombs began to fall the drivers flung themselves in the dry wadis along the edge of the road. One incendiary dropped smack on a truck and set the wooden sides ablaze.

Brown rushed to the flaming truck (it wasn't his own) hopped in, started the motor roaring and careened wildly to the edge of the cliff. When the blazing lorry neared the edge, Brown jumped to safety. As it dropped from sight fire reached the cargo and there was an ear-splitting explosion.

Sent to assist the struggling Greeks, the Aussies fought a valiant withdrawal to the coast. There were 1,100 in Brown's detachment when they started. Only 300 staggered ashore at Crete where they found temporary refuge.

Brown emerged from the Hellenese holocaust with sergeant's hooks and a first bar to the DCM. The Australians were still on the island when the Nazis swarmed down by 'chute and glider. Brown and two companions were detailed to destroy a munition convoy left in a nearby town. In the darkness, the little band miscalculated position and were unable to accomplish their mission.



LAC Charles Brown, RAAF, drove a flaming cargo of TNT to cliff-edge in Libya — won DCM, then two Bars

The Germans took care of the convoy, however. Nazi artillery found the range and up went the munitions.

When Brown and his cobbles didn't show up at the appointed place and time for embarkation their pals presumed they had been killed and sailed without them. But they gradually worked their way to the coast and there persuaded a friendly Cretan to take them to sea in his twelve-foot launch. Somewhere en route they were picked up by a British sloop and taken to an Egyptian port. Brown had won a second bar for his DCM.

In April, 1942 — by that time he was a WO1 — Brown returned to Australia, transferred to the Royal Australian Air Force and was sent to Canada for training under the joint Air Training Plan.

All the palaver about medals has Brown a bit browned off. He's proud of his decorations, naturally, but wishes people wouldn't ask so many questions about them.

## Inventive 'chulist

WINNIPEG — Parachute packing made easier is one of FS Robert Grubb's contributions to the RCAF. He has invented a tension device used in packing parachutes which replaces an older process by which the parachute-packing mamas of the RCAF Women's Division once used to have to sling around thirty-five-pound bags of shot in packing the yards of silk that go into a chute.

Some of FS Grubb's other inventions are: a parachutist's tool kit weighing about twelve pounds and replacing a 100-pound monstrosity once carried by airborne troops; a harness-drop tester for chutes; and various prongs to hold shroud lines in position in the packed parachute.

FS Grubb's interest in the problems of a parachutist dates from the time years ago when he was a professional barnstorming jumper in Britain, demonstrating the use of 'chutes in leaps from planes and stationary balloons.

## FLYING FAMILY

FINGAL — PO "Punch" Paige, Fingal instructor, comes from a fighting Air Force family.

FO Bert, his oldest brother, has returned to Canada for pilot training after winning the DFM as an observer. He's now at Claresholm.

FO Frank, DFC, was killed last summer on active service overseas while pilot of a Sunderland.

PO Bill is an air gunner overseas. "Punch", now twenty-four left his native Bridgeport, Ont., near Kitchener, to enlist in the Highland Light Infantry in June, 1940. A year later Rifleman "Punch" went overseas. After a year and eight months overseas, his transfer to the RCAF came through and he took his ITS in England. He returned to Canada for his B & G at Jarvis and his AOS at Crumlin, Ont. Following an instructor's course at Mountain View he was posted to Fingal where he has become a popular character.



AC3 Oscar Wood, foster son of AC2 Freddy Lambert, heckles discipis at 2 M Depot and gets away with it. But little wonder — he's Charlie McCarthy's cousin.

## Charlie's cousin, Oscar

BRANDON — During the daylight hours when his foster-father is learning to walk like an airman AC3 Oscar Wood hides in a steel-lined trunk under his master's bunk and shouts defiance at the termites outsiders. His biggest problem really is women. They cuddle up to him at every opportunity and nibble at his little polished ears. Oscar likes the attention but not the lipstick. Another thing that worries him just now is the wood shortage. Oscar's heart turns to sawdust every time someone mentions fuel.

In station variety shows Oscar's "papa", Freddy Lambert, has demonstrated his versatility with legerdemain and harmonica tricks as well as ventriloquism, but Oscar has become the most popular entertainer at 2 MD.

The hand that shaped the famous Charlie McCarthy also officiated at the birth of Oscar on February 7, 1938. This was Frank Marshall of Chicago. Freddy values his little wooden prodigy at \$145 which includes the little chap's wardrobe. Oscar has a flair for loud checks and zoot suits.

AC2 Lambert hails from Winnipeg and he has been a professional entertainer for seven years.

## Dafoe: for the defence

DAFOE, Sask. — Ever since 5 B&G School has been in operation here anguished wails have sounded throughout the Service whenever those dread words were heard — "Posted to Dafoe"!

It's time to report that, while 5 B&G still stands in frigid isolation on the gale-swept prairies, fourteen miles from the hamlet of Dafoe, you can safely put that pistol down and discard that look of impending doom if DAPS posts you this way. For Dafoe now boasts an indoor heated swimming pool, bowling alleys, indoor tennis, badminton and basketball courts, not to mention billiard, pool and table tennis rooms. Wrestling or Chinese checkers — pick your sport and Dafoe's got it. Exhausted by this round of athletics, you can see first run movies every night.

And if you can tear yourself away from all this entertainment, 5 B&G claims the only special 48 train service on any station. The Saskatoon Special trundles forty-eighters into town after duty hours, returning two days later when 5 B&G's adopted city closes down for the night.

Five sisters in the RCAF set a 100-per cent family enlistment record for the Culligan family of Waterloo, Ont. L to R are LAWs Carol, 6 RD, Trenton; Olive, 6 B & G, Mountain View; AW1 Erma, 7 M Depot, Rockcliffe; LAWs Pearl and Ruby, of 9 SFTS, Centralia, Ont.





## The Valentine Adventures of Whimsey and Carol

**T**HE wind was whistling and wailing  
Around the barrack door,  
The snow was piling deeper  
Than it ever had before;  
The hut was so cold and drafty  
I sat on the stove for heat —  
The day before St. Valentine's,  
My life was incomplete.

**T**HEY hadn't thought of romance,  
Those Joes at D.A.P.S.,  
When they posted Carol to Gander  
And left me in this mess,  
But just as the world seemed darkest  
And hope seemed at an end,  
In through the door flew Cupid  
And said "Cheer up my friend!"

**I**'M here on a special mission  
For St. Valentine," said Dan,  
"To bring you and Carol together  
I have a magic plan;  
But you'll have to make a promise  
Not to tell a soul,  
And be back in camp by morning,  
Before they call the roll."

**I** shook his hand and promised  
Never to breathe a word  
Of the things he was going to tell me,  
Or anything else I heard.  
He told me about a station  
Far from anywhere,  
And how my beautiful Carol  
Was waiting for me there.

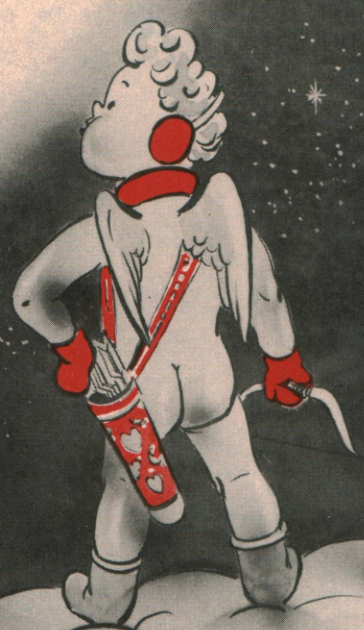
**S**O over the tarmac we glided  
And climbed to the Milky way;  
Our vapour trails like comet tails  
As the earth below us lay;  
Then we came to the "Land of Twilight"  
Far from anywhere,  
Made a landing at the station  
And found my Carol there.

**W**E greeted each other fondly,  
As lovers always do,  
Like Romeo and Juliet  
But dressed in Air Force blue;  
We whispered words of romance,  
Ah, sweet soft words of romance,  
Our thoughts were filled with romance  
Knowing our love was true.

**W**HEN just as the dawn was breaking,  
Across the sky of blue;  
We remembered the spell we were under  
And broke our rendezvous;  
So we kissed good-bye as we parted,  
Knowing that it was best;  
Carol flew eastward to Gander  
And I set a course for the West.

**T**HE wind is whistling and wailing  
Around the barrack door,  
And the snow is even deeper  
Than I mentioned once before;  
Though we're both at different stations  
In a land of ice n' snow;  
Our hearts beat warm inside us,  
Though it's twenty-five below.

WORDS AND DRAWINGS  
by Cpl WALT COUCILL



# BUSHMEN

## RCAF CONSTRUCTION CREWS BATTLE THE B. C. WILDERNESS IN DEFENCE OF PACIFIC COAST

by FS LLOYD G. BAKER  
RCAF Public Relations

**T**ALK about our early pioneers . . . they had little on West Coast construction and land-line communications men of the RCAF whose trail-blazing experiences through some of the most hair-raising country possible are hard to beat.

When the tremendous task of fortifying the West Coast with air defences was begun, it was our communications and construction men who pioneered the whole area, a lot of it virgin territory. Stations sprang out of the woods at the most isolated locations and these had to be joined by telegraph. The job was tremendous.

These airmen are members of Western Air Command's No. 9 Construction Maintenance Unit which is an amalgamation of the unit of the same name and No. 2 Land Line Maintenance Unit. It is commanded by WC J. C. Dumbrille, former Ontario hard rock mining engineer whose "let's get crackin' on this one, boys" is echoed throughout the unit in the enthusiasm of the men.

If it weren't for that spirit, it is safe to say that many of their assignments would not be complete today.

Take, for instance, a job one crew tackled of stringing a telegraph line over an area on Vancouver Island. Have you ever worked in muskeg? Not the variety which infests this particular spot. A monster caterpillar was being used to clear away small trees and underbrush and before anyone realized what was happening, the big machine sank practically out of sight. Only six inches of its structure were left showing.

Many's the time the men themselves slipped into the grasp of the muskeg and were dragged down waist deep. But the cat was rescued and the telegraph lead went through on time.

Small camps were set up three miles apart at another location. Only three miles — but it took twenty hours to haul provisions from one to the other, so rugged was the country between.

Tragedy struck the unit during a job at a remote island location in March of '43 when LAC Alex Garonski of Morris, Man., drowned while supplies for the camp were being landed in a small rowboat from the supply boat standing off shore.

The small boat overturned in a twelve-foot sea, throwing its four occupants into the ocean. Garonski was on the shore with LAC E. L. Collett, Vancouver, B.C., (now a corporal) and FL M. C. "Mike" Nesbitt of Royal Oak, Victoria, B.C., one of the construction engineers. They ran out on a point to assist the men in the water.

### DRAGGED BY UNDERTOW

The two airmen were caught by the seas breaking over the rocks, were swept into the water and dragged 100 feet off shore by the undertow. It is believed Garonski was injured as he was dashed against the rocks. Collett held Garonski's head above water while another boat was put out from the supply ship. It took time in those seas, though, and Collett became exhausted in the icy cold water. FL Nesbitt stripped off and dove into the water to assist, but it was a futile effort. Nesbitt and Collett were rescued in the nick of time but Garonski died.

FL Nesbitt and Cpl Collett have since been commended officially for their acts of bravery. The memory of Garonski who died in an effort to assist his fellow airmen, lives in the minds of the men with whom he served.

On the other side of the picture, there are lots of laughs in connection with the work, like the time two other communications men went on temporary duty "by jeep and horse back". That's just the way it read in DRO's, but the entry revealed nothing of what the two men went through. FO Bob Huband of Ottawa, and Sgt Ben Attwood, of Hamilton were away eighteen days, covered 1,700 miles and saw a lot of beautiful scenery.

Says Attwood: "It was beautiful, alright. I'd never seen anything like it . . . snow-capped mountains, tall graceful timbers, deep colorful canyons, roaring rivers tumbling down to the sea."

But there was a catch. The men couldn't stand back and admire the scenery. They had to

head right into it if they were to carry out their duties of inspecting the land-line.

They started up over mountain trails on sure-footed horses rented for the trek. "We were glad those nags were experienced on rocky trails only two and a half feet wide, because we weren't," Attwood related.

At one spot on the trip, the sore-seated riders had to zig-zag down a canyon wall 2,000 feet so they could follow the telegraph line. They crossed raging rivers and they saw lots of moose, deer, coyotes and bear.

Headache powders were in order for the men of a line crew engaged in stringing leads over one-half mile of timber area in another of the isolated zones. No fires had swept this section for many a moon as evidenced by some of the trees which were estimated as being between 500 and 800 years old — trees twenty feet and more in diameter.

But the area was strewn with windfalls and for the whole half mile the men never touched ground in their work. They had to clamber thirty and forty feet above the ground over the masses of fallen timber and tangled undergrowth.

### HUNDRED-POUND LOADS

FL T. E. MacKell of Montreal, one of the pioneer RCAF communications men on the West Coast, still remembers that "toughest half mile". He also recalls the time when a fifteen-mile line had to be strung along a road (using the term "road" loosely) between two bush stations. Equipment and supplies were conveyed to the camps out on line by tractor-trailer. It was not uncommon for the tractor to turn over twice a week strewn with food and gear all over the countryside. While the machinery was being righted, the men would load the supplies on pack boards and start out on the hoof with fifty to 100-pound loads.

Some of the boys with the flight lieutenant during those times were Sgt Johnny Tessier of Montreal; Sgt (now PO) Ralph Hummel of Chesterville, Ont.; Sgt Glen Michener of Red Deer, Alta.; FL Harry Code, Smith Falls, Ont.; FS Charlie McGregor of Almonte, Ontario, and FS C. H. O'Callaghan of Kemptonville, Ont.

Small groups of communications men at present are camped at intervals along stretches of the land lines, one of which extends over 900 miles through virgin territory. These airmen patrol the lines by foot, boat and barge to keep communications open. Weather closing in without any warning often leaves the men stranded in trail-side cabins built for such emergencies.

In the area are a few remaining Indians and near one small settlement a crew of communications airmen came upon a flock of white trumpet swans. They quickly learned that these were sacred to the natives when one of the airmen thought he would test his marksmanship on one of the birds and drew a bead with his service rifle. To his amazement an Indian appeared from nowhere.

"You shoot swan, I shoot you," was all he said, and from the look in his eyes, that was enough. The airman made a hurried departure with an empty feeling in the pit of his stomach. To shoot one of the darned things."

Perhaps one of the toughest jobs the land-line airmen were ever assigned took them to a small, wind-swept island in the open Pacific. They had to transport the necessary machinery by scow. For three weeks the airmen attempted to beach the scow but heavy seas made it impossible. It was six months before better weather finally put in an appearance and the job was done.

If the seas are tough the mountains are worse. Once twenty-five tons of equipment had to be taken to the summit of a 1,500 feet mountain . . . a rugged little thing with lots of tricks up its sleeve. It was decided, that the equipment would be loaded on stone-boats and dragged up the mountain as far as the heavy-duty tractors could go. From that point, hand winches would take over.

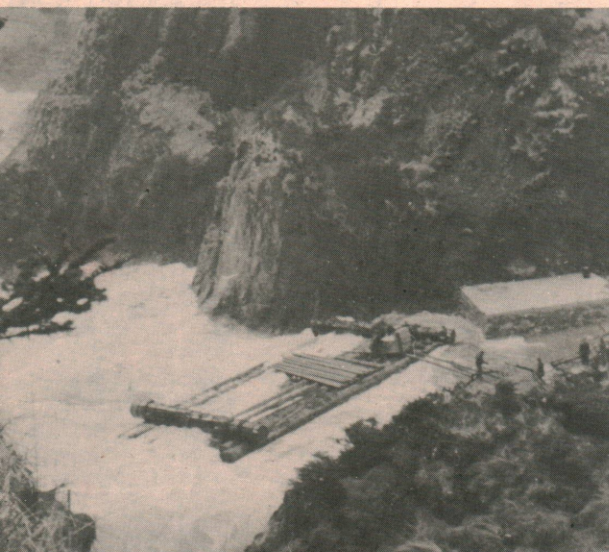
The mission was completed despite the head shakings of kibitzers on the sidelines, though those airmen cat operators had to put their big machines in such steep climbs at times that the water was pouring out of the radiators.

Oh yes, it's nice work, . . . if your nerves can stand that sort of thing.



### SILENCE

Sunlight seeps through the tall timber in lonely B. C. bush camp. Undergrowth is often jungle-like.



### BEACH HEAD

Pacific surf breaks on rocks as land-line equipment landed by log raft in tiny cove.



### POLE CLIMBER

Cpl Don Kelman, Toronto, rigging 115-foot mast land-line crew erected.



**BULLDOZER**

Airman plunges his big cat through brush and trees to help clear site for an RCAF telegraph outpost in wilderness. Land lines link vital coast defense bases.

**GRANDEUR**

Construction crews find breath-taking scenery like this in B. C., but they must battle the mountains and forests.



**BIG STICK**

RCAF lumberjacks R. J. Beaudet, Edmonton and Ray McCann, Carban, Alta., take out giant cedar on Vancouver Island.



**FOXHOLE**

Airmen tunnel hole under big stump to plant charge that will lift it clear.



**CAMP SITE**

No weathertight barracks, no comfortable airman's lounge — you live like this in temporary camps of B. C. construction crews. Cpl Elmer Preston, Bristle, Man., is seen sharpening cross-cut saw.



EXECUTIVE EDITOR FL Jerry Anglin (left) assigns stories to contributors, edits features, unspools red tape. Art Editor Cpl Walt Coucill (right) "designs" WINGS, does all layout, much of the illustrating. Most cartoons are contributed.

EDITOR Sgt Ed Hayes (left) runs Inter-com and On Ops sections, writes occasional features, handles make-up, proofs. LAW Gwen Gilbertson is WINGS Joegirl: she's i/c sales records, typing, finding lost copy.



WINGS MADE THE COMICS when a copy turned up recently in "Terry and the Pirates" on China station. Mag is read in Africa, India, Ceylon.



LITHOGRAPHING process begins when FS Norm Barnes (right) photographs all pix, art, page proofs. FS Jim Addie splices separate shots to make composite film of each WINGS' page.



PLATE IS COATED with light-sensitive fluid by Sgt Harry Skinner, "photographic print" of page is made on plate, then plate is etched.

# WINGS

LOG OF THE R-C-A-F

## FROM PRODUCER TO CONSUMER

"Every line of copy in WINGS has been written and edited by men and women of the Service — every cartoon drawn, all but two or three photographs taken, every page printed by Service personnel."

To that sentence story of how WINGS is produced, taken from an editorial which appeared in the first issue just a year ago, the pictures on this page add a close-up of some of the people who help put WINGS on your station by the first of every month.

Most of the material in WINGS is prepared by Servicemen and women who aren't on the staff at all — Public Relations writers and photographers overseas and at home, station correspondents and editors of unit papers. For all of these, WINGS assignments are jobs to be tacked onto other duties, for the most part in spare time; and without their support WINGS would never appear at all. Typical are the cartoonists who have caricatured themselves at the right; they send in their picture gags several at a time, and as the supply runs out WINGS' Art Editor writes them stern warnings that they'd better produce, or else — and back they go to the old drawing board, obligingly enough.

WINGS' full time staff consists of the one officer, two NCOs and the LAW (top of page) who handle all editorial production, keep circulating records, etc. A few days each month the AFHQ Duplicating Pool's expert crew of technicians (left and below) are turned loose on the stories, photos and artwork the editors have prepared, and they produce the completed magazine as you see it. The AFHQ admin unit's accounts section handles the hundreds of station sales accounts as a big extra chore added to the station fund bookkeeping.

While WINGS can rightly claim to be a



ROGERS  
AFHQ

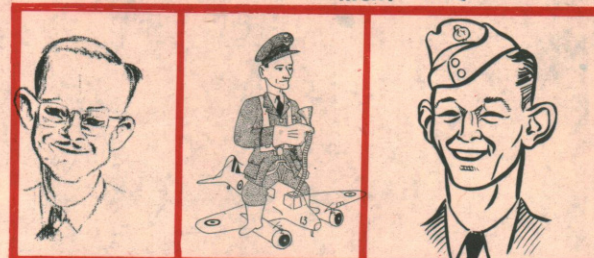
THORNE  
MT. VIEW

NIGHTINGALE  
I Y DEPOT

## Cartoonists CARTOONED



RICKY AFHQ

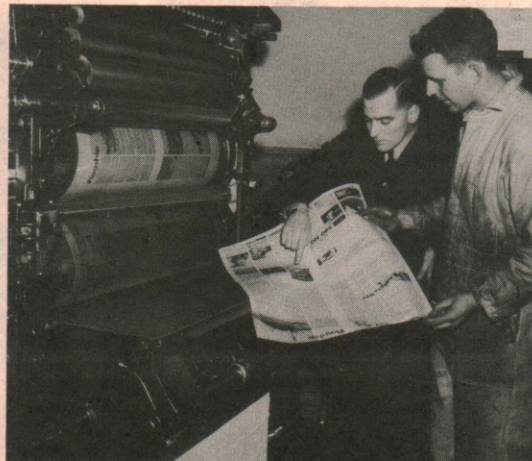


HICKS  
25 PAED

BULLING  
33 SFTS

BODLE  
4 ITS

"99% pure" Service production, the log of the RCAF couldn't get along without the civilian firm which sets the type and does the page make-up, the Canadian Press, CBC and other news sources which supply Home Town news and occasional pictures . . . and the movie agencies, G'bless 'em, who provide those beautiful WINGSgirls.



PRESSES ROLL while SM Ernie Thompson and Sgt Jim Nightingale check January issue form. Page imprint transfers from inked plates, to rubber roller, to paper.



FOUR-PAGE FORM is folded under watchful eye of Sgt Jack Weston, bindery boss. He sees that WINGS is packed and shipped to stations coast to coast.

PHOTOS BY CPL CHUCK LEARNED

## Polite Britishers knocked for a loop by WD bonnets

by LAW Joan SUTCLIFFE

LONDON — Hats can take it. Women love them. Men laugh at them. Terriers love to chew on them. A more controversial piece of apparel does not exist.

And of all the hats of all the time, none has ever attracted such wide attention in England as the ones that adorn the heads of the girls of the RCAF.

People in the streets stop and turn to watch a "stiff-hatted Wid" go by. With the best intentions in the world, they stop her and ask why she is wearing such a decoration. They want to know all about it and quite often their praise is whole-hearted. The bewildered WD can be assured of every eye resting on her. There is a good reason why every girl in the RCAF over here is gaining the poise of a prima donna. All it takes is time to gain the nonchalance that such unending attention can give.

The situation now is not as acute as it was when the hats were first introduced over here. Then it was that a WD, brass gleaming, shoes shining, hair becomingly arranged under her new hat and a proud gleam in her eye, was walking with her latest "best" date in the heart of the city. She was, in spite of her assurance, a little self-conscious because, although the Canada badges on her shoulders had attracted considerable attention in the past, it was nothing, compared with what her hat was now receiving from the passing throngs.

The usually calm and polite Britishers were directing startled glances in her direction. It took a few moments before she remembered that as a Canadian she was equal to face any situation, even if in all her days as a civvie she could have passed through a crowd without an extra glance



being cast upon her. Now she was in the centre of the stage and doing very well, until from across the street came one of the wildest whoops ever heard outside of a western stampede.

There was a mad rush of feet. She clutched her escort's arm and turned to face a herd of Canadian aircrew, fresh in from an operational station in the "wilds" and seeing for the first time one of their "own" girls — and in her glamour bonnet, too. They surrounded her three deep, hurling questions, comments.

"Gosh, but they're smart — she's a Canadian, a real Canadian!"

"Look at that hat? — Are there many of you over? Where are you stationed? Gosh, but it's good to see you — even with that thing on your head. Where do you come from?"

"Do you know a girl by the name of Margie? She's in the WAAFS too (Men, inclined to blunder, still call a WD a WAAF).

"Do all of you get issued with those hats? How about a date, babe?"

"Give the kid a chance to speak. Go ahead, talk, say anything, let's hear some good old Canadian lingo again. Do you know, it's three years since I heard a Canadian girl..."

By this time, her unhappy escort is dragging her down the street, trying to find some dark alley into which they can dive to escape the pack, hard on their heels. They pass by an open door marked "Smoke Room" and the pursuers slacken their pace as a strange but familiar aroma drifts by their nostrils. Before they realize what has happened they are raising one at the bar — probably to the WD and her new bonnet.

# ON OPS

RCAF 'ROUND  
THE WORLD



## Canucks prefer box cars to Tunisian train coaches

GREAT BRITAIN — "Chevaux 8—Hommes 30-32."

That little legend, stencilled neatly on each box-car of the Chemin de Fer de Tunisie, wasn't particularly interesting to members of the RCAF who boarded the train at Algiers, but it registered solidly during the three and a half days it took them to make the gritty 500-mile trip to Tunis.

"We could nearly have crossed Canada in that time — and I'll never complain about Canadian trains again," said Sgt P. T. Power, Vancouver, who recently returned to Britain after six months in North Africa.

He added that it was just as well the troops travelled in the box-cars, which carry either 30-32 men or eight horses, because "the Arabs

chickens and youngsters. It is an odorous bedlam."

Sgt Powers was stationed near Kairouan, the holy city of Tunisia, and the only Moslem city where unbelievers were permitted to enter the mosques as observers. The French women of Kairouan look as if they just stepped out of New York beauty salons, but the natives were very unkempt. "Twisters," hot swirling winds which blew in from the desert were the bane of his orderly room, for "when the twister came in one end of the tent, Central Registry went out the other."

Another climatic oddity of Tunisia was the rain, averred Terry, for "it rains mud and you can only see ten feet in front of you." It was during one of these mud storms that the tent in which the squadron adjutant, FL T. D. McKee, Belleville, and the armaments officer FL R. J. McCombe, Wellington, Ont., were quartered, collapsed. The watchers roared with laughter when the mud-streaked faces of the two officers rose out of the billowing flapping confusion.

Shortly after his arrival in Tunisia, Sgt Power was reminded of the recent German occupation. One of the drivers was moving an empty truck around the camp, and the sergeant held up his hand to warn him to slow down for a rough stretch ahead. Six Arabs jumped up from the floor of the van and returned his gesture with Fascist salutes.

## Western flier is first WAG to get 2½ stripes

GREAT BRITAIN — SL R. F. "Bob" Miller, Marshall, Sask., twenty-seven-year-old wireless air-gunner, has set up an impressive list of records as Chief Ground Instructor of the oldest and largest heavy conversion unit in the Canadian group which trains pilots and crews in flying four-engined bombers.

Under his supervision, ex-operational Canadian instructors have trained and produced for transfer to operational squadrons more crews and have flown more hours than any similar unit in Britain. SL Miller is believed to be the first Canadian WAG ever to be appointed to the high rank of squadron leader, and he is also the oldest squadron leader in the Canadian group from the point of view of seniority, his rank being substantive as of November, 1942.

Graduating from the first class from 1 Wireless School, Montreal, after enlisting early in 1940, "Bob" came overseas to join the first Canadian bomber squadron formed in Britain. Following a tour of operations on Whitleys, he was screened as sergeant-instructor at the Halifax Conversion unit of which he is now CG1. He joined the unit as an NCO instructor of gunners and wireless operators in October, '41, and shortly after was commissioned.

As a sergeant, Miller and his crew established some sort of a record early in the war when they flew a Whitley from Britain to Malta in twenty-four hours, but took two and a half months to return. The aircraft was wrecked during the height of the Malta bombing and they were forced to get back the best way possible.

## Pseudo winco now genuine, Sgt-skipper climbed fast

GREAT BRITAIN — The night of September 26, 1942, crews of Canada's first overseas bomber squadron were preparing to take off for a raid on Flensburg. Just before zero hour, Sgt Chuck Palmer, Dundalk, Ont., was notified that he had been commissioned. The squadron CO, WC Len Fraser, DFC, Vancouver, insisted on exchanging tunics with the sprog PO, so that he could make the trip dressed as an officer.

The fun started when on the return trip Palmer was diverted to another drome. On landing he was received with the respect due a senior officer, assigned the best available quarters, and waited on ceremoniously. Confused and embarrassed, the young skipper rushed out to his kite first thing in the morning and made for home.

Five days later he was awarded the DFC. Within a month Palmer was a flight lieutenant and deputy flight commander; in January he was promoted to squadron leader; by April he was assigned to Group Headquarters as an inspector of training. And on November 4, 1943, Charles W. Palmer, DFC, became a wing commander, this time legitimately.

## TALES THEY TELL

CEYLON — It's a tall one overheard in an RCAF mess.

"You see it was this way. I had done a few ops but for the first time, my Lancaster was loaded with an 8,000 pound blockbuster. The target was the Krupp Works at Essen. We stooged over and encountered the usual amount of flack but went in at about 6,000 feet and dropped our egg. There followed a terrific explosion and the kite was violently tossed about. When I was again on an even keel I looked out of the port window and saw one of the workmen from the factory below moving along with us on a block of cement, still working diligently at his lathe. It required quite a bit of quick thinking to decide what to do, but the grey matter functioned perfectly. I pulled back the throttle, causing the warning horn to sound. Thinking that it was the quitting whistle the workman stepped off.

"On that trip I claim one Nazi destroyed and a damaged objective."

## Officer and NCO fliers eat together and goodwill jumps

GREAT BRITAIN — A Canadian aircrew mess in which officers and NCOs of bomber crews eat and live together on a Canadian diet and in a homelike atmosphere, is part of a revolutionary and successful experiment being carried out by an RCAF heavy conversion unit over here.

Air Force stations have always had separate messes for officers, NCOs, airmen and WDs, and the members of each mess have always included flying personnel, ground crew, and administration types all living together. The new mess idea, catering exclusively to aircrew, provides for special diet where possible, increased recreation and entertainment, additional comforts and services.

The most interesting feature of the experiment is the spacious mess hall where the flying men eat four times a day. Eight-place crew tables are provided so that the pilot of these four-engined bombers and the six other members of his crew sit and eat together along with one guest. The guest is usually an instructor, administration officer, a visiting officer or frequently the group captain commanding the station. In this way, each member of the crew soon learns to understand the men with whom he flies as a combat team over enemy territory. Normally the officers and NCOs of a bomber crew live in separate messes and meet only at the hangar, at lectures or while flying together in the aircraft. The new scheme provides much more opportunity for crew co-operation and understanding.

"We have found in this experiment that the crew members get to know each other better, whether officer or sergeant, and more goodwill and understanding is promoted as well as crew co-operation," said GC F. A. Sampson, of Ottawa and Toronto, CO of the station, who along with other leading officers, first developed the new type of mess.

## 'Blackouts' rock the boat, score a hit on troopship

LONDON — On the second day out something new in troopship rumors flashed through the big liner that was toting a fresh cargo of airmen, soldiers and sailors to Britain.

"There's gonna be a show . . ." went the word. "No — not movies, and none of that pick-up amateur stuff — it's the Air Force show, 'Blackouts'!"

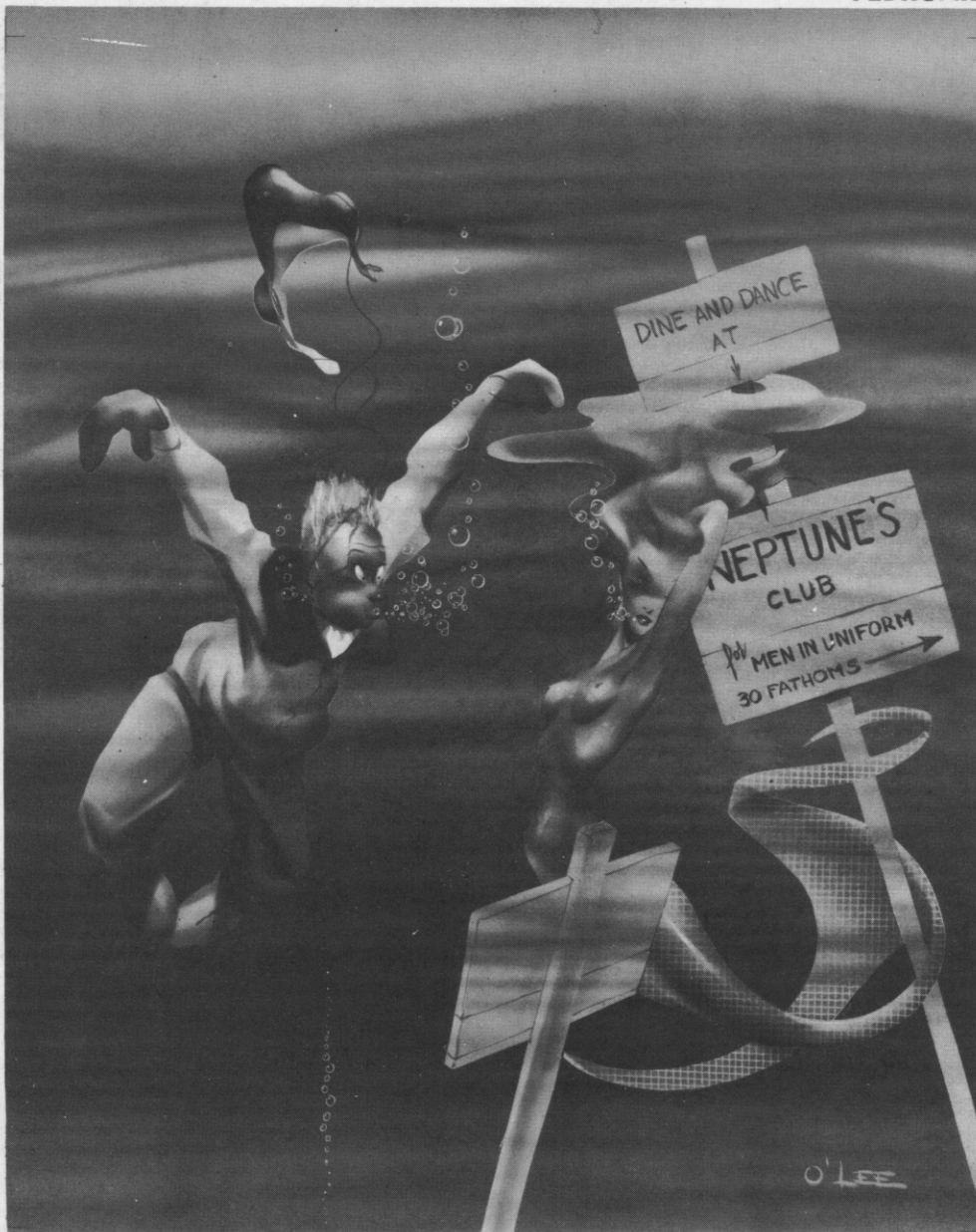
It was, too — though the thousands of you who saw it on Canadian stations mightn't have recognized it at first. The messdeck was jammed, topside, for every performance, and the stage was a five-foot circle on deck surrounded by shouting servicemen and women. Costumes were stowed far below in the hold, so the gals sang and danced in their rehearsal slacks and the boys in blues or fatigues. But the thunderous applause would have scared off any lurking subs.

Cpl. "Nipper" Benson's vamping of the ship-board boys with "The Man I Love" and her slyly annoying "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," made a terrific hit, but the voyagers shook the ship with their stomping when the dancers defied the restricted stage space to do their routines. "The troopship roll" was a burlesque number that really got the audience, the basic idea being for the girls to elevate a leg one way as the ship rolled the other, in constant threat of complete collapse in the big bass drum. LAWs Bunny Haight, Cecilia Rennie and Edna Bond dreamed that one up as a seagoing novelty.

On arrival here the cast wasn't any too sure about what kind of weather they had had. "Come to think of it, it was a darn smooth trip," one trouper finally offered. "Anyway, the Blackouts, with two exceptions, were too busy even to see the sea."

Exception No. 1 was Cpl Terry Dowding, the stage manager, who was in a state of near exhaustion on embarkation, after shifting props all the way across Canada and back. But aboard ship his scenery was stowed below with the costumes, and the others conceded that he probably needed a rest more than anybody.

Exception No. 2 — though she didn't get much of a rest — was the troupe's single seasick victim, AW Norma Johnson. As she lay disconsolate in her bunk Norma wasn't at all cheered by the helpful comments of her pals that "It's fortunate it's you who got sick — there's no room for acrobatic dancing on that dime-size jungle clearing anyway!"



EN ROUTE TO ITS, PAT O'LEE DREAMED UP THIS GIFT FOR WINGS' BIRTHDAY ISSUE

### ACCOUNTED FOR PAY PDQ

GREAT BRITAIN — SL Bill Millichamp, Toronto, on a recent tour of West and North Africa as an accountant liaison officer, dropped in to see the boys of the City of Windsor squadron, then in Sicily.

In one night he solved the pay adjustment problems of the aircrew lads. The boys got the squadron leader into a poker game and he won forty-one quid.

The rest of the gang really worked their passage across the pond with three shows a day, starting bang after lunch.

The ship's captain and the CO Troops arranged a party for the showfolk as the liner neared port, and asked that recommendations be passed along to provide live entertainment for future troopships. But what tickled the airmen in the cast more than anything else was the tribute handed them for keeping the tidiest room on the boat. They slept in the ship's library and as one of them remarked "how could we mess up the room anyway — we barely saw the place."

The first London performance went off with a bang at the Comedy Theatre, where Stage Manager Dowding went back to work with something special by way of co-operation from the theatre's stage hands. The reason: Bob Coote, veteran of the London stage, knew them all.

Ever since then Blackouts has been doing a roaring business on one RCAF fighter and bomber station after another, with the "SRO" sign hanging side by side with their own special shingle, "No rest as usual." For between performances for our own squadrons the troupe are entertaining at almost every RAF station that boasts a good quota of Canadians, which takes in a lot of territory.

## He's only a toy mascot, but what a lady killer!

GREAT BRITAIN—Salute to FO Gophie Gus! A dapper Englishman in the RCAF, he is the lady-killer extraordinary and chief gremlin chaser with an all-Canadian Wimpy crew, just winding up a session at an RAF OTU.

Ten days ago he was just a big woolly hunk of fluff in an English department store, until Sgts Doug Ferguson, Glace Bay, N.S., and Doug Maders, Sydney, N.S., came along and induced him to get into the RCAF.

Last week he was on leave in London with his pals, the Sergeants Doug. "Actually I can't talk", he said, "just had a security lecture, y'know. Got to be careful and all that sort of stuff."

The two Dougs enlisted in the RCAF on the same day down in the Bluenose country. They drew numbers only five ciphers apart and went through their entire training together as air gunners. Coming overseas together they went to the same OTU, were posted to the same crew and hope to make many trans-Germanic hops together, along with pal Gus.

"He's a big help on leaves, too," says Doug, both Dougs. "You sit down in an underground. The next thing you know the girl in the next seat wants to know all about the striped Casanova. 'Isn't he cuddly, can I hold him?' they say. Very helpful indeed."

The other lads in the crew with which Gus has been training are Sgt George Crews, Seaforth, Ont.; Sgt Norman Campbell, Windsor, N.S.; PO Frank Nelson, Winnipeg, and George McLay, Winnipeg.

WINGS



by FL TOM LEE

You haven't suffered the horrors of war until you've been posted to AFHQ, Ottawa.

We've been hearing about the terrible conditions under which our chaps are living in the steamy jungles of the South Pacific, for example. The poor chaps have had to live in foxholes.

Well, try and get even a foxhole in Ottawa.

You can, if you have a fortune, buy a house here, and for a pittance like \$130 a month you may get an unfurnished, unheated, unequipped duplex, and for a minute \$50 per you might wrangle a room, providing you know somebody important, like the King.

But most of us are of the class referred to popularly in the language of the street as "the great unwashed", and such dough exists only in our talk and dreams. We try to get a pup tent, but they've gone to retired financiers. So now it's either a park bench or a foxhole, and since some visiting M.P.'s have already got the park benches, you pick a nice soft spot for a foxhole.

And just as you turn the first sod, as they say at barn-raising ceremonies, along comes a cop to give you a verbal left in the midriff and tell you you're digging in so-and-so's prize tulip-bed, and so please get the h... off, because the owner gets awfully indignant to see his tulip beds looking like the remains of a minor earthquake.

So you learn to sleep like a stork, on one leg. Then there's that matter of food.

If you've been used to it as long as we have, even though sometimes at sporadic intervals, you just can't go without it. Well, that's a cinch, say you folks who don't know the horrors of war — why, there must be at least three restaurants in a big town like Bytown — pardon, Ottawa.

Actually, there are four, but try and get in.

# THE BATTLE OF OTTAWA!

Follow us on a normal day, which is just like a fast day only more so. You get tossed and buffeted on the sea of humanity which blasts its way out of Penguin Palace at exactly 12.15 and come up for air to find yourself at one of the beaneries of the neighborhood.

That is, you're in the line-up within sighting distance of the place. Remember the time — 12.15½.

So you wait, and wait.



By exactly three notches of your belt, you've moved up within sight of the door. But this also brings you to 1.45 of the clock and it's time to be back piling up more operational hours at that desk of yours.

Now standing on one leg from sunset to sunrise every day gets tiresome too. It would kill you if it weren't for AFHQ's special Duty Fitness workout. This consists of trying to get on a street-car for what is laughingly described as a street-car "ride".

Then the fight begins.

Getting into an Ottawa trolley uses up more energy than you'll ever replace in your normal lifetime, even if spent in the pre-war pantry of the Ritz, so you can imagine how long you're going to last when you have to live on crusts snatched from the jaws of somebody's pet Pom.

Naturally you don't hesitate to trample on 96-year-old women with a couple of babies in each arm to get aboard. It's nothing to pile kids up in

layers to help you on. They'll never be missed. In fact, street cars are so crowded that people have been known to climb aboard and disappear into the centre never to be seen again.

So by sheer weight of numbers and much below-the-belt elbowing you're aboard. By that we mean most of you 's. The best part of your lordosis backline is generally left cooling in the breeze as the doors close, clamping you in a grip like death.

You're in, but so what. You ride at your own risk because most of Ottawa's wartime trolleys previously saw twenty years' service in Toronto. When Ottawa is through with them they are converted into Ansons.

Now to get out — and start early, too, unless you want to see Ottawa several times by the great circle route. You don't want to do this because it gets quite tiresome listening to the heartbeats around you and trying to arrange them into some harmonic scheme. Pretty soon you find yourself beating time, and every time you move your feet you break at least a dozen people off at the ankle.

The chap seven bodies away gets the itch, and you get scratched. And that cute blonde figures it's time to powder up, and you get the make-up job.

Gradually, by the process of osmosis (on a horizontal plane) you get rubbed to the back of the car, and that flabby twenty-four pounds you used to worry about doesn't worry you anymore. Lots of the local damsels find it much easier to wear their hips down on a streetcar than in a Turkish bath, and besides you meet such interesting people.

But now it's dark, and it's your turn to get off.

So out you pop like a seed from a grapefruit.

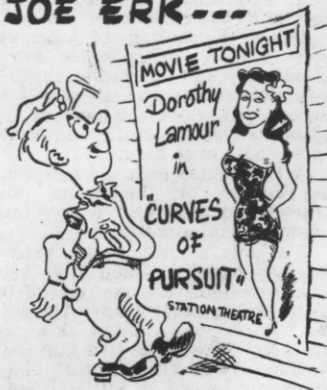
And since you want to go to sleep you ask someone to open your mouth so you can yawn, and you do, and then you head for home... er, that is you prop yourself in that corner, on that leg, and go to sleep.

Tiresome, isn't it?

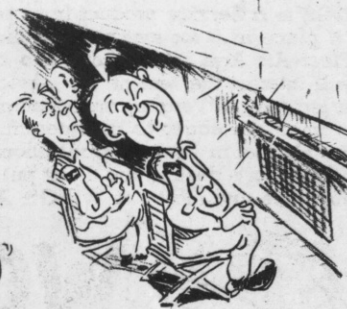
### THIS MONTH'S COVER

The RCAF Entertainment Section, with Sgt. Hank Singer dreaming up the ideas, staged this month's cover — aided by FL Bryant Fryer, Art Directorate, as the "Air Commodore". Upped from Cpl to GC is Rube Super. Cpl Frankie Lees plays the Acey Decuy. FS Slim Bent, DPR Photog, put this intriguing vignette of Service life on film.

### JOE ERK ---



### THEATRE:STATION



Rider



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VOL. 2

FEBRUARY, 1944

No. 1

## VOLUME 2 NO. 1

It was just a year ago this month that Kid Cupid girded up his loins with a diaper and an oversize safety pin, slipped a machine gun into his bow, put up his AC's wing (with scotch tape) and blasted his way onto the front cover of the first issue of WINGS.

The WINGS roundel-crest in the top-left corner smacked a bit of the tall, green corn, a glance inside indicated that the Log of the RCAF hadn't quite made up its mind whether to be a magazine or a newspaper (somebody suggested calling it a magazine) and a blooming typographical boner had given the Chief of the Air Staff a southern accent in twenty-four-point type as he flatteringly proclaimed "WINGS — A STEP FOWARD".



Vol. 1 No. 1

Pioneering the first country-wide publication undertaken by any Canadian Armed Service has had its headaches and satisfactions. Aircrew loudly demand aircraft rec pictures to help them with their studies, other erks say "Nuts to the training stuff — make it louder and funnier." And while the editors are pleading with contributing cartoonists for greater output and madly combing the Service for a Private Hargrove, serious-type readers shout "off with the heads" of those beautiful WINGS girls — to be promptly snowed under in a reader survey which shows that even the WD's are delighted by those Hollywood eye-fulls.

All of which is the bitter beer — and the breath of life — of all editors. The fits and brainstormings thus visited upon WINGS' producers have also brought consolation because they are the best possible evidence that the magazine is being read — from the largest M Depot to the smallest coastal detachment.

As noted in the WINGS story on page twelve of this issue, the big job of providing stories, poems and cartoons is largely the work of station contributors without whom there'd be no more WINGS. Thus, if the type of story you like to read is missing, it isn't because some one-track mind at an editor's desk is too stupid to publish it, but more than likely because no contributor has been found who can fill the gap. So once again hear ye, hear ye —

WINGS is a Service product from pen scratches to printed page. There's a place in it for everyone in the RCAF, RAF, RNZAF, RAAF or RN Fleet Air Arm in Canada who can write or draw something which will interest the rest of the service. Hiding your talent under an issue tea-cosy is verging on sabotage when thousands of airmen and airwomen are eager to be entertained or informed by your pen. The entire Canadian Postal organization is waiting to rush your best effort to the editor's desk if you'll just put it on paper now, put a stamp on the envelope and mail it to WINGS, AFHQ, Ottawa.

## WHERE'S JOE?

First WD to take advantage of WINGS' "Where's Joe" service is LAW M. Legault of Rockcliffe who asks for the location of an old California friend, PO J. D. Dunlap, last heard of in North Africa. Seems to be still over there somewhere and you can address your letter: J12875, PO J. D. Dunlap, RCAF, Overseas.

R253594 LAC A. G. Hemmings who blasts it out with the Y Depot band, wants to get in touch with R284017 LAC Lewis Russell "formerly stationed at Rockcliffe." After a thorough job of research, the RCMP section of WINGS has tracked down your man — at Rockcliffe!

R52746 Sgt C. B. Renaud whose letter from overseas appears elsewhere on this page is trying to

find Cpl George Kirchner. According to Records his number is R52330 and he is at CAPO No. 5, RCAF Overseas.

If LAC Jack Howes, formerly of Regina, Sask., reads this, he's asked to write his old friend LAC K. V. A. Erickson, who recently left 1 CNS at Rivers, Man. Jack should address his letter to LAC Erickson's home address, which he has.

A student navigator, LAC R. J. Macaulay, stationed down east inserts an "ad" for R169635 AC Doug West and Paul J. Fairweather. West is an AC1 overseas while Fairweather now holds the rank of pilot officer and is at 2 B & G School, Mossbank, Sask.

Any others? Send names of your lost pals to WINGS, AFHQ, Ottawa — giving initials and number where possible.



## THOSE BRITISH BEAUTIES

We are all regular readers of WINGS and think it an excellent magazine but regret to point out the article on page eight, December issue, entitled "Thirty-two times paraded."

I'm afraid there is a little difference of opinion between the boys at this RAF station, and Mr. Smith of Fingal with regard to the English girls. (Said LAC Gib Smith: "English girls aren't so hep . . . but once you get used to them they're all right".)

During my twenty-one years in the Old Country I can't say I met any "dense" girls other than the minority you will meet anywhere. I only wish our friend would make a little clearer his reason for arriving at such a decision. Maybe it would be educational to us as I'm sure he must have some good reason for having such a statement published.

AC1 F. KEWLEY,  
32 SFTS, Moose Jaw, Sask.

Editor's Note: LAC Gib Smith, who transferred from the Canadian Army Overseas, stuck his neck out when he made the statement, for it sparked a raging controversy at Fingal, Ont., where many RAF lads are stationed. Fingal Observer's alert editor gave quite a spread to an RAF reply and also ran a full page on the "British Hall of Fame" featuring a bevy of British beauties — girl friends and wives of English airmen.

## A STEAL

In your December edition of WINGS, you suggest that "chai" is just another word that has been cleverly introduced into Air Force slang.

"Chai" is the Arabic for "tea". The word has been introduced into Italy via North Africa. Obviously the troops were not long enough in the latter country to ascertain the derivation of a word in constant use.

Tea becomes "Char" in India.  
FL R. C. DAVEY,  
RAF Station, Port Albert, Ont.

## MUTTON MAD

November WINGS has just reached us in this land of rain, mutton and brussel sprouts. Your article entitled "Read all about it" was of particular interest to me because while I was stationed somewhere on the east coast of Canada I was business manager of "Thumbs up".

Due to the shortage of paper, etc., over here, it is impossible for us to edit any sort of station paper or magazine, and as a result of this the various publications issued on Canadian stations are really appreciated by the boys over here.

WINGS ranks high and here's hoping you stay on the beam. Your articles and pictures are very interesting and informative.

I'm only a sprog over here — fourteen months — and after being kicked around from one end of this island to the other I have landed at this "R" Depot — minus kit, and that's bad! This is the spot that spells "Canada Away From Home" and is commonly known as Little Canada.

Hockey and skating are now in full swing, indoor ice being available in a nearby city.

For the information of some of my old buddies, I'd just like to say that "Ben Brown" is still the king of the "galloping ubangies".

Sgt C. B. RENAUD,  
RCAF Overseas.

Note — See "Where's Joe?" on this page for the address you requested, sarge. — Ed.



## WOON' THE MUSE

## SICK PARADE

You step inside, take a glance around,  
The MO glares (he's frightfully browned)  
You're the thirty-first he's seen today.  
No wonder he sighs and has nothing to say  
But to ask you your symptoms,  
"pains, headaches or sick"?  
"Better go into dock, you're sick right enough".  
"Where's your kit?" growls the corporal.  
You stammer and stare,  
"Didn't think I'd be going." He leaps off his chair.  
"It's on orders! It's on orders!" he yells in a rage.  
While the MO looks on with the face of a sage —  
And tries to explain in voice patient and slow,  
The how and the wherefore and why it is so,  
The transport, he says, is just due to leave  
And if you want to catch it, boy

you'd better weave.  
"Go get 'em!" he shrieks. You dash back to the hut.  
To collect all your needfuls — knife, spoon and a cup.  
You arrive at the place, the sweat's running down,  
The sergeant there greets you (what a horrible frown)  
And bids you sit down, in tones cold and sour.  
You might just as well brother, you're there for three hours.  
And before you reach that hospital door —  
Boy, you'll know you're sick, if you didn't before.

Cpl. A. F. Flucke,  
R.C.A.F. Overseas.

## ALASKA LAMENT

There's an island in Alaska, a forlorn lonely place,  
Where everything is stunted, the very trees lose face,

And cloudy skies, are filled with rain,  
to rush down with a roar  
Upon a sodden muskeg ground,  
which seem to ask for more.

The appalling view that greets the eye, turns to a dismal stare  
To give one a sardonic look, between a grin and glare  
Which seems to eat beneath your skin, like some unknown disease  
That one is left bereft of sense, with little else to please.

Now when our time on Earth is spent,  
and we are lost to view,  
To stand beside the Pearly Gates  
with other bushed ones too,  
When Peter opens wide the gate,  
there'll be no cause to fret,  
He'll say "pass friend" with beaming eyes,  
"Your Hell was on Annette."

FL A. R. Button  
in Skeena Sketch.

Service  
**SPORTS**  
From Coast to Coast



The RCAF's East Coast team clashed with the Navy before bowing out of the Halifax League. Cpls Eddie Bush and Roy Conacher are in the thick of it. Below is Conacher with PO Mickey McGuire, manager; PO Kunkel, who played with Ottawa Flyers and Cpl Jimmy McCurry, ex-Montreal Royals star.



**Cooks dish it out**

**WEST COAST** — This isolated RCAF station's ten-team hockey league is supplying the boys with plenty of action. The cooks' team, which boasts a rough bunch of culinary artists, stands second. Duty Fitness starts in the kitchen says the MO, but there's a strong suspicion the cooks merely use this legitimate sports period to square accounts for the insults and questionable comments at meal time.

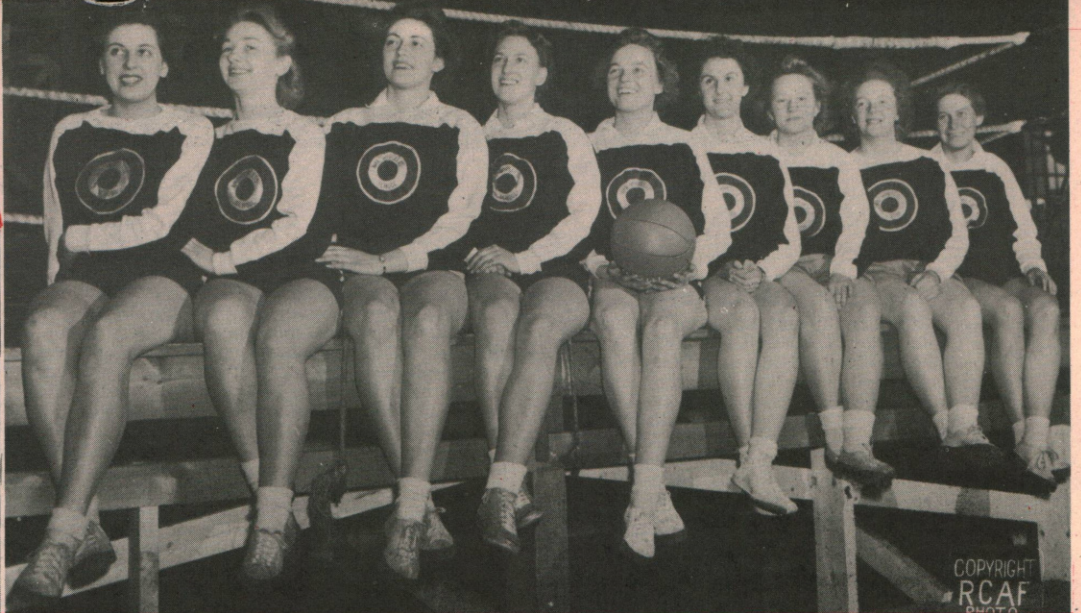
**DREAM TEAM**

**GREAT BRITAIN**—With no fewer than a dozen members of the RCAF hockey team, which nearly two years ago copped the Allan Cup, holding down key service jobs overseas, visions of resurrecting the old squad have appeared to PO Porky Dumart.

"It would be quite an event if we could round up the old team and play a series of games against all-star teams for war charities," he says.

It's Dumart's second winter in England. With him now are fellow Kraut-liners LAC Bobby Bauer and PO Milt Schmidt. One of hockey's greatest scoring aggregations could again see action as a unit if Porky's dream came true.

One of the more recent Allan Cup arrivals is FO Johnny Acheson, Montreal and Toronto. He was the most sought after amateur in Canada when he played for Montreal Royals.



This smart band of WD basketees from 1 Wireless School, Montreal, is captained by Sgt Ethel Boyce of Vancouver. L to R are LAWs Vera Barilko, Edmonton; P. M. MacFarlane, New Brunswick; Betty Cole, Richlea, Sask; SO W. G. Saunders, Peterborough, Ont; Sgt Boyce; LAWs Thelma Gerstman, Regina; E. J. Akerley, New Brunswick; L. A. Booth, Toronto; E. A. Hallman, Galt, Ont.

**GARRISON LOOPS SHINE**

Intramural and garrison hockey leagues are getting the spotlight since RCAF teams eligible for Allan Cup or Memorial Cup playoffs bowed out of the picture. As a result more Air Force personnel are participating. Accent is being placed on Service hockey as part of the physical fitness program which does not interfere with training.

Seven teams were withdrawn from senior competition by the AFHQ order, including one in British Columbia, Calgary, Winnipeg, Toronto, Arnprior, Montreal and an East Coast squad. There were no junior teams made up entirely of Air Force players but a number of Western clubs, including Edmonton, felt the edict.

**Ex-British champ clicks in Canadian mitt debut**

**EAST COAST RAF STATION** — By virtue of his smashing win over Tiger Warrington, Canadian light-heavy, Sgt A. B. "Jock" Porter, a member of this depot's PT staff, crashed the professional boxing sphere with a bang and with further fights in the offing he should build a nationwide reputation in fistic circles during his tour of duty in Canada.

A Scot by birth, he first took up boxing in the Army as a member of a famous Scottish Guards regiment. After he joined the Colchester Borough Police Force, he climbed fast in amateur boxing circles. The climax of his career came in 1939 when he won the A.B.A. British heavyweight championship and in the same year in Berlin, won for Britain the European Police Heavyweight championship. After the outbreak of war Porter did little competitive boxing until he came to Canada early last year where his speed and style made him invaluable as coach to this RAF depot's boxing team. Jock's six foot two invariably gives him an advantage in height and reach. He also shines with the hammer and discus.

**Porky Dumart envisions all-star overseas squad**

Johnny served as a pilot in Eastern Air Command before coming overseas.

PO Jud Miller who stepped up to take Bobby Bauer's spot on the Kraut line when Bobby snapped a fin late in the 1942 season, is a pilot on the overseas list, as is FO Jerry Philbin, Montreal, and Valleyfield defence star. Philbin is captain of a bomber with an RCAF squadron.

Other members of the championship team now overseas include Sgt Pickles McNicholl, former senior OHA, Ottawa City League and Michigan-Ontario league star; LAC Mike Miller, WO Ted Miller and Sgt Buddy Hellyer, Westmount, another pro hockey player.

"We would need a goal keeper to round us out," adds Dumart. "Young George Hainsworth, Jr., who is up in Bomber Group, would fill the bill. He's a chip off the old block, and the old block was good."

**RCAF entry in Cape Breton League not hit by ruling**

**EAST COAST** — The RCAF entry in the Cape Breton Hockey League was not affected by the recent AFHQ ruling since the league is not in the running for the Allan Cup. With entries from Army, Navy and Air Force, it is in the nature of a garrison league.

The Air Force squad is coached by Marty MacDonald, former manager of the Glace Bay Miners. Mainstay of the fliers is LAC Doug Leadbeater, formerly with the Pictou Seniors. Another star is burly, heavy-hitting defenceman Bernie Kropp, who used to play with Winnipeg Juniors. Though a defenceman, Kropp is up in the scoring, providing Leadbeater with ammunition. Paul Hanson, Daws Dempsey, George Elliott, Russ Vibert and Ken Strachan comprise the forwards while Jim Myles, Lou Woolfrey, Joe Demaccio and John Smith are the defencemen. Jim has been turning in a fine job in the nets.

**Whistle toin' looters**

**WINNIPEG** — All outstanding Winnipeg RCAF Bomber players are whistle-tooters in the new Inter-Unit Intermediate Hockey League which was formed after Bombers withdrew from the senior hockey race in compliance with an AFHQ ruling.

LAC Pete Langelle, Cpl Wally Stanowski, AC1 Alf Pike, Sgt Maurice Marchant, Sgt Rene Trudel, LAC Joe Krol, Sgt Bob Luney, LAC Roy McBride and LAC Paul Platz are referees in the six-team loop which got under way recently on its thirty-game schedule.

The teams include 3 Wireless School, 5 Air Observer School, 2 Training Command Headquarters, 8 Repair Depot, 15 Aeronautical Inspection Detachment and 7 Equipment Depot.

**ROUND-UP**

**EDMONTON** — Among a group of recent arrivals to 3 M Depot Reception Wing was AC2 Don Metz, who starred with the Toronto Maple Leafs for several seasons. Don transferred from the Army to go aircrew.

**BELLEVILLE** — Trenton, Mountain View, 6 Repair Depot and Deseronto Mohawks comprise the RCAF Bay of Quinte Hockey League. WO1 Danny Cowley, brother of Bill of Boston Bruins fame, is coaching the Mountain View Bombers this winter. He was a member of Trenton Air Force champs back in 1937.

**WINNIPEG** — Jimmy Foster, 38, goalkeeper, who helped Moncton Hawks win the Allan Cup twice, then played for the English Olympic hockey champions in 1936, is back in Winnipeg coaching 5 Air Observer School team.

**CALGARY** — Relations with the Alberta Amateur Hockey Association, a branch of the CAHA, have been severed by the Alberta Services Senior Hockey League, with a view of carrying on in the Calgary Garrison League. The RCAF ban on Air Force players affected Russ and Bill Dertell, Pete Slobodian, Bob Brownbridge, Ken Hunter and Johnny Chad, formerly of the Mustangs, who with the Navy, made up the Tecumseh-Mustangs Combines in the senior loop.

NEWS FROM YOUR

# Home Town

## BRITISH COLUMBIA

"Gyp", six-year-old cocker spaniel owned by Group Captain Roy H. Foss, died at **Prince Rupert**. The dog had 300 hours flying time to its credit on Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and accompanied its master on a flight into Labrador to rescue three American airmen. Construction will shortly begin at **Victoria** on a large modern hospital for patients of the armed forces to be managed by the Navy. Mrs. Mary Norman wrote **Burnaby** City council she is not in position to pay taxes on two dogs, pals of her sons, one wounded at Dieppe and the other fighting in Italy. Councillors wanted to pay the taxes themselves, but Reeve W. T. Wilson ruled the by-law must be enforced to avoid a flood of applications for exemptions. Croats and Serbs; many from Pacific Coast logging camps, are seeking to get back to their native country to fight for its independence. It is reported that a number have already slipped out of **Vancouver** on Russian ships to join partisan forces, working their way through Russia. Fire caused heavy damage to the beautiful ranch home of Major Hugh N. Fraser at **Okanagan Falls**. In 1940 Major Fraser elected to remain a bachelor despite the fact that he thereby forfeited \$1,500,000 willed to him by his father on condition that he marry.

## ALBERTA

**Calgary** is still a cowtown; that fact was proved when thirteen cows were strolling down the business section after breaking out of an auction mart enclosure. Here's one for the book: Many **Killam** folks are complaining about pains at the back of their necks—the cause was traced to watching planes going over at night. Mike Hands, ninety-five-year-old pensioner who lives alone at **Rypley**, has told council of **Beaver** municipal district he doesn't need looking after. He doubted the value of "this newfangled vitamin business" and to prove his physical prowess, nimbly negotiated almost-perpendicular stairs in his home. He has eaten nothing but pancakes, made of his own home-ground flour, and milk, for the past 25 years, he said. C. Schmick, a farmer north of **Grimshaw**, in the Peace River district, captured a young eagle with a wingspread of between five and six feet, with talons about one and a half inches long. It was caught in a coyote trap while attempting to steal the bait. Lieut. Dorothy Ray, reported to be the first Canadian to join the United States Women's Army Corps, has been promoted to captain. She is a native of **Diamond City**.

## SASKATCHEWAN

A young lady walked into a **Regina** tobacconist's, asked for a pipe, then for a sample of pipe tobacco. She filled the pipe, lit up and was off in a cloud of smoke. Sgt James Key of **Saskatoon** is back home after discharge from the army ended a forty-four-year military career. He finally admitted to sixty-one years of age instead of the forty-five he reported when he enlisted. Two-gun Shorty Schick and Dynamite Slim Harvey, both of **Butte, Mont.**, sent their horses back home when they arrived at **Regina** at the end of a 1,600-mile trek with more than 1,000 head of cattle. The pair were a shock to city slickers as they strolled down the streets attired in real cow-puncher outfits—spurred boots, ten-gallon hats and all. **Wynyard** has a welcoming committee to greet members of the armed forces from this district when they return home. The committee turned out en masse to welcome FL Barry Needham when he returned from overseas. Members of the League of Indians meeting at **Poundmaker's** reserve passed resolutions asking for elective representation in federal parliament, old age pensions and an amendment of the provincial public school act to provide for establishment of schools on reserves. A total of 240,698 tons of coal was mined at the **Estevan-Bienfait** coal field during November, establishing a new production record.

## MANITOBA

A 17-year-old husband was ordered in **Winnipeg** police court to pay \$5 weekly to the support of his teen-age wife and infant daughter. The court doubted its jurisdiction at first over the case of non-support brought in what was termed the "baby husband and wife case". Two electric lighting trucks, two fire wagons, a police rescue squad and ambulance turned out to answer a fire alarm at

a **Winnipeg** apartment occupied by J. C. Hamilton. Investigation revealed all that was burning was a ham left in the oven too long. Of **Stony Mountain's** pre-war population of 400, 201 have enlisted in the armed forces and ninety-five now are overseas. At **Winnipeg** a truck skidded into a bicycle ridden by Harold Meredith, struck a horse-drawn breadwagon, killing the animal and then ricocheted into an auto driven by David Dyson. Pte Alice M. Hooper of **Woodside** celebrated her 18th birthday by joining the CWAC and following in the footsteps of her seven brothers, all of whom are in khaki. John Dare of **Belmont** saved the lives of Grant Stevenson and Ruth Phillips when the young couple broke through the ice in the river while skating.

## Letter From Home For

### SGT GLENN SAHLI RCAF, East Coast

Fort Erie, Ont.

Dear Glenn:

I am told by your sister that your father, Flight Sgt. A. G. Sahli has now been transferred from Northern Ireland to England. A letter has recently been received from him and he appears to be in the best of health. Your brother, LAC Eric Sahli, at present in Toronto, says he expects to be posted in the near future.

The Irvin Air Chute had its annual dinner recently at the Erie Downs Golf Club and it was a swell affair. Your name was mentioned as one of those whom it would have been a pleasure to have present. As you know most of the boys on the cable gang with whom you worked have also joined up in one branch of the forces or another. But the work is still going on the same, though there are many new faces and very few old ones.

Your friends, Lloyd James and Carl Gorham, wish to be remembered to you, and Harry Nelson, your ex-boss, also sends wishes for the best of luck. All the staff of the old plant are pulling for you to get back home as soon as is practicable.

E. W. Johnston, Editor,  
The Fort Erie Times Review.

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

## ONTARIO

A broken leg did not stop the wedding of Stanley Nordstrom of **Ena**. Confined to hospital with a leg fracture, Nordstrom married Miss Elsie Litke of **Beausejour, Man.**, on the day planned. Hospital attendants witnessed the ceremony. Mrs. Margaret Sheppard of **Hamilton** got rid of a holdup man with ease. When the gunman walked into her kitchen she said her husband was talking with a police officer in the other room. She gave the thief fifteen cents and he made a swift and silent exit. A public fund to raise \$200 for preservation of an 88-year-old walnut tree, a local landmark, has been organized by a group of **Preston** citizens. A **Kitchener** veneer manufacturer who recently purchased the tree agreed to forego cutting it down for manufacturing purposes on repayment of his investment. The **Toronto** Transportation Commission and the Gray Coach Lines hope to use helicopters and other aircraft for an air service after the war. Hundreds of wild ducks perished when they plunged over **Niagara** horseshoe falls during a heavy fog which blanketed the river. If it takes 426 yards of knitting wool to assemble a pair of men's socks, Mrs. Matthew Spencer of **Hespeler** has clicked her way through 211 miles of wool, in knitting a total of 873 pairs of socks for servicemen. A transport truck driving east of **Woodstock** swerved to avoid a child in a scooter wagon and struck the cottage of Mrs. Madge Baskett, pushing it back one inch on its foundation.

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

## QUEBEC

Businessmen of **St. Joseph de Beauce** were refused permission to carry the mail from **Valley Junction** five miles away; the men wanted to bring the mail during temporary lack of a regular carrier. Miss Theo Keely, Quebec provincial hurdles champion who was spending the night with Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Lansing at **St. Lambert**, climbed out on the roof of the front porch and jumped to the ground to turn in an alarm, when fire destroyed the home and took the lives of four Lansing children. Arthur Matte of **Portneuf** county, village of **Neuville**, was brought to safety from the **St. Lawrence** River after a block of ice on which stood his small fishing cabin, broke away from shore.

## NEW BRUNSWICK

Things are looking pretty bright at **Chatham**; two rainbows were observed one morning recently. **Saint John** housing shortage is steadily becoming worse; social workers discovered that a man and wife and six children were sleeping in one room, most of them on chairs. Many families live in old stores. Membership in the Maritime Hospital Service Association has risen to 12,487 since its organization last June. Sixty-eight years married are Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nelson of **McAdam**. Donald MacFarland's automobile broke through the ice of the **Kennebecas** River near **Saint John**, but he and his wife and two small children managed to clamber to safety.

## NOVA SCOTIA

A three-way subway beneath **Halifax** Harbor to connect **Halifax** and **Dartmouth** has been advocated. Reports say it would cost only \$3,000,000, compared with \$6,000,000 to \$8,000,000 for a bridge. **Digby** was turned into a virtual refugee camp when hundreds of passengers, unable to obtain passage on the boat to **Saint John, N.B.**, were forced to stay overnight. Many went from door to door begging shelter when the limited hotel accommodations were filled. A year's search for a home in **Halifax** for his family of eight children ended successfully for Cecil C. Newcombe, a dockyard employee. Newcombe was awakened one night by a delegation and told he was the winner of the model home raffled by the Kinsmen's Club. When Paddy Delaney of **New Waterford** makes his way over a high scaffold or crawls over the roof watchers hold their breath. Paddy, who is building his own home with a store attached, is blind. His only help is a twelve-year-old boy. The old twelve-pounder gun at **Halifax** that has boomed out the noon-day signal from Citadel Hill since 1913 has been "retired". Its place has been taken by a modern eighteen-pounder, for which charges can be obtained more easily. The **Cape Breton** Labor Council, meeting at **Sydney**, have protested to Ottawa about the shortage of children's clothing. Traffic was tied up for an hour when a coal truck dumped three tons of coal at a **Halifax** intersection; the red-faced driver explained one of his helpers accidentally tripped the dumping lever.

## PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Hunters in **Prince Edward Island** are trapping an unusually large number of wild foxes this year and high prices are being paid for the red pelts. Many **Prince Edward Island** farmers with timber on their properties are having a big season in the woods; demand for fuelwood and lumber is keen and prices good. The first car lot of dehydrated potatoes, destined for overseas, has been shipped from the new dehydration plant at **Summerside**. Firemen in **Charlottetown** aren't laughing over the latest in false alarm gags. Someone called the fire station and said a horse had broken through the harbor ice near the city. Firemen found no trace of the horse nor any sign it had gone through the ice. In 1877 young Joseph Reeves, then sixteen, subscribed to a **Summerside** weekly at a picnic. Now eighty-eight, the old gent dropped into the newspaper office recently to make his sixty-sixth annual renewal.

## NEWFIE BOUND

or  
WHY BOTHER THE PADRE?

A WINGS correspondent in  
the island hinterland tells all

In

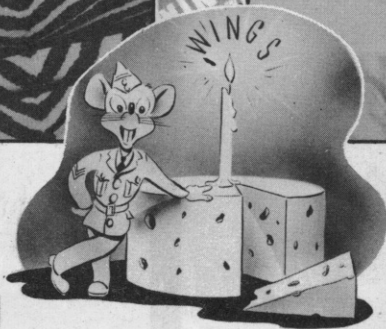
## March WINGS



For big game hunters everywhere  
A zebra rug (and Janet Blair)



Upsweep from a gentle swell —  
Marguerite Chapman (Columbia gal)



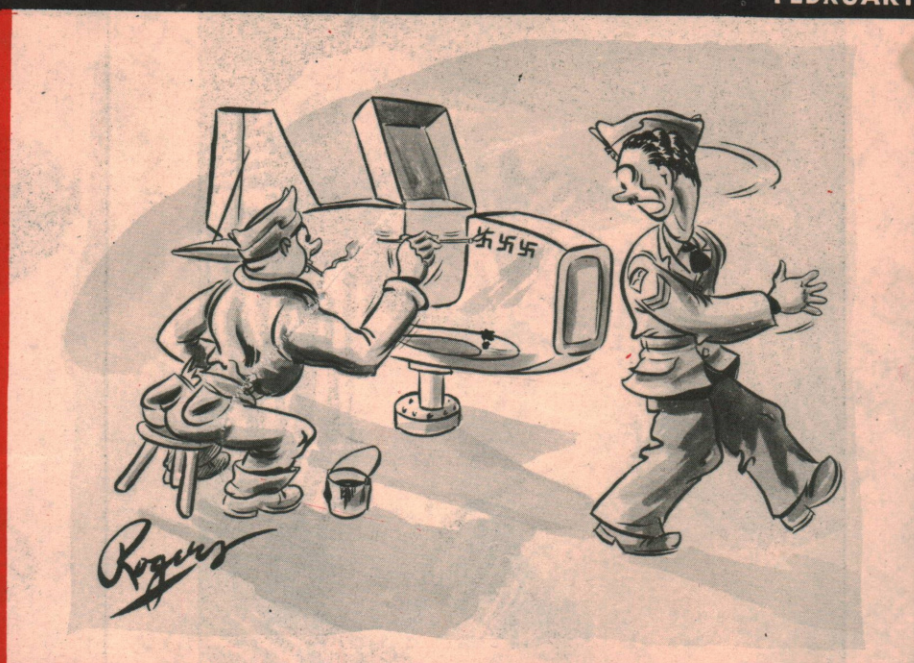
Since eggs are at a premium  
And icing's hard to find  
We mixed a little cheesecake  
With a birthday cake in mind



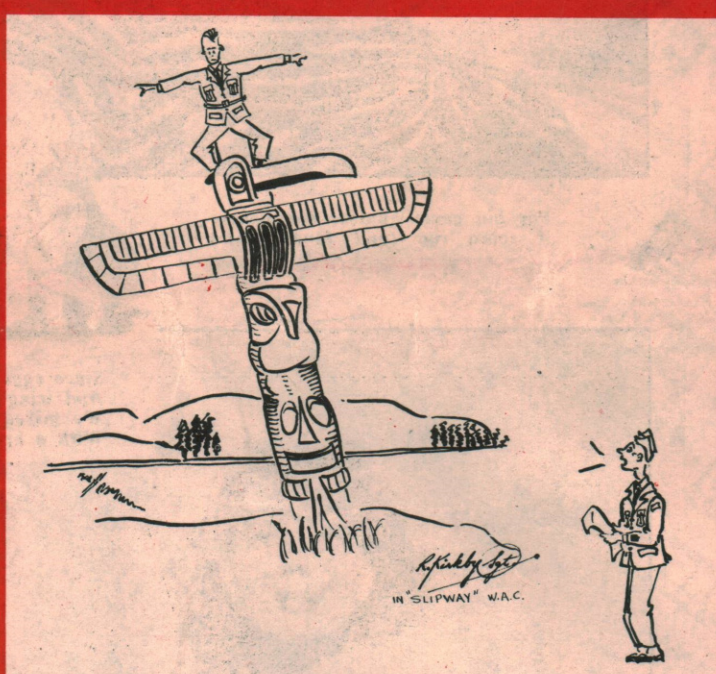
Ann Sothorn in a nice (re)pose  
Set off by just a touch of clothes



Bunny Waters (MGM)  
A six-foot two-inch hunk of femme



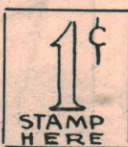
"JUST BECAUSE YOUR MAID LEFT IS NO REASON FOR MY GREGORY TO BE JOED FOR ALL YOUR KITCHEN FATIGUES"



"YOU CAN COME DOWN NOW THE PARADE HAS BEEN CANCELLED"

MAIL THIS COPY HOME

From: \_\_\_\_\_



To: \_\_\_\_\_

STREET \_\_\_\_\_

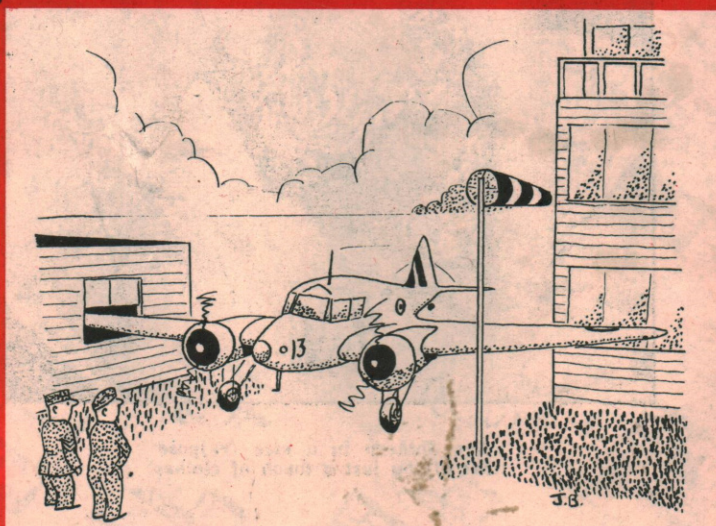
TOWN \_\_\_\_\_

PROVINCE OR STATE \_\_\_\_\_

COUNTRY (U.S.A. OR CANADA) \_\_\_\_\_

4649.003

POSTAL REGULATIONS PROHIBIT MAILING MAGAZINES OVERSEAS.



"I DON'T KNOW HOW HE GOT THERE BUT I KNOW HE'S GOING TO GET OUT OF IT HIMSELF"

FOLD IN HALF WITH ADDRESS PANEL SHOWING, STAPLE, AND MAIL TO THE FOLKS, YOUR GIRL FRIEND OR A CIVILIAN PAL