

WINGS



LOG OF THE RCAF



5c
APRIL
1944

BOY MEETS GIRLS — See page 7

Winged Commandos

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Bug Chasers

When trouble baffles station mechs, then T & D takes over

by FO SAM CROMIE, PRO

"G ROUND all Oxford aircraft until further notice."

Teletypes from Halifax to Vancouver clacked out this message and within a few hours Oxfords stood dismally lined up on RCAF tarmacs across the country, virtually crying for pilots to climb in and fly them.

But the Oxfords were doomed to remain earth-bound until somebody found a cure for a small mechanical "bug" that had persisted until finally the situation called for drastic action. The ailment that had baffled the mechanics was in the fuel pressure transmitter, the device which operates the all-important fuel pressure gauge. It had developed a habit of snapping off at the carburetor as a result of vibration whipped up during hundreds of hours' flying. Different metals had been tried in the "T" fitting that joined it to the carburetor, but dangerous fuel leaks still occurred.

At Air Force Headquarters, members of the Directorate of Aeronautical Engineering put their heads together and decided on a plan to rid the Oxfords of the elusive "bug" that was costing valuable flying hours. They went to Test and Development Establishment at Rockcliffe Air Station and pulled an Oxford off the line and turned their idea over to the maintenance crew who went to work on it — with no holds barred.

The job of making the new installation fell to FO Jerry O'Kelly who heads the maintenance crew at T and D. With fifteen years as an aero-engine mechanic with the RCAF, and an air gunner's wing on his tunic to show for months spent on long, tough patrols over the West Coast, the big Vancouver Irishman packed a lot of engine "know-how" in his head.

He yanked the ailing transmitter off the carburetor and mounted it on the fire wall and hooked them up with a flexible coupling. Simple; but would it work? The Oxford was put back together again and turned over to a gang of test pilots who make it their job to find out if things like this will stand the gaff of training flying.

They put the Oxford through everything in the books and declared the device O.K. Losing no time, details of the modification were rushed across the country, and the Oxfords were back in the air again in short order.

THEORY AND PRACTISE

Beating the "Oxford case" is a typical phase of work carried out by the RCAF's Aeronautical Engineering Division. At Air Force Headquarters engineers put in long hours on paper work, figuring ways of improving RCAF planes and equipment. At Test and Development Establishment more engineers and test pilots put the ideas through the gauntlet. They "give 'em the works", hunt out the bugs, suggest improvements and declare them fit — or flunked.

When the first moulded plywood fuselage for the Anson was produced, T&D put it through its paces before it was accepted by the RCAF. Warmer cockpits, more efficient propellers and greater engine power have resulted from tests and ideas carried out at the Rockcliffe unit.

Test and Development is unusual among RCAF establishments. It has a higher percentage



IT'S ALL IN A DAY'S WORK FOR SL J. A. MACLEAN, DFC, OC OF TEST AND DEVELOPMENT AND SL G. S. Pallen, CHIEF TEST PILOT, TO PUT LANC OR TINY CORNELL THROUGH THEIR PACES

of NCOs than any other in Canada, and for a good reason. They have twenty-five different types of aircraft on hand and maintenance men have to know every nut and bolt on them, including intimate working knowledge of aero engines from Gypsy Majors to Rolls Royce Merlins. It's not surprising that ninety per cent of the well-worn overalls you see around there are draped over flight sergeants, sergeants and corporals.

CUT DAMAGE RATE

Inventions and suggestions are encouraged at T&D and a suggestion box hung outside the offices nets about twenty usable ideas a month. One of those ideas was behind the recent commendation from the CO of the unit, to the effect that "during the past five months" no aircraft had been damaged in the hangars.

That resulted from an idea of FS Harry Feinberg of Toronto, who wrestled with the problem of shifting different sized aircraft around the hangars and came out with a universal towing device that fits every plane from a Moth up. Feinberg built his device himself using some steel pipe, a couple of rubber-tired wheels and a welding torch. Special adaptors for all sized aircraft are carried, and they are selected as needed and fitted in no time. Where previously it took many men and as many hours a day to shift planes around, it now takes a few minutes, and with the towing gear the planes are completely manoeuvrable and can be parked as easily as a kiddy car.

Another time-saver invented by Feinberg is the universal spark plug wrench. With many different motors and as many varied plugs to take apart and clean much time was wasted selecting tools to do the job. Now WDs take down and clean spark plugs speedily and they're never stumped by odd sizes and types.

OC of the Establishment is SL J. A. MacLean, DFC, who served as a test pilot at one of the biggest experimental stations overseas, after putting some time on operations as a bomber pilot. His log records some forty-two types of planes that he has flown since he's been on the job.

Chief test pilot is SL G. S. Pallen of Regina, and with him are pilots who between them have flown ninety types of aircraft.

Test flying isn't all clear skies and tail winds, and the pilots are often called on to fly new types of aircraft without special training. That sort of flying calls for plenty of ability.

Winter flying problems give Test and Development its biggest and most consistent headache, but produce some of the most noteworthy results. The latest contribution to the battle against aviation's enemy No. 1 — icing up — is the "juke box control". De-icing ordinarily works on the principle of inflating and deflating a rubber "boot" along the front edges of wings, tail and rudder. But sometimes Mother Nature's inconsistent habits licked this system and ice formed despite the steady pulsation of the rubber boots.

PUSH-BUTTON CONTROL

The "juke box control" beats that. With it, the operator can vary the timing and placing of the inflation and speed of the action to cope with the prevalent icing conditions. The control looks like a miniature juke box with a row of illuminated buttons on its face — but instead of No. 6 producing "Pistol Packin' Momma", it controls a certain section of the de-icing boots.

Do you get airsick? T&D are working on the answer to that one too, in collaboration with the Aviation Medical Research Committee. In the workshop, airmen are making a special adjustable aircraft seat, which experts hope may help lessen airsickness. Forty airmen who suffer from the ailment will be brought to Rockcliffe and flown around in a plane equipped with the new seat, in the hope that definite relationship between posture and airsickness can be established.

That's how Test and Development, often under the heavy shrouds of secrecy, is working with scientific and mechanical skill to improve equipment and make flying safe for Joe Erk in the RCAF — and it's a contribution Joe Civilian may appreciate when peaceful times roll around again and everybody and his brother is flying an airplane.

FS MIKE CLARK, CALGARY, WITH DE-ICING GADGET THAT T & D CALLS THE JUKE BOX

FS HARRY FEINBERG'S UNIVERSAL TOWING GEAR DESIGNED TO HAUL ANY SIZE KITE

AW BERNICE PRENTICE CAN TAKE APART ANY SPARK PLUG WITH THIS INGENIOUS WRENCH



Leadership, stamina, survival—these are the elements of the new grad course that turns RCAF aircrew into...

by SGT-BOMBAIMER IRV JOHN'S

THE morning stillness shattered into echoing action as a yelling, leaping group of figures streaked across a field, caromed off the top of high barriers, tore through barbed wire entanglements, and were momentarily silhouetted against the early sky on high-swinging ropes to disappear down the road like Gunder Haegg in a hurry.

And that, brother, is how air graduates are being trained to travel now.

In the most outstanding addition to the "flying" syllabus for some time, all aircrew will now complete a month's gruelling workout at an Air Graduate Training School, before continuing overseas. Four centres are now in full swing, No 1 at Maitland, N.S., and No 2 at Quebec City are stations for commissioned graduates, with No 3 at Three Rivers, Que., and No 4 at Valleyfield, Que., accommodating the sergeant graduates.

Newly-winged fliers fresh from months of Service life as trainees under instruction suddenly find themselves on the other end of the stick at these grad schools. Leadership is what they're here to learn — and they learn by getting out and tackling tough field assignments on their own and taking turns in directing the combined efforts of

records straight. So we'll tag along with the commandos on an average day's manoeuvres at Three Rivers.

Swinging along single file and at a smart dog trot, the party leaves the camp gates early in the morning, heading for the hills. Across their shoulders is strung a hundred-foot length of rope. Once in the hills, the beaten track is abandoned and the men scramble, alpine style, up the rocky terrain. After trekking through the woods for a time, their progress is halted by a chasm, its precipice sheering away almost vertically below. The rope is snubbed to a nearby tree and over the cliff go the commandos, dropping rapidly to the ravine floor. The loose end of the rope is carried up the opposite slope, anchored there, and left to provide a rope bridge for following parties.

Rising above the surrounding terrain ahead is a hill. It has been designated an enemy position and is their objective. The men have been taught the correct method of attack. Just to make sure no mistakes are made, the army instructors, armed with Sten guns, take up strategic positions. A member of the attacking group finds out he is doing something wrong when a whistling slug cuts the air over his tin hat. The men learn quickly, remember well.

They are shown how to disarm the enemy by some handy trick which usually involves breaking his arm and literally beating him over the head with it. The methods are all quite practical although somewhat at variance with the Marquis of Queensbury rules.

A spot of gun-handling is taken next, with the party moving up to the range. Here they discover for themselves what a handy little gadget the Sten gun is and are given a chance to demonstrate their own accuracy with it. The Bren gun is also an item on the program.

The crew finally returns to camp, tired but not downhearted. A hot shower and a sizzling supper top off the day. Added up, they have quite probably done in one day the equivalent to a month's PT at a flying school. And here's the pay-off. Almost without exception, they didn't even realize they were doing it. While the training is quite probably the most rigorous they will ever have to take, the method of dispensing it makes it as easy to down as a candy-coated pill. It can be stated here that few and far between are the fellows, who, after the initial week of the course, are not thoroughly enjoying themselves.

Favourite sport is the night scheme in which a group of men are driven from the station after darkness in a blacked-out van to a desolate spot about twenty-five miles from the station and dropped there. They must be back in camp the next morning by 0700 hours. To make it a little



the groups to which they are assigned. They're made to realize that with those bright new stripes and rings they've also taken on a chunk of responsibility for helping to run their part of the war.

But perhaps the biggest eye-opener for the boys is the action close-up the course gives them of how an army operates, as taught by veteran army instructors for a two-fold practical purpose. First, every flying man must understand the close link between air and ground operations if he is to pull his weight in the giant scale combined operations to come. Second, when those operations start any flier is apt to bail out into a battle area where he may have to fight his own way back; or he may find himself temporarily attached to one of our advanced ground units, with his chances of survival depending on his ability to toss grenades or man a Bren gun.

"Survival" is another vital element of this course for aircrew grads. Because they don't merely "study" ground warfare tactics but learn by participating in hard-slugging, cross-country schemes, these winged commandos quit the course as hardy and toughened a bunch of fighting men as you'll find anywhere, having added greatly to the stamina and endurance which will carry them through gruelling hours in enemy skies.

The Commando tricks and ground fighting tactics are handled by experts. Army officers with battletickets which have routed them through Dunkirk, Dieppe and other historic frays, acquaint the sky-men with what happens on the ground. Field manoeuvres, battle formations, hand-to-hand fighting and camouflage are a few of the subjects covered. Air Force subjects are also handled by experts, often aircrew veterans just back from ops.

As reports of the new course have travelled down the grapevine to air training schools across the Dominion, airmen nearing their wing parades stop in their tracks, mutter down their beards and consider flying the coop. The reports have a way of becoming distorted. The writer, having recently completed the course, hastens to set the

The party leader despatches a group of his men as a "recco" patrol. Scattering out, they "monkey run" where cover permits and "leopard crawl" in partially open territory. The recco lads finally work themselves to points of vantage, observe the enemy and return with reports of his number and activity.

A plan of attack is formulated and the whole party goes into action. A frontal assault has been decided on, with the attackers creeping in as close as possible before exposing themselves. Forward they go. Slightly over-enthused, one member raises his head to take a peek around. Half a dozen slugs whine warningly by, and he flattens.

Finally in position, the party breaks cover, and with an ear-splitting yell that would have echoed back from the rim of creation, they charge the enemy position, using all the commando tactics they've learned in an effort to oust the position. Mortars, Sten and rifle fire add realism to the uproar. A winner is declared and the trainees gather around their instructors who point out mistakes made in the attack and answer questions on different types of approach. Each airman has learned that in an army platoon every soldier has a certain duty to carry out, exactly the same as in an aircrew team.

MONKEY ACT

The afternoon's operations start with a game that would make a monkey out of a monkey. Tied to trees about twenty feet above the ground, two ropes form a horizontal cross. At the base of each tree a team falls in, the first member shinies up and out on the rope. His job is to crawl across it to the other tree, but of course members of the other teams are also starting across from their trees. The idea is to shake the other fellow off and get across yourself. It has all the patent medicines beat to a frazzle as a cure for after-dinner indigestion.

Now the men get down to a little practice on what to do with Jerry in a hand-to-hand combat.

more interesting a number of SPs are scattered around the countryside to guard bridges and crossroads and pick up any of the group they may nab. The town police are notified when the manoeuvre is in progress, and are instructed to toss any "prowlers" they may catch into the local jail.

Considerable initiative has been displayed by the boys in getting back. In one case, the night party learned in advance their time of departure. They did a hurried bit of phoning. When the van left the station carrying the coverall-clad party, a cruising taxi immediately started to follow at a safe distance. The boys were deposited in a desolated spot and the van disappeared. Minutes later the taxi appeared on the scene, and the jubilant crew followed the station van right back to town. Having until morning to report, they decided to brush up on a few of the latest steps at the town struttery. At this point, however, their scheme ran amok. Still wearing their very informal khaki dress, they were quite conspicuous, especially to an SP who dropped in. He promptly slapped the enterprising gentlemen in the sin-bin.

On the less strenuous side, yet of major importance to the grad, are the classroom lectures. Questions concerning technicalities of Service law and discipline which he has encountered during aircrew training are answered by experts. The duties and obligations of his new rank are impressed upon him. Security becomes a subject of interest when translated into terms of his own safety while on operations and in event of his capture by the enemy.

When his month's course has slipped by, the air graduate is posted to "Y" Depot to await an overseas draft. He will soon come to grips with a new opponent, and this time the chips will be down. With the confidence that springs from a keen mind and a fit body, he will meet his enemy, and in conquering him will reflect upon the advantage he carries due to the finest aircrew training available, topped by a he-man's course in the gentle art of survival.

COMMAND PERFORMANCE

Two madcap sergeants dig out and air that rich vein of entertainment ore buried in RCAF camps

AN expectant hush settles on the crowded recreation hall. Standing tensed at the microphone on the stage, the announcer, an acey-twice from the firehall, stares unblinkingly into the wings waiting for his cue. The footlights reflect dully in the beads of nervous perspiration on the brow of the orchestra leader, a flight lieutenant from the maintenance wing, whose mouth hangs ajar ready for the sudden insertion of a saxophone.

Abruptly the engineer nods the cue — "On the air" — and the announcer is saying:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the Royal Canadian Air Force presents — Command Performance!"

A wave of applause thunders up from the sea of faces in enthusiastic obedience to the fran-

born Cluff, enlisted into Entertainment, had three thousand hours on the air as a vocalist and master of ceremonies, and had sung many concerts for the Armed Forces. He was chosen to MC the shows. Nicol, erstwhile columnist for the Vancouver News-Herald and scripter for the CBC program, "Stag Party", was picked as the writer. Between them, these two men were to be responsible for everything from auditions, publicity, and rehearsals to stenciling scripts and sweeping up the stage.

Evidently owing to the rare and exotic na-



"Weird and wonderful" has been the talent paraded at station auditions.

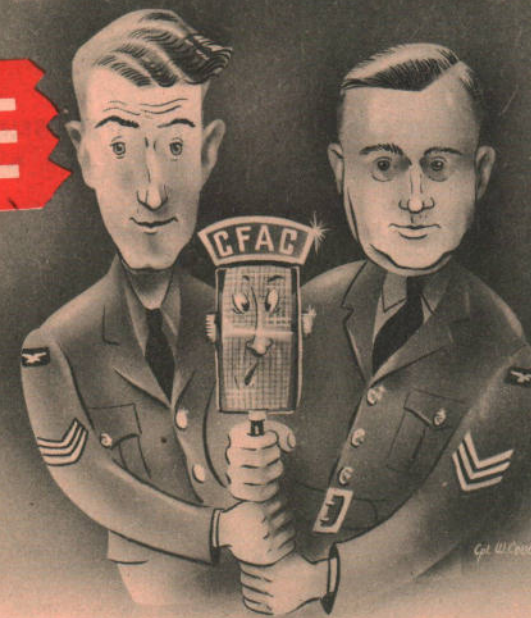
ture of their duties, Cluff and Nicol were made GDs. Knowing WD to mean the Women's Division, they admit that it was six months before they learned that GD did not mean the Gentlemen's Division, and that they had to salute the same as everybody else.

THE first "Command Performance" was committed on March 4, 1943, and the sergeants immediately realized that they were going to have a hit on their hands, the sponsor rapping them across the knuckles as soon as he heard the program. Because of poor publicity, and the fact that pay-day was recent enough for most airmen to escape into town, the turn-out was very poor.

Then somebody decided it would be a good idea to parade the duty watch into the recreation hall. Sure enough, a few minutes before the show went on the air, the sergeants saw a straggling, snarling column of conscripted audience entering the side door. Unfortunately, the corporal in charge of the parade had remained in the rear of his flight outside the building, so that the duty watch marched right past the stage, mouthing unpleasant oaths, and out the door on the opposite side, leaving the last file and the corporal to witness the spectacle of two sergeants lying on the stage blubbering and beating the floor with their little fists.

After their inauspicious beginning, the sergeants took the show on the road. Their method of preparing the weekly broadcast is simple. Arriving on station, they first report to the adjutant. This takes care of the first three days. The sergeants are often to be seen busy with their light housekeeping in front of an adjutant's office. "The years pass like nothing," they say.

Auditions for the broadcast are held in the station recreation hall, and everybody who turns out for them is given a fair chance. Weird and wonderful have been the various talents paraded before the sergeants in the past year, including former professionals, everlasting amateurs, a world's champion yo-yo player, a cockney-voiced Chinese lad in the Royal Australian Air Force, a



Boss gremlins of 4 TC's big radio show: Sgts Eric Nicol, script writer, and Harold Cluff, MC.

home-made military band, and a couple of refugees from the Saskatchewan Music Festival of 1925.

HAVING made their selection of artists, Sergeant Nicol writes the script. At last the day of the broadcast arrives, and the two sergeants return to the station early to commence rehearsals.

Diabolical means have been discovered whereby rehearsals can be delayed almost indefinitely. A commanding officer's parade is sure-fire, the sergeants say, and no rehearsal is complete without one. Further ingenuity was displayed on one station where, just as the rehearsal was about to begin, two officers trooped in, set up a card table in front of the consternated producers, and proceeded to take inventory of all band instruments. For an hour, everything from tubas to flutes floated past the officers' reviewing stand, while Cluff and Nicol rolled around giggling in their issue strait-jackets. "At first the program was a headache," they say. "Then it became a pain in the neck and worked south from there."

In the evening, the program is broadcast before an enthusiastic crowd of station personnel, lured into the trap by posters advertising "Dottie and Her Dance of the Dozen Dollies". No admission is charged to get in for the broadcast. The sergeants say they have found that they can make more money, once they have the people in, by charging them to get out.

IN the second series of broadcasts, the programs have been transcribed by Calgary station CFAC on a portable recording unit flown with engineers to the Air Force station, and broadcast the following week over six stations covering the area from Regina to the West Coast. Recording has eliminated expensive line costs. In spite of human and technical fallibilities, the program has gone on the air every week, attracting a large radio following, playing before nearly twenty-five thousand airmen and airwomen in the recreation halls of forty stations, and affording hundreds of talented personnel the opportunity and thrill of being part of a show that may be heard by their families and friends at home.

Asked how they have managed to complete their assignment with such considerable success, the NCO's are unstinting in their own praise. "All we needed," they declare, "was a fine sense of tact, a relentless determination, and a letter from Air Vice-Marshal Howsam. With that combination we were a cinch to get what we wanted."

But the boys do acknowledge their gratitude to the many fine artists serving in the RCAF who have made "Command Performance" eminently listenable, and to the Auxiliary Services — YMCA, K of C, Salvation Army, and Canadian Legion — without whose cooperation there could have been no program. Squadron Leader Herbert Bouts, Auxiliary Services head, has been kept busy playing lifeguard to the sergeants' cries for help whenever they get out of their depth, and the airmen know they have the full weight of Number Four TCHQ behind them.

If nothing else, "Command Performance" has proved that there is a rich vein of entertainment ore in the ranks of the RCAF and the RAF in Canada. All it requires is somebody to dig it out.

"We just happened to be the type for the digger," smile Sergeants Cluff and Nicol.

tically flipping hand of a short, globular sergeant beside the announcer, then ebbs away under the descending palm. With the seven-piece station dance band staggering along manfully under the weight of the "RCAF March Past", the announcer is well into his opening: "... programs presented by and from stations of the RAF and the RCAF in Number Four Training Command ... a half-hour of 'open house' on an Air Force camp ... a revelation via radio of its functions and its fun ... the RCAF concert party of the air ... presenting talented boys and girls in blue who are winning this war our way ..."

AND so another edition of "Command Performance" hits the air. The pudgy sergeant takes over as master of ceremonies, parading singers, comedians and instrumentalists to the mike for their two-minute taste of glory. A second sergeant, a little taller and considerably thinner than the first, stands in the wings, stop-watch in hand, occasionally gesticulating fiercely to the sergeant at the mike to indicate that the program is running either over or under time. If the fat sergeant sees that the thin sergeant has fainted and is being carried away, he knows that the program is running on schedule.

The names of this brace of NCOs are Harold Cluff and Eric Nicol. The weekly program they have arranged, written and produced for the past year was originally the brainchild of FL Bob Cooté, RCAF Entertainment officer. FL Cooté, along with FL R. O. L'Ami of Public Relations, arranged a series of broadcasts from ten stations in the Calgary area, all of which possessed talented personnel. A sponsor was obtained, and all that remained was to find somebody in the service who could make the programs a reality. This job was considered so important that it was decided to hand it over to a couple of sergeants. Toronto-

Back from the Bench

by FS DOUG HENDERSON
RCAF Public Relations

WINNIPEG — That settled it, he would fly again!

Spitfire Pilot Bill Scrimgeour, dark-haired and chunkily built, stuck his hands deep in the trouser pockets of his blue battle-dress, and kicked his peg leg determinedly against the shabby boards in the tiny Milverton rink. Which marked up the second impelling decision made in the same number of minutes while he watched the home team carve out harsh ice patterns during a hockey practice.

He hadn't been an expert hockey player in the little Ontario town for nothing, nor had he wasted his time studying the way each player kept his legs at the same rigid angle while skating.

Sure he only had one good leg. But why couldn't he have Steve the town blacksmith rig up his peg leg with a skate? If he could skate again, why couldn't he fly? If he could fly he would be happy. Simple enough.

Besides there was an artificial limb waiting for him at Christie Street Hospital — a slick job — with all sorts of fancy gadgets that made him chuckle when he thought about them.

The little drama in the Milverton rink took place slightly more than a year ago. A long year . . . for it was only the other day that WO1 W. G. Scrimgeour took to the air again as a fully qualified pilot at 1 CNS, Rivers, Man. Maybe it won't be so long (this he hopes for) until he's back again in a Spit whistling across the channel on a sweep, thumbing his nose at the Gremlins. The same Gremlins which squashed all the breath out of his rugged motor while he was returning from France in 1942, and smashed his left leg in a crash landing near Dover.

"Few people can tell my leg is missing and some don't believe it even after they are told," Scrimgeour tossed back as he swung up to the door of his Anson for a flip. "Incidentally, I have always been on the lookout for other people with artificial limbs and tried to pick out their mistakes. By doing this I checked up on my own faults and have learned to walk quite naturally."

When the veteran pilot arrived overseas in September '41 it wasn't long until an East India

Squadron took him under its wing. The Squadron drew color from its flying feats and the fact that its sponsor was no less a personage than the Princess of Brodah and Bhopal of India. All that didn't help much that day in February, 1942, when his engine coughed and quit over the channel. Two days later — his 20th birthday — his left leg was amputated above the knee. He had a busted arm, a mouthful of broken teeth, and a web of scratches across his face.

Several months later, when Scrimgeour's address was Christie Street Hospital, Toronto, he was fitted out with a peg leg as a temporary measure until he could be equipped with a modern artificial limb.

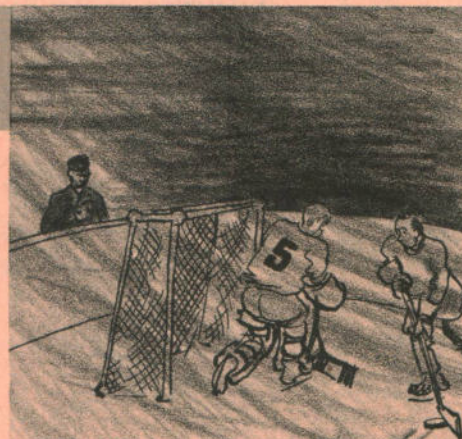
Determined not to get stuck in a mental bog after the strain and the waiting, Scrimgeour instructed in theory of flight at 1 ITS, Toronto. He skated and rode a bicycle by prodding the pedal with a special type of crutch. About one year after his accident he had his artificial limb.

Then he was off for Trenton and flying tests in a Harvard. Everything looked right for flying aircraft with handbrakes like Spits and Hurricanes but senior officers shook their heads when it came to toe brakes, with which most ships are fitted. Disappointed but still hopeful, Scrimgeour took a job as a control officer at 17 SFTS, Souris, Man.

"I got some dual flying at Souris," relates the young warrant officer. "Besides I limbered up and got to feel at home on my game leg. The big day came around, the day an examining officer from No. 2 TC Headquarters booked me for a final check.

"Boy, was I nervous, but I steadied down, and yeah, I made it. Now I am fully qualified to fly any type of ship, with toe or hand brakes."

Losing his leg has pried open a whole new field of experiences for him, Scrimgeour will tell you. Not the least important to his mind is dancing. "While home on leave a short time ago, some of the girls told me I could dance as well as when I had two legs," he recalled. Then thoughtfully, as he ran his fingers through his slick dark hair and stroked his clean-shaven chin like a man who might have some doubts, "Maybe that's not so good after all. I never was much of a hoover."



Spitfire Pilot Bill Scrimgeour only had one leg but he learned he could skate and fly.

INTER-COM

THREE PAGES OF STATION-TO-STATION CALLS

Fingal B&G now boasts a daily as well as weekly and monthly papers

by LAC J. BURKE MARTIN

FINGAL — No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School is the only RCAF station, and probably the only service unit in the world, now publishing a daily, weekly and monthly paper.

On the last pay day of each month the airmen and airwomen here get a sixteen-page copy of the Fingal Observer, with a full cover picture, feature articles, cartoons by Fingalites and plenty of pictures. No angle of camp life is overlooked. WDs have their own gossip, aircrew trainees' intimate secrets are bared, station personalities are profiled in print, and the ground Joes come in for their share of attention.

Every Monday the YMCA office publishes "What's Cookin'", a mimeographed sheet listing the week's movies, sports events, DRO warnings which might have escaped notice, subjects for discussion at the popular Thursday night Fingal Forum, and all similar gear.

In February *The Observer* inaugurated a mimeographed daily edition which goes to press at 11.30 a.m. with last minute Canadian Press news flashes telephoned from the nearby St. Thomas Times-Journal. Distributed about the station by Joe-boy, the daily Fingal Observer carries the boast: "Only Daily Morning Paper in Elgin County", or as the editor's mood changes, "Only Daily Paper in the RCAF", or "Only Sunday Paper in Ontario." The daily, published seven days a week, also carries personal items, lost and found notices and helpful tips and reminders. They are posted on all station bulletin boards, in messes and canteens. Copies also go to the marine section in Port Stanley.

Here's a sample of random notes gleaned from early issues: "Will Cpl Marion Sutherland kindly collect her shoes from stores. They have been repaired."

"A goodly number of Fingalites enjoyed an hour or two of dancing last night at the Masonic. None of our airmen is missing."

"LAC Estabrook: Don't forget t-o-m-o-r-r-o-w: the dentist wants you at 10.30."

"Warning to all personnel . . .: When picking up repaired boots from stores watch for protruding nails inside. If you don't you'll be sorry."

"AC Bruce Mason, R193573: Call Vivian Smith at W.A.S.C., Wellington St., London."

Key speedster

MONTREAL — To Sgt Pat Ryan, an instructor at 1 Wireless School, goes the distinction — unofficially — of being the fastest Morse code man in Canada.

The doctory sergeant, who before his enlistment, saw years of service with the railways, can receive Morse comfortably at fifty words per minute on the typewriter. And to those who know, this is no mean achievement because he can smoke and carry on a spirited conversation while he is receiving. Sgt Ryan is just as proficient at transmitting, and can hit fifty to sixty words per minute, but the trouble is that there are very few who can copy that fast, so he punches it out on a tape and amuses himself by copying his own transmitting.

Sgt Ryan figures he can keep up this terrific pace for about three hours, perhaps longer.

But it's only in his off hours that the sergeant can go at full blast on the key, for ordinarily he's too busy sending to WD trainees at about five or six words a minute. "And I get a big kick out of it," he declared. "The girls pick up Morse quickly and are fine operators."

Snatcher pays off

MONT JOLI — A nearby farmer has learned that tilling the soil pays better dividends than snatching drogues dropped by RCAF aircraft.

This particular ruralite whose farm adjoins 9 B&G had been in the habit of snaffling drogues that fell on his property. He had even threatened airmen attempting to retrieve them. He got in the drogue flight's hair so badly that he was warned he would be charged under Defence of Canada regulations if he persisted in keeping the drogues. The farmer didn't heed the warning so action was taken.

At his trial in Rimouski he pleaded not guilty but RCAF and RCMP evidence brought a conviction. He was fined \$500 and costs or ninety days in jail. The accused paid the shot.



★ **WD CHORUS CUTIES** high kicking in fast stepping number from 9 B & G, Mont Joli's recent hit show



★ **WACKY WAG** in RCAF show at 9 AOS, St. Johns, was FS J. R. Sheehan.

Good Show

FOOTLIGHTS FOCUS ON SPARKLING STATION REVUES PACKED WITH RCAF TALENT. HERE'S A WINGS ROUND-UP OF SHOTS FROM SHOWS



★ **WIDELY TRAVELLED SMILE SHOW**, organized more than two years ago by versatile RAF lads on West Coast station hits its grand finale.



★ **WALTZ IN TECHNICOLOR** featuring LAC E. Rosenblatt, LAW C. Leveque, LAC C. Alton, Sgt Ann Cook, LAC Bill Ducarme, Sgt Joan Darlington, from "Tendardee Revue" staged by Calgary Repair Depot personnel



★ **JUST BARE FACTS** in this act by intriguingly costumed airmen, featured in popular revue at 5 B & G, Dafoe.



★ **BEVY OF WD BEAUTIES** gather round for LAC Baker's solo in 19 SFTS, Vulcan, Alta., concert. L. to R — LAW Angus, AWs Harrison, Perkinson, Kother, LAW Holder, AW Steen

When boy meets girls . . .

by SGT ROSS MASON

MONTREAL — Pity poor S. Stein of Hamilton who graduated recently from 1 Wireless School, Montreal, as a radio telephone operator. Airman Stein uses the right kind of soap in his shower; brushes his teeth with the proper dentifrices; is right on the bit with his Emily Post; and launders his underthings in Lux. But he wasn't allowed to associate with his classmates after lessons.

AC2 Stein couldn't drill with them. He couldn't play games with them. His quarters were separated from theirs. He couldn't hang his washing on the same line. He couldn't tell them the latest jokes. He wasn't included in their intimate conversations.

It wasn't his fault. By one of those odd quirks of fate, he found himself the only acey deucey in an entire class of comely WDs, and because his plight is probably unique he now finds himself on this month's front cover, as photographed by Sgt Albert Mousseau. That wasn't so bad, but his classmates were so comely that he had difficulty concentrating on his studies. Original plans called for a companion for him in his dilemma, but the other acey deucey didn't turn up.

And so for those long weeks, AC2 S. Stein felt as Tarzan did when he found himself in the Valley of the Amazons. No one ever discovered what the "S" stood for but he answered to such names as "Stella," "Suzie," and "Susabelle," rather than be a bottleneck.

"When I found out what had happened, I felt like remustering on the spot," he confessed with deep blushes on graduation day. "But I wasn't treated badly. The girls felt sorry for me, and I was just Stella to all of them. It was embarrassing, though, when I went on clothing parade, and was offered the \$15 all my classmates got. But I turned it down. And I began to enjoy it when offers started to roll in from other guys dying to trade places with me."

How did the girls feel about it? They called him the "Sheikh of No. 1 Wireless School," and "The Man of the Hour."

"Suzie was our mascot," one of them said affectionately. "He was lucky. He didn't have any drill, or PT, or duty flights. After all, how could he?"

WD's wings clipped

by LAC RALPH DALY

CALGARY — It took the RCAF to clip LAW Joan Barclay's wings.

Motor transport driver at 3 SFTS here for twelve months, 19-year-old LAW Barclay learned to fly when she was eleven, held a civilian pilot ticket at sixteen and had 300 hours at the controls when she enlisted at Montreal in September, 1942.

Lack of flying jobs for women in the service grounded her. She has flown home to Montreal twice, spent seven 48s in Vancouver by travelling TCA, but her service vice flying is restricted to the one "familiarization flight" permitted WD personnel every six months.

Before joining up she tried to get into the ferry work in the United States but was barred because she was not an American citizen. So she took a job testing instruments at the former RAF Ferry Command headquarters at Dorval, Que., just to be near her beloved aircraft.

Meanwhile, coached by a WAG friend she pounded away at Morse until she was "code dotty" in hope of becoming a wireless operator ground in the Women's Division. She hoped that if posted to a station where WOGs take part in training flights, she might sneak back into the sky that way. But the WOG quota was filled when she reached Manning Depot at Toronto and she was posted to No. 3 as an MT driver.

LAW Barclay learned to fly at Algonquin National Park, Ontario, and joined the Algonquin Flying Club when she got her license. She has little hope for a postwar flying job.



'I DO', SAYS YUKON JOE

Trickling through on the bush telegraph to WINGS from far off Whitehorse comes a story of the first RCAF wedding in the Yukon.

Saturday nights for the boys along the Northwest Staging Route are pretty much the same as any other night but the evening of Feb. 19 had the airmen and townfolk keyed up for the history-making wedding in the packed RCAF recreation hall at Whitehorse.

LAC Jason A. MacNair and Miss Rita Aikens, both formerly of Montreal, were the principals. Attendants were FS H. E. Brown and Miss Jeanne Paquette. The CO, SL P. B. Cox, gave the bride in marriage. Nor was the wedding without ushers. Sgt Robertson and Sgt Isaac took care of that job while Cpl B. Smith, former Regina organist, played the wedding music.

Following the ceremony the newlyweds were heralded through a guard of honor of fellow airmen and then motored through town. A reception, luncheon and dance followed.



Airwomen at 1 CNS, Rivers, can even go riding before breakfast. Station owns its own stable

Heigh-ho, Silver!

by PO BRUCE KEITH

RIVERS — "Heigh-ho, Silver Awaaaaaay!" That is an oft-repeated cry near Rivers Navigation School these days. Unique among RCAF units in Canada, the school owns a big stable-full of horses. In about six months the riding club, to which most personnel belong, has made enough money to pay for the animals outright and buy good cowboy saddles.

Whether they play "Cowboy-and-Injuns" old style, or whether everybody pretends to be a cowboy is not laid down in the rules. But anyone can join the club. Membership fee is one dollar if you wear a flat hat and fifty cents if you don't. Rides can be taken any time from sun-up until lights out at fifty cents an hour for anyone.

More than a dozen horses are kept in the stables, looked after by a permanent caretaker. Since they arrived last August the airmen have been busy to the tune of about sixty rides a day. It could be totalled up to something around 10,000 man-hours of horseback riding all told — or 10,000 men-carrying horse-hours.

An evening canter across the prairies is very popular with the WDs. Some of them are excellent horsewomen and can put most of their juggling airmen friends to shame. Many go riding before breakfast, the stables being located conveniently just outside the station gate.

Winter weather slowed the trade down considerably but the stables were by no means closed. The hardier members have continued their rides across the prairie, snowdrifts or not.

There are trails marked across field, up and down river banks and through little valleys. In good navigator style, the routes have been clocked for riding time. If your "ETA" will be up in 60 minutes, you take No. 1 trail; if 90 minutes, No. 2, and so on.

Main credit for getting the horses and starting the club goes to SL J. Boyd and FL George Little, formerly of Rivers. Proof of the soundness of the project is the fact that the riding club has got itself out of debt and is now paying its own way.

Old timer



DORVAL — One of seven airmen to make the first flight from Halifax to Vancouver in 1920 was FS Charlie Heath now stationed at Lachine. Rotund Charlie was with the Canadian Air Board as an engineer on the initial trans-Canada hop. Also on that history-making flight, were Air Marshal Robert Leckie, now Chief of the Air Staff, and Air Vice Marshal G. O. Johnson.

FS Heath enlisted in the Air Force in June, 1940, and for a time was with the travelling trade test board. The following October he was posted to St. Thomas Technical Training School and taught AEM, maintenance, flight routine and components. Several months ago he came here as an instructor at No. 1 Technical Detachment.

Inventions are his weakness

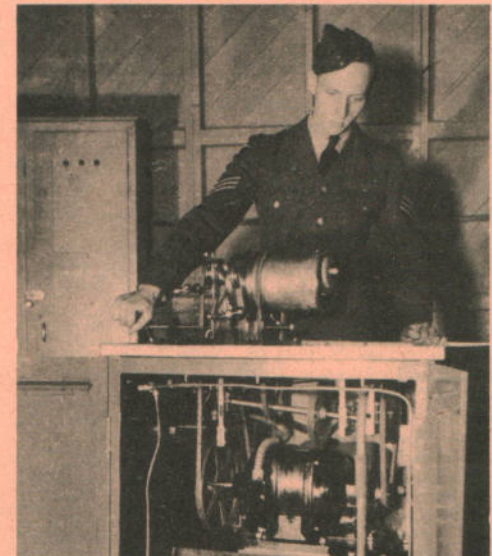
WINNIPEG — Many an ingenious mech has concocted some kind of an invention but with Sgt. Bill Waller, the mechanical wizard of 8 RD, inventing is a habit.

Bill's stuff is highly technical. So much so that it would take a graduate engineer with several degrees to understand most of it. But Bill has never been to college. He picked up his knowledge the practical way — working in a brother's garage.

The apple of Sgt Waller's eye is his cylinder ridge grinder. "The only one in captivity," he said and grinned. More are to be built.

The grinder is a complicated system of levers, cams and eccentrics operating in box four feet square. Its purpose is to remove ridges worn in engine cylinders by pistons, which it does in at least fifty per cent less time than any similar machine. It takes only about twelve minutes to make a cylinder as good as new. Formerly it took an hour.

For a hydraulic press of his own design, Bill took the springs off a plough, the undercarriage from a cracked-up Anson, and the pump out of a Fairey Battle. That is how he makes all his machines. He collects scrap iron from cracked up planes, and anything else which he might think useful. His other inventions include a grease fitting pin remover, a valve seat grinder, cylinder honer, super-charger and throttle shaft tester.



Sgt Bill Waller, 8 RD technical wizard, demonstrates his cylinder ridge grinder

THEY JOINED THE AIR FORCE TO SEE THE SEA

by AC1 MAURICE LUCOW

WEST COAST STATION — This prairie-bred airman wandered into the barrack room of his new west coast station to find a group of lads hard at work. In one corner, some were practicing semaphore. Elsewhere, a few were tying knots in a huge rope. Some were sprawled on their beds, their noses buried in official-looking books. Others were studying a chart and were muttering "north east . . . northwest . . . north . . ."

Somebody called somebody else "matey". A huge picture of a boat hung conspicuously as a pin-up over a bed. And all in all, the atmosphere seemed definitely nautical.

"Is this the Navy or the Air Force," we asked, thinking we may have stumbled into some Pacific coast naval barracks by mistake. But no . . . this was Western Air Command's new marine school where airmen are fitted with sea legs and trained to serve with the marine squadron. These in fact were the first draft of airmen to take the course and were preparing for the final trade test.

A few days later, the boys were celebrating the completion of their course and by now, most of them are sailing up and down Canada's west coast in Air Force boats, bringing supplies to the "forgotten stations" in British Columbia's wilderness. Most of them graduated as AC1's, with a C grouping. A couple went out as Standard Seamen.

When the lads entered the marine school, their knowledge of matters of the sea was so scanty as to be negligible. Some had been on fishing boats in the Great Lakes and on the west coast, but most of them were just kids who had

always dreamed of going to sea.

"The boys just seemed to have a natural fling for the subject," declared WO1 A. R. Bjorndahl, one of the school's chief instructors. "Of course, it took a little while to get them used to saying that they were "going below", and not to the basement of the boat; and they persisted in calling the bow the sharp end, but they've acquired all the nautical language and can discuss boats and shipping as nonchalantly as any lad in the Navy."

As a result of their intensive training, the boys now have a thorough knowledge of marine mechanics and seamanship. The mechs have been taught to make all types of repairs while the seamen have learned navigation, signalling, the "rules of the road", cargo work and all other such necessary subjects. In addition, all have taken swimming lessons and first aid instruction, so that they'll know what to do in an emergency.

On the boats the rookie seamen will work with experienced Air Force mariners, and in that way will round out their nautical knowledge. "Naturally," said Mr. Bjorndahl, "the boys aren't expert seamen, but with a little practical experience, they'll know most of the tricks of the trade."

The air-seamen have had expert instruction. Head of the marine squadron is SL G. F. Robinson, a former deep sea fisherman marine engineer. WO1 B. G. Stoney, in charge of seamanship training, is a former Navy man.

The marine school has become an established part of WAC's marine squadron and another draft of airmen is already taking the course.

It sounds like double talk but AC2 A.C. Tew is the name

DAFOE, Sask. — "It seems to me they are making a lot out of a little." That's AC2 A. C. Tew's reaction to the gobs of international publicity he's been getting in Canadian newspapers and "Time" magazine by reason of the fact that his name is definitely double-talk material.

Just 18, AC2 Tew joined the RCAF in August, 1943. He took Manning pool in Edmonton and a three-month pre-aircrew course in Regina. He is at present "usefully employed" at 5 B&G awaiting posting to ITS. He's Joed as a lifeguard at the station's indoor heated swimming pool.

Called to the adjutant's office for an interview, AC2 Tew didn't know what the summons was for. "I thought I was going to catch hell," he confided to a bunk-mate later.

Prior to enlisting he was a major in the Kenora, Ont., high school cadets. At 16 he was a qualified sergeant in the 16th Reserve Battery, RCA.

"My ambition?" said AC2 Tew thoughtfully. "Well, I want to get away from a Joe job as soon as possible, and get going on aircrew training. Then I want to get to be LAC A. C. Tew — later, maybe, PO A. C. Tew . . . and then wind up as Canada's ace fighter pilot."



AC2 A. C. Tew

FIGHTING FOR A FUTURE

More Gen on Rehabilitation

Four amendments broaden rehabilitation benefits

OTTAWA — Four amendments have been announced in the rehabilitation benefits provided by the Post-Discharge Re-Establishment Order since these were published in last month's WINGS supplement, "Fighting for a Future".

1—If after discharge from a Canadian armed service you reside elsewhere than in Canada, the Minister of Pensions and National Health may approve grants for vocational, secondary and university education as provided in Sections 9, 10 & 12 of "Fighting for a Future" (or the booklet "What Will I do When the War is Won"). This will be particularly welcome news to Americans and other non-Canucks in the RCAF.

2—If after early discharge you quickly find a war job or other more or less temporary employment, which later ceases, you may then apply for any of the training grants. Previously such benefits applied only during the first eighteen months after discharge; you may now take advantage of them any time within twelve months of discharge or cessation of hostilities, whichever comes at a later date. Pensioners may take training at any time as required.

3—Vocational training may be continued beyond the present maximum of fifty-two weeks, if this is required to enable you to earn a self-supporting wage.

4—If you are hospitalized after discharge, you may start on a training program while still in hospital. Fees for correspondence courses will be paid by the government.

Half the airmen on this overseas Squadron take spare-time courses

by Cpl A. F. FLUCKE

BRITAIN — Airmen overseas don't spend all their off-duty hours groping through fog, sitting in pubs or taking part in sports. You'd be surprised how often you'll find Joe Erk spending his nights in billet, at a canteen table or even out on dispersal during the few quiet hours the kites are away on ops, sweating over books, determined to better his educational standing.

At our particular RCAF operational squadron nearly fifty per cent of the airmen are taking courses. This does not include those who, while enrolled for courses, are studying on their own under directed supervision of the educational NCO. More than 130 Canadian Legion courses are in use at this squadron. Of this number ninety-three are taken by airmen trying for junior matri-

culatation; fifteen for British Institute of Technology engineering degrees and twenty-two for Canadian university credits in various subjects.

Educational NCOs have few spare moments at this squadron. Actual teaching time alone amounts to more than 470 hours for five months. This is class instruction which includes about fifty servicemen from AC2s to squadron leaders. In addition more than 700 interviews were arranged. The educational NCO also has odd jobs such as looking up students who fall behind and bolstering anyone whose enthusiasm shows signs of flagging. But determination to increase knowledge and capabilities is very much in evidence and on this unit at least every man who has completed one course has almost immediately enrolled for another.

As the war progresses there may be less time available for study but for all that there will be quiet moments and somewhere in a corner you'll see Joes with "Canada" badges chewing a pencil, bent over a book and cussing Euclid.

Counsellors doing spade-work on pre-discharge program

OTTAWA — First step in developing the RCAF pre-discharge rehabilitation program, announced in February WINGS, has been marked by the graduation of a class of some twenty-five personnel counsellors following a course at Rockcliffe.

These are the officers whose job eventually will be to assist airmen and airwomen in choosing the post-war trades or careers for which they are best suited and in which they may have the best chance of success. While further courses will soon follow, many details as to establishment and general organization remain to be settled.

This first group of counsellors is now engaged in preparing pamphlets on various trades and vocations, in surveying post-war employment possibilities in many different fields, and generally doing the spade-work which will make possible later expansion of the whole program.

When a personnel counsellor eventually arrives on your unit he will be able to provide airmen and airwomen with pamphlet outlines of a variety of trades, the list to be expanded as quickly as possible. Each pamphlet will include a recommended list of authoritative semi-technical books, biographies and even fiction which will supply a broader knowledge of the vocation or career concerned. Movie shorts depicting opportunities in many fields are also being considered, to give personnel a better opportunity of deciding upon the line of work they wish to follow.

When the individual decides in which field or fields he is most interested, the counsellor will

be able to advise him on the basis of selection tests as to which he is best suited by talent and temperament. The counsellor will also have available the latest information as to employment possibilities in each occupation as a further guide to the airman or airwoman in making the best possible choice.

The counsellor will be able to provide full information as to what courses of training are or will be available in spare time so that personnel may begin to fit themselves for chosen occupations without waiting to start such study after discharge. No matter how long the war may continue, personnel will thus be able to make the most of the intervening period to get a head start in finding post-war employment in a field which will offer them the maximum opportunity.

Future developments of the pre-discharge program will be announced in subsequent issues of WINGS.

Airmen with eye to the future study developments in plastics

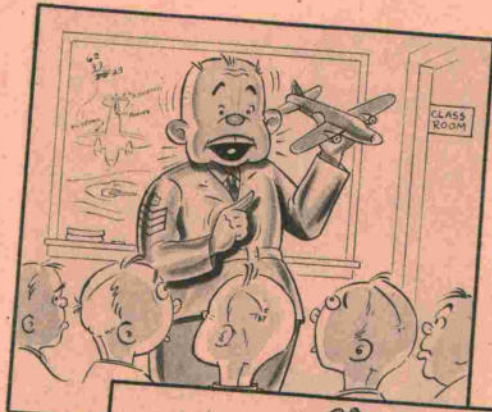
WEST COAST — A band of officers and airmen out here at 3 Repair Depot will be a few jumps ahead of a lot of others after the war if they get a chance at the plastics industry. And they'll attribute their advance knowledge of plastics to special RCAF educational classes.

It all started last summer when the boys in the plexiglass section at 3 RD got the urge to learn more about the materials with which they were working. Arrangements were made for classes to be conducted at the University of British Columbia dealing primarily with the chemical origin of plastic materials. About fourteen officers and airmen took that course. In October interest increased. Descriptive and technical data was obtained from a number of mechanical and industrial firms in Canada and the U.S. as well as an outline of the course in plastics offered by the Plastics Industries Technical Institute of California. In addition about 150 firms were contacted and more information on plastic materials, methods and products was received. With the educational officer as instructor, bi-weekly classes attracted an enrolment of forty officers, NCOs and airmen.

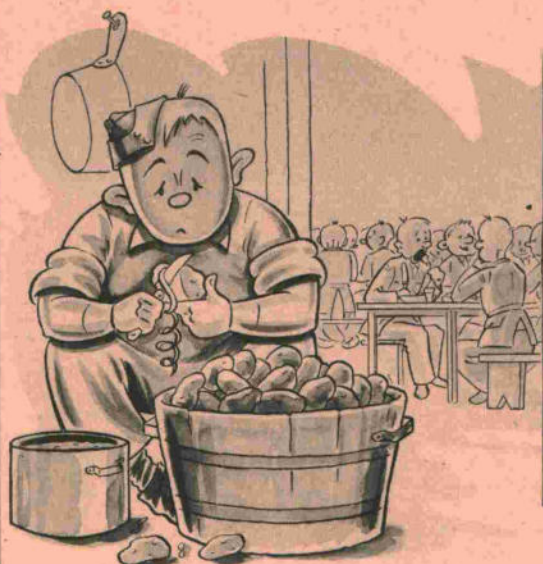
Every phase of plastics has been covered; a fairly extensive library of trade literature has been collected; data on eighty different plastic materials obtained; hundreds of samples of raw materials and finished products collected, classified and arranged on cards for demonstration.

THINGS TO COME!

"Every Air Force trade has its civilian counterpart," said WINGS last month. Says RCAF Artist FO Norm Erickson, "You've got something there" - and here 'tis!



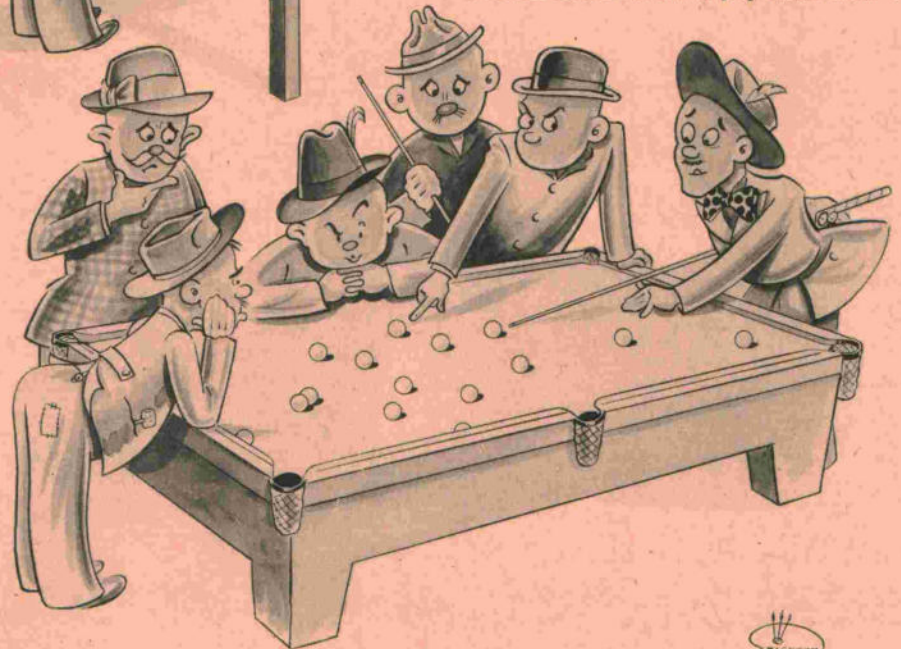
The post-war world will have a spot For those who like to talk a lot.



For those who've had that homesick feeling, domestic life will be appealing



If filter-board crews will take their cue The peacetime life will pay them their due.



REHABILITATION QUESTION BOX

D. D. McCAFFNEY, Toronto, discharged from RCAF Feb. 7 after nine months' service, wants to take vocational training. "I have been informed by the local welfare officer that I cannot expect any help from them," he writes to WINGS. "My short term in service seems to have a lot to do with this." — Nine months' service is plenty if you were properly enlisted and discharged; better see the welfare officer again to discover what the real difficulty is. If unsatisfied, write full details to Dept. of Pensions and National Health, Ottawa.

Sgt Acquinn, D.W.C. (R120098) 4 B&G, Fingal, lived in the U.S. before enlisting, wants to know whether training grants are payable to discharged men attending U.S. schools. — Yes; see details elsewhere on opposite page.

LOG OF THE RCAF

VOL. 2

OTTAWA, CANADA, APRIL, 1944

No. 3

Griff

He was a good newspaperman and a guy all the boys liked, yet he would have fitted perfectly into one of those movies about newspapermen which newspapermen ridicule.

In Chicago he had dodged bullets from a gangster's machine gun. Working in Toronto, he didn't bother to tell the office when he got married and found himself leaving town the same night on an assignment from which he didn't get back for three weeks. Tied down to a desk as night editor, he would read between the lines of a brief wire story from Vancouver and send some luckier reporter half-way across the country on



a yarn that would make page one and be reprinted across Canada and the U.S. Or when he just couldn't stand it any longer he'd desert his lonely post, grab a taxi and soon be jostling other reporters in the front row at a three-alarm fire that was too good to miss.

As an RCAF Public Relations Officer he was first sent to the Aleutians where he revelled in the "fine nutty flavor" of life in that land of fog-bound planes and bushed airmen, which he described under the title "Socked In!" in December WINGS. Later posted to Newfie he quickly added all the more colorful verses of "The North Atlantic Squadron" to his already choice collection of ballads and limericks. He went

on to write of the deeds and legends of those seldom-heard-from Canucks who are sweating out the war in Iceland, and he was homeward bound with a kitful of headline stuff when the Liberator in which he was flying made a crash landing almost within sight of Goose. It was one of those flukes — a routine flight in a good plane with a crack crew, who fortunately escaped to go on adding to the daring and colorful annals of the RCAF. But Griff won't be around to write any more of them.

FO Dave Griffin is the first RCAF PRO to be killed in this war. We enter it in the log because he belonged to a group of hard-working and conscientious fellows whose job is to tell the folks at home what's going on in this Air Force, who take their share of the risks as they come, and who never take time out to write about themselves.

Junior Miss

The letter arrived at AFHQ from Haney, B.C., and pinned to the top was a clipping of an RCAF ad: "Air women are needed for clerks . . . fabric workers . . . cooks . . . Send for this free booklet." And the letter began:



"Dear Airwoman — if this booklet is still available I would like to receive one to read. I am much below age to join up as otherwise I would be in now. I am going to join up as soon as I become of age if the war is still on but I hope it will be over by then and even if I cannot do my bit there I can do it at home. My address is Miss M. Robinson, R.R.1, Haney, B.C."

Pondering the dainty, feminine hand we are undecided as to whether Miss M. Robinson is eight or nine.

over by then and even if I cannot do my bit there I can do it at home. My address is Miss M. Robinson, R.R.1, Haney, B.C."

But listen, Berlin — she got the booklet, and if you want to start anything twenty years from now just remember that she'll be in there serving so men may fly.

Bunk

This item should bring comfort to a very distraught WO1 at a certain new school who had the horrible experience of completely losing one trainee out of the school's very first course.

The name on the bunk card was Graham — and each man had filled out his own bunk card on arrival. So when the other lads in the same flight discovered Graham's bunk nicely made up but not slept in they murmured, "Oh-oh, somebody's having himself a nice spot of AWLoose!" Being pals, they did a slick job of covering for him when the roll was called on parade.

In fact, Graham "attended" all parades, never missed a drill period or a class. But Graham turned in no papers and the orderly room got worried. His name was on the nominal roll but nobody in the flight or in the course distinctly remembered seeing him around, or recalled him from a previous school. And as the course drew near graduation the orderly sarge appealed desperately to the Major and the WO1 appealed fervently to his gods — they simply had to find this guy before the course scattered to a dozen other places.

But they didn't, and we think somebody ought to let the WO1 in on the secret to save him from going quietly mad. It seems that one of the trainees, arriving fresh off leave and in a particularly happy frame of mind, started to fill out his bunk card with his number and name . . . then suddenly realized he had absent-minded-

ly written his first name first. He filled out a second card correctly and tossed aside the first one — right where it would be picked up with the other cards and eventually hung on a bunk.

You didn't lose Graham, Major, because you never had him . . . but you might make sure that in future your orderly room doesn't make up the nominal roll from the bunk cards.

Line of duty

Mont Joli's *Target* produces this excerpt from an orderly officer's report: "A complaint was made re the lemon pie at the midday meal in the airman's mess, but not being



a connoisseur of lemon pie I won't comment on the quality of same. — (signed) C. B. Blackwell, P.O."

And further quotes a replying memo: "You are requested to make yourself acquainted with the qualities of lemon pie in order to increase your efficiency as an orderly officer in the future. — (signed) S. Guillon, SL, SAO."

WHERE'S JOE?

Three more Joes have been dug out of oblivion in WINGS' latest round-up of lost pals.

A search for LAC Sid Katz, U207537, at the request of his friend, LAC R. Shapiro, reveals he is stationed at 5 B&G School, Dafoe, Sask. Sgt M. O. Olsen, R253868, about whom LAC Lawrence R. Genois of 19 EFTS, Virden, Man., enquires, is across the pond. Address his letter: RCAF, Overseas. R251511, AC2 A. J. Clarke, 1 Wireless School, Montreal, writes for information concerning R191511 AC2 K. Cumberland. According to Records, he's at Technical Training School, St. Thomas, Ont.

Have you an old buddy you'd like to locate? Shoot his name along to WINGS and we'll broadcast a general alarm.

WINGS Log of the RCAF, is published monthly for Air Force personnel by the Air Force Headquarters Station Fund, Ottawa, Canada, and is sold on RCAF and RAF stations at five cents a copy. WINGS welcomes contributions from all Air Force personnel — station stories, fiction, cartoons, poetry, photos — which should be addressed to the Editor, WINGS, AFHQ, Ottawa. Remittances for station sales should be made payable to the AFHQ Station Fund, WINGS Account. Editor: Sgt Ed Hayes. Art Editor: Cpl Walt Coucill. Executive Editor: FL R. G. B. Anglin. WINGS is lithographed and distributed by the AFHQ Duplicating Pool.

SALUTING IS HALLMARK OF TRAINING, SAYS GENERAL

Airmen who have the idea that "spit and polish" is something that goes into the ash-can in operational areas will have their eyes opened by reports from Britain that General "Ike" Eisenhower, supreme Allied invasion commander, has started a smartening up campaign in that theatre. And in a "message from the G.O.C.", Maj-Gen Christopher Vokes told the men of his front-line Canadian division in Italy that the salute is the "hallmark" of a soldier's training.

The big, blond commander, who has been in the Army or a part of it since the age of seventeen, declared that "the basis of all our training is good discipline". This makes us steady in battle and receptive to the will of our commanders. Our discipline aims at a mutual respect and understanding between officers, NCOs and men, and a deep all-consuming pride in one's self, one's comrades and one's unit. This must always remain in the core of our existence as a fighting force.

"An indispensable part of our discipline is that the soldier (officer or man) should recognize his superior at all times. Custom decrees that

this recognition be normally achieved by a form of greeting known as a salute. The junior salutes, the senior returns the salute. Even generals salute each other.

"In civil life one raised one's hat or touched one's cap to one's father, one's father's friends or others whom one wished to greet in a respectful way and smilingly said: 'Hello, Dad,' or 'Good morning, Mister Brown.' I was brought up by my parents to do so. My own son and your sons are being brought up in this fashion.

"So in the Army, so long as we remain part of it, let us not forget these courtesies. When we salute our superiors in rank let us smile and pass the time of day. Let it be a cheerful and a comradely gesture. We are all comrades in arms in the Allied armies. This is part of our strength which will help defeat the Hun as surely as our shells and bullets.

"Saluting in this division is good. It can be improved. See to it, you old soldiers, that the newly joined realize their responsibilities in this respect. See that they, as you, never try to avoid a salute. Nothing is gained by it. In shirking a salute an adverse reaction is created and

an impression that you are ashamed of yourself. Never be afraid to look a person in the eye when you salute. It is your privilege, the right of every fighting man.

"Regardless of what you personally think of the custom, saluting is part and parcel of army life. The Russian armies tried to abolish the custom but found it indispensable. Those who have seen say that saluting is now a precise and meticulously practiced custom in the Red armies. And no one can deny they are magnificent soldiers.

"I have heard it said, and my years in the army have taught me to know its truth, that you can gauge the standard of any unit by the way its individual members salute. The way in which he salutes is therefore the hallmark of a well-trained soldier.

"A well-trained soldier is not only skilled in this weapons but is a man in whom exists a pride in himself and his comrades, in his unit or corps and his country. In other words he is the genuine article.

"If we can smile and salute and pass a cheerful greeting when things are hectic and conditions are bad, we can surmount any obstacles."

The Camp Bed Menace!

by FO JOHN McKAY, RCAF
(with RAF, Middle East)

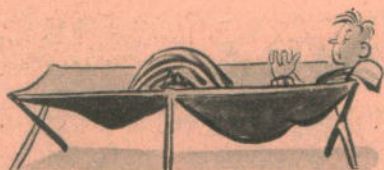
Littlespring and Snappe,
Grubbing on the Green,
Hants, Eng.

Gentlemen:

No doubt you are busy making something for the war, or filling out Government forms or something, and I'm sorry to have to bother you. You may think my complaint is trifling, but I ask you to look at it as a tiny speck of sand in our mighty war machine. I hope I am not being immodest when I say that, as an RCAF pilot officer serving in the Middle East, I am a cog. Therefore anything which consistently breaks up my night's sleep and reduces my efficiency is one of these specks of sand.

As you know, officers coming to the Middle East bring with them camp kits, large and bulky things containing a portable bathtub, wash basin, collapsible pail, sleeping bag, blankets, pillow, and in the case of certain lucky numbers I understand, an electric range (kitchenette size). There is also, gentlemen, a camp bed, and it is of this I wish to speak to you.

The bed which fell to me gentlemen, is the product of your factory. You may remember it; a set of collapsible legs and a pretty green canvas top which, in theory, clips snugly over the expanded legs. But there's so often a gap between theory and practice, isn't there? In this case it's about seven inches — that's the amount of surplus canvas I have in my bed. If I boarded up the ends, it would look like something you'd see sailing on the Nile.



"... sleeping on a picket fence."

You will understand, gentlemen, what this means. When I lie on the bed the canvas sags until it droops over the supports and I might as well be sleeping on a picket fence. After three nights I had nasty looking welts across my shoulders and hips, and at this point I decided to make my bed on the sand. Now I am a prey to land-going insects as well as aerial ones, and I still get bruises while I sleep, only of slightly different patterns.

Now, gentlemen, it seems inconceivable to me that you should turn out so defective a product. It makes me wonder if there's some little thing I'm doing wrong; yet being as intelligent as any P/O is expected to be, I hardly consider this possible. I am informed in Service quarters that the bed has become irrevocably and irretrievably mine; I can get no help or redress there. Now I write to you and appeal, as one always does, to your English sense of fair play. Am I going to think of you kindly in years to come, or will this camp bed be a permanent and bitter barrier between us?

I am, Sirs,
Yours very truly,

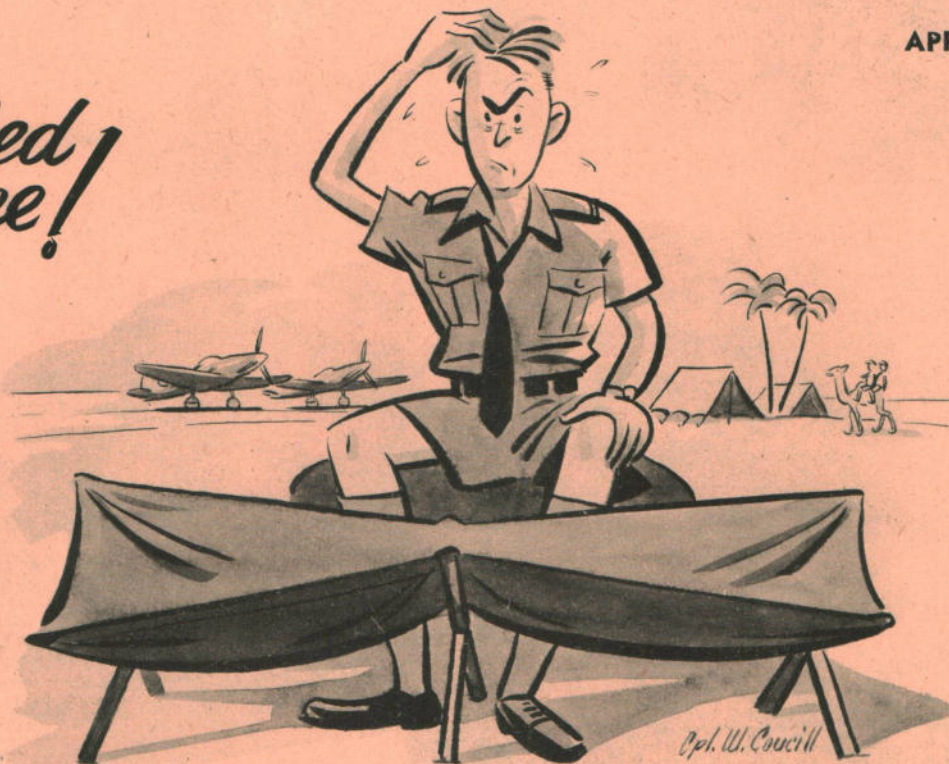
P. J. PHLOP, P/O

P/O Phlop, P. J.,
Royal Air Force,
Middle East Forces.

Dear Sir:

Your letter of recent date received and noted. Naturally, this firm is anxious to preserve good relations with its wartime clientele, but feels that the special circumstances should be considered.

The camp bed you refer to (Ref. No. Z.Q. 736 A) was made to Government specifications and under Government supervision. Thus it could hardly be defective, as your letter suggests. In any case, this firm's legal responsibility ended when the bed was accepted by the Ministry of Supply. Even if it wished to do so, this firm could not



"But there's so often a gap between theory and practice."

replace the bed. Long ago it switched to the production of collapsible frames for bombers. This, however is a military secret.

Your letter was referred to our plant foreman, who has noted the following suggestions which may be of service.

(1) Possibly you have confused the bath-tub frame for that of the bed. This would cause the canvas to sag in the manner suggested.

(2) If this is not the case, it appears the top is slightly oversize. It might be shrunk to its proper size by soaking in water.

(3) If (1) and (2) produce no results, then it is suggested you reject the wooden legs entirely and peg the canvas top over a trench in the sand. This was tried with a scale model and produced satisfactory results.

Trusting these suggestions will aid you in solving your problem, we remain,
Yours very truly,

Littlespring & Snappe, Inc.



"... and four pegs gave way simultaneously"

Littlespring & Snappe, Inc.,
Grubbing on the Green,
Hants, Eng.

Sirs:

I feel obliged to inform you of the consequences of your foreman's supposedly helpful suggestions regarding my camp bed. I will deal with these, point by point.

As to No. 1: I resent the suggestion I was so stupid as to mistake the bath-tub frame for the end. But just to make sure, I assembled the bath-tub. I even tried sleeping in it for a night, and while it was considerably more comfortable than the bed, I had to abandon it due to a severe crick in my back.

No. 2: Having assembled the bath-tub, I filled it with water, (hauled several hundred yards a pailful at a time) and put the bed top to soak. Some hours later, I found the bath-tub had shrunk so much that most of the water had spilled. But the top seemed to take to water very well. If anything it had stretched a little.

Now, as to your No. 3 suggestion: I suspected the idea was unsound from the first, but was impressed by your reference to a scale model. I hired two fellahin at five piastres each, to dig the trench about two feet wide, three feet deep, and six feet long. We used tent pegs to fasten the canvas over the hole.

I must say the idea appeared quite successful for about half the night. Then your foreman's lamentable ignorance of the laws of stress and the texture of desert sand showed themselves, and four pegs gave way simultaneously. Since these were all at the top end I slid head first into the ditch. Quite naturally I made some comment about it. My tent mate, startled out of a sound sleep, sprang to my aid and fell on top of me. In the inevitable confusion, most of the camp was awakened, and I am now the laughing stock of the Mess. The C/O has spoken to me quite sharply on maintaining one's dignity as an officer, though I don't quite see how this enters into the matter.

I am now debating whether to start a suit for damages against you, or simply wait until I return to England and bunch your foreman on the nose.

Yours very truly,

J. P. PHLOP, P/O

CABLE

P/O J. P. PHLOP, RAF MEF,
REGRET INCONVENIENCE CAUSED BY
CAMPBED AND OUR ADVICE RE SAME SUG-
GEST YOU DISCARD IT AND BUY ANOTHER
YOU CAN'T SUE US

LITTLESRING AND SNAPPE

Littlespring and Snappe,
Grubbing on the Green,
Hants, Eng.

Gentlemen:

After the long and at times heated controversy we have had regarding my camp bed, I am very pleased to inform you of its happy conclusion. It may be a guide to others who turn to you for help, and who otherwise might fall victims of that homicidal foreman of yours.

After the failure of your crazy trench idea, I had the hole filled in (for another five piastres) and made up my bed on the sand again. Then suddenly one night, as I lay brooding on my fate, the solution came to me. The shifty nature of Egyptian sand had ruined your idea; why not eliminate this factor? I did this by turning the canvas bed-top into a hammock, making end pieces out of the discarded legs and stringing the whole thing between the tent poles.

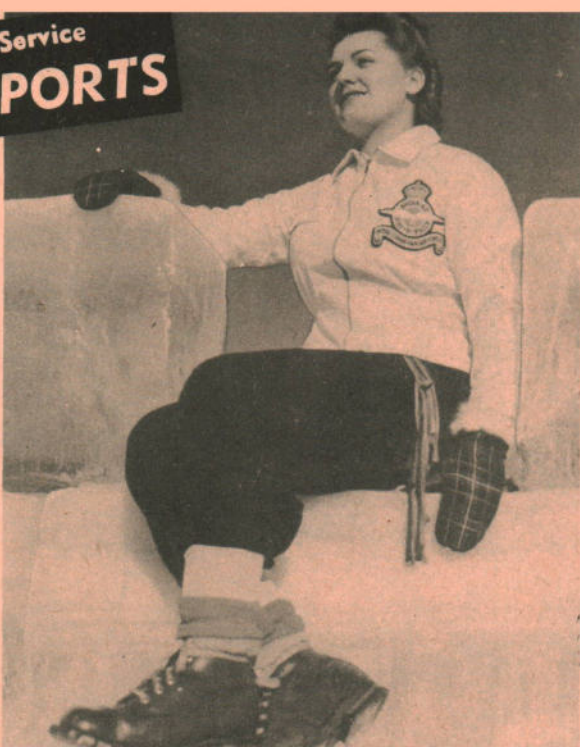
I have used this for several nights now and it has proved perfectly satisfactory, aside from the first occasion, when a couple of guy ropes gave way and the whole tent collapsed. It turned out that these had been improperly placed.

I know you meant well with your suggestions, and I'm sorry if I was a little cross about the trench affair. I never really intended to sue you.

Incidentally you mentioned you were making collapsible frames for bombers. I trust they fit their skins better than my top fitted its legs, or some poor kid is going to catch a terrible chill over the Ruhr one of these nights.

Yours very truly,

J. P. PHLOP, P/O



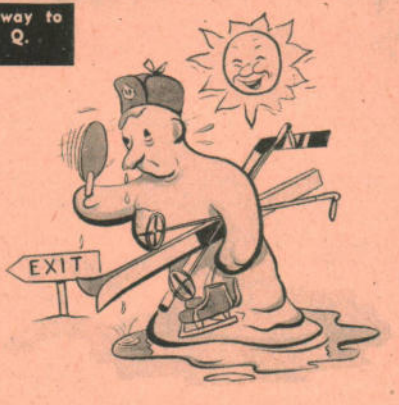
Cpl Delphine Cameron, Parry Sound, Ont., found a way to cool off from rigors of skiing at St. Marguerite, P. Q.



The flying "Professors" of 2 FIS, Pearce Alta, one of the best RCAF teams in the West, who set an enviable record in the Southern Alberta Air Force League, do their clowning off the ice. L to R are: PO Max Avren, PO Buddy Craig, FO Jerry Geddes, AC1 Bill Kirkland, FL Red Butler.

Last Fling

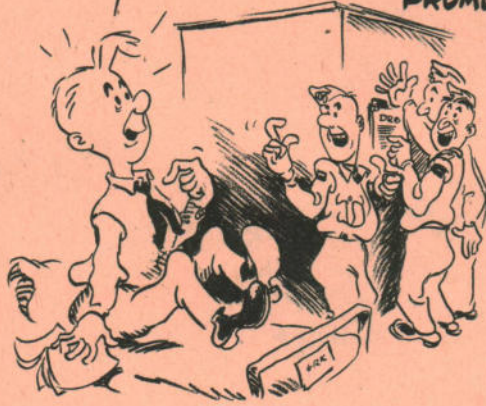
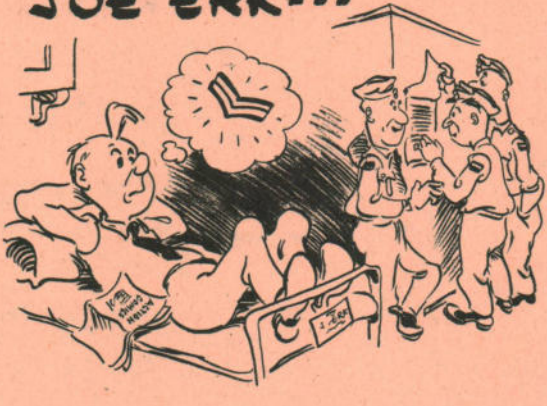
BEFORE WINTER FADED
RCAF SKIERS, SKATERS
AND PUCKSTERS DODGED
OLD SOL'S HOTFOOT



Bi-weekly RAF skating classes at Victoria, B. C., rink attracted large turn-outs and attractive girls.

JOE ERK...

PROMOTION: EFFECTIVE, THIS DATE--



Rippen

THAT HARVARD STEP TEST

How the indoor mountain climb measures fitness

"UP — down . . . UP — down . . . UP — down . . ."

The stentorian cry fills the drill halls from Halifax to Vancouver, shouted out to the monotonous clack of a hundred metronomes, the bare-footed thud of a thousand bench climbing feet and the simmering trickle of a million beads of sweat.

Every time the PTI (or MO) yells "UP!", Joe Aircrew heaves his foot to the top of a twenty-inch bench, comes to attention and steps back on the "Down!"

Thirty times up and thirty times down every minute — for five heart-pounding minutes. In five minutes he climbs 150 twenty-inch steps, or the equivalent of a 250-foot tower . . . or a fifteen story skyscraper — and down again. And when he's done he parks his quivering buttocks on the bench while another Joe grabs him by the back of the neck and starts counting his pulse.

"And that —" gasps the victim as he staggers away, "— is what tells 'em if you're physically fit or not. The Harvard test!"

In a Service that's never satisfied with last year's syllabus if a better course comes to light, a Service that's as full of new training tricks as a magician's hat, few RCAF innovations have roused the barrack-block critics to such sound and fury as the Harvard step test.

To WINGS from EAC Headquarters has been passed one MO's cryptic comment: "All the Harvard test proves is that the subject can climb up and down on a bench for five minutes."

From WAC has come a barrage of queries . . . "Who thought up the Harvard test?" . . . "Why did the RCAF adopt it?" . . . "What does it accomplish?"

And from an RAF OTU in the Maritimes WINGS has received a closely-typed two-page blast which begins . . . "It would be a good idea if someone would explain just what the person who completes the Harvard test is really fit for."

CONFRONTING THE EXPERTS

Gathering up this armful of thunderbolts from east and west, WINGS marched into the Directorate of Medical Services at AFHQ and dumped them in the lap of a medical research scientist who has all the dope on the famous step test at his fingertips. His reaction was a wan grin, as if he'd heard this song before.

"We're glad to get all possible valid comment and criticism on the Harvard test and the new Fitness Assessment Sheet," declared the Officer i/c Step Test. "But a lot of the comments sent to WINGS, like others we have received, arise from misunderstanding of the principles and purpose of the test."

"Let us," he suggested, "put a few basic facts on the record, deal with several common criticisms — and then throw the debate open to all comers."

So here's the story of the Fitness Assessment Sheet and the Harvard step test, put in as simple terms as possible.

The Harvard step test originated at Harvard University at the start of the war, based on some fifteen years of scientific research on fatigue. The RCAF adopted it for use in conjunction with the new Duty Fitness program only after making a thorough survey of all such tests currently in use by the leading American universities and the U.S. armed forces, and after consultation with outstanding authorities both there and in Canada.

But — and get this — the RCAF didn't adopt the Harvard test as the final yardstick for measuring physical fitness. It was simply included as one of five factors in scoring the recently introduced RCAF Fitness Assessment. Each man is scored on *appearance* (complexion, muscular development, build, etc.), *stamina* (staying power during games, etc.), *application*, and *regularity of attendance* at sports parades — and this part of the assessment must be completed before the airman's step-test score has been determined.



Not until then is the Harvard test given, under supervision of the MO, and the results included as but one part of the assessment.

"No single test or even battery of tests is a hundred per cent reliable," the Squadron Leader points out, "and those other four factors were introduced to safeguard against the errors to which the Harvard test may be liable."

As for the Harvard Test itself — here's how it works.

When you exercise, your muscles require a greater supply of oxygen than when at rest, the oxygen being supplied by the blood. When you exercise heavily your heart must beat faster to pump that extra flow of oxygen-bearing blood to the muscles. Your heart keeps on beating faster after you stop exercising because your muscles are still "in debt" for oxygen, and that debt must be paid off.

When two men engage in the same amount of exercise and one "tires" more than the other, it is because though both have incurred the same "debt" for oxygen, the one who is in poorer physical condition naturally requires longer to repay that "oxygen debt" than the other.

"OXYGEN DEBT"

When the MO puts you through the Harvard test — keeping at that ringing chant of "UP — down . . . UP — down" till you think your lungs will burst and calling no halt for five full minutes — you are performing a carefully measured amount of exercise. You are making your muscles lift your body twenty inches from the floor, and drop you back again, exactly 150 times in precisely five minutes. When you stop, your muscles are "in debt" for a great deal of oxygen — and your "oxygen debt" will for all practical purposes be the same as any other chap who completes the same exercise in the same time.

How long it takes you to repay that debt is measured by counting your pulse for thirty-second periods at intervals of one, two and three minutes after you stop, while your heart-beat is gradually returning to normal. Because the "repayment time" (or recovery time) of thousands of other chaps in your own age group was worked out long ago in developing the test, your results can be compared with "pulse-count" tables to determine your Harvard score.

Note that phrase "thousands of other chaps."

One critic notes that an airman on his unit who can put the sixteen-pound shot forty feet failed to score a pass on the Harvard step test, and offers this as evidence that the test is useless. Say the authorities, "Nonsense!"

It is a common mistake to confuse muscular strength with general fitness — stamina has a lot more to do with it than strength. But this critic's big mistake is in seizing on one particular, individual case to condemn the whole test. The same station might also produce an airman who is well known to be lazy and a great guy to dodge sports' parades, and who would thus be poorly graded on the first four points of the Fitness Assessment — yet who has done well on the step test. And two or three exceptions like these may lead unthinking observers to dismiss the test as useless.

THE MAJORITY COUNTS

There is no test that doesn't mis-fire occasionally — but this one has stood up under thousands of trial cases. University rowing crews, football teams and other sports squads have been trial-tested as units and in the great majority of cases athletes have scored in the top ten percent bracket of the student body to which they belong. If the afore-mentioned critic could produce Fitness Assessment Sheets for several classes of aircrew at his station, and show that in the great majority of cases scores registered for appearance, stamina, application and attendance are inconsistent with step-test scores, he would be entitled to a loud-challenging cry — but not unless.

Proof of the pudding is in the eating — and the Harvard test has already demonstrated its worth within the RCAF itself in the few months since its adoption. Anyone would admit that three months of regular work-outs under the new Duty Fitness program would considerably step up a man's physical condition. Thousands of aircrew were given the Harvard test at the time the Duty Fitness program was inaugurated. And tests for these same aircrew made after they had been taking the program for three months show a very significant jump in their Harvard scores.

That's the story — and with that the defense rests its case. If you've any further questions demanding answers, medical authorities at AFHQ will be glad to try to answer them through WINGS. And if you've still got any charges to level at the Harvard test — well, better be ready to back them up with real evidence.

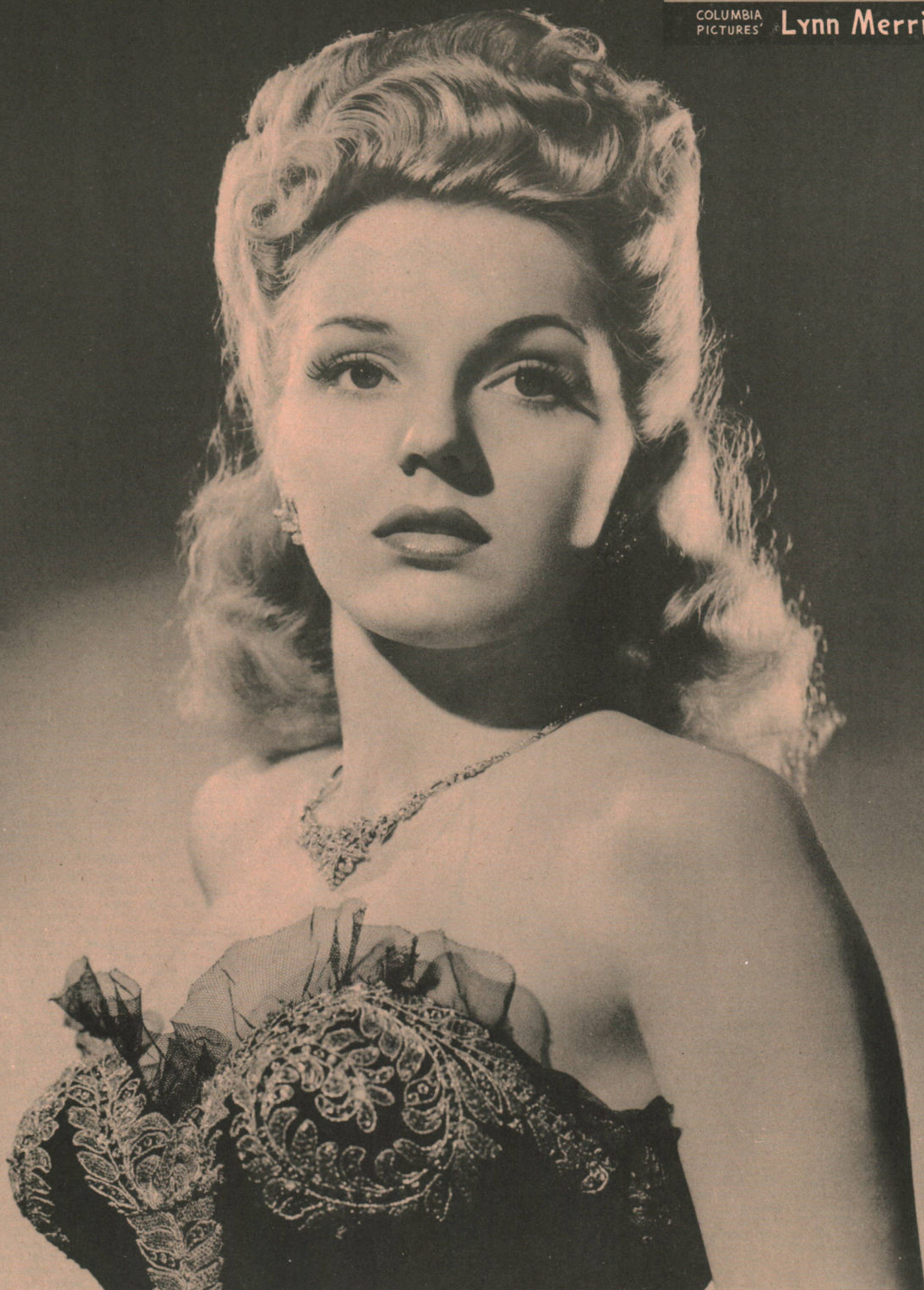
Wingsgirl



FOR APRIL

COLUMBIA
PICTURES

Lynn Merrick



NEWS FROM YOUR

Home Town

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Thanks to Hitler several rural communities of this province will have better medical services. At a time when doctors are scarce everywhere, two medical men, both Austrian refugees, have arrived to take up practice in the villages. People may be able to drive from New Brunswick to Prince Edward Island in the near future if the construction of a tunnel suggested in the local legislature by Fred Ramsay, MLA, goes into effect as a post-war project. Dr. J. E. Blanchard, newly-elected mayor of Charlottetown, is the first Acadian to hold that office. The oath was administered by Mr. Justice A. E. Arsenault, first Acadian supreme court judge and formerly the first of his race to become premier of the province.

NOVA SCOTIA

Jeweller Barney Roza of Halifax says he hasn't any fault to find with the police service there. He went into the detective's office to report theft of three watches and a clock. The detective handed him the three watches, but regretted he couldn't supply the clock. The watches were recovered at a dance hall where they had been sold by three small boys. Stephen Berrynski of Halifax is firmly convinced someone has a grudge against him, and so are police. He lost his car one night and when it turned up it had been battered from radiator to tail-light and looked as though a tank had run over it. Hammering is believed to have done the trick. Crossing the frozen East River near New Glasgow, Clarence Gratto plunged into the icy water and was hauled out by a friend. He resumed his trip, only to fall in again. Then he got out and stayed out. Three deaths have been caused in Halifax recently by people drinking after-shaving lotion, paint remover, rubbing alcohol and other poisonous substances, it was revealed by Dr. F. W. Woodbury, district medical examiner. Halifax Chronicle News editor Jim Gowen turned the tables when he informed police about the crime. He was walking home from work in the early morning when he discovered a grocery store burglary, but he got there too late to prevent thieves from carting away the store safe containing \$20.

NEW BRUNSWICK

Max Lampert of Moncton was fined \$1,000 for selling gasoline ration coupons; this is believed the heaviest fine yet imposed in the Maritimes under rationing regulations. C. K. Beveridge, chairman of the Saint John city housing commission, hopes the housing shortage will be relieved if some prefabricated houses of a permanent type are purchased and brought to the city. The 1,256-foot covered bridge across the Saint John River at Hartland is to have a new approach; it is the longest bridge of its type in the world. It would be hard to beat the record of James Frelick of Western Head who has occupied the position of councillor in the Municipality of Queens for forty-seven years. The furniture shortage doesn't bother the A. M. Smith family of East Amherst when it comes to baby; they still use a mahogany cradle which was built in 1820 and has been in their family for five generations. After a year of chess-playing by postcard, H. W. Morris of the Restigouche Chess Club of Dalhousie finally has won an interprovincial correspondence chess championship from T. W. J. Lynch of Halifax.

QUEBEC

Robert F. Patterson, 16, is Verdun's current juvenile hero. He read that King George was suffering from a cold so he wrote to wish His Majesty a speedy recovery and received acknowledgement of his good wishes. Young businessmen of La Tuque plan to "tackle post-war problems right now" and have mapped out a campaign to get together all possible suggestions which may help in solving the town's local difficulties after the war. Mrs. Edna MacLennan, 41, of Montreal, was declared "unfit to stand trial" on a charge of murdering her three children last December; she told police she killed her children to save their souls. A spectacular fire destroyed the Astor Grill in the heart of the St. Catherine Street theatre district, Montreal. Damage was estimated at \$60,000.

ONTARIO

Harvey Kaster, transport driver, completed 1,000,000 miles of accident-free driving when he arrived in Toronto from Walkerton to accept the Legion of Safety Trophy. He has never dented a fender in seventeen years of driving, has never received a parking ticket or a summons for speeding. The captain of the oil tanker Britamoco, Capt. J. R. Anderson won the battered silk hat presented to the captain of the first ship to enter Toronto harbor each year. Chatham claims to have the first woman shoe-shiner; Mrs. L. Dibley has been brush-wielding for almost a year at a King Street store. Walter Tatomin, seventeen, of Point Pelee, near Windsor, presented a cheque for \$9 at a bank, received \$900 in error, said nothing and divided the difference with two friends. But the law caught up with him and he was charged with theft and his friends with receiving stolen money. London may become the best-lighted city in North America under one of a list of post-war town planning proposals now being compiled for the City Council. Forty thousand loose gasoline ration coupons were stolen from the Sun Oil Company, Hamilton, by a thief who left a note saying: "Ha Ha, I dood it again." It was signed "The Lone Wolf". Two weeks before the same office was entered and a note left by the "Wolf" ridiculed police for their inability to catch him. Ouis Verstrate, 70-year-old Belgian of Cedar Springs has had scores of applications following his recent advertisement for a wife but apparently he has not yet been able to make up his mind. There was one in London that took his fancy but he confessed sadly she did not want to move on to a farm.

Letter From Home For

A/S/O CECILIA SALOME Recruiting Centre, Regina

Campbellton, N.B.

Dear Celie:

A request for a letter from home to a member of the RCAF has been received from the editor of WINGS, and you, being a former employee of this staff are naturally "it". Things are continuing to roll along about as usual, with the average number of blessed events, obituaries, marriages, minor court cases and what-not taking place.

That dark, blond speedster you used to chum with is still on the go and, sad to relate, does not seem to have definitely tied himself down to any particular sweet young thing — which leaves the way open for you when this dire conflict is over. The town elections are over for another year and our friend, Mayor Pryor, has given way to Ernest Renault as chief magistrate. Hockey here this season was not up to the mark, most of the boys being in on a tougher and more important game for the duration. Our casualties have been unusually heavy, compared with other communities this size, with the boys in the Air Force carrying the greater part of the load to date. Our friend, Lieutenant Eddie LeBlanc, whose articles and broadcasts you will no doubt recall, has been killed in action in Italy, after only short service. The old Graphic is still operating short-handed so for goodness' sake see what you can do to wind up this fracas and get back into harness.

You would like to be back home now, I imagine. Spring is on the way, though the date is early, and as you remember one can feel the tang of it in the air, a feature loved by all Easterners. Al and the staff send their regards. So long for now, and best regards.

Grant MacBeath,

News Editor, The Campbellton Graphic

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

MANITOBA

Death stalked the Winnipeg Zoo during 1943 and the annual report of Frank T. White, parks superintendent revealed that the grim reaper carried off Nero the Lion, Monty the Monkey and three alligators. Seven deer, two elk and two pelicans were destroyed. A timber wolf measuring seven feet ventured too far one day and was clubbed to death near Portage la Prairie by two farmers, William and Henry Whitelord. They ran the animal down on horseback. A bear fared better in Selkirk when brought to town on a leash by Frank Medel; he fed it beer, to cause a sensation — and some indignation, beer being scarce here. Patricia Berry, Winnipeg radio singer, has received an offer of a screen test and has left for Hollywood. Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Bernier of Flin Flon have blazed a trail to Sherridon; they made the first trip by truck, travelling over rough roads, lakes and portages.

SASKATCHEWAN

Residents of Expanse got their daily work-out hauling their own water during a recent shortage. No tank service was available and there were few good wells. Premier W. J. Patterson announced that a medical college will be built at the University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon. Age has not caught up with Mrs. Matilda Varty, 92-year-old resident of Innisfail who made thirteen quilts during four weeks recently using 9,000 yards of thread. As a relaxation she knitted four pair of mits and two pair of socks during the same period. Saskatoon came up with a new scheme to sell War Savings stamps by auctioning services of prominent citizens to the highest bidder. Mayor Angus MacPherson was sold into slavery on the block for \$80 worth of savings stamps and spent the following day as waiter in a local restaurant. S. N. MacEachern, commissioner of the Saskatchewan Board of Trade, reports negotiations are under way with the British Glue and Chemicals Company of England for a factory location in Saskatoon.

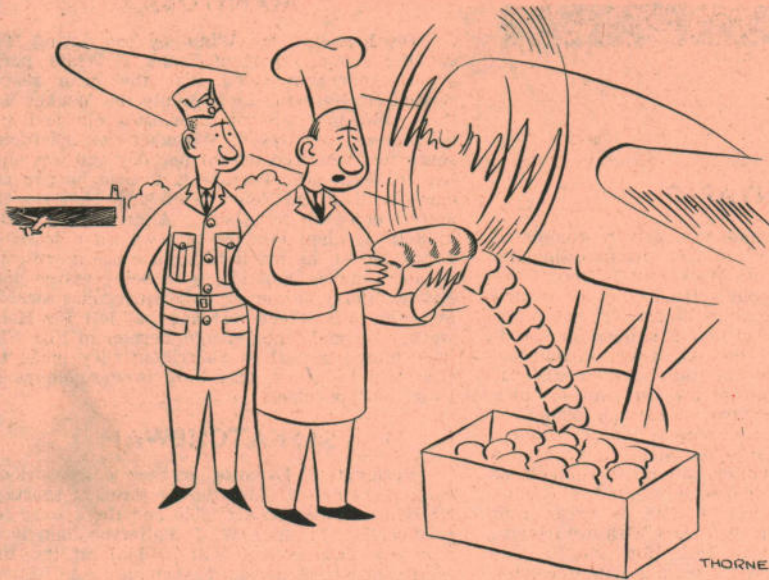
ALBERTA

William Barwise, of Evansburg, mail carrier, lost a wallet containing some \$400. About a week later the wallet turned up in his own coal shed intact. Prince Tassilo Hohenlohe, descendant of a family which played an important part in moulding the German empire, is a German prisoner of war in the nearby internment camp at Lethbridge. He has been here more than fourteen months. Mons Forgerheim, a trapper in the Porcupine River district, made a record haul in two months, killing seven timber wolves, fifty-nine coyotes and thirteen foxes. Edward Oney of Drayton Valley, well driller, put a dynamite cap on an anvil and hit it with a hammer. He thought it was a "dud" but after it went off he was minus a finger.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

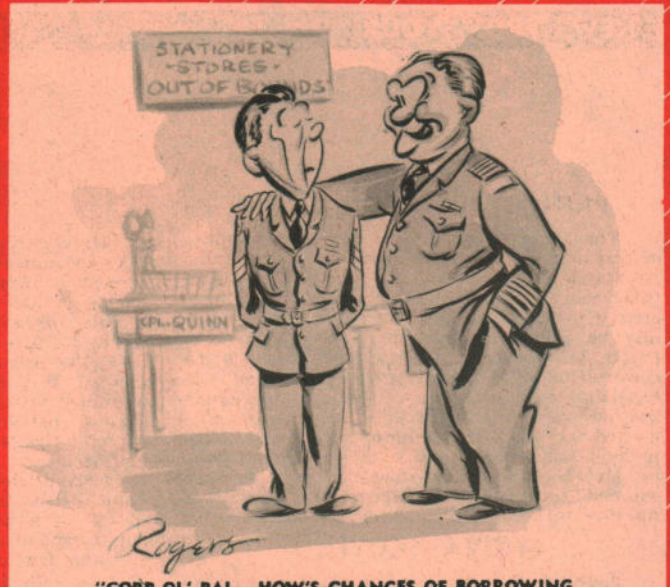
A handsome black-haired bandit held up J. T. Dryburgh of New Westminster at his home, forced him and his family into their car at gunpoint, made them drive to the hardware store Dryburgh manages, and robbed the store of \$500. Charles Boyle, aged eighteen months, of Vancouver, won the \$12,000 Lions Club gift house, the ticket having been bought in his name. Charles and his father had to go to court to find how the matter should be handled. Court decided one-third interest would be for baby and the remainder would go to his dad, who bought the ticket. The provincial police of Williams Lake would rather collect dog taxes than take the dogs into custody. Patiently they have been following tagless dogs home and collecting from their masters. Even Maj.-Gen. G. R. Pearkes, general officer commanding Pacific Command, couldn't bluff his way by the army sergeant guarding entrance to the dock where the last of Canadian troops from Kiska disembarked. Finally after much searching the general produced his area pass and was permitted to enter. Ralph Black, location manager for Columbia Pictures, is still searching for a snowstorm which will resemble a Russian blizzard. He thought sure he would find one at Prince George, but he found only a small dust storm. Military authorities in Vancouver were startled when Thomas Slattery of Vancouver appeared for physical examination in response to a call-up notice. Slattery is 63.

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



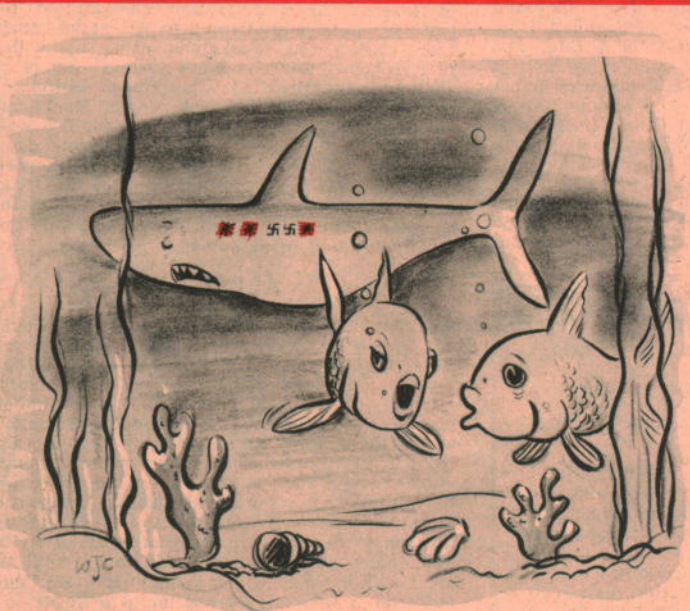
"IT'S A BIT DIFFICULT WHEN YOU GET DOWN TO THE CRUST"

THORNE



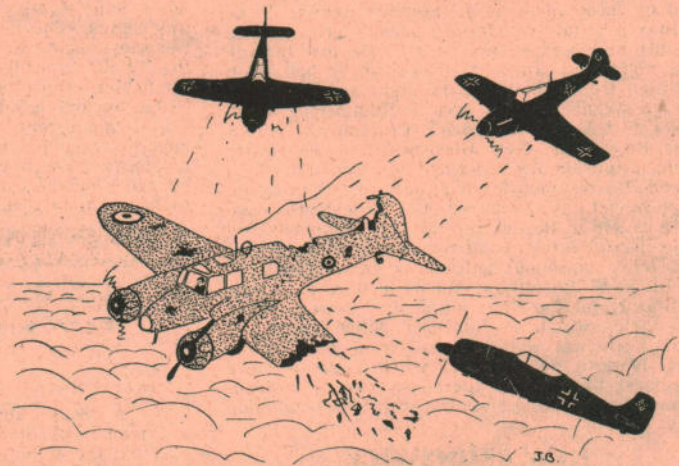
"CORP OL' PAL—HOW'S CHANCES OF BORROWING A FEW PAPER CLIPS UNTIL NEXT WEEK?"

Rogers



"HE'S GOT FIVE DESTROYED AND INDIGESTION"

WJC



"AT LEAST THIS IS GOING TO LOOK GOOD IN MY LOG BOOK WHEN I GET BACK!"

J.B.

MAIL THIS COPY HOME

FROM: _____



TO _____

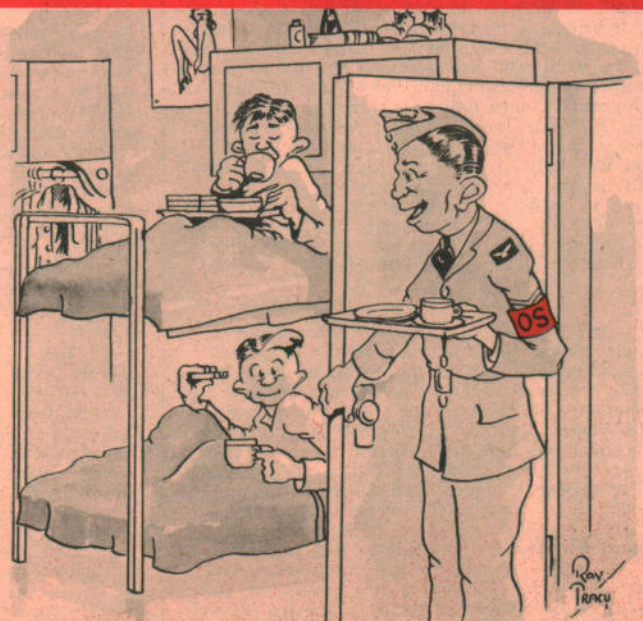
STREET _____

CITY OR TOWN _____

PROVINCE OR STATE _____

COUNTRY (U.S.A OR CANADA) _____

POSTAL REGULATIONS PROHIBIT MAILING MAGAZINES OVERSEAS



Roy Tracy