

WINGS



LOG OF THE R-C-A-F
OTTAWA CANADA

5c
MAY
1944



Gpt. W. Couc '41

RCAF

ART SHOW WINNERS

See Pix Page 8-9

DEMAND and Supply

An Equip Depot is a Mail Order House where you can order anything from Anson wings to dish towels

Illustrated by FS Don Anderson



TORONTO SKYLINE FORMS BACKGROUND FOR ENTRANCE TO RCAF'S NO 1 EQUIPMENT DEPOT

by SGT ED HAYES

THE orderly sergeant and two duty Joes headed for the admin building bucking a raw March wind that swept off Lake Ontario, as dusk settled over No 1 Equipment Depot at Toronto. The sergeant stopped at the signals section, poked his head inside the door.

"Anything doing?" he asked.

"One coming up now," replied the NCO in charge as the teletype clacked away.

He stepped in and scanned the signal. It read: "Q101 — 22/3/44 — AOG — 27A/428 — TIRES MAIN — EA 1 — HARVARD 6246 — CO 1 SFTS."

That wire didn't mean much until he spotted AOG — aircraft on ground. Literally translated it said a Harvard aircraft at Camp Borden was temporarily grounded for lack of a main wheel tire — a new one was needed at once.

The OS hustled off to the mechanical accounting ledgers and checked the tire stock. The demand could be filled so he dug up a material location tag and in a matter of minutes the duty watch Joe was down at shed 206 pulling a tire

from the bin. Within an hour after it came over the teletype the MT had the tire on its way to Union Station for shipment to Camp Borden. It would arrive there in time for the grounded Harvard to resume flying in the morning.

That's how quickly and efficiently — whether it's 9.30 a.m. or 9.30 at night — equipment vital to the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan may be rushed by motor transport, air, rail or boat from No 1 Equipment Depot or from any Command depot in Canada to an RCAF station to keep training craft aloft and ground crew programs running on schedule.

Whether it's waterglass, cockroach powder, a fire truck or a Bolingbroke wing you'll find it in stock at the Toronto depot, one of the RCAF's largest. There on the shelves are some 85,000 different kinds of equipment — with a supply control system that will tell in a jiffy the exact amount of stock on hand of each of the 85,000 items. A revolver retaining pin can be located just as quickly as a Boly fuselage. This Equip Depot serves all RCAF stations in No 1 Training Command in addition to being the master depot for Anson and Bolingbroke parts for all stations in Canada. All over the Service unit equip sections send in their demands — and No 1 ED — meets demand with supply.

55-SHED DEPOT

FS Joe Blackett of Toronto who took us on a two-day tour of the 55-shed depot, knows the station like a book and virtually everybody on the station knows Joe Blackett. The Flight was one of the originals who moved in in 1940 with the first group of airmen from No 1 Aircraft Depot, Ottawa. That was when everybody fought the mud in rubber boots, including the civil servant girls; when there was no lifting gear to handle equipment and when fuel oil heaters provided warmth for offices. Now it's like a little village stretched out for more than a half mile along Toronto's lakeshore drive. Rows of sheds, three deep, line the village streets, and freight cars shunt all day along 1st Street, the main drag.

There was all kinds of activity in the receipt and issue sections when we dropped in. Airmen and civilians, male and female, checked, counted, weighed goods, tabulated, opened boxes, moved them over to one side, then piled them on the other; every article was examined by the A.I.D.;

clerks were buried in a maze of vouchers and RCAF forms; trucks pulled up to the buildings to load and unload. The receipt section handles on an average of 1,200 to 1,500 tons of supplies a month.

Motor transport and rail are the two chief modes of delivery but it's not unusual for nearby flying units to send aircraft to the Island Airport to pick up urgently needed equipment. When this method is used the station signals its demand in advance. When the kite lands at the island the parcel is ready to be loaded onto the aircraft.

FIRST AID FOR "BLUES"

When an airman on any station in No 1 Training Command turns in clothing, No 1 ED is the dumping depot. Here it is checked repaired or reduced to "produce" — salvaged for other purposes. Last year in the clothing repair section 6,000 greatcoats were reconditioned; 17,000 khaki tunics; 23,000 khaki trousers; 15,000 blue serge tunics and 23,000 blue serge trousers; not to mention the thousands of shirts and other clothing that has passed down the repair line. This depot also issues to personnel of Toronto units that are without stores.

The specially constructed parachute section, operated entirely by WDs under the supervision of Cpl Phyllis Haines of Southey, Sask., is the store-room for hundreds of chutes which are hung up to air in wells — for 24 to 48 hours after arrival from the manufacturer or a repair depot. Temperature of the wells must remain the same at all times. After the nylon chutes are aired a group of WDs including LAWs Betty MacIntyre of Amerstburg, Ont., Beth Miller of Three Rivers, Que., Mary Kynock of Tilbury, Ont., Betty Van Valkenburg of Lindsay, Ont., and Melva Koehler of Kitchener, pack and store the chutes until issued to flying stations.

LAC John Munro, MM who saw boot-repair action for many months at an RCAF station in Newfoundland, is now "saving soles", as he likes to put it, in Toronto the Good. Munro has a distinguished war record from the last fray but to look at him you'd never think he was old enough, having scarcely a grey hair. He is one of the three airmen who, along with about twenty-three skilled civilian boot repairers, handle about 1,500 pairs a week. It is seldom that shoes are kept in this section more than 48 hours, or that they haven't been sent back to the airman on his



LAC JOHN MUNRO ON BOOT REPAIR LINE

unit in four days. Every boot or shoe is analyzed before going up for repair. If worth repairing they are disinfected, given a Lexol restorative treatment, brought back to normal shape and then put through the various stages of repair.

Our tour took us to the heavily guarded Ford plant in East Toronto where millions of dollars worth of aircraft engines are stored for the RCAF — including hundreds of engines ranging in cost from \$2,500 to \$25,000. At the motor transport holding unit in a downtown Toronto building we saw scores of vehicles, including crash tenders, RCAF jeeps, station wagons, transport trucks, fuel tenders and fire trucks.

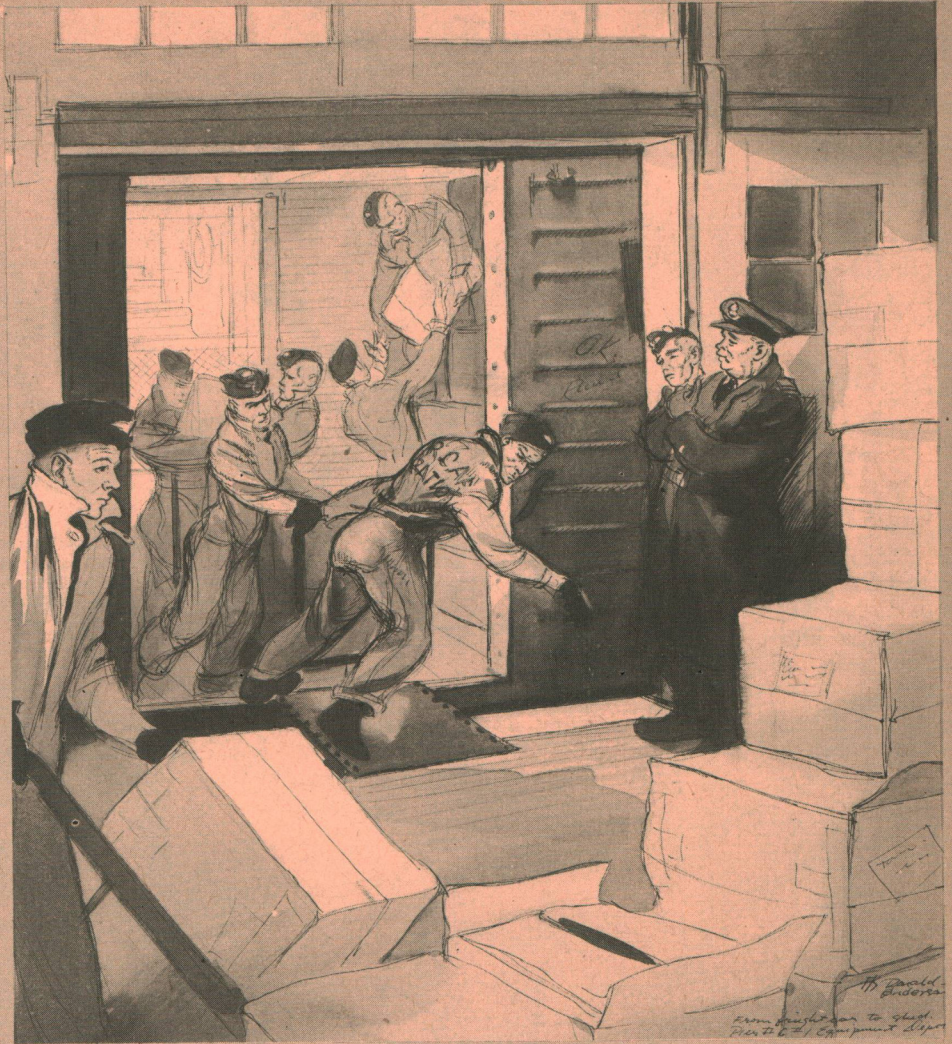
TRACKING 'EM DOWN

The amazing thing to any ordinary guy who can't even find a spare shirt in his own locker, is how the Equip Depot folks can track down any one item among the hundreds of thousands in their charge without having a vast staff constantly combing the place from stem to gudgeon. Instead, the one or two men or girls working in each of the big sheds can locate the ordered article in next to no time. Demands received from stations are translated into "material location" tags — a tag for each item wanted, bearing a simple code such as "94-B-12". The chap in charge of the shed concerned takes the tag and heads down the long centre aisle; over his head runs a yellow scantling bearing black numbers designating each cross-alley. The tag tells him to stop at cross-alley 94; the B tells him the article he wants is on the second shelf from the bottom in that alley. Each section of the shelf is also numbered so he stops at the twelfth section from the centre aisle — and there staring at him is the door hinge (or spark plug or carton of electric light bulbs) that he's looking for.

When equipment is ready a yellow signal flag is placed outside the door of the stores shed. Trailers towed by a tractor stop at the sheds flying the yellow flag and take the equipment to the issue section for despatch to units.

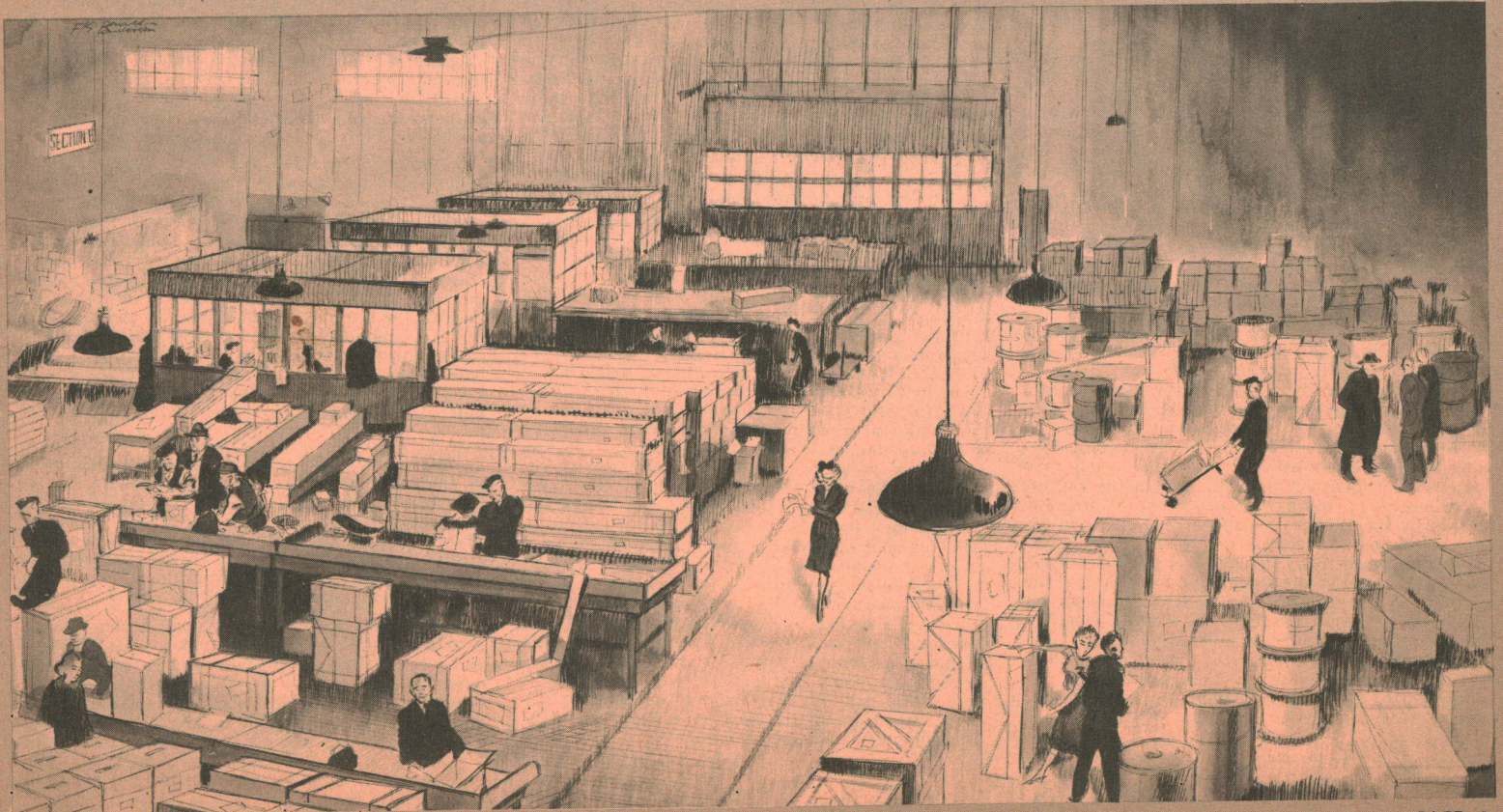
Everybody is ground crew at the equipment depot but there's an aircrew atmosphere in the orderly room. In fact the OR staff boast they are the most air-minded outfit in RCAF ground crew. Two flying units, No 1 Communications Flight and No 124 Ferry Squadron are attached to 1 ED for pay and records — so the clerks and stenos have gone all out in collecting a fine array of framed aircraft pictures which adorn the walls of the large room. Now it's often tagged the amateur aircraft rec room. But personnel are really interested in planes.

"When a strange kite circles the Island Airport across the Bay," explained a steno, "We almost break our necks trying to identify it."



AIRCREW AWAITING POSTING TO FLYING SCHOOLS GET JOED TO UNLOAD CLOTHING FROM FREIGHT CARS LINED UP AT NO 6 PIER IN TORONTO HARBOR, ANOTHER BRANCH OF DEPOT

SPACIOUS RECEIVING SECTION GETS ALL INCOMING EQUIPMENT TO CHECK, COUNT, EXAMINE, BEFORE SHOOTING IT ON TO APPROPRIATE SHEDS. THEY HANDLE ABOUT 1,500 TONS MONTHLY



Galloping Gertie

THE IRON HORSE OF NEWFIE



Moose scatter in all directions when Galloping Gertie hits the rails. At left in photo is Sgt Tom Hammond, i/c of speeder ops, and Cpl Mac McAuley, Gertie's driver.

She'd put a bucking bronco to shame, bouncing over the rails in fair weather or foul

by LAC RON REWBURY

NEWFOUNDLAND — This is a railroading story. Such a yarn certainly doesn't seem typical of the Air Force, but remember there are many unusual branches of the Service which have been found necessary to the maintenance of the planes which rove above the clouds. This story is about one which is indeed unique, and had its origin in a barrack room argument, a thing not at all uncommon to lads in blue.

It all started when someone made the bold statement: "Aw, quit yer cacklin', you know darn well, only aircrew fly." "Course, all signs point to this as fact, but then there are a lot of people who just don't believe in signs. The author of this misguided phrase apparently figured it out in his own mind that unless a happy chappy takes off in a winged monster, he is not a high flier. To gullible airmen and the public in general, this is so, but to RCAF speeder operators in Newfoundland, it's just "a dirty lie", and they can prove it. You'd say so to, if you ever flew the beam on "Galloping Gertie, the Iron Horse of Newfie."

Galloping Gertie, is a railway speeder, owned and operated by the RCAF in Newfoundland, and would put a real bucking bronco to shame as she bounces over the Newfie railway line almost every day of the year, fair weather or foul. She is a cross between a miniature railway train and a four wheel scooter. Back in civilian life, speeders were known as "jiggers". Their purpose was to transport section men on the railway to wherever a piece of work was in progress. However, the RCAF uses speeders for a very different purpose. In almost five years of war, they have performed many and various tasks on behalf of the Service in Newfoundland — rushing fire fighters to the scenes of forest fires; transporting sick and injured personnel to RCAF hospitals; taking rations to outposts and target ranges; carrying personnel on pass to the choice fishing grounds which abound on the island — to say nothing to perpetually running the gauntlet, trying to beat trains to sidings.

Galloping Gertie is typical of all speeders operating in Newfoundland, so we will stick strictly to the story of her Air Force career, and of her present master, Cpl Mac McAuley, from

Kouchibouguac, and we do mean Kouchibouguac, New Brunswick. Mac is the only man who isn't afraid to ride this one cylinder cyclone of the rails.

Mac McAuley is an RCAF Driver of Transport, and railroading was new to him when he arrived in Newfoundland, but is now an old hand at the game. When Mac first saw Galloping Gertie, she was merely a speeder with an Air Force number, but after a couple of test runs, he gave her the present title. From then on it was a fight to the finish, but Mac tamed her. She is now his baby, and some say he'd take Gertie to barracks with him if he could figure out some way to get her up the stairs. Mac says she averages forty miles an hour, "but can do fifty-five when the Newfie Express is on her tail."

OVER AND AROUND

Railroading in Newfoundland is much different than in most places. The track is a narrow gauge and a feature of a trip on a Newfoundland train is the up and down motion, which to some is rather thrilling, and to others . . . well, you know what. The track certainly isn't level. When it comes to a hill, it goes over, or if it is too steep, it goes round. When there is a depression, she goes down. If a river is too wide, it follows the stream until a narrow point is reached. It does, however, meander through some of the most beautiful wilderness on the continent.

While a speeder operator's life is somewhat a solitary one, it is not without variety. Just to show how versatile a speeder operator's life is, here is a sheet out of Mac's daily log: "10.00 hrs., rations to bombing range; 17.00 hrs. officers inspection tour to . . . ; 01.00 hrs. rushed crew to fight forest fire; 05.00 hrs., brought maternity case to RCAF hospital."

In the hinterland of Newfoundland, RCAF hospitals also take care of civilian needs, and consequently Mac has played godfather to numerous Newfoundland kiddies. Quite often parents wave to Mac as he whizzes past their abode on Galloping Gertie, and point him out to their offspring as "the stork man". Many injured men have also been rushed out of the bush on Galloping Gertie, consequently saving their lives.

One time Mac and Gertie took a party of "gold braid" on a hunting expedition. Moose and caribou abound in Newfoundland, but that day

they were as scarce as hen's teeth. The next morning, Mac and Gertie were out alone, and Mac spotted a moose away ahead on the tracks. Gertie wheezed, and bounded forward. Pitching and tossing; straining her one spark plug, the old girl took up the chase, and it went on for mile after mile, with Gertie gaining steadily. The moose couldn't turn into the bush because of deep snow, and suddenly the great beast stopped, shuddered and fell exhausted. Gertie pulled alongside the heaving animal with a triumphant screech. Mac carries a six shooter, but he didn't use it that day. Instead he patted the fallen giant on the nose, and left him to recover. Gertie seemed to snort in disgust as she chugged away.

Another time Mac and Gertie tried hard to keep ahead of a bellowing freight train, and Gertie strained herself to the limit. All was going well until she had to climb a steep hill. It was the last mile, that broke Gertie's strength. She wheezed to a stop. There was a grinding crash as the locomotive smashed into the trailer behind Galloping Gertie. Knowing he could do nothing for the old girl, Mac jumped clear. Luckily the engineer realized there was something amiss, and pulled his train to a standstill. Gertie had been derailed, but undamaged. Mac suffered a few bruises, and a face full of crushed blueberries, which grow extensively along the tracks.

Mac and Gertie mean much to the inhabitants of the small settlements along the line. Mac is the bearer of good tidings; the bringer of things; the good neighbor on wheels. Within a few hours of his passing through, Mrs. Murphy knows all about Mrs. Browning's new baby, (ten pounds would you believe it?), even though they live perhaps sixty miles apart.

When Mac and Gertie don't pass through these settlements, nothing ever happens. All is quiet, and serene. The settlements remain remote. The outside world and the war are far off things. But regardless of this, it just doesn't seem right when Mac or Gertie miss a trip, and the people wonder why. So to keep everybody happy, including the Air Force, Mac keeps Gertie in good shape, and he himself sleeps soundly whenever he gets a chance to hit the hay.





The air's frigid but the water's warm. Construction Joes in the far northwest take time out for a winter's dip in hot springs near Watson Lake



No. 4 CMU works and buildings section needed accommodation at Watson Lake in a hurry so these RCAF crewmen whipped this building into shape.

Joe Jobs on the Yukon Trail

There's hard slugging with any CMU — particularly this one

by CPL A. W. F. WALES

CALGARY — If you've shivered through nights in an unheated tent or worn a face bloated and swollen from fly and mosquito bites; if you've poured concrete till you were a crust of sweat, dust and cement, or handled a pick 'n shovel for sixteen hours on end; if you've been frost bitten but went on slugging or been without a 48 for months on end — if you've been through all this, then you've probably seen action with No 4 Construction and Maintenance Unit along the North West Staging Route.

Early pioneers had little on the airmen who have battled the Yukon wilderness to operate a chain of airports connecting Edmonton with the far northwest and paralleling the famed Alaskan Highway.

These construction airmen from No 4 CMU, Calgary, are carpenters, cement workers, masons, plumbers, electricians, refrigeration servicemen and those all-important "construction hands" — Joes-of-all-trades who pitch in when there are ditches to be dug or cement and gravel to be shovelled. Senior NCOs in charge of construction jobs are usually men who have had years of civilian contracting experience. Airmen posted to units along the NWSR maintain runways and buildings; others control flying operations.

If it snows for 48 hours just that much time must be spent in blading and sweeping runways to keep 'em flying. If a cantankerous weatherman decrees 60 degrees below zero, and it's not unusual, the work must still be done. You see these airmen dressed in parkas, ski-caps and khaki trousers tucked into knee boots or mukluks — their winter work issue for the northwest. And you'll often find the rec hall stripped of its writing desks, ping-pong tables and piano and in their place a floorful of bunks to accommodate temporary duty airmen.

There is blinding dust, flies and mosquitoes in the summer. There are no passes any season — you get your annual leave at a time when it is convenient for the station to spare you but 48s are things you remember away back when.

American personnel who service all U.S. and Canadian planes greatly outnumber the RCAFmen. But Canadian airmen are attached to the U. S. units for medical and hospitalization service and are extended the privilege — and no other word can apply — of being served by the American Post Exchange or canteens. You can forgive the MDs for some very nasty, bitter medicine after going down to PX, for it is there that the Canuck learns to value his smokes and many other necessities cheaply. Not only the American institutions, but the Yank themselves are very friendly and hospitable. If they throw a party Canucks are invited. If you're walking out, before you've gone a hundred yards a Yank jeep, truck or car pulls up and you hear the familiar "Whadaya say there, Canuck?" It might be drawled in a lazy "deep South" accent or chopped in pure Brooklynesne.

If only to prove that all intrepid and resourceful airmen are not necessarily in aircrew, there's the incident about the bear at Whitehorse. Unassisted by dog or weapon a party of airmen succeeded in treeing a partly grown black bear one Sunday afternoon. With the bear up a tree the boys were equally stumped as what to do next. Then two of the boldest clambered up and calmly fastened two chains around the bear's neck. All hands joined in a heave-ho on the dangling chains, Mr. Bruin finally lost his grip and did a crash dive. Here the outstanding generalship of the two airmen became apparent—with two chains, if the bear charged in one direction it was pulled back and vice versa. The boys kept him around as a playmate until one night he floored a couple of them. He played too rough so they unchained Mr. Bruin and let him go his way.

The NWSR was recently taken over by Western Air Command and No 9 CMU is already in the field carrying on construction. No. 4 CMU will not be back on the Route in days to come but many nostalgic recollections of Grand Prairie, Fort St. John, Fort Nelson, Watson Lake and Whitehorse will be common among even the most ardent grippers.

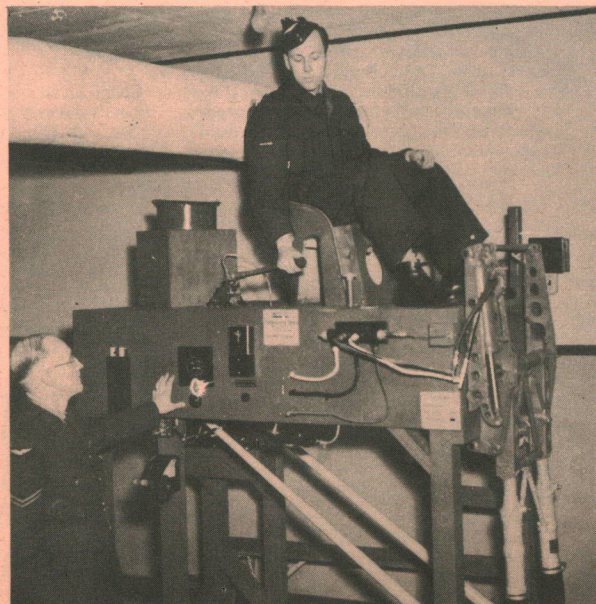


Smoky River near Grande Prairie was bridgeless at this point but it didn't stymie the CMU boys

INTER-COM

THREE PAGES OF STATION-TO-STATION CALLS

Centralia's synthetic undercarriage



CENTRALIA, Ont. — Mooching around runways with undercarriages up and resultant belly landings should soon be a thing of the past at 9 SFTS.

A mock-up undercarriage has been constructed here on which students get special instruction. Everything is complete from horn to compressor struts and an explanatory diagram showing the hydraulic system is plainly displayed.

The students are enthusiastic and have the opportunity to operate the model until they are entirely familiar with all the workings. In photo at left Cpl W. Martin of Galt, Ont., gives student-pilot LAC J. C. Conley of Toronto, the gen on undercarriage workings.

"Survival"
THE STORY OF A DRAMATIC
NEW RCAF FILM IN THE
June WINGS

FIGHTING FOR A FUTURE

More Gen on Rehabilitation



AW1 Edna Knight, Toronto, at a station in P.E.I. gives you an idea of subjects offered by the Canadian Legion for spare-time study.

Ottawa WDs pile up hours in craft and hobby shops

OTTAWA — WDs at Ottawa's Princess Alice Barracks can now take a crack at being Hepburns or Garbos, or if more domestically inclined they can get in training for the day when they'll be the "best little housewife in town".

Under the guiding hand of their education officer, Flt/O R. C. Keir, formerly at 19 SFTS, Vulcan, Alta., they devote at least a night every week to attending one of ten courses, piling up experience for the day they go back to being just plain Mary Brown or Mrs. Jones again.

One of the most active enterprises included in the group is the craftshop operated by Cpl Kae Frew. Cpl Frew has had varied experience in dramatics and handicraft in civilian life which she has put to good use during her two years in the Air Force from Toronto to Newfoundland.

Officers and girls lounge around in sports clothes, ranks submerged in the common interest of fashioning smart felt bags, slippers and framed felt pictures, as well as knitted and crocheted articles, during the evening classes.

WDs with artistic leanings find vent for their talent under the direction of George Buckland, inspector of art for Ottawa schools. In these classes they can dabble in watercolors, oils or charcoal to their hearts' content.

The majority of the instructors for the various language, music and household science classes are drawn from the teaching profession in the city but senioritas in the Spanish class are under the tuition of one of their own WDs, AW1 Edith Walker of Mexico.

The WD dramatic club has been made possible through the co-operation of the Ottawa Little Theatre group and the girls study the fundamentals of dramatic art, stage production, costumes and scenery.

First 40 personnel counsellors now posted to larger stations

The first 40 personnel counsellors will have been posted to 40 Canadian stations by May 1, their job to help you chart your course now for the civilian career you best may enter upon cessation of hostilities.

Three months after the personnel counsellor plan was announced in the February WINGS, the

Servicemen may apply now for rehabilitation program jobs

Want to be a diplomat representing Canada in foreign countries? Want to assist with the big task of carrying out Canada's post-discharge rehabilitation program in any of a variety of jobs ranging from director of public relations to district supervisor of training?

Civil Service competitions will be held for many vital and interesting new positions with the Department of External Affairs and the Department of Pensions and National Health. Applications for immediate vacancies must be filed by June 1. Open to civilians and servicemen alike, preference in appointment will be given to those who have during the war of 1914-18 or the present war been on active service overseas or on the high seas with the Navy.

Full details as to qualifications required, application procedure, etc., are contained in an Appendix to AFRO 808, published April 6, and reproduced in all Unit DROs.



RCAF outposts on Atlantic coast now get latest books by mobile library. Here Sgt W. J. Coulson, EAC HQ, puts finishing touches to new truck.

project becomes an actuality as these first counsellors commence interviewing personnel on their own units. Posting of others will follow this first group as quickly as fully trained officers are available, establishment having been granted for such an officer to every RCAF unit on this continent which has a Service strength greater than 400 all ranks.

A staff of counsellors has already begun directing the new activities from each Command Headquarters, and it is further proposed to provide "visiting flights" to interview officers, airmen and airwomen on smaller units. Key officers for RCAF Overseas Headquarters and each District Headquarters in Britain and as far beyond as Italy, Cairo and India are also being provided, with establishment for counsellors on individual overseas units pending.

Counsellors are being sent to stations on the theory that we can best fight for the future of Canada and the world if each one of us has a clear and worthwhile plan of the part we can play in shaping that future. They will operate not on the basis that the war will be over tomorrow, but that the sooner men and women now in uniform start planning for post-war days the better days those will be. Counsellors will work in close co-operation with educational officers, chaplains and others already familiar with the present and future vocational problems of personnel.

TARGET -- \$10,500,000

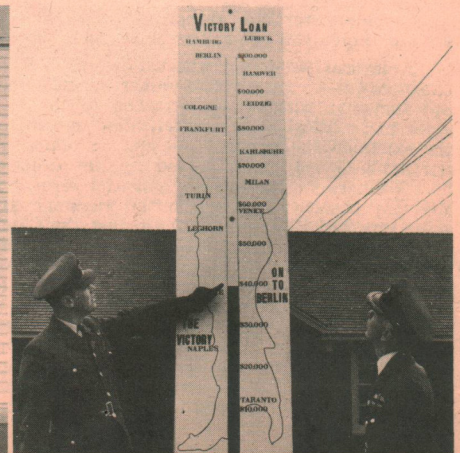
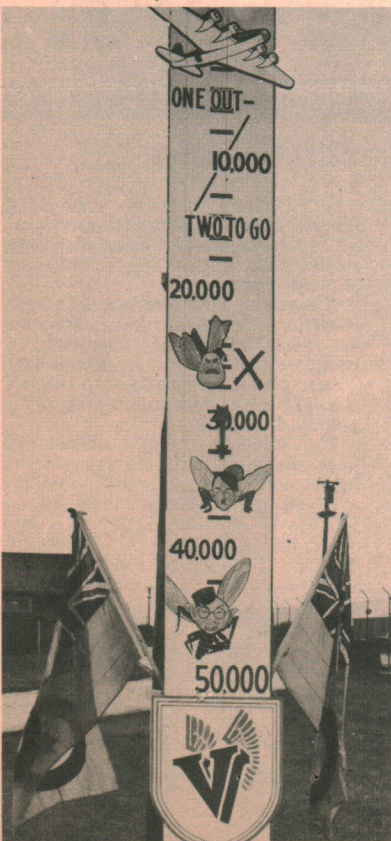
"Hitler" is getting the hotfoot, and Canadian "bomber fleets" are thundering across "flak-torn skies" as unique and dramatic score boards of every kind chart the rapid progress of the RCAF's big drive to make Victory Loan VI a smashing success.

Here are photos of a few of the many ingenious campaign stunts which were cooked up by RCAF stations to sell an Air Force total of \$14,896,550 in 5th Victory Loan Bonds last fall.

No. 5 Equipment Depot on the East Coast used the stunt at left to record the progress of its drive. Below is the giant graph St. Thomas TTS used to keep personnel informed and the chart at lower right was the baby of 7 SFTS, Macleod, Alta.

This year Command and unit quotas have been worked out in direct proportion to payrolls — the greater the buying power the higher the ante. Being heavy with brass, for instance, AFHQ has its own quota of \$485,000 and is not included in the No. 1 Command drive. As you follow the running score in the daily papers, keep this line-up of command quotas in mind; EAC—\$1,550,000; WAC—\$915,000; 1 TC—\$2,350,000; 2 TC—\$1,450,000; 3 TC—\$1,500,000; 4 TC—\$1,250,000; Overseas—\$1,000,000. And don't forget that our Air Force chunk of the national \$1,200,000,000 objective totals \$10,500,000.

Make that fifty a C-note, and get in the fight!



I know this target

Kuana's had it

by FS LLOYD BAKER

WEST COAST — "Kuana", a two year old deer who has been the pet of every man at a northern British Columbia station since she was kneehigh to a chipmunk, is dead.

Her natural timidness overcome by kindness of the airmen who found her deserted by her mother when only a few days old, "Kuana" made the station her own. One of the most unusual mascots in the Air Force, she got her picture in the first issue of WINGS, a year ago February.

But tragedy struck at the base when "Kuana" was accidentally electrocuted. She now rests beneath the ensign of her adopted home and her grave is marked with a headstone and fence erected by her airmen friends.

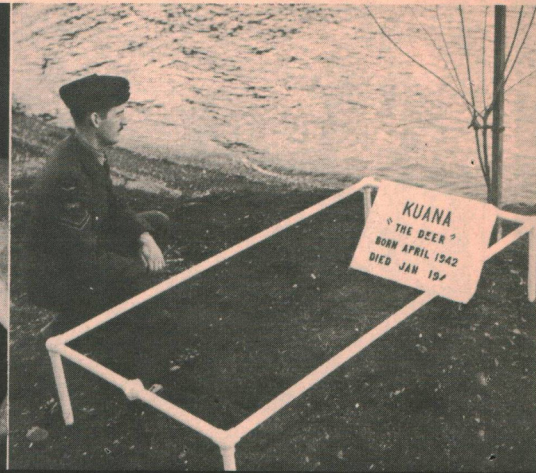
Given an Indian name by her guardians, "Kuana" had the run of the station. At meal time she would invariably be found nosing around the mess halls or canteens, and in the evenings cozy corners in the officers' or airmen's living quarters were favorite spots. During working hours, "Kuana" wandered on her own through the hangars and station area.

WO2 K. Hansen of Summerside, P.E.I., station sergeant major at the time; and Sgt Albert Demeria of Canoe, B.C., were two of the men who welcomed "Kuana" when she first put in an appearance at the station and found her a warm spot to sleep in the sergeants' mess.

Efforts were made to send "Kuana" back to her natural habitat — but she would have none of it. No matter how far the boys led her way from the station she always came back.



When Kuana was young and gay. Draped with her Walt Disney mascot pennant at her RCAF home in the west, she laps up a coke poured by WO2 K. Hansen of P.E.I.



But Kuana's life was snuffed out accidentally. Cpl E. W. White of Vancouver, is pictured beside the deer's grave, marked by headstone and fence.

Kid from Curacao

FINGAL — AW1 Rosemary Greathed, 18, travelled 2,500 miles from her home in the Dutch West Indies to enlist in the Women's Division. She joined up in Toronto on her 18th birthday and is probably the only airwoman with shoulder badges reading "Curacao", which is the island she comes from. Her dad is a major with the Queen's Own Rifles, has been overseas for five years and is now with AMG. Rosemary is a descendent of Lord Clive, famous for having won India for Britain.

Action in Greece

by LAC RALPH DALY

CALGARY — Training within route-march distance of the mighty Rockies, LAC C. N. Swinton, RAAF student pilot at 3 SFTS, finds the jagged peaks on the skyline "the only place I've seen" comparable to terrain over which he battled the Nazis in Greece.

Liason officer with the Australian Infantry Brigade, he's still wondering how his outfit survived one retreat — a 90-mile trek over mountains 7,000 to 10,000 feet high, done in three days with every man carrying full kit, extra food and ammunition.

"We were really in mountain country", he recalls. "Snow was thick and it was a problem to keep warm. It is the only place I've ever seen that compares with the Canadian Rockies."

He had a good look at the Rockies en route to this station in December. Like many RAAF trainees here, Swinton gave up his army commission, after seeing service in Greece, Palestine, Egypt and North Africa, to remuster to aircrew.

How cover girls are born



FINGAL — Spring came in with lambs at No 4 B&G School, Fingal, Ont., if this photograph reproduced on the cover of the April issue of the "Fingal Observer", means anything. The two in Air Force blue are Sgt Winni Gascoyne, of Vancouver and LAW Alice Morrison, of Sydney, N.S. An article entitled "Birth of a front cover" or "Why editors go bugs" told how the staff fought a losing battle with the weatherman up to the last round in an attempt to secure this shot by Cpl Ruth Ralston.

Commentator

RIVERS — Trinidad-born FL Jack Kelshall grabs a good chunk of station spotlight when he conducts his current event lectures.

OC of Rivers reconnaissance section, FL Kelshall fell into his lecturing job quite by accident, through participating in discussions here. His lucid and dynamic interpretations of present day events soon spread his fame and now he not only lectures here three and four times daily but also conducts discussion forums at neighboring RCAF units.

In Trinidad he was an army officer, honorary aide-de-camp to the Governor, which post he held at the time of his enlistment in the RCAF in August, 1941. He took his elementary flying at Ancienne Lorette, Que., SFTS at an Eastern station, and courses in navigation at Penfield Ridge, N.B. and Rivers, Man.

He has gathered background in England, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Rumania and Austria which, coupled with his observations in Germany in 1933 when Hitler came to power, enable him to speak with authority on the trend in the present world situation.

The Halbrite plan

by LAC DICK SPLANE

WEYBURN, Sask. — Pilots in training at 8 SFTS, Weyburn, don't wait to put up their wings before they assume the responsibilities of sergeant-pilots and POs.

Two weeks previous to graduation these embryo fliers assume the mantle of authority at Halbrite a small relief field nearby with a personnel just under 100. Designed to serve as a field for certain advanced exercises in pilot training it is under the command of FO Zaitlin.

Under the station commandant's watchful eye, student pilots in conjunction with the ground crew take over committee and administrative duties which would ordinarily have fallen to officer-instructors.

Thirty students at a time is the quota, and during their fortnight at the unit they assume virtually every administrative task including assisting the control officer, taking their turn alone on the control tender and acting orderly officers, orderly sergeants, telephone operators and time-keepers.

While carrying out their duties as "orderly Joes" they are entitled to sample the privileges of the officers' or sergeants' mess and lounge.

BLIND STYLE

WINDSOR MILLS, Que. — The Aircraft Recognition course at 4 EFTS, Windsor Mills, has had its face lifted by Sgt Arnold Mannell, armament and aircraft recognition instructor, with a novel way of providing instructive entertainment for his classes.

A student is chosen and brought to the front of the class where he is blindfolded. Given a number of plastic aircraft models to identify by touch, his time limit per model is twenty seconds.

Newsmeal



Sgt George Davies, Regina, broadcasts latest noon-day news flashes to St. Thomas airmen. Messman Mike Zawyrucha, the LAC in white, is at the controls

ST. THOMAS — It was 11 a.m. when the phone jangled in Flying Officer Jack Coombs' educational office. Pete Birdsall, St. Thomas Times-Journal editor was on the line. The officer shoved aside the partially prepared newscast script and jotted down late flashes relayed by the newsman hot off the Times-Journal wire.

The news briefs were for the consumption of the thousands of St. Thomas Technical Training School airmen who get noonday broadcasts in the mess halls. World-wide and Canadian news, district highlights, sports and latest gen on station activities make up the fifteen-minute newscast. For more than a year the St. Thomas daily has been supplying "stop the press" reports sharp at 11.

At 11.30 a TTS instructor knocks off from his teaching duties, steps out of his coveralls and goes to the broadcasting booth adjoining the mess hall to check the script. It might be Sgt George Davies of Regina, or Sgt V. Rae of Shaunavon, Sask. or Cpl Fred Waddington of Toronto. At 11.45 the first newscast hits the airwaves.

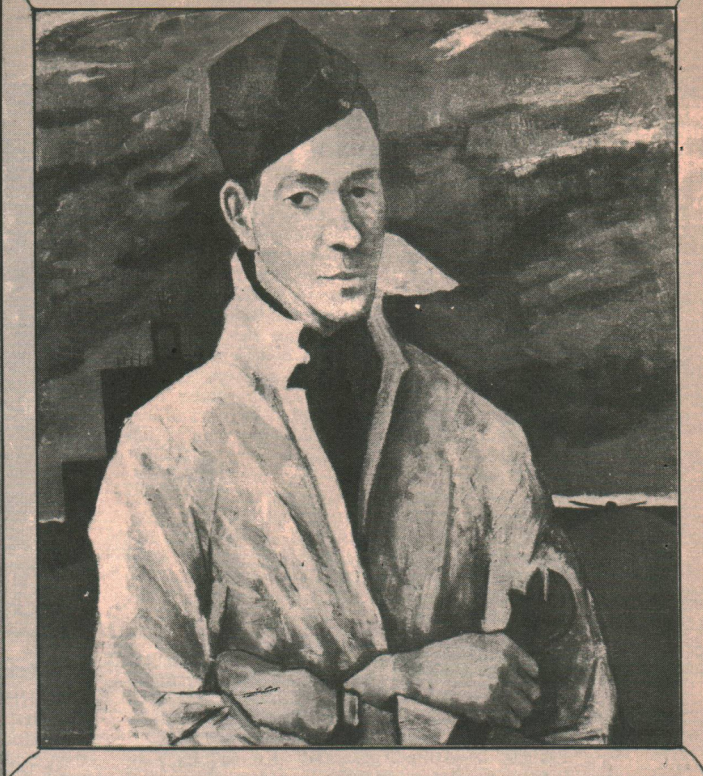
If you were to drop in during a broadcast you'd swear the summary was over a national hook-up. It is completely devoid of amateurism. One of the mikemen, Sgt Davies, was a former radio announcer at CKCK, Regina, and prior to that taught school. He also "emcees" for all TTS affairs.

At 1 p.m. the broadcast is repeated for the boys on late shift. When the newscast was inaugurated, trainees on the early shift were the only ones to benefit. Complaints soon reached the messing officer's ears that the late shift crew wanted to hear the news, too, so arrangements were made for a second broadcast.

The PA system isn't utilized solely for news. There's music with meals. From 6.15 to 8.15 a.m.; from 11.15 to 11.45; from 1.15 to 1.45 and from 4.45 to 7 p.m. the Joes get recorded music.



Best in show: Sensation of Anson's speed vividly portrayed in "Take Off" helped win grand prize, \$100, for Sgt. "Pat" Cowley-Brown, Rockcliffe.



Portrait of a rigger won \$75 first prize in "A" Class for LAC M. Reinblatt, Mont Joli, P.Q.



"Fire Bombs in the Next Street", by LAC R. J. Woolf, RAF, 17 SFTS, Souris, won 2nd prize, \$50, in "B" Class.



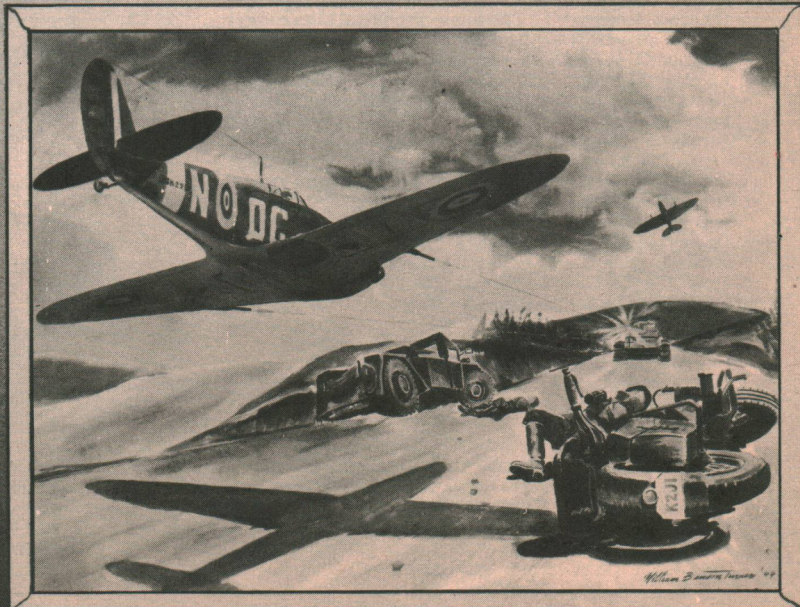
FO Edmund Whiting of 11 SFTS, Yorkton, did this self portrait for the show.

RCAF AR

Simultaneously with the WINGS, the RCAF's first Ser at Canada's National Galler demonstrated the tremendous officers, airmen and airwomen being received, many from ov chosen for showing, 17 win Judges were Dr. A. Y. Ja painters, War Artist FO Edwi Director H. O. McCurry, and organizer of station art groups two classes — "A" for oils, ings, etc. For sketch of gro Cowley-Brown, see page chiefly due to the efforts of GC Ken Conn and SL Reg



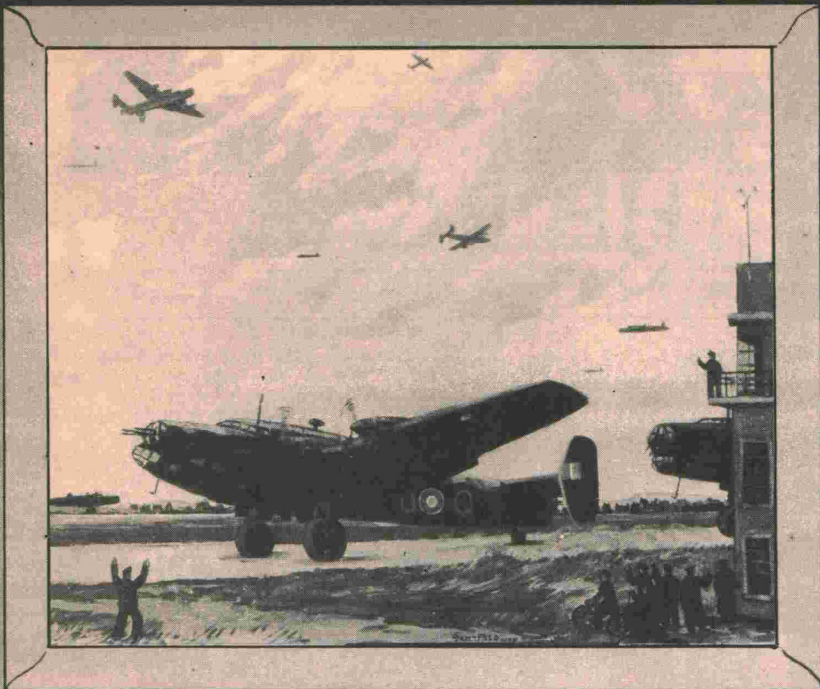
"Going Up on Gunnery Exercises", a watercolor, won "B" Class 1st prize of \$75 for AC1 A. Bayefsky, 3B&G, Macdonald, Man.



This imaginative war-action scene, "Low Level", is the work of LAC Bill Turner, 1 FIS Arnprior. Most entries have a war slant.

RCAF ART SHOW

Simultaneously with the appearance of this issue of WINGS, the RCAF's first Service-wide Art Show opens at Canada's National Gallery in Ottawa. The contest demonstrated the tremendous interest in art among officers, airmen and airwomen, more than 700 entries being received, many from overseas. Of these, 125 were chosen for showing, 17 winners sharing \$500 in prizes. Judges were Dr. A. Y. Jackson, dean of Canadian painters, War Artist FO Edwin Holgate, National Gallery Director H. O. McCurry, and FO Charles Goldhamer, organizer of station art groups. Entries were divided into two classes — "A" for oils, "B" for water colors, drawings, etc. For sketch of grand prizewinner, Sgt "Pat" Cowley-Brown, see page 12. Show was organized chiefly due to the efforts of Mr. McCurry, Air Historian GC Ken Conn and SL Reg Hopper, Auxiliary Services.



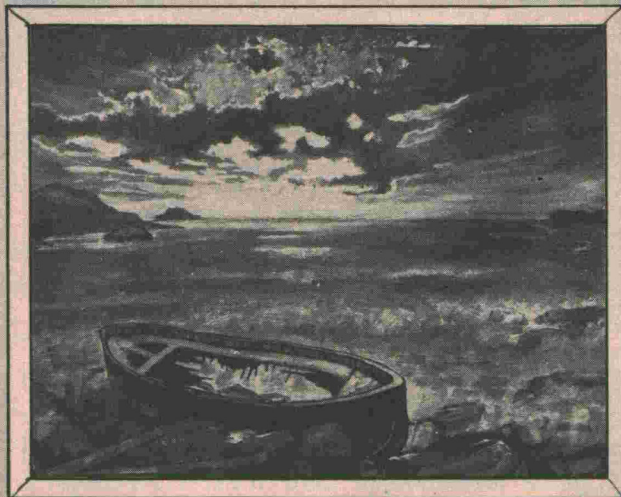
FL George Broomfield, Toronto artist now overseas as an Equip Officer, won "A" Class 3rd prize, \$25, for "Take Off for Essen".



"Jimmie's Corner", a Calgary street scene, by PO Bart R. Pragnell, 4 TC HQ, was awarded "B" Class, 3rd prize of \$25.

T SHOW

appearance of this issue of service-wide Art Show opens in Ottawa. The contest is interest in art among men, more than 700 entries overseas. Of these, 125 were winners sharing \$500 in prizes. Jackson, dean of Canadian Art at the National Gallery, and FO Charles Goldhamer, are judges. Entries were divided into "B" for water colors, drawing and prizewinner, Sgt "Pat" Taylor. Show was organized by Mr. McCurry, Air Historian, and Hopper, Auxiliary Services.



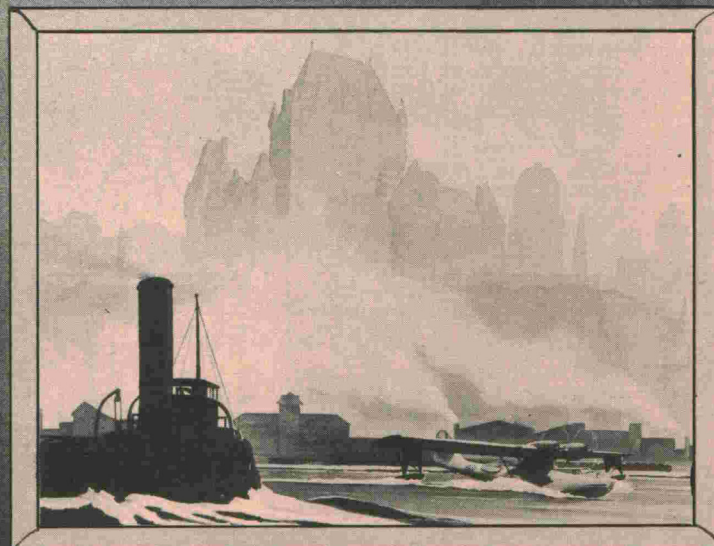
LAC E. L. Taylor of 2 Wireless School, Calgary, won \$10 award for his bleak, "Along our Lonely Shore."



Charcoal drawing of an aero-engine mech won \$10 prize for LAC Bill Turner, 1 FIS.



Jagged stumps of giant trees frame this oil painting of a B.C. bush station scene, LAC Peter Whyte's "A" Class 2nd prizewinner.



"Guards of St. Lawrence", by FS D. Y. McMillan, Rockcliffe, Of over 700 entries, 125 were chosen for RCAF Art Show.

LOG OF THE RCAF

VOL. 2

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No. 4

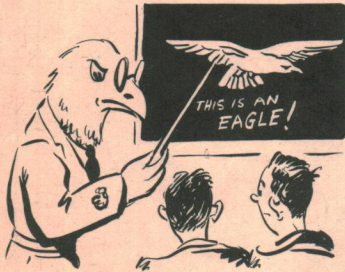
New Purpose

Motto of some WDs posted to the Marine Section of an eastern unit — "We serve that men may float."

The Bird

The "Albatross or Eagle?" controversy has been buzzing again. In fact, the argument about the identity of the bird on the Air Force crest may thrive and wain but is unending, and has become as much a part of the Service life as kitchen fatigues and wings parades. This time we determined to track the bird to its nest and study it in its native habitat.

Eagle, albatross, man or mouse, the creature on the airman's coat-of-arms was put there by the Chester Herald, who is C/O Badges, Crest, Heraldry, etc., for the King, and a little



research soon revealed what the Ches. H. has to say about it. The RCAF, RNZAF and RAAF crests are of course all derived from the RAF insignia. The fact that the RAF grew out of a 1918 merger of the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service has fooled a lot of wise guys, who deduced that the sea-going albatross would be a natural choice as a Naval flying symbol. In fact, a fellow who flew with the RNAS in the last war and later wrote a book about it repeatedly refers to the bird as an albatross, but he was as wrong as the guy who was trying to sell you the albatross story in the mess last night.

When King George V first set royal seal to the RAF General Badge (or "crest") in January, 1923, it was officially described in heraldic language thusly: 'In front of a circle inscribed with the motto 'Per ardua ad Astra' and ensigned with the Imperial Crown an Eagle volant affronté the head lowered and to the sinister.'

Exactly twenty years and two Kings later when the RCAF General Badge was registered by the Chester Herald and signed by George VI, there were some minor Canadian variations but it was still "an Eagle volant affronté the head to the sinister. Beneath the whole upon a scroll the words 'Royal Canadian Air Force.'"

An eagle and no doubt about it. But we have always had a mental picture of the Chester Herald as an ancient and bearded Merlin working by dim light in some dusty Westminster loft. Who's to say whether he's ever seen an eagle and whether he didn't copy it from some eleventh century heraldic print etched by some Joe who'd never seen one either?

So we bundled up a copy of the new full-color reproduction of the official RCAF crest and took off in

an Ottawa street car for the home of Dr. Percy Taverner, retired director of the ornithological section of the National Museum and thus one of Canada's leading birdmen. Dr. Taverner, an old gentleman with a white beard who is the bright-eyed image of Sir William Mulock, took one look at the crest and declared: "That's a pretty fine eagle! Formalized a bit for heraldic purposes, of course — but a good eagle just the same."

Downunderers

A crest that would probably give the Chester Herald nightmares depicts a boxing Kangaroo with a Kiwi bird peeping coyly from its pouch, superimposed on an outline map of Australia and New Zealand. This fanciful creation is the joint effort of 11 flying instructors from down under who are all in one flight at 5 SFTS, Brantford, Ont. Dissatisfied with the Khaki flavor of the old term "Anzac" (for the Australian-New Zealand Army Corps of the last war), the fliers have cooked up a neat name for themselves, too — "Ranzafs", which also appears on the crest.

Cannibal

Since No 2 AGTS moved from Quebec to the old stand of 27 SFTS at Calgary, that prairie settlement has been stamped by French-Canuck airmen and their families, most of them on their first trip to the frontier. One restaurant waitress was baffled by a request for "de la main de vache rotie" — and horrified when some bilingualist explained that the French lad was evidently inquiring about a rare western delicacy he'd heard about down east — "A little roast cow hand."

HANGAR ECONOMICS



"... And after the war is over we'll live on the interest of what we owe — simple, isn't it?"

Newfie

LAC A. A. Kelly, who is now stationed at 4 Wireless School, Guelph, Ont., is a Newfoundlander, from a small town not far from Gander. LAC Kelly read LAC Rewbury's March WINGS article "Newfie Bound or



why bother the Padre?" and promptly wrote to say that his native land has not been well done by.

Specifically, says Kelly, he has personally seen all sorts of airmen thoroughly enjoying themselves in his hometown and if Rewbury had only asked them they'd have shown him the dance halls he suggests are non-existent "As for the Glittering Main Streets, nut shops, etc., you will find Grand Falls, Corner Brook and other places in Newfoundland the same as any small towns in Canada," adds reader Kelly and continues:

"Then there is the weather, which I would like to say is the same as in Canada, both summer and winter. As for the great amount of water, where twigs and mud flow into your collar on the way to the messhall, well, I just can't see any reason for anyone to make such a statement. On the whole, I think LAC Rewbury

has made a very poor job of painting a picture of Newfoundland for his fellow airmen".

We will have to leave it to some of LAC Rewbury's fellow airmen who have been to Newfie to corroborate or deny the charges levelled at him because, personally, we have never been there. However, we sympathize with LAC Kelly and suggest that maybe Rewbury was mostly kidding. We don't know, mind you, but we'll ask him — as soon as he gets done bailing out that MT he drives.

Back to Nature

It happens everywhere every spring and when DROs announced that wearing of greatcoats would be optional henceforth in Montreal, there was a mad scramble to match coatings to climate as March sea-sawed from warm to blustery. One Corporal-Philosopher (A Group) was heard to remark: "These guys insist on going without overcoats because it's optional. If shoes were made optional half of them would probably show up in their bare feet."

WHERE'S JOE?

Another round-up of "lost pals" has just been completed by WINGS. The latest drive resulted in locating six Joes.

AC1 G. Frenette of T & D Establishment at Rockcliffe, Ont., who asks for the posting of R79500, Sgt M. Smith, can contact him by addressing his letter—"RCAF, Overseas," R207276, AC1 C. F. Clark, RCAF Overseas, writes for the address of R192102, AC E.D. Shirley. He's across the pond, too, pal — and "RCAF Overseas" should get him pronto.

LAC M. I. Katz of CAPO 4, RCAF, Overseas, would like the postal address of LAC B. Nefsky. According to Records LAC Nefsky is at CAPO 10, RCAF, Overseas. Sgt A. E. Stanton, R127743, of Rivers, Man., writes for gen on R57764, Cpl L. V. Barner, who is stationed at 10 RD, Calgary.

LAC O. Logee, R123226, of 11 AID, Montreal, can reach R123325 LAC Logan, A. C. at RCAF Station Rockcliffe. LAC J. A. F. Bouchard, R170107, RCAF Overseas, would like his old pal Cpl J. M. R. Giroux, R171005 to write to him. Cpl Giroux is now at AFHQ (AMO), Ottawa.

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Jungle Stuff

An Air Force photog finds strange adventure trailing RCAFmen from Iceland to Africa

When Jack Dalglish was a Sgt Photographer in No. 1 TC Public Relations Office he once prowled No. 1 M Depot from dawn to dusk for two days, taking shots for WINGS' first big picture spread in Vol. 1 No. 1. A few months later Jack was headed overseas with his camera and a shiny new pin stripe, and back came a full page of pics of RCAF "Icelanders" for our November issue. For the page-2 spread, "Going Native", in March WINGS, the ex-sarge provided perhaps the most colorful and humorous Air Force picture series of this war, from West Africa. During all this jaunting around Dalglish has collected a log-full of adventures to match his file of photo-prints, which he has written here as a special feature for WINGS' readers.

by FO JACK DALGLEISH

WEST African natives, a jungle, the beat-beat of tom-toms and a wildly thumping heart. Such were the main factors of an experience I'll never forget. It topped anything else that occurred during closely-linked air journeys I made to Iceland and West Africa.

It happened one night at Roberts Field in Liberia where I had just landed after a flight from Freetown. The field, a square patch hacked out of dense jungle, was overcrowded at the time, so I was billeted in a little hut on the far side of the clearance, hundreds of yards from the rest of civilization and about an arm's length from the aforementioned leafy and formidable-looking home for wild animals.

It was quite late by the time the little black dobie-boy, assigned to me as a sort of batman, had made the bed, set up the layers of mosquito netting, etc., and so I turned in promptly. I stretched out, feeling like Frank Buck himself, and dreamt of a white Christmas in Windsor, Ontario.

Suddenly I thought I heard the beat of tom-toms in the distance, gradually getting closer. A few more seconds and I knew I had heard it. It was 110 degrees above zero in that smelly, little hut but I shivered just the same.

The minutes passed, the noise became louder and Dalglish just quaked in his cot. I was in a panic.

"The natives are going to attack the camp," I blurted mentally, "and here I am way off by myself with nothing but a hut, mosquito netting and a .38 for protection." (I had hauled out my service revolver and laid it on the table, although at that point I doubt if I could have hit myself with it.)

The noise grew and grew until it was so great I thought sure at least a half-dozen natives were inside the hut with one. I had thought this sort of thing just happened in books and movies. It shook me.

Then, suddenly, the din began abating and in a few minutes all was quiet, except for a gurgling sound when I swallowed. It sounded like someone yanking the plug from a filled bathtub. I lay there, feverish, weak, spent; like a guy who has just survived a malaria crisis.

MORNING AFTER

Next morning at breakfast I casually asked the chap next to me if he had heard a strange noise during the night. "Oh yeah," he replied. "That was natives beating tom-toms and feasting as part of a burial ceremony. You ought to see one some time. They don't like it but you can always sneak up and take a look. You'd probably get some good pictures, too."

"Yes", I said, weekly. At the same time I resolved to keep reminding myself always to maintain as much distance as possible between the lens of my Graphic and West African native burial ceremonies.

Being a longer trip, six weeks to be exact, and because it afforded wonderful material for color photos, I enjoyed the African swing more. However, the three August weeks spent in Iceland were unforgettable in many ways and one of my chief impressions was of the high morale among hundreds of RCAF members there. I made close to 100 shots up and down the country.

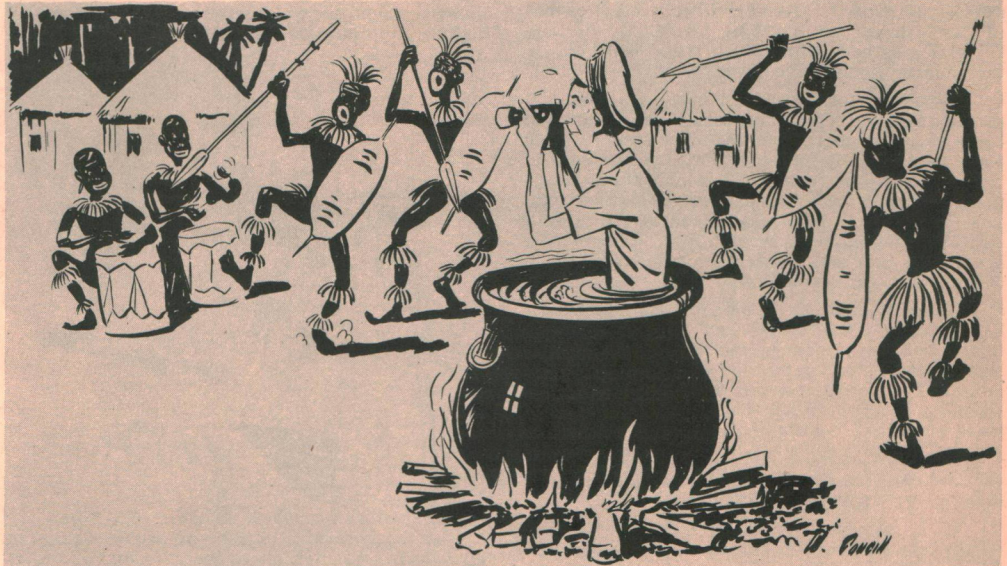
I banged off a few photos, too, while on a

couple of coastal patrols off the island, the first a six-hour trip in a Hudson, the second a twelve-hour tour in a Sunderland.

The first was the more exciting in that we hit some pretty rough weather and while experiencing the worst of it, sighted four unidentified objects in the water below. We couldn't see them clearly but in about three minutes we broke through cloud and were smack above four ships. But they were ours.

I was so amazed I almost forgot what my camera was for. However before we left I managed to trigger a couple of pictures that have since been passed by censor.

Life for troops in Iceland appeared pretty grim in many respects. It's possible to get most anything you want, including steak and ice cream. But have you got the dough to pay for it?



They seem to have three sets of prices for everything; one for civilians, one for ordinary ranks and a third for officers. A flat hat causes a cash register in Reyjavik to ring as if for a four-alarm fire.

The women of Iceland are beautiful in a blonde, Nordic sort of way but definitely non-partial to foreigners. Thus American and Canadian boys serenade them with a parody on a well-known song: "You're lovely to look at, but so hard to know". Yes, the atmosphere is cold in more ways than one.

Returning to London, it was a case of unloading winter kit and repacking with tropical clothing, and I hadn't been in Africa long before I complimented myself on toting the maximum clothing, for I found it necessary to change about three times daily.

The trip was made without mishap. That is, almost without mishap, for on the takeoff from here, our Wimpy's port engine caught fire, great white flames shooting from it and licking oh-so-close to the gas tanks.

The pilot made a tight circuit, landed and as we rolled down the runway the fire was still blazing merrily. But when he shut off the engines, the flames went out as suddenly as they had started and I began breathing again.

Next morning when I looked the kite over I could see a hole, six inches in diameter, blown out of the cowl. I got an operational twitch from the thought that it might have happened a few hours or so after takeoff, when we would have been well out over water.

Next stop was Casablanca where I found a few Canadians and then on to Marrakesh and Dakar. I photographed several Canucks in the former town but Dakar had only one RCAF representative, and, to make the set-up perfect, his name was Flying Officer Onley, Charley Onley of Toronto. It happened he was there for medical treatment following a crack-up. We wandered through the

town, to the market place, taking several pictures enroute.

And if there is anything in the world that smells worse than a market place in Dakar, unless it's one in Freetown or Lagos, I'd like to know. Everything smells. And if it came right down to a decision as to which had the least odor, the dried fish or the guy selling it, I'd take the fish.

The photographer's problems in that country are multiple and I'm thankful it is not a regular beat. As far as actual picture-taking is concerned it leaves nothing to be desired, for a guy can't miss with all that background. But the real problems materialize when time comes for developing and printing in that terrific heat, results of which depend 25 per cent upon special solutions and 75 per cent upon prayer.

And the process must be done rapidly, too, for if you waste more than a couple of minutes while developing, you won't get a damn thing; it will melt right off.

I think the most desolate spot I hit was at Port Etienne; the northernmost point I visited. Nothing but sand. Flat miles of it, forming what is undoubtedly one of the world's largest natural airfields.

I remember watching a fellow come in to land one day and just as he was about to touch the kite down, a gust of wind whipped him around almost at right angles. But the pilot just kept going. He didn't have to worry about straightening out for he had hundreds of miles of runway

on four sides of him. I thought of what a prang that would have been on any other airfield but this.

To complicate matters at Port Etienne, a locust plague was enjoying one of its best seasons when I arrived. They were great juicy jobs, between two and three inches long. They clung to small scrubs and plants and as you walked along, you would surprise them, causing them to take off in full-fine pitch. And, being three-quarters blind and one-quarter careless, they would smack you all over, chiefly on the face and neck, stingingly and moistly.

But, strangely enough, morale at this station was higher than at any other I visited, being due I learned, to the commanding officer, an RAF squadron leader named Parsons, who obviously knew how to persuade his men to make the best of a bad thing.

A visit to West Africa, a short visit, does a fellow's ego the world of good, for the majority of personnel stationed there have been out of touch with a normal way of life for so long that any ham dropping in on them with a couple of new gags knocks them cold with his humor. A couple of days there and I was asking myself who was this guy Bob Hope.

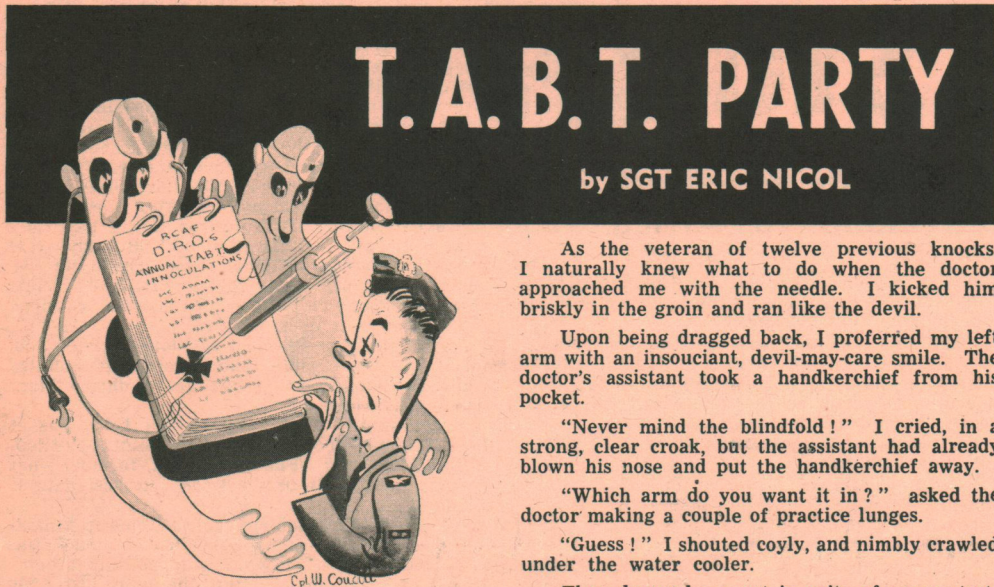
I went as far south as Lagos and back-tracked, finding Canadians wherever I went. All in all, I took 140 black-and-whites and an even dozen color shots. The best of the latter, I think, showed a Canadian pilot reclining in a canoe and being paddled along by two big, black natives.

And so, after six weeks, I took off for the U.K. one day, sweating under a 110-degree temperature. A little more than eight hours later I stepped from the plane into a freezing wind, somewhere in Scotland, burdened with as many oranges, lemons and bananas as I could carry.

After all, a guy has to have some insurance against a London landlady raising his rent.

T.A.B.T. PARTY

by SGT ERIC NICOL



THE MO calls it a TABT. What I call it cannot be printed on anything as highly inflammable as newsprint, which is too bad because the kiddies would have loved it.

Yesterday, for instance, I had my annual. It seems that my white corpuscles are congenital idiots requiring more than one inoculation to teach them to know a germ when they see it. Both of them have led a sheltered life and think everybody is their friend. A germ could walk in right now carrying a large sign reading "I AM A GERM", and they still wouldn't get it. Probably invite him into my stomach for a beer, my beer. Jerks, I got, for corpuscles.

Unaccustomed as I am to reading DRO's, having only 20-20 vision and being unable to understand any language but English, I did not at first notice my name down for annual inoculation. This social note was joyfully drawn to my attention by my sadistic friends, who wanted to make sure that I got the point.

"You gotta have a TABT inoculation!" they chortled, dancing around me with happy cries and nipping my upper arm anticipatively.

As it happened. I was a trifle late for the actual ceremony at the medical office, the SPs failing for a time to discover that I had chosen to spend the afternoon in an abandoned boiler. I was quickly persuaded to join the gathering in the MO's office, however, and soon was lending my teeth to the noisy chatter of the other guests.

For the occasion I had selected a charming ensemble in a shade that is proving very popular with us Air Force boys this Spring — robin's egg blue, with a gay dash of hen's egg yellow down the front of the tunic — crowned by a sheer white satin face. For accessories I wore a novel rope of hemp around my neck, pulled by page boys of the larger type from the guardhouse.

As the veteran of twelve previous knocks, I naturally knew what to do when the doctor approached me with the needle. I kicked him briskly in the groin and ran like the devil.

Upon being dragged back, I proffered my left arm with an insouciant, devil-may-care smile. The doctor's assistant took a handkerchief from his pocket.

"Never mind the blindfold!" I cried, in a strong, clear croak, but the assistant had already blown his nose and put the handkerchief away.

"Which arm do you want it in?" asked the doctor making a couple of practice lunges.

"Guess!" I shouted cooly, and nimbly crawled under the water cooler.

They dragged me out in spite of my protests that they were creating a disgusting scene. Nevertheless, I am glad to report that I didn't move a muscle when doctor inserted the hypo, mostly because my muscles were temporarily embarrassed



"... pulled by page boys of the larger type ..." by the presence of a number of people sitting on my chest, (although there were plenty of chairs in the room, a most uncalled-for exhibition, I thought).

The needle didn't hurt when it went in, or at least not the first foot and a half of it. It was only when the doc got his hand inside with it and started strumming rondeleys on my collar-bone that my protests against the practices of the medical profession came to be heard by residents of Lower Vermont.

Besides, the minute the steel punctured my skin there was the hiss of escaping air and my head started to deflate at an alarming rate of speed. Usually they rub alcohol on the spot where one

is pierced, but in my case they had to apply chalk, then glue, followed by a Goodyear inner tube patch hastily filched from a bicycle repair kit. I had tried to tell them my body was connected by a non-union plumber but they had scoffed at me.

The first reaction to a TABT, of course, is the feeling that your arm has fallen off. This feeling is not greatly eased by the discovery that your arm has fallen off, and you may even get to brooding about it. Later you are obliged to crawl into your bunk, where you lie reminding yourself over and over that you are immune to tetanus anyhow, and if you were to step on a rusty nail it might hurt like blazes but you wouldn't get tetanus, no, sir, not tetanus. I even think I might try going out, if I ever go out again, and step on a rusty nail just to get my money's worth. Let's see, who do I know that might have a rusty nail they wouldn't be using, say, a week from Friday? . . .

Twenty-five-year-old A.G. from B.C. is Art Show Champ

For the past year residents of RCAF Station Rockcliffe have grown used to discovering the short, slight figure of a sergeant with an AG's wing perched in the oddest corners, busy with paint and canvas. One day a startled Joe trundling a keg of nails out of Stores would look up to find the painter straddling a rafter, intent on getting a swallow's-nest view of the overhead pattern of beams and ventilating pipes. Service crews cursing the below-zero cold as they fueled an Anson on the tarmac would wonder about the mad fellow braving the frigid weather for no saner reason than to capture the scene on canvas.

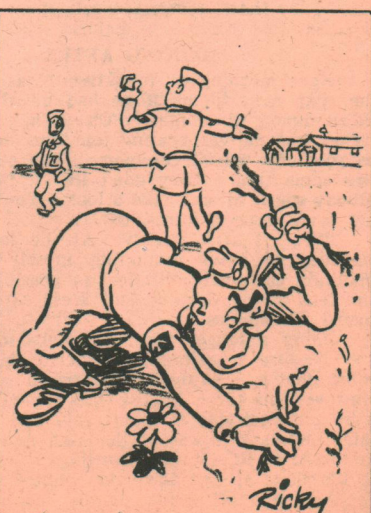
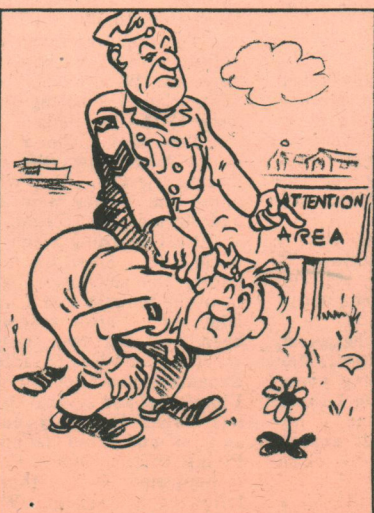
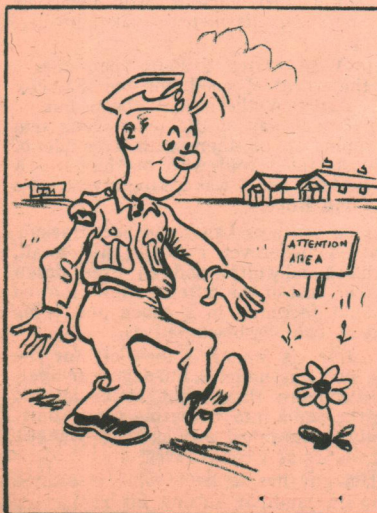


The industrious painter was Sgt "Pat" Cowley-Brown, who comes from Victoria, B.C., and who first started wielding a brush six years ago. Now 25, he was assistant art instructor at the H. Faulkener Smith School of Fine and Applied Art in Vancouver when he put away his paints to go aircrew in March, '41. Graduating as an Air Gunner he went overseas, but illness grounded him just as he was ready to start on ops.

Back to Canada as a repat in September '42, Pat was still pretty shaky on his pins. Since then, in every spare moment, he has virtually painted his way back to health — and this week his efforts paid off when Canada's National Gallery threw open its doors on the first Service-wide show of RCAF artists. Of his several entries, Cowley-Brown's "Take-Off" (see page 8, top-left corner) won the best-in-show award.

Ever since his flying hours as a student, Sgt Cowley-Brown had carried with him the dramatic visual impression of speed that comes as an aircraft races down the runway and all fixed objects about it swim past in a headlong swirl. When finally he got the opportunity to put this picture on canvas, the result was his prizewinning painting.

JOE ERK...



RITEs OF SPRING

"Bog Bowl"

Isolated Joes build sports 'arena' in bush, mud 'n muskeg

by AC2 C. G. GUNNING

WEST COAST — Big league sports shows, golf courses, ball diamonds and other elaborate recreational facilities are something the boys on this remote west coast station can only dream about, come summer time. But despite its location it boasts a "sport stadium" unique on RCAF stations.

California has its Rose Bowl and Texas its Sugar Bowl, but the boys on this unit stranded in a sea of bush and mud wouldn't swap any of them for their home-made "Bog Bowl". It's a 90-foot-square sports platform with a six-foot wall and an overhead net covering the entire area of play.

Now that spring is here the Bog Bowl is starting its second season. Few of the recent arrivals who will play basketball, softball, volleyball and tennis in the Bowl during coming months will be more than momentarily intrigued by its odd construction — but the veterans who helped open the station a year ago and who built the Bowl will never forget the experience.

The first pioneers to arrive in this wilderness of rock, rain, forest and bog soon felt a yen for a sports "field"—but to step off almost any camp road was to be swallowed in a muddy wallow. That called for a stoutly built platform. And they quickly realized that any player who followed a wild shot out of the arena to retrieve the ball would probably disappear with it into the muskeg — which meant a screen to cover the platform when built.

PUBLIC FUNDS TABOO

The CO — WC R. H. Little — had no difficulty obtaining authority to go ahead with the project. The only catch was that no public funds might be spent on the job. But the CO quickly recalled that on his first familiarization flight over the station area he had been amazed to see thousands of logs — representing millions of board feet of lumber — which had collected as driftwood along the beaches near the station.

No one else appeared to be interested in salvaging the logs, a large number of which were found to be quite sound. The operators of a portable sawmill in the district agreed to turn the logs into lumber if the airmen would bring them in. Thus the job began. Everybody on the station — at that time three officers and about thirty other ranks — set to work. Not one man among them had had any previous experience in logging operations, so naturally they did everything the hard way without proper equipment or guidance. FS Doug Miller of Peterborough, Ont., was appointed NCO in charge of the operation, with the rest of the personnel as his assistants. Their equipment consisted of one small boat — an aircraft tender — a few cant-hooks and axes.

Some of the logs measured as much as four feet in diameter and ninety feet in length. The biggest weighed several tons and had to be cut before they could even be budged. One of the greatest obstacles encountered was the quickly shifting tide, which receded so swiftly after reaching its high point that the boys had to move fast to float their logs while the water was in.

When enough timber had been floated, the airmen had another tough problem on their hands — gathering the logs into "booms" which could be hauled to the mill. Once when some logs broke loose and the boat was stopped to recover the strays, the tow rope became tangled with the propeller. The boat was about two miles off shore at the time and the whole crew with the exception of the skipper had to climb out, lie on the logs in the cold water and lift the stern of the boat in the air so that the rope could be untangled. Fortunately the water was calm and nobody suffered more than a soaking.

HUNG ON GRIMLY

On another occasion, a log with wanderlust began to float away after FS Miller had speared it with his pike pole. Being the determined type, Miller hung on grimly, only to discover that the log had just as much will-power as he and a lot more weight to back it up. When the others fished the operations' chief out of the drink, he thought himself pretty lucky because only a short time before he had taken off his wrist watch. His elation soon dissolved when someone reminded him that he had put his time-teller in the pocket of the trousers which had accompanied him into the water.



Basketball, PT and softball are no longer hampered by muskeg, mud and bush at this isolated station in B.C. Since the wired-in 'stadium' went up, as many as 40 airmen can play at one time.

After the logs had been trimmed to lumber, hauling the heavy boards by hand to the site finished the preparations. Now all the ambitious crew had to do was to build the "bowl". Setting the log foundations on the muskeg and laying the 1,800 square feet of flooring was more than heavy labor — the dexterity of a tight-rope walker was called for because one slip would plunge the luckless worker knee deep into the treacherous mud below. Very few of the boys came out of the ordeal with a perfect no-tumble record.

Midway in the job came unexpected assistance — to the delight of the sweating station crew — when the weather forced two passing aircraft to hole up for a few hours at the new base. The visiting fliers were all set to while away the idle hours in rest and relaxation when the CO gave the wayward eagles a meaningful nod. They were soon toting lumber, wielding hammers, dodging the muskeg — and praying for rescue by the weather man.

When the 24-foot gable ends had been raised a tight cable was slung between them to support

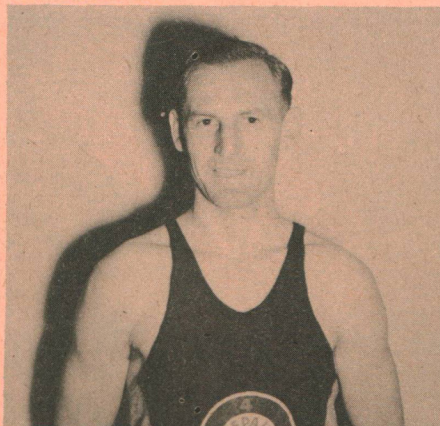
the coverall net — but wire netting wasn't to be had anywhere. The whole project seemed doomed till the manager of a commercial fishing company came to the rescue with enough herring net to cover the entire area.

By this time everyone was in top physical condition and the rush of baseball, basket and volleyball teams to the "Bowl" threatened to push it right into the muskeg. At first the floor was rough and uneven, but this time a construction company cooperated by laying a free coating of asphalt. Now the asphalt smooths the bumps, preserves the wood, and cracks along the plank edges just enough to provide quick drainage.

Maybe somebody will put up a memorial plaque to the volunteer construction gang that built the Bog Bowl, some day. Meantime the pioneers are too busy making the most of their sportspot themselves — and of newcomers it is asked only that they stand respectfully with heads bowed when asked to harken how come they can play the game of baseball in the midst of a muskeg wilderness.

Round-up of

44 beats 37



EAST COAST — Chalk one up for the Maritimes!

LAC Chuck Belchamber, Eastern Repair Depot's flashy cage star netted 44 points in a single game to eclipse the 37-point RCAF record of LAC Norm Baker of Pat Bay Gremlins.

Belchamber, who used to star with Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, Ont., and later with Toronto Earl Grays and Hamilton Zion Ramblers, set a fast clip all season averaging 20 points a game for 20 league games in the Moncton senior city loop.

Service

SPORTS

RCAF bids for swim meet

THREE RIVERS — No. 3 Aircrew Graduate Training School here is bidding for the 1944 Dominion Swimming Championship meet. The RCAF pool is the largest of its kind in Canada and an ideal site for the major aquatic event of the year.

8 R.D. trims perennial champs

WINNIPEG — New champions of the Winnipeg Senior Basketball League is the snappy team from 8 Repair Depot. The airmen defeated St. Andrew's in two straight games. It was the first time in eight years that the losers failed to win the crown. Members of the Air Force champs include Sol Bondaroff, Dave Bloomfield, Art Solomonian, Chick Chikowsky of RCAF Blue Bomber football fame, Harold Ulrich, Tony Woloch, Pete Prokopschuk and Bart Howard.

Wins garrison title

CALGARY — 11 Equipment Depot didn't have a wide field from which to pick its hockey squad but what they picked were good — good enough to cop the Calgary Garrison Hockey League title. The Equip boys advanced to 4 Training Command finals but were knocked off by Pearce Professors. Some of the top notch performers of 11 ED were Coach Don Robbins, formerly with Ottawa RCAF Fliers and Yorktown Terriers; Bill Dertel, former Saskatoon Quaker and Tecumseh-Mustang star; and Bud Crandall, who used to be net guardian for Montreal Royals.

Wingsgirl
FOR MAY



UNIVERSAL
PICTURES

Evelyn Ankers



BA 2110

NEWS FROM YOUR

Home Town

BRITISH COLUMBIA

The Town Planning Council of Victoria is right on its toes. In a brief to city council it proposed the reservation of a downtown block for a combination bus and helicopter terminal to be erected after the war. A large audience filed calmly out of a Penticton theatre when the film exploded and burst into flames. Nobody was hurt and little damage was caused. Albert Halbrook employed at an army post at Dawson Creek was ahead of liquor rationing until the police caught up with him and found 171 liquor permits in his possession. He was fined \$500. An "invisible" bandit held up Ernest Abrams, club steward at New Westminster and escaped with \$1,000. Abrams was surprised in front of the cash register when a gun was pressed against his back and the gunman got away without being seen. A resolution passed at a mass meeting at Kamloops asks that Japanese be kept from a restricted area of not less than 50 miles of Kamloops, and 20 miles from transcontinental railway lines and power transmission lines.

ALBERTA

Work doesn't interfere with pleasure among the non-treaty Crees and Chippewa Indians who recently held their annual week-long dance at Rocky Mountain House with Indians from other parts of the province in attendance. They looked after their traplines during the day and danced all night. T. B. Leonard, 93, of Los Angeles has completed his annual business trip to High River travelling unescorted by bus. He attributes his good health to a daily six-mile walk. Dr. Dawson Graham, for nearly 50 years a practising physician and surgeon in Western Canada and Drumheller's first doctor, has retired. He established the first hospital in Drumheller. Dr. A. H. Sweet found another use for his curling broom when the car in which he was riding on the highway near Vermillion struck a coyote and hurled it into the ditch. The animal picked itself up but Dr. Sweet finished it off with his broom. The Calmar school barn was "like a feather in the breeze" when a high wind, hitting more than 50 miles an hour blew the barn over the fence and off the school property.

SASKATCHEWAN

Servicemen with a yen for farming in Saskatchewan after the war are having their rights looked after by the Provincial Reconstruction Council who are urging the Dominion government to acquire all the lands in the Swift Current irrigation project area for the settlement of several thousand servicemen. A 21-year-old flier who has seen action in the Middle East, Fl John Everett Harlton of Stoney Beach, has been chosen Progressive Conservative candidate in Lumsden riding for the next provincial general election. A dozen residents of the rooms above the Royal Cafe in the Shaunavon business section had a narrow escape when fire destroyed the cafe and Bransted's pool hall. Damage to the buildings, two of the oldest in Shaunavon, was estimated at \$12,000. Inspector F. E. Spriggs, officer commanding North Battleford sub-division, RCMP, has been promoted to the rank of superintendent. He joined the RCMP in 1900.

MANITOBA

Sidney Flanders of Winnipeg doesn't worry about government threats if call-up instructions are not obeyed. Sidney is a girl in her twenties and has received three army calls and two offers from the Civil Service. She finally answered the second call-up with a picture of herself on the beach and a third she "simply ignored." Everett Williams of Oak Lake reports shooting a male Virginia deer with one hind foot off and a bullet in its heart. Examination of the animal showed the foot cut off between the hock and hoof and the stump healed. A bullet was lodged in the heart and that wound also healed. E. Edgar of East Kildonan, near Winnipeg is the proud possessor of a horticultural phenomenon, a lemon tree carrying on one side three lemons and on the other side three blossoms. If Mrs. George Stock of Winnipeg was surprised when the stork brought twins it wasn't because it was the first time it happened. In fact, the twin boys born this year were her third set. She also has twin boys, seven years old and twin girls, six.

ONTARIO

J. C. Jarvis of Tansley, near Brampton, locked his dog in the henhouse to protect four hens against foxes. But wily Mr. Renaud entered the henhouse just the same and took off two hens literally from under the nose of the sleeping dog. Test pilot J. R. Follett flew a Mosquito bomber from Malton airport to New York in 55 minutes. Prof. William Dunlop, University of Toronto, said that about 40,000 veterans of this war may study in pre-university classes to be initiated in Canadian universities. U of T will take about 40 per cent of the men and women who lack senior matriculation and who wish to participate in the pre-university courses. Mrs. Ruby Laister of Woodstock, a nurse for 40 years, built a house during the past winter and also nursed patients. With the exception of the plumbing and wiring, Mrs. Laister did the whole job single-handedly. Herman Martin of Fergus is conducting his own private cleanup. He has trapped 20 skunks within a few feet of the rear door of his home. A hen owned by Mrs. J. Hunter of Port Arthur laid six eggs, some triple-yolked and others double-yolked in six days. It died on the seventh.

Letter From Home For

**AW2 MARY GLEASON
1 B&G School Jarvis, Ont.**

The Pas Man.

Dear Mary:

Remember how you thought the little home-town, The Pas, was a pretty quiet place? You should hear it these days. The skies are filled with the roar of Tom Lamb's Stinson, freighting into his big muskrat ranch at Moose Lake and making so many mercy flights to isolated areas that he can't keep track of them — and with the thunder of planes stationed here for big mining companies hopping in to Herb Lake where there's gold, we hear. The streets are roaring with big tractor swings freighting everything from baby's bottles to Diesel parts to outlying points and little snowplanes hurrying between here and the Summerberry where 800 trappers are bringing in a harvest of rich rat pelts for southern markets.

Squadron Leader Jim Coyne, home from overseas and the proud wearer of the DFC was grounded at Flin Flon with — scarlet fever. He says he'd rather bust a train any day — which, incidentally was why he was goned.

We had a visit recently from three pint-sized polar bears, bound for the St. Louis Zoo. They were taken in the Port Nelson-Churchill area and they're tough little customers. The two larger cubs were captured after a bitter struggle between an Indian trapper, his fully harnessed dog team and the mother bear, while the cubs cussed in the background. Finally the trapper killed the mother, bagging his own lead dog with the same bullet. The smallest one, no relation of the others, put up a stiff fight when she was taken and last we saw of her as they trundled south was as she sat in the feed dish while the others suffered under this compulsory rationing.

Miss you on the paper — you can come back anytime and be my star reporter. Being without one, I get the co-operation of everyone up here. Even the Chief of Police who calls each morning, "This is L for Lanky — I have a story to tell".

Which shows we're all air-minded.

Anne Taylor,
The Northern Mail,
The Pas, Man.

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

QUEBEC

A new version of the proverbial stocking-full of money was dreamed up by Patrick Caroline of Montreal who hid his valuables in a bag of chicken-feed in a box which he stuffed among bags of grain near his chicken-coop. But his efforts were in vain as he reported the theft of \$4,500 in cash and bonds. Elbow-bending inhabitants of Roberval are still out of luck, as the town council has decided unanimously not to amend the municipal bylaws which have prohibited sale of beer and alcoholic beverages since 1911. Two air mechanics playing a joke caused some tense moments at Dorval airport when they broadcast a fake crash landing call from a parked bomber. The call, coming while word was awaited from a heavily-laden incoming plane, was accepted as genuine. Other aircraft were ordered out of the way and emergency ambulance and fire-fighting crews were summoned. H. B. Parker, principal of the Westmount High School, is retiring at the end of the present school term after 34 years with the Westmount Board. He will be succeeded by R. O. Bartlett of North Hatley.

NOVA SCOTIA

Two naval ratings from Winnipeg reversed the procedure—they were charged with breaking out of a building in Halifax. A suspicious store-keeper, Vincent Baker, claimed he found them in his store and locked them in while he called the shore patrol. Glace Bay police had some anxious moments while they tracked down 1,000 high-explosive detonating caps stolen from No 11 pit. They finally found them, part hidden in a pigsty and others buried in a graveyard. Three juveniles had taken them. Merchant seamen have to be tough but they draw the line at rat poison in their soup. Thirty of them had to take to their bunks aboard a ship at Halifax after the exterminator got into their food. Male residents of Louisburg don't have to be persuaded to get a haircut with the four daughters of Frank Comeau, 82-year-old barber, taking up where their father left off after 70 years in the barbering business. The deer are right at home in this province. Dr. and Mrs. G. L. Silver, while motoring up the West River near Sherbrooke, saw 54 in a distance of six miles, and in one field they counted 27.

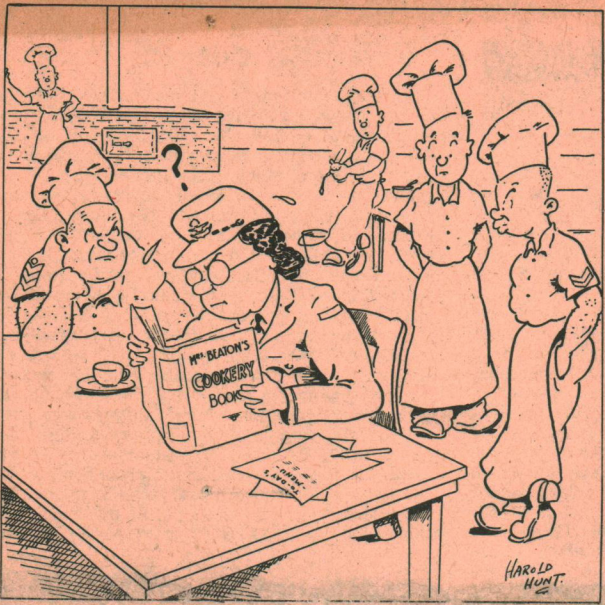
NEW BRUNSWICK

The party was just starting to perk up when a cry "cheese it, the cops" ended festivities. Three boys of early teen age beat a hasty retreat from a Saint John's theatre. Under their seats police found eight pints of beer, a quart of wine and several empty beer bottles. A good try, but an unsuccessful one was Mr. Hansen's attempt to keep a secret. It seems he addressed St. Andrews Kiwanis Club and stressed the needlessness of so many chimney fires. That very night Mr. Hansen had one in his own chimney, but did he sound the alarm or call the fire department? — Oh no — but the word soon got around and he had to take plenty of kidding. The Saint John's Women's Institute has solemnly advised women abroad after dark to carry a hatpin, pepper and a whistle. King Pelletier of Edmunston on becoming a father for the ninth time went out and bought a larger house at Longley. After he had closed the deal and made a down payment, he received a long distance call telling him his new house had just been destroyed by fire, but the former owner refunded Pelletier's down payment and tore up the bill of sale.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Shooting skunks was more dangerous than Atlantic warfare for George Ballum of Charlottetown, an uninjured veteran of 14 ocean crossings. Drawing a bead on one of the striped animals, he slipped, and a burst of shot went into his foot. The progressive islanders of Magdalen Islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence don't miss a trick. They were out in strength this year for their annual seal hunt on the gulf floes but they hired commercial airplanes to spot the main herd for them. The mayor of Summerside receives a salary for the first time in history as the result of legislation passed by the Provincial House. The salary will not exceed \$325, the same amount paid the mayor of Charlottetown.

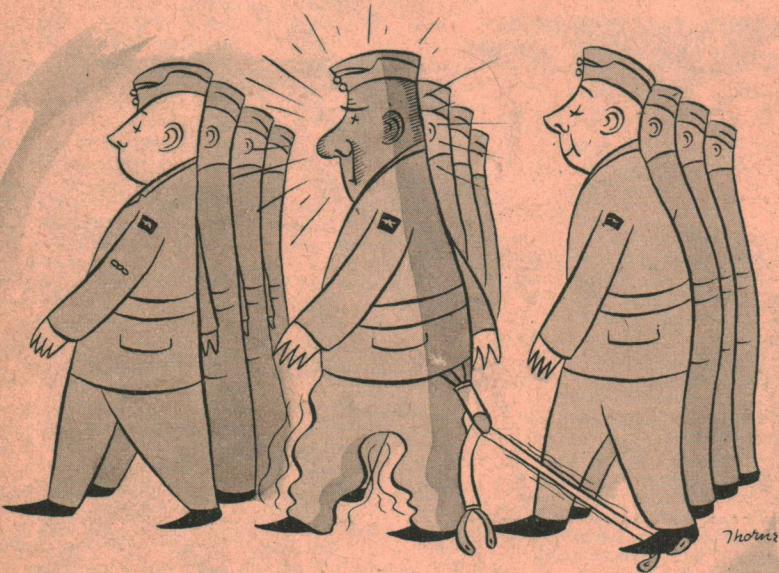
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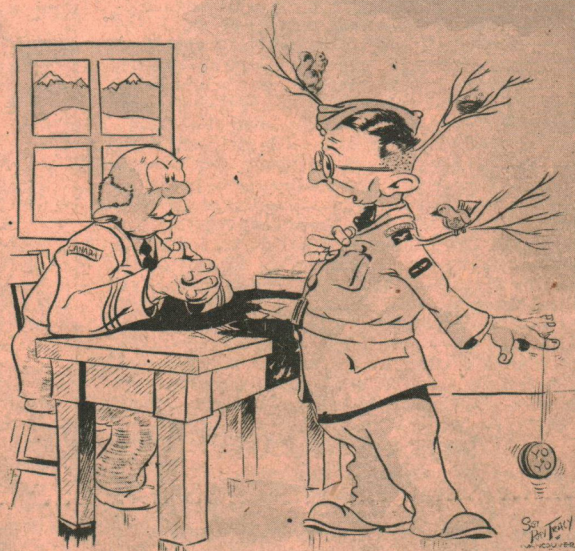
HAROLD HUNT



"OH FINE, NOW WE'RE GONNA PLAY GAMES"



Thomas



Sojourner

"I DON'T MIND BEING BUSHED SIR — BUT THIS WOOD SHORTAGE FRIGHTENS ME."

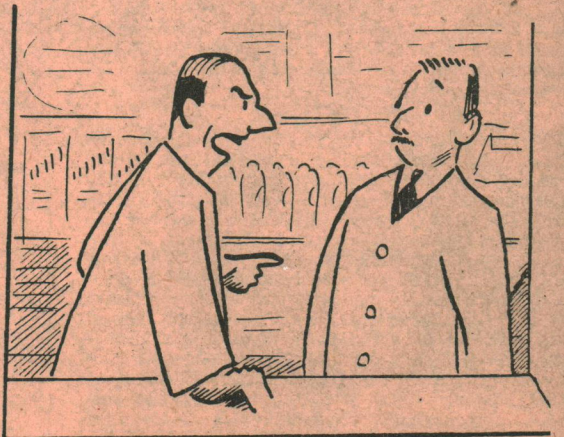
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BAR HOURS
1200-1330
1730-2230



J.B.

FROM "WINGS OVERSEAS"

"AND THEN HE CALLED ME A SILLY BAR-STEWARD"

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