

WINGS



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

5^C
JUNE
1944



**CHIEF OF THE
THUNDERBIRDS**

See Page 5

War Artists paint life on ops:

4 EXTRA PIC PAGES



W-DEBS

"CALLING Q-FOR-CUTIES!" IS THE RALLYING CRY OF THE RCAF'S NEW ALL-GIRL SHOW, OVERSEAS BOUND. THE ELEVEN 'W-DEBS' ARE AS TUNEFUL, CUTEFUL & TALENTED A GANG O'GALS AS EVER MADE A JOE FORGET TO GRIPE.



Doreen Allen, fiddling W-Deb



GIVING WITH THE MARACAS IS KITTY HELWIG, AIDED ABETTED AND ABOUNCED BY CECI SMITH & DORIS GEORGE, IN A MEXICAN ZAPATEO ABOUT A LITTLE HOME ON A RANCH ON THE GRANDE

R-283277

W.H. ROGERS

JUNE

C.N.T.

THE last nav student disappeared through the door into the 2 a.m. darkness and Sgt Cy Hammond buttoned up his tunic, yawning sleepily. "Duhbe's gone from the lip of the big dipper, so the North Star has lost its pointer. Vega seems to be getting a little off the beam so you'd better test it and see if the collimator needs adjusting. Outside of that, I think all's well in the heavens and I'm going to get some shut-eye."

These remarks he addressed to Cpl Johnnie Poulin and Cpl Harry Gilbert, who were pulling on their coveralls, and then he followed the student out into the night. It became night inside, too, as one of the corporals flipped a light switch. But though heavy clouds hid the skies outside the building the pair inside could see all the stars in the heavens gleaming brilliantly in the yawning blackness over their heads — all except the wayward Duhbe.

SPIRAL STAIRCASE

Harry Gilbert, the electrician of the pair, vanished upwards, the hollow clump of his ascending footsteps echoing in the darkness. Then Poulin flipped on the big lights again and Gilbert could be seen half way up the spiral staircase which climbs around the inside wall. In a moment he was clinging to an outward curving ladder, pincers in hand, groping towards a faulty star high over the roof of the world.

Nor is all this senseless doubletalk. For Sgt Hammond is one of six aircrew-winged instructors who operate the two new Celestial Navigation Trainers at No 1 AOS, Malton, Ont., and Cpls Poulin and Gilbert are half of the maintenance crew who keep this most complex and intricate of all synthetic training devices purring smoothly. And that means keeping the stars amove in the heavens, the earth amove below and a "bomber-size" Link bouncing about on its bellows halfway in between.

The Celestial Navigation Trainer has been the most hush-hush of all training devices ever since it was first conceived by Air Ministry in Britain four years ago, all during its subsequent development at the Link hatchery at Binghampton, N.Y., and its first installation at the RAF's Port Albert ANS. Only recently, as the finished model has gone into operation at Observer Schools and OTUs throughout Canada, has it come off the secret list.

In Rube Goldberg terms, the CNT is a very simple gadget. Mount an outsize Link Trainer on a miniature dirigible mooring mast 20 feet high. From the floor below project an image of moving terrain onto a horizontal silk screen just below the bombaimer's window. High overhead hang a bird-cage contraption covered with chicken wire and strung with hundreds of Christmas-tree lights. Install the whole business in a farmer's silo, put a barker at the front door and you've got a midway ride that'll make the suckers by-pass the Roller Coaster and the Tunnel of Love.

BUT NO OPPOSITION

Or put this Celestial Link in charge of competent instructors and you've got an aircrew trainer in which pilot, navigator, bombaimer and wireless op can chart and fly their way from a Canadian bomber station in Britain to bomb a Messerschmidt factory at Seweinfurt. They'll battle every unexpected trick of wind and weather and dodge heavy flak areas under simulated conditions as real as a 1,000-plane raid except for a run-in with Nazi nightfighters — and all without leaving their Canadian OTU.

At No. 1 AOS Malton, the CNT is used almost solely as a navigation trainer, each student getting a three hour trick at a time. For his "familiari-

A sky-going Link in a farmer's silo, the Celestial Navigation Trainer teaches crews to raid Berlin before they ever go on ops

zation flight" the trainee is taken up the spiral staircase to the "take-off" platform, to which the dummy fuselage is snugly moored. The instructor takes the pilot's seat, and the student moves up front into the observer's circular, open-top cockpit. Far below the turbine starts to roar and the aircraft pushes off from its platform and pivots in space, doing turns, banks, dives, and climbs just like the Link the trainee flew at ITS or M Depot — except that it won't spin. Through a plateglass window in the floor the student gets a perfect aerial view of a section of the U.S. eastern seaboard moving slowly past as if he were at 10,000 feet, his craft flying at an airspeed of 160 mph.

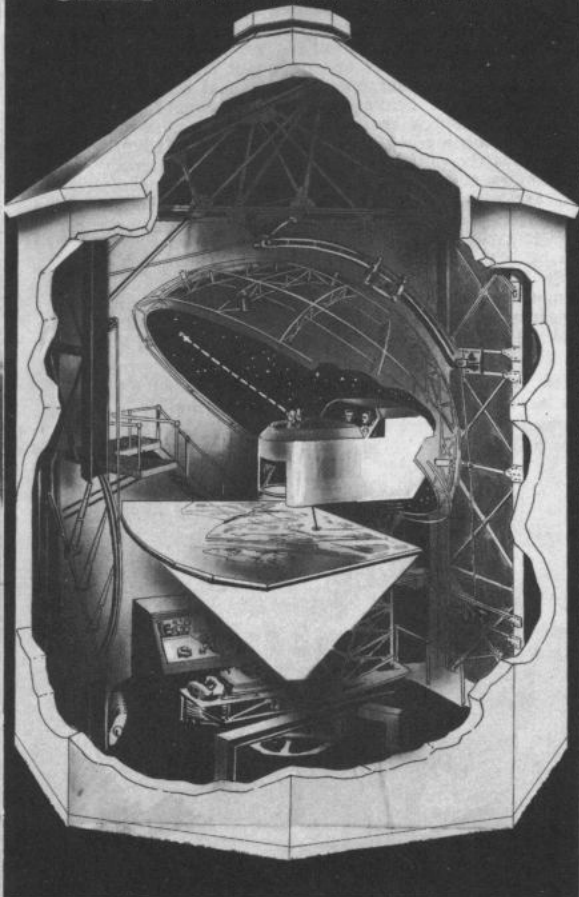
STARS ARE ACCURATE

The illusion of daylight flight is perfect until the student raises his head to look skywards, for with the house lights on, instead of sky he sees suspended over his head a great dome of steel-frame and wire mesh, strung with hundreds of light sockets. This overhead birdcage is the Celestial Navigation Trainer's all important feature. When the house lights are switched off the student navigator suddenly finds himself floating in darkness, for all the world as if he were roaring along in a bomber's astral dome, and before his upturned gaze are displayed all the stars of the firmament in brilliant — and accurate — array.

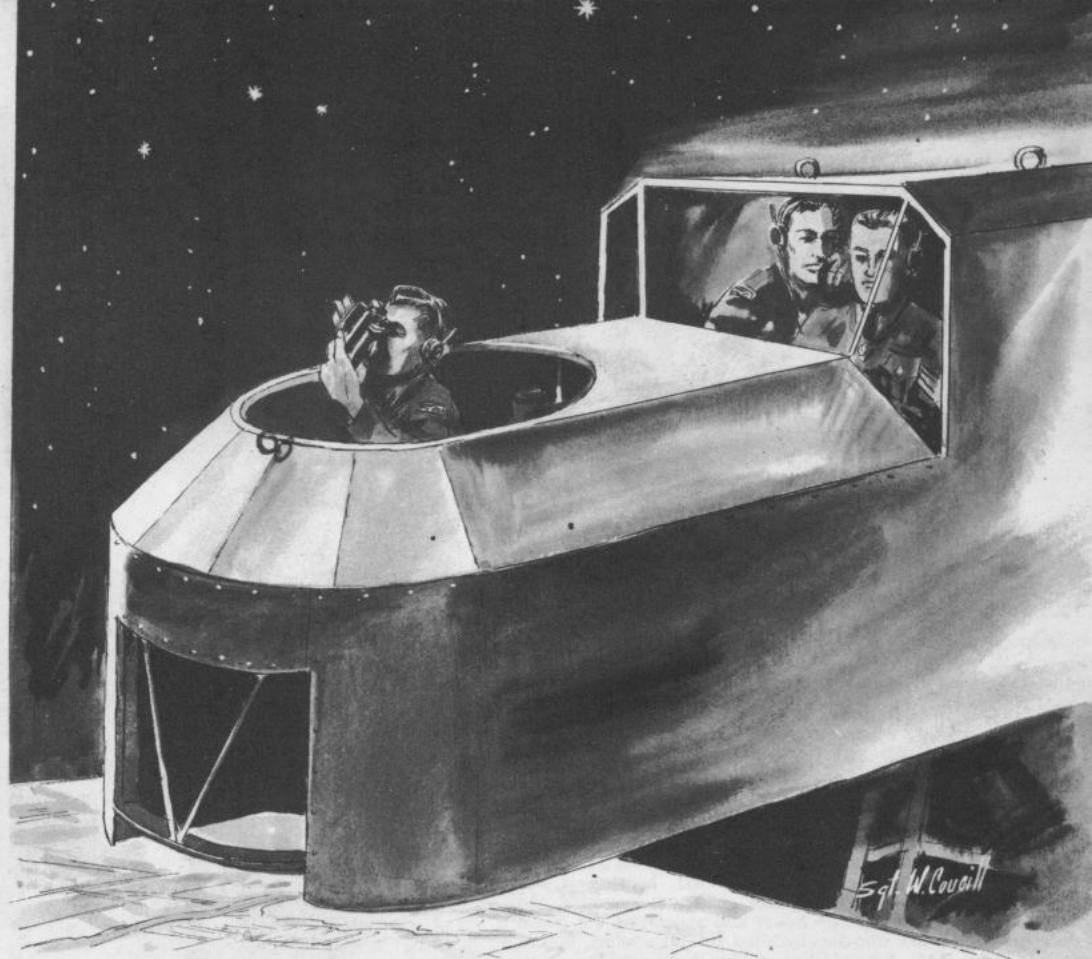
Quickly he recognizes the familiar constellations whose formations he has studied at GIS, just down the road. And from these he spots those brighter lights — stars of the first magnitude, as the navigators know them — on which he sights his sextant to reckon his latitude and longitude.

From the big dipper he locates Polaris (as any schoolboy can). From Sicel it's an easy eye-jump

CELESTIAL NAV TRAINER



Drawing copied courtesy Popular Science



The student finds himself floating in darkness as if roaring along in a bomber with all the stars of the firmament in brilliant array—when the CNT "house lights" are switched off.

to Regulus. Just as if he were trundling about familiar skies in a growling Anson he can find and take an astral fix on Deneb, Vega and Altair. Most ingenious of all, these "big name" stars stand out unmistakably from their fellows of lesser magnitude, for each one's bright but tiny glow shines forth as if its source were a million miles away.

When the house lights come on again the student studies with new respect the seemingly haphazard confusion of net and wires and sockets in the big dome overhead. The sockets are all mounted on the outside of the concave screen, pointing in. The little ones, scarcely bigger than Christmas tree lights, form the constellations. Larger fixtures, like black-painted milk-shake tins, are "collimators" which make the first magnitude stars seem light-years distant yet focus their beam downwards at a precise, fixed angle. The navigator must sight his sextant dead on or not see them at all, for since they are really but a few feet over his head the slightest error in his sextant reading would throw him a thousand miles off true position.

Familiarization flight over, the student will be briefed and sent on a bombing mission to Dortmund. He'll chart the first leg of his course from his British base before the "take-off", and hand it to the instructor-operator in the ground-floor control room. Dispensing with the pilot who flies the Link in crew training, the instructor can control the operation of the entire machine from below. He sets the student on the course the student charts, altering it from time to time according to the student's instructions via intercom. Whatever course the student flies the silently shifting stars will keep pace overhead, for the ingeniously geared dome revolves about the navigator's cockpit and tilts on its axis to simulate the changing latitude and longitude of a moving plane.

TAKES FIX FROM STARS

If the nav trainee goes wrong, the three-wheeled Link "crab" which crawls across a Mercator chart in the control room will tell the instructor he's off his course to target. But the stars will show the student his own mistake when he takes his next fix, so that he can mend his ways.

The instructor can throw in more cross wind to make it tougher. If there's a radioman in the "bomber" the operator below can send out signals from miniature transmitters to give the crew a directional fix. He can give them a beam to fly home on — then jam it to do them dirt.

A day prying into the mysteries of the CNT gives you a healthy admiration for the "aircrew" and "groundcrew" who man it. "O/C Celestial

Flight" at No. 1 AOS, Malton, Ont., is FO Bill Murdoch, an observer who went overseas while the Blitz was still on. One night while in London on leave a bomb-blast sent him to hospital with an unhealthy crack in his skull. Recovered but grounded, Bill came back to Canada and eventually found himself at Port Albert for a course on CNT "ops", before taking over at Malton.

His instructor staff includes Sgt Cy Hammond of Toronto, already mentioned, and four other NCOs sporting observer's wings who operate the two machines in three daily six-hour shifts from eight in the morning to two a.m. the next. Senior man is WO2 "Res" Resvick from Bateman, Sask.; FS Stan Solosky comes from Toronto and FS Joe Nord from Windsor. Sixth operator-instructor wears a bombaimer's wing, Sgt Jack Cornish of Toronto. All unlucky enough to have been grounded, they are now trying to get used to a fancy new trade-tag "Link Trainer Instructor (Celestial)".

100-HOUR CHECK

Like any well-run aircraft, Malton's Celestial Links have their own maintenance crews for daily and 100-hour inspections. For instance, when we left Harry Gilbert, of Toronto, chasing a "fallen" star at the beginning of this story, he was working the swing shift from 0200 to 0800 hours. That's the only time when the CNTs aren't operating and he and Cpl Johnny Poulin, an instrument mech from Ottawa, were giving both machines their daily check. Cpl Tom Allen, Vancouver wireless mechanic, was scheduled for duty during "flying hours" next day, while the fourth man, Cpl Frank Chard of Toronto, was away on a mid-week 48.

There are no week-end 48s for these boys because come Saturday and Sunday, it takes all four of them to do the weekly "100-hour check". Actually at 18 hours a day, five days a week, both machines do pretty close to that each week.

The lads who operate and tend this marvel of synthetic training have a full-time job on their hands calling for skill, ingenuity and experience — and they get a real kick out of their work. There are other Service jobs that offer higher establishments, more excitement and adventure. But Malton's 11-man Celestial crew like the CNT staffs wherever the new device has been installed, know that they are responsible for operation of one of the most advanced instruments yet introduced for upping the standard and efficiency of aircrew training. Thanks to it, bomber crews can build up skill and confidence by flying raids on Berlin or even Tokyo before they ever go on ops.

Survival

is all that matters if your plane's forced down. This RCAF film tells you how it's done



Cameraman shoots through evergreen branch which suggests rescuers are carrying AC Bill Young (with a "broken" leg) through solid-packed bush.

WO1 Roy Longard of Halifax has been down at sea twice, the first time off the coast of Devon and the second time off the Nova Scotia coast near Sydney. A third time he crash-landed in the bush in northern Quebec.

The first time was the worst, because it was as real as the thirty-foot seas that pounded the frail dinghy for 34 hours and as real as the death of his pal who lay huddled in Roy's arms, before the RAF Air-Sea Rescue launch hauled the other five to safety.

The two crash landings in Canada were a piece of cake because there was no real crash at all and both incidents were staged for a dramatic new RCAF moving picture. But to Roy Longard they were real and earnest just the same because you don't soon forget taking a Whitley smack-on into the stormy Channel, nor the helpless, exhausted waiting and wondering whether anybody's bothering to look for you.

And that, he knew, was the precise reason this film was being made — to demonstrate to fliers or passengers who may be forced down on land or sea that they are anything but helpless, thanks to the ingenious emergency equipment in use today. And to demonstrate how, when a crash does occur, a great rescue "task force" of planes and ships is instantly thrown into action to locate the craft and bring the crew back to safety.

PURPOSE OF FILM

No matter what the mission they are on when a motor goes dead, or storms throw them off course and the fuel gauges drop to zero, those aboard a crash-landing plane immediately abandon every other aim in life but one — survival. That's the title and that's the entire purpose of this Air Force picture "Survival", as it will be shown on flying stations everywhere in coming weeks.

Photographed in full color, the story built on three action-packed, true-to-life incidents that might happen to anyone in the Service whose duties take them aloft. "Survival" is informative, exciting and authentic. It's such a cracking-good professional job of movie making that it's a safe bet the commercial movie houses will be clamoring to show it to the public. Besides being a good show for anybody's money it's a real tribute to the effort and scientific ingenuity the RCAF Medical branch and emergency equipment committee, and the National Research Council's committee on aviation medical research. Three groups developed the equipment used and the "survival technique" demonstrated for grounded airmen, and the National Research Council sponsored the film's production.

"Survival" is also a tribute to the endless list of officers and airmen who pitched in to make its production possible, as actors, advisors and creators of special effects. The Repair Depot boys at 9 RD, St. Johns, P. Q., dragged a cracked-up Anson 10 miles into the bush for the shooting of one crash scene. Instrument mechs at the same station did tricks to make aircraft instruments behave on the ground as they would in flight, for close-up shots. WO1 M. S. Richardson and the crew of his east coast crash boat did extra sea time to stage the Atlantic rescue scenes. And FO J. Wellington "Wimpy" Dow, pilot at 9 RD, did all the flying of search and rescue planes for the two bush sequences.



Director-Photographer Earl Clark wearing hat made from a rabbit snared by airmen-actors on location.

"Survival", as you see it on the screen, graphically portrays first a crash-landing in northern bush country in the fall, then tells the story of another crew forced down in the woods in winter and a third who were forced down at sea.

Actually, because work on the film was started late last summer, the sea sequences were photographed immediately after the fall incident, so that decks were clear for shooting the snow scenes when winter came. Various short sequences to round out the film were photographed in the Montreal studios of Associated Screen News, whose crack director-photographer Earl Clark actually produced "Survival". Making the picture was no one-man show, but to Earl Clark fell the biggest part of the assignment, and his skill and experience stand out in every foot of the film. Having made motion pictures his hobby for many years, while finding business success in other lines, Earl says he was never happy till he turned his hobby into a profession.

Three airmen borrowed from Lachine for the fall scenes were AC Manley Chew (now at 21 RD), AC "Gren" Cummers of Toronto, and AC John B. Metcalfe (now at Souris, Man.). WO1 Roy Longard played the skipper of the wrecked Anson, which you see the boys piling out of in a scene shot near St. Johns. In the film they never stray far from their aircraft, but in reality the rest of these scenes were shot miles north near St. Agathe. Scenes of the crew flying in their plane before the crash were actually filmed after the crash sequence — filmed in the studio using half an Anson, split from nose to tail, to give the cameraman room to operate.

The salt sea water in the Gulf off Sydney measured 43 degrees on the thermometer — 11 notches up from freezing for fresh water — when Longard captained another crew of actors for the sea sequence. It felt more like 40 below to the boys who had to duck twice in scrambling from their "crashed" plane to the dinghy. Rest of the characters here were aircrew recruited from nearby stations — FS "Andy" Anderson, an observer, and two WO2 WAGs, R. C. Butts and G. W. Laffin, all three Nova Scotians.

THAW RUINS SCENERY

But it was while filming the winter scenes that producer Clark found a cameraman's happy hunting grounds — and more headaches than any director should have to bear. The Laurentians, deep in winter snows and bright beneath the winter sunlight, were enough to make any color movie camera sit up and beg. But snow also became the No. 1 trouble maker.

Great gobs of snow clung to every evergreen branch — then right in the middle of one scene an overnight thaw swept the snow from the trees and the crew had no choice but to go back to Montreal for studio work till another heavy fall put their "scenery" back in proper shape.

AC2 Gord Braniff of Collingwood (now at KTS, Trenton), is the captain of the crew in this part of the picture. All equip assistants, the other three are AC2 Bill Young, Ottawa (now at KTS, Trenton), AC2 Bud Jameson of Fort Erie (KTS, Trenton), AC2 Leo Carey of Winnipeg (KTS, Trenton).

The story of how the idea for "Survival" originated is as interesting as the film itself. During the winter of 1942-43 the RCAF was conducting winter clothing trails in the Yukon, Alberta and northern Saskatchewan. SL Morley Willans of the Medical Research section, took the opportunity of quizzing trappers, prospectors, Indians and veteran RCMP officers about how to live in the bush under emergency conditions. A 600-mile dog-team trip in Saskatchewan's Reindeer Lake district provided a chance to see what an inexperienced bushman could do with such knowledge. Result was the publication of CAP 361, "Land and Sea Emergencies", which told fliers how to make best use of the new emergency kits then being issued and covered all sorts of bush lore from how to make snowshoes to simple things like making best use of your matches in a highwind.

So far so good — but why not do a really dramatic and interest-gripping presentation of the same material in motion picture form? "Survival" is the product of that effort.

Members of the cast pose in front of "Headquarters" on top of Mount Tremblant during shooting of the RCAF's film "Survival" which demonstrates what to do if you're forced down in the bush.





WC Swetman gives big share of credit for Thunderbird exploits to mechs. His own ground and aircrew are seen here with skipper and AVM C. M. McEwen.



At the controls. Winco Swetman just before he relinquished command of the Thunderbirds

Two tours, two gongs, three rings is Bill Swetman's score at 23

by SL T. C. McCALL, PRO

With RCAF Bomber Group Overseas

WHEN the Commanding Officer of No. 6 Service Flying Training School at Dunnville, Ont. pinned a pair of pilot's wings on the tunic of LAC Swetman, W. H., in May, 1941, he probably had little idea of the dose of unhappiness that he was turning loose on the Nazis.

Since that time — first as Sergeant Swetman and latterly as Wing Commander Swetman DFC — the young man who graduated in the fourth class to leave the school has become one of Canada's outstanding airmen, a magnificent pilot himself who has logged more than 50 trips to the most heavily defended targets on the continent, and a leader who has made his squadron — the Thunderbirds — one of the finest units in Bomber Command.

On March 22nd, Winco Swetman donned his flying kit and with his veteran crew went out to Lancaster "A-Apple" to undertake his 53rd bombing mission against the enemy. Target was Frankfurt and the trip was made without event, although the 23-year-old Wing Commander remarked afterward that it was one of the "most interesting" of his entire career. After returning from Frankfurt he was informed that he had been screened from further flying operations.

Three days later Air Vice Marshal C. M. McEwen, MC, DFC and Bar, Air Officer Commanding the Canadian Bomber Group, summoned him to Group Headquarters to offer congratulations on the "immediate" award of the Distinguished Service Order which had just been made. The award — one of the most coveted in the gift of His Majesty — paid tribute to the courage, energy and outstanding leadership of the young Wing Commander.

OVERSEAS IN '41

It was a brilliant climax to a career which had begun to assume legendary proportions. Bill Swetman was born in Kapuskasing, Ont., son of J. H. Swetman who is an honorary captain overseas with one of the war service organizations. Bill went to high school at Kapuskasing and was heading for a degree in commerce at Sir George Williams College in Montreal when he enlisted.

Coming overseas in the summer of 1941 as a sergeant-pilot, Swetman was assigned to the first Canadian bomber squadron and earned his commission as a PO in February '42. Completing his first tour he was awarded the DFC.

Bill first met up with his Thunderbirds when he returned to ops for his second tour. He was wearing two-and-a-half stripes and was made flight commander, when WC L. Crooks, DSO, DFC, was the Canadian squadron's CO. A RAFman, the

Chief of the Thunderbirds

Thunderbirds still speak reverently of "Old Crookie" for among other things it was he who guided them through their conversion to flying the big four-motored Lancs — and then went missing on the squadron's first trip over in the new heavies. That was last summer, and soon after Swetman was made Chief of the Thunderbirds.

"Example and leadership" are print-hackneyed words until you meet up with them in live form in a man like Swetman. Under him the already brilliant record of the Thunderbirds got a new polish as the squadron ground out trip after trip as its share of the prelude to invasion.

NINE SORTIES IN 35 DAYS

During this second tour, he made six trips to Berlin during the period when Bomber Command's offensive against the Nazi capital was stepped up to a crescendo. He logged three sorties against the capital in January, several times operating on successive nights. In the 35 days which preceded his final trip he made nine sorties — to Berlin, Leipsig (twice), Stuttgart (twice), Frankfurt (twice) and Le Mans.

On those trips the slim, fair-haired bomber ace flew with a veteran crew who were all putting the finishing touches to lengthy tours. There was FO "Taffy" Thomas, DFC, his rear gunner, and FL Jimmie Devan, DFC, flight engineer — both of them English lads who had flown with Bill Swetman as their skipper for two complete tours. Completing their first tour the other four also came up for screening with their captain — Navigator FL R. E. Ted Ratcliffe of Kingston, Bomber FO Con Massey of Pointe Clare, P.Q.; Wireless Op FO Art Peterson of Grassy Lake, Alta; and PO Chuck Jelley, mid-upper gunner, a RAFman.

As untalkative as most men on ops, WC Swetman is always ready to hand out credits to his crew — and with him that includes the mechs who keep his ship in trim as much as the men who actually fly with him. Tie him down to names and he'll make special mention of men like Sgt Jack McKellar of Radisson, Sask., and Sgt. Jim Watson of Edmonton as typical of the mechs who do a top job of tending the Thunderbird fleet.

Not long after young Bill Swetman posed with AVM McEwen for the striking photograph by Sgt Ron Laidlaw which appears on this month's cover, the Chief of the Thunderbirds said goodbye to his Group commander and his squadron comrades, to return to Canada. By the time you read this the 23-year-old Winco will have taken over as CO of 4 B&G School at Fingal, Ont.

But if any repeat ever had great regrets at being posted home, the Winco must have. For it meant

leaving his famous squadron at a time when its name was in the news almost every day for the part it has been playing in the mighty build-up to invasion. As the whole world waits for D-Day (perhaps to come before this appears in print) Bill Swetman's thoughts can't help but be with the hard-hitting team of groundcrew and fliers who he knows will be in the thick of the invasion show.

The Thunderbirds got their name from those mighty birds of Indian legend who bring destruction and death to all who oppose them. Naturalist Tony Lascelles of Banff National Park helped them get the gen on this symbol of might, familiar toponym on many a west coast totem pole. But in strong contrast to their name and their shattering effect on the enemy, the Thunderbirds' nest is tucked away in one of those sleepy, ageless parts of England with winding lanes, ancient church and friendly village pub.

But from their field nearby, under skies usually hung with dull black cloud curtains in an atmosphere where time seems to stand still, the Thunderbirds almost nightly drone away eastward to enemy targets which can't be too hot or too far to reel under their heavy blows. Berlin, Mannheim, Leverkusen, Hanover and Munich are all on their log. No sortie is too dangerous.

BLOCKBUSTER TEMPO

Actually, time does anything but stand still in the life of the Thunderbirds. The tempo is set to the chatter of Browning guns, the tremendous crump of super-blockbusters, and the bursting crash of flak all about their homing Lancs. In scarcely two years they have had three COs. First flier to command the squadron was WC S. S. Blanchard, native of Calgary and graduate of R.M.C., who was their chief just long enough to leave an inspiring and lasting impression with all of them, before he was listed as missing, now presumed dead. That's when WC Crooks took over and saw the Canucks through their switch from twin motors to four, an Englishman proud to command Canadians and rated by his crews a bang on guy.

Now, in happier fashion but with equal regret, the Thunderbirds have lost another Chief, as Winco Bill Swetman takes up his new job back home in Canada. But already they are thundering their way to new achievements under their new leader. WC E. C. Hamber, a 28-year-old flier from Winnipeg who is well remembered on half-a-dozen Canadian stations like 1 ITS, Toronto, Camp Borden, Trenton, and Brantford. And as the Nazis feel their continental fortress shaking beneath their feet, it is because Canadian squadrons like the Thunderbirds are blasting the way for the forces of invasion.



WEST COAST WDs TAKE UNARMED COMBAT SESSIONS SERIOUSLY. CAPTION SAYS "CPL D. M. C. BELEY & LAW J. DOUGLAS", BUT DOESN'T SAY WHO'S TOSSING WHO



BATTLECRY FROM LAW M. M. PULEY SHOWS ZEST WITH WHICH WDs TAKE TO NEW GROUND WARFARE CLASSES

Airwomen at War

They can fire a Sten or .303 or toss you for a loop

WEST COAST — WDs on western stations are playing with fire these days — the single shot and rapid fire of small arms as they take to the ranges with Sten guns and .303 rifles.

The girls are learning how to whip on gas masks, how to recognize various types of gas, and they get some idea of the importance of both by doing a turn in a tear-gas chamber. They're mastering the tough tricks of unarmed combat and a lot of other handy stunts. What it adds up to is that west coast WDs have declared war on Japan.

The powers that be have decided that the feminine half of the Air Force must undergo ground warfare training exactly as do the airmen on the Pacific stations. Maybe it's got something to do with the recently announced tightening of west coast defences as protection against possible Jap diversionary raids and landings, now that Mr. Moto is beginning to backwater in the South Pacific.

On one station, FL L. S. Metford, OBE, and Sgt J. T. Spinks have been great boosters of the new "WD Commandos" ever since they put their first class through the mill. Gal athletes on the station have gone into training with all the zest and enthusiasm of rookie ballplayers trying to crash the big time. LAW Noreen Hill of Winnipeg, station basketball captain, AW1 Mary Keir of Toronto and LAW Marion Parker, a West Vancouverite, are a few of these who have started with rifle drill and gone on to master the breaking down and reassembling of Sten guns.

On the range some have scored as high as three times out of five at single shot tempo. Hanging onto the gun during automatic firing was a little tougher, but the girls did best at rifle shooting (lying down for better aim), one WD scoring five bullseyes out of five.

On another station where instruction is supervised by FO E. A. Lees the tin-hatted WDs take to the Butts in enthusiastic relays; 98% scores with the .303 aren't unknown and the Stengunning gals cut loose at dummy-Japs for targets with a vengeance. Top scorer receives a beautiful bouquet of flowers from the civilian Range Warden.

On this unit the first class of WDs was instructed by specially trained Ground Warfare instructors of the new Service Police (defence), and now the original group has taken on the job of teaching the rest of the airwomen. While normal training is limited to rifles, Stens, grenades, unarmed combat and anti-gas instruction, the WD instructors have also become proficient in the handling of Lewis and Vickers machine guns.

While the brief workout on ground warfare tactics can be no more than a familiarization course, airwomen on these Pacific coast stations are acquiring at least some idea of what to expect should trouble come, and how to do their share.



BIG MOMENT OF THE WEEK'S COURSE AT ANOTHER PACIFIC STATION, RANGE TARGET PRACTICE. SCORING HIGH WITH .303s, WDs ALSO GET THRILL FROM FIRING STEN GUNS

INTER-COM

THREE PAGES OF STATION-TO-STATION CALLS

Bob Carr knows all about Heinkels — the guy's flown 'em — but he's on our side

MOSSBANK — The adventures that Sgt-Pilot Bob Carr of 2 B&G has turned out since he took off on a flying career in 1929 would make a Hollywood script writer's hair curl with envy.

Before he joined the RCAF in September, 1941, Bob had already seen action during the Spanish Civil War when he piled up several enemy aircraft to his credit.

He was one of a group of adventurous Westerners who threw in their lot with the Loyalists but Bob said that "One look at their crates and that was enough." Instead of returning to the U.S.A. a group of pilots including Sgt Carr decided to take a little sightseeing jaunt through nearby Portugal. Thirteen of them returned in fighter planes, our pilot among them. They had joined the Revolutionists.

He had collected a few souvenirs along the way, but hardly the kind you would keep in a photograph album or place on the mantle. Shrapnel scars are among them, also a bullet which at one time was imbedded in his flesh.

When an elderly prospector down in South America arrived in Rio de Janeiro with tales of a wonderful gold mine and samples of this fabulous wealth, the story spread like wildfire. Although the prospector described the location of this El Dorado no one was able to locate it. However, Bob, on the lookout for further excitement arrived in the city with a pal, a good sized bank account and decided to go hunting for the gold

mine. A Stinson Reliant was purchased — what matter if gasoline was three dollars and sixty-five cents a gallon — the search went on.

Time passed, funds dwindled surprisingly fast and the gold mine that was to make their fortune was as easy to track down as a mirage in a desert, so they gave up their quest and returned home.

When Canada entered the war he came here as a test pilot for Hurricane aircraft but getting tired of sitting on the sidelines he decided to get into the game and joined the RCAF in Toronto as an acey deucey in September, 1941. His flying courses at Oshawa, Yorkton and Trenton conjured up memories of his first flying days in 1929 when he soloed after two and a half hours of instruction at Parks Air College. On graduation from Trenton he became an instructor with a background of experience with British, American and foreign aircraft as well as the time he spent as a civilian instructor in 1935 at an air training school in Mexico. His first stop as an Air Force instructor was at an SFTS in P.E.I. Since then he has been stationed at Vulcan, Calgary, Centralia and lately at Mossbank.

He flew in the air races at Chicago's world fair and also claims membership in the Cat Club having chalked up three parachute jumps. His first was in 1934 in Ohio which, he says, was "accidentally accidental"; Mexico was the scene of the second and the third time he had to bail out of a damaged Heinkel 112 during combat in Spain.

MANHATTAN 'BLUES'

RCAF's office crew in New York rub shoulders with Wall St. tycoons

by SGT ED HAYES

NEW YORK — Don't hotfoot it to the RCAF Financial Liaison Unit if you're merrymaking in New York and suddenly find yourself financially embarrassed.

You wouldn't be the first Air Force Joe to try to make a touch and you wouldn't be the first Joe to whom FO Charlie Andrews would have to say: "Sorry, chum, it can't be done."

Though the RCAF's New York "station" operates in an obscure office on the 16th floor of a Wall Street building the occasional airman still breezes into the unit with a tale of: "I wuz robbed" or some similar yarn.

The RCAF Financial Liaison outfit's job in Manhattan is to handle pay for RCAF repatriates arriving in New York; account for pay and equipment of all RCAF personnel stationed in the United States and account for lease-lend and contract equipment contributed by the United Kingdom to the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. All this is handled by a staff of three airwomen, seven airmen and three officers.

"It's wonderful in New York," says Cpl Rena Sickles, a native of the U.S.A., but whose home is now in Montreal. "Quite a difference from Ottawa where I was stationed at AFHQ. There are so many men down here, and Broadway with its lights and glamour; the hustle and bustle of Times Square; Greenwich Village, the Bowery — all this and tickets from the U.S.O. for plays, movies and dances.

"In Canada I was called a Yank for obvious reasons. Down here my combination 'Canada-U.S.A.' shoulder badges have 'em guessing. They think I'm an apostle of the good neighbor policy — a policy, incidentally, much practised here in Gotham. People are very hospitable."

Though New York is fascinating Rena would be just as happy back at a Canadian flying station, preferably Fingal, Ont., where she spent 16 months. She admits she used to grouse for a posting but now realizes that Fingal WDs are pretty fortunate.

Air Force blue is no longer uncommon in the big city. In fact the RCAF flock to Manhattan in droves. One weekend recently a single train carried more than 400 RCAFmen and WDs, all anxious to find out if it's true what they say about Broadway.

Rena told of a flight sergeant on leave from a West Coast RCAF station who, seeing a write-up and picture of a lovely New York model phoned her and was invited out to lunch. "The last that was heard of the blonde and the bewildered but



thrilled NCO was their whirlwind round of Gotham's night spots," she laughed.

"Its little wonder airmen and airwomen returning to duty from New York furloughs declare they need additional recuperation leave," Rena quipped.

You never meet the same people twice in New York even though you catch a subway at the same time and the same spot each morning, according to Cpl Janet Thirkell of Vancouver, B.C., who saw station service at Rockcliffe, St. Thomas and 16 SFTS, Hagersville, before coming down here.

"Tommy" Thomson, a WD corporal who rooms with Janet, says it isn't a cinch being stationed in the big city. There's hard work and plenty of it. But "Tommy", a native of Nelson, B.C., and Janet are happy down here even though airwomen are likely to be mistaken for anything from female ferry command pilots to elevator operators.

Although they're from the West they never indulge in wishful thinking for West Coast postings. New York is not exactly new to Cpl Thomson as she was employed here for a spell in civilian life. She's an authority on metallurgy having worked for 16 years for the British Columbia Chamber of Mines, nine years of which were spent in the metallurgical lab.

Office hours are from 9 a.m. to 5.45. There are no 48s while 36s usually start well on into Saturday afternoon. There are no parades but discipline is perfect. The commanding officer, Wing Commander F. W. Phillips, has been stationed in New York since November, 1942. Having lived there as a civilian, the big city is well known to him.

These Broadway "Blues" usually lunch in one of the crowded restaurants in the Wall street area, but those who've been stationed in Ottawa say the queuing up isn't nearly as bad down here.

Though a number of them have been in New York since the little unit opened, there are always new sights to see. Air Force personnel in Manhattan declare that New York has the finest service clubs on the continent. Although a limited number of tickets are distributed free to virtually every amusement and recreation centre in the city, the RCAF staff down here seldom takes advantage of the ducats. They feel they are for the transient service personnel. But they get their entertainment tax-free and often at a reduced rate.

The staff figures that after victory LAC Ernie Kirkpatrick of Winnipeg could easily qualify for director of information of New York subways. Kirk seldom pursues the same route to work and consequently has acquired a unique knowledge of New York's subways. He learned the hard way, getting lost so often when he was first posted to Manhattan. Kirk used to be stationed at 6 ITS, Toronto, and finds little old New York a very OK posting.

"At least there's no more of this 'pick out seven men, put 'em on charge to set an example,' he laughed.

Many New Yorkers with whom they have come in contact know little of Canada. When Winchell did a column on Canada's war effort most New Yorkers were amazed. They hesitated to believe it, an NCO told WINGS. And many tourists know more about their own city than the natives.

The RCAF has come in for a fare share of publicity since it established a unit down here. Radio City was the scene of a victory for the Air Force when FS Harold Parker of Toronto, Sgt Adam Foster of Ottawa and Sgt C. K. "Gibby" Gibson of Hamilton, teamed up on the Battle of Sexes radio program to defeat three New York girls.

Only comment on big town life WINGS could wring from Norm Burdick, the other LAC on the staff, was: "At least there's beer down here." Others holding down the RCAF fort on Wall street include Cpl Jim Pickup of Oshawa; Sgt Roy Chandler, a Bluenose from Chester, N.S., who commutes daily from Jersey via the Hudson tubes to assist FO Andrews with the involved problems of the mighty dollar and FL H.H. Gawthorp, lease-lend accountant, who formerly worked in the office of the Deputy Minister for Air.

One member of the outfit, Sgt Foster took a Rochester girl for his bride since coming to New York. The sarge who was formerly stationed at St. Thomas, 3 B&G, Macdonald, and AFHQ, has been here since the Unit opened.

Some Americans have strange and weird ideas of their northern neighbors. They tell of an incident at a servicemen's party in New York attended by a Canadian airman. The RCAF lad enlightened the gathering on things Canadian but was interrupted by a sweet young thing who remarked: "There's one thing wrong with Canada. They don't pasteurize their animals up there!"



AVM J. A. Sully congratulates Sgt Pat Cowley-Brown, RCAF art competition winner, in presence of Air Marshal Bishop and Hon Malcolm MacDonald, who opened the show at the National Art Gallery, Ottawa. AVM Sully announced that Cowley-Brown would be commissioned as an RCAF war artist.

PRAYER, ANSWERED

Mid-air crash at midnight, half a wing gone, two men jump and three men sweat it out

by CPL LES FIELDS
RCAF Public Relations.

TORONTO—High over Lake Erie two Ansons, one from Jarvis and the other from Hagersville, crashed in mid-air and with terrific suddenness. It was pitch dark and the collision was a sheer fluke.

Eight feet of wing were ripped off the Jarvis plane, though less badly damaged the Hagersville ship stalled momentarily and started to roll over. Two Jarvis students took to their chutes on orders, but both pilots and an airman passenger in the Hagersville plane quietly said a prayer.

And their prayers were answered, for all five came through the crash with nary a scratch. Chances of outliving a mid-air headoner are not good — and odds on escaping without a scratch are practically nil.

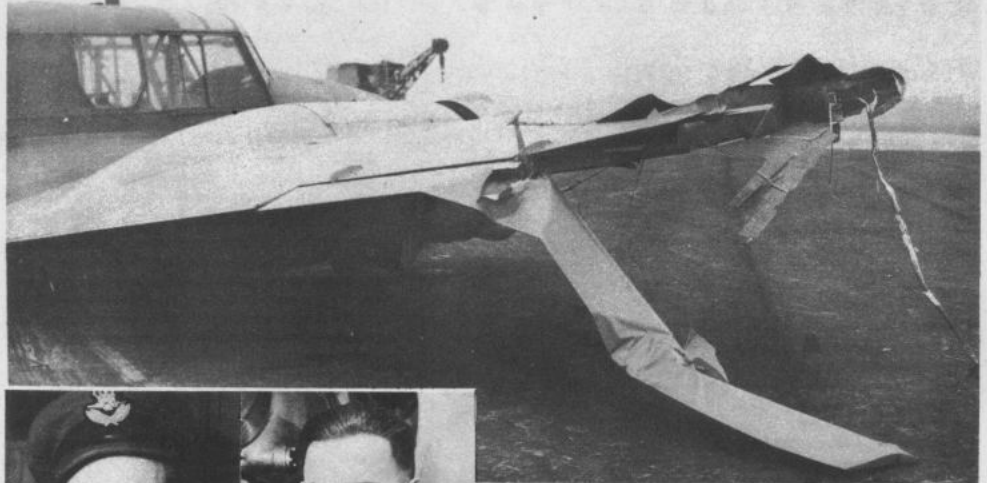
FO A. K. McLelland of Montreal and LAC Lloyd White of Vancouver, out on a weather report check from 16 SFTS, Hagersville, had only six seconds to try and avoid the impending smash. At the moment of impact both engines went dead for a split second, then sputtered into life again. McLelland decided to head for base, 12 miles away — and made it.

Sgt-Pilot John B. McRae of Vancouver was out from 1 B&G at Jarvis, doing bombing runs over the lake, and it was almost midnight. He said he didn't see McLelland's craft till it was only 100 yards away. With him were LACs W. R. Armes and L. G. Cahill, both of Toronto.

"We had four runs on the target," said McRae. "On our fifth I had my eyes down watching my instruments as Armes, in the nose of the plane, gave instructions. It was a dark night and we had really settled down to business. I looked up — and there was the white landing light of another plane coming at me.

"I figured there wasn't much to worry about and I flopped over in a tight left turn. He went right over the top of me and caught my upper wing. The jar wasn't too bad. I knew we had been hit, but I didn't know what damage had been done. When we started to slip I managed to level her off. I didn't know then that my wing end was gone: now I don't know what kept us up there.

"I shouted to Armes in the nose, 'Come out of there.' 'Hello!', he shouted back. 'Come on out of there,' I shouted again. 'Hello' Armes



Though eight feet of wing were torn from this Anson, Sgt J. B. McRae landed it at Jarvis B & G



FO A. K. MCLELLAND SGT J. B. MCRAE
Two Ansons crashed, two made it to base

answered. 'Damn it, come out of there in a hurry,' I bellowed. Armes came scrambling out. He didn't know we had been hit.

"Then I took my flashlight, holding the stick well over to keep us even, and turned it out the cockpit window. That's when I saw our wing end off. I told Armes and Cahill to get their chutes and get one for me, too.

"I didn't have full control of the ship and could hardly move the controls from that one full-over position in which I held them. Every time I'd ease up we'd start to dip to starboard. I knew we were over water. Not far but too far off shore to jump. I decided to try and sneak back over land so Armes and Cahill could jump.

"Gently we made a turn, since we were heading out over the lake at the time of the

collision. We made the shoreline and then the station about two miles away. We were in luck. I told Armes and Cahill to jump. I was left alone up there in the dark with the damaged plane. It's a spot to be in, believe me.

"I manoeuvred around for about five minutes and then decided that perhaps I had better jump too. Every time I made a move the plane would dip to starboard. I figured that it would be in a spiralling spin before I was clear. I hung on.

"I lined up the field and decided to take a chance on bringing the ship in. I figured if I could land in the soft mud off the runways I would have a fair chance of saving my neck. I didn't make the mud off the runways but skidded up onto one of them. Afraid of the plane catching fire, I got out in a hurry.

FO McLelland's machine was not so badly damaged as McRae's — but he didn't know how bad it was — and he did a sweet job of landing, back at Hagersville. "When the engines stopped that's what got me", the Hagersville pilot explained. "It was only for a moment, but that was enough. When they started again I decided to go easy and we came in all right.

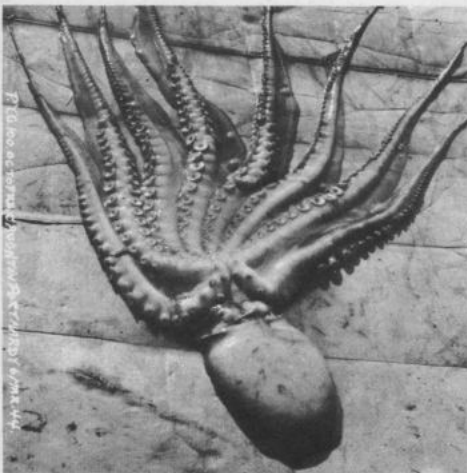
"We're a bunch of lucky guys."

WD honored for heroism



MONTREAL — For "heroic action and presence of mind in assisting in the rescue of Walter Gagne from drowning in Round Lake, St. Adele, July 31st, 1943", LAW Jacqueline Jas (nee Boucher), 27, was awarded the honorary testimonial of the Royal Canadian Humane Society. Stationed at the RCAF Biophysics Laboratory at McGill University, she was presented with the certificate from Air Commodore R. A. Delhaye, DFC, chief staff officer of 3 TC. LAW Jas also accepted a similar award for her brother, Marc Boucher, 24, who aided in the rescue and has since been honorably discharged from the RCAF.

Blue Pacific loses appeal for Joe Airman after his skirmish with Mr. Octopus



by AC2 C. G. GUNNING

WEST COAST — The Pacific has lost a lot of its summer resort appeal for AC1 Russ Goad of Toronto. In fact he has almost made up his mind to write the family that he won't be needing his swimming trunks after all.

Russ, a newcomer out here, had visions of spending much of his spare time bathing in the blue Pacific but the sudden change of heart came

one Sunday afternoon when the Toronto WOG sauntered down to the seashore. Poking his way among the rocks he spied a squirming blob of pink, glistening sea-fish, better known as an octopus. It had evidently been left high and almost dry by the receding tide.

Armed with a stick, Russ attempted to raise the octopus off the rock and out of the water but immediately every one of the eight tentacles slithered onto the rock and clamped down to a tight hold with their scores of suction cups. Gradually he gained the upper hand until the last suction cup gave up its grip.

Figuring that the boys back at camp wouldn't likely believe this fish story unless he had the evidence, Russ ripped loose some seaweed, fashioned it into a lasso in true cowboy style and flipped it over the head of the octopus. He realized the octopus was far from beaten when he tried to haul it along a plank road which bridged the swamp. The seaweed became thinner and thinner at each lunge and tug and the trip home developed into a race against time. When Russ was halfway back to camp the seaweed gave way to shreds and the fish plopped onto the planks. The constant yanking of the vine had slowly strangled the octopus and this ordeal, together with the lack of water, proved too much.

When word reached the station, the plank road became a show place for several days. As for Russ, he's glad that he had his skirmish with an octopus on dry land — because take it from him, the most powerful of swimmers wouldn't have much chance in deep water even against an octopus of that size.

"RCAF Overseas"



SIDE OF COVERED TRANSPORT IS MOVIE SCREEN FOR DESERT JOES OF RCAF SQUADRON BUNCHED TOGETHER BENEATH BLANKET OF STARS



TABLES AND CHAIRS ARE SCARCE AS THESE CANUCK AIRMEN, ABOVE, MUNCH THEIR MEAL ON SANDY PLAINS OF NORTH AFRICA

BELOW, NAVIGATOR'S LIGHT GLOWS EERILY AS HE PLOTS THE KITE'S COURSE; THE WIRELESS AIR GUNNER TALKS ON THE INTER-COM

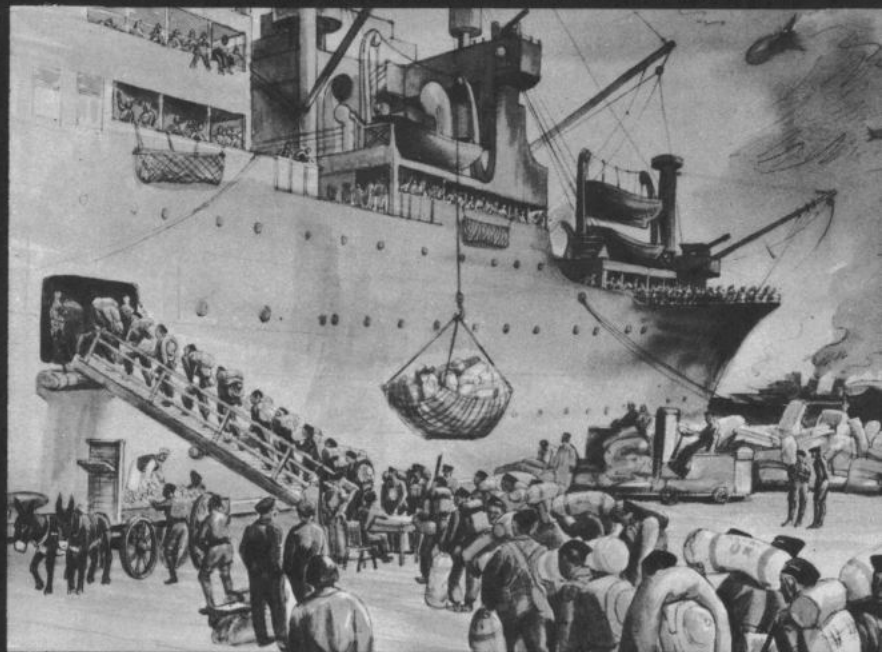


LIFE ON OPERATIONAL STATIONS IS VIVIDLY CAUGHT IN PAINTINGS BY RCAF WAR ARTISTS

Few WINGS pictures have caught more of the action and atmosphere of life on operational stations overseas than the ones presented in this special four-page supplement. They come not from the cameras of Air Force press photographers but from the easels of the RCAF's official War Artists. The four watercolors on this page were painted by FO Paul Goranson while he was living with an RCAF bomber squadron in Africa. On the following pages other artists give their impressions of fighter and bomber stations in Britain, and on the last page appear four character studies of RCAF aircrew.

As a sergeant Paul Goranson went on the prowl with paint and brush to many eastern Canadian stations, and before enlistment he had become well-known in his home town, Vancouver, as a portrait painter, muralist and commercial artist. Murals of every variety were his specialty, and original Goransons brighten the walls of everything from B.C. churches to the "Oriental Gardens" nightclub in Vancouver's Chinatown.

'BOUND FOR OLD BLIGHTY'S SHORE' OR PERHAPS A NEW WAR THEATRE; AFRICAN PIER HUMS WITH ACTIVITY AS CANUCKS SWARM ABOARD





"BULLSEYE" SCHEME. SEARCHLIGHT CREWS AND KITES IN AIR FORCE-ARMY NIGHT EXERCISES



MAINTENANCE HANGAR AT COASTAL COMMAND STATION OFFERS THIS OIL PAINTING SHOWS MUSTANG OFF ON A SWEEP OVER FRANCE ZOOMING BY ONLY ROOF PROTECTION FOR ENGINE WORK IF WEATHER'S BAD TREE ARCHWAY, NATURAL CAMOUFLAGE CONCEALING TRUCKS AND OTHER VEHICLES



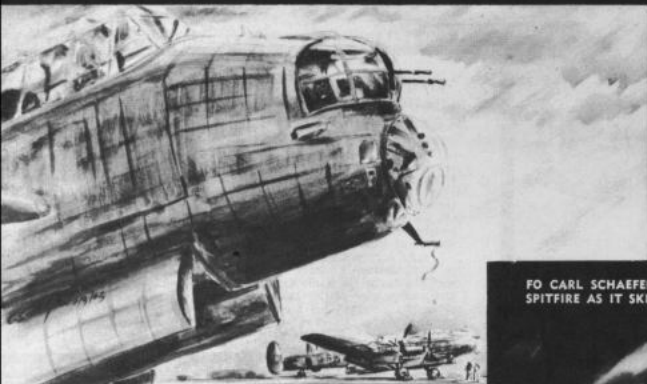
ACTION IN ALL COMMANDS

Searchlights spread a net for evasive planes in practise, a Mustang races into the sky, bombers load up and a giant Sunderland trundles along the ramp. Though painted over a period of months, these pictures typify the bustling, organized activity that grips Fighter, Bomber and Coastal Commands as the mounting fierceness of the aerial war over Europe merges into a great invasion offensive.

FO Carl Schaefer, as evidence in the pictures on this left-hand page, has little time these days for the rural Ontario landscapes which were his specialty before the war. One of the Dominion's outstanding younger painters he won the first Guggenheim Fellowship ever

awarded to a Canadian. Once while decorating a church interior he fell 35 feet from a scaffold but saved himself from injury.

FO Eric Aldwinkle of Toronto whose pictures are these on the right-hand page has been working as a commercial artist since he was 14, is completely self-taught. Now his studio is one of the few intact rooms of a bomb-blasted building in London, where he repaints in oils many of the pictures done first in charcoal or watercolor on RCAF fighter stations. One painting shows what he saw after diving into a slit trench when Nazi raiders came over.



FO CARL SCHAEFER CATCHES THE FEELING OF SPEED OF A CLIPPED-WING SPITFIRE AS IT SKIDS TO STARBOARD TO BEAT WAY OUT OF SEARCHLIGHT

RCAF LANCS DISPERSED ABOUT FIELD BEING BOMBED UP FOR BIG RAID AS OLD SOL TRIES TO BREAK THROUGH CLOUDY ENGLISH SKIES

"BITSY'S KITE". ARTIST PAINTED THIS JUST AFTER THE LATE BITSY GRANT RETURNED FROM A SORTIE TO BE TOLD HE HAD WON THE DFC



CAMOUFLAGED MUSTANG, ONE OF MANY AIRCRAFT IN BRITAIN WAITING FOR THE INVASION "GO" SIGNAL



FO ARTIST ERIC ALDWINKLE CATCHES THE TRIM LINES OF MUSTANGS OF OPERATIONS FIGHTER RECONNAISSANCE AS THEY STAND IN READINESS



PO GEORGE BROWN, BARTONVILLE, ONT., THEN A SERGEANT, WAS SHOT DOWN NOT LONG AFTER ARTIST DID THIS PORTRAIT



FO BILL SCHMITT, ARBOURFIELD, SASK., GRADUATED FROM 11 SFTS, YORKTON; IS WITH LION SQUADRON

Aircrew Types

Warplanes, crews living in Nissen huts at British dispersal fields and in tents in Africa . . . yet no matter how many other things the artists put on paper or canvas they have told only half the story until they portray the men who do the fighting. These four portraits of RCAF pilots in Britain are a few of the many character studies which have come from the brush of FO Edwin Holgate. A member of the famous "Group of Seven" (now the "Canadian Group" of painters), Holgate has won wide acknowledgement for his vigorous northern paintings of scenes ranging from Labrador to the Pacific.

This graphic record of the RCAF's overseas operations (most extensive selection of official Air Force war art yet published) has been printed as a four-page unit so that it may be kept by WINGS readers as a valuable souvenir of life in the RCAF.



WC HUGH GODEFROY, DSO, DFC AND BAR, FORMER WOLF SQUADRON CO, WHO NOW COMMANDS A FIGHTER WING. HE'S A TORONTONIAN



FO DEAN DOVER, MOUNT DENNIS, ONT., GOT HIS WINGS AT WEYBURN, SASK. HE'S WITH THE WOLF SQUADRON

This African desert is all its cracked up to be

by SL JOHN CLARE, PRO

CAIRO — For a year now, ever since I came to North Africa, I have been listening to Royal Canadian Air Force veterans in the Middle East talk about the western desert. Well, I've seen it. I've seen it from Algiers to Cairo through the windshield of a truck. And I am now in a position to dispel some of the myths that these sand-blown types have been telling those of us who take sugar instead of sand in our tea.

Myth Number One is that there isn't a tree as high as man from Tripoli to the Delta. That's not right. I've seen the tree. It's just this side of Bengazi. And the man it is as high as is a character named Edward Gluch who used to book bets at Yonge and Bloor. All I have to do now is prove that Gluch is a man, and not an ape with a close shave as some of his critics maintain, and I have gone a long way towards debunking the desert.

My companion on the trip, which took 10 days and 13 cans of tinned willy, was an RAF driver called Mac. I discovered during the trip that Mac would like to come to Canada after the war. He likes the cigarettes. I also discovered that as far as cussing is concerned he will have to make practically no adjustments in order to blend with the rich life of our Dominion like a native.

The desert offered us (and we took it) a fine selection of weather running from sandstorms to snowstorms and at one point we got stuck in the mud. The road varied from a smooth speedway like Michigan Boulevard to the kind of road you encounter in the west end of Toronto a week before the Canadian National Exhibition when the city works department always tears up the streets leading to the big fair.

Our most comfortable night on the trip was spent in one of the model farmhouses that Mussolini built for the colonizers of his great African empire. Duce's farming plan was a flop but the farmhouses came in very handy for the Eighth Army judging by the unofficial hotel register on the living room wall. One guy had written what he thought about the war in general and it ran from the front door to the stable, which was situated where most people would have a breakfast nook.

We discovered that the Arabs call you Johnnie in Algiers, Joe in Tunis and Bizerte and once you get to the Western Desert you become George. What they call you in Cairo this magazine probably wouldn't print!

The sand is pretty unpleasant stuff when it blows. When it just sits still it's depressing but when it starts to move around it is definitely unfriendly. Although for sheer out of this world misery I don't think it comes close to a Southern Saskatchewan dust storm. This is no mere callow local pride. When it blows in Southern Saskatchewan it has a diffusive quality that makes it more like a bad smell than a dust storm. You can't get away from it. But then, let's not argue about a thing like that.

Ex-GI primes plugs for RCAF bomber group overseas

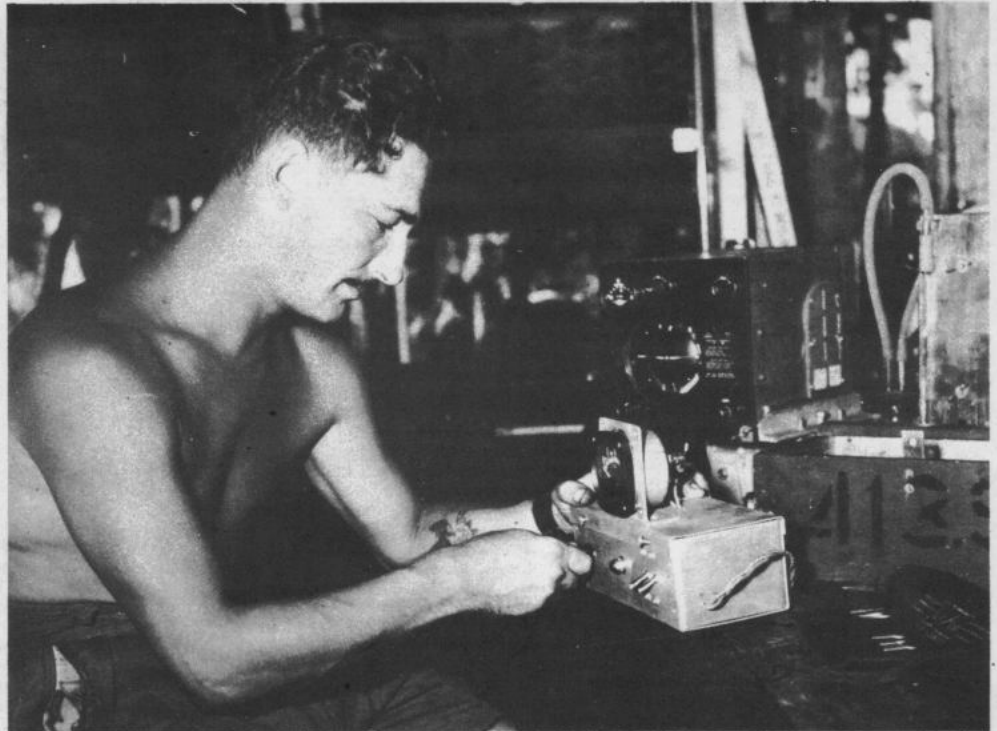
GREAT BRITAIN — Fourteen years ago, when the name of "Lindbergh" was spoken in hushed reverence in aviation circles, George Lofthouse, New York City, spent his working hours tearing down Liberty engines of Douglas 02H biplanes in the Philippines.

To-day George is a corporal in the RCAF, manhandling the engines of an RCAF Group Halifax. Most of the lads with whom he works were probably still catching hell for tearing down the old man's watch when he began his tinkering with aircraft motors.

George started his career in 1928, as a flying cadet at Kelly Field, now known as Randolph Field. Due to injuries received in a flying accident George was grounded, so he enlisted in the US Army Air Corps as an air mechanic.

"In those days," he said, "a mechanic was a mechanic. For almost a year we worked on DH4's — a biplane rigged with miles of wire and powered by the old Liberty motor. We rigged those babies by eye, and the pilots flew them by the seat of their pants. I don't think they had more than five or six instruments in them."

In March, 1930, George was sweating it out with the second observation squadron, flying



His place of business is about seven degrees above the equator — that's why Cpl Nels Corbeil, Kapuskasing, Ont., doffs his shirt to test panel-board instrument for RCAF flying boat in Ceylon

ON OPS

RCAF 'ROUND
THE WORLD

HITS THE JACKPOT

CAIRO — If there's a trophy for this sort of thing, it should go to FO George Mann, Toronto, without an argument. In one day he received 250 letters.

The jackpot was made possible by the fact that a posting for George, a navigator with a Middle East coastal outfit, did not come through but his mail was sent on to await his arrival. By the time he caught up with it there was enough to keep him writing for weeks.

Douglas 02H's out of Nichols Field, the Philippines. A bombing squadron flying Martin bombers also operated from Nichols. It was from a Martin that George made his first parachute jump.

"Bailing out of a Martin is a slightly different proposition from doing a fade out of a Halifax," George said; "It goes something like this. You climb out on the wing, and believe me, a Martin has plenty of wing. By the time you've climbed through thirty-six feet of struts and wire you're ready to bale out. You take your position on the small platform on the wing tip and get a tight hold on a strut. Then the ship takes off. You wait for the kite to get up to at least five thousand, and that's a long wait in a Martin. At the required altitude you simply pull the ripcord and the slipstream does the rest. It's as simple as that."

George spent three months in China, near Shanghai, assembling Wacos for the Chinese American Airways.

Track meets for the armed forces were held regularly at Fort McKinley, Manila. At one meet George came out on top in the 100 yard event, and was presented with a medal by the CO of the Philippine Army, the now famous General MacArthur.

Late in '31 George was back in the States at Mather Field, Calif. Later still he left the Air Corps, and in the years that followed he MC'd in a night club, barked in an Amazon show at the World's Fair, dabbled in midget racing cars, worked for Billy Rose's Aquacade, joined a publicity firm, and finally enlisted in the RCAF in September, 1940.

At St. Thomas he was getting dirty mitts again, working on Merlins. The last time he had touched an aircraft engine was in 1932 when he tore down the nose engine of a Ford Tri-motor. From St. Thomas he went to the B & G School at Paulson, Man., and then overseas.

Azores language problem solved — natives learn ours

by LAC ROY ABRAHAMSON

AZORES — The sun never sets on the RCAF. No, not even in the mid-Atlantic, for a stout aggregation of Canucks is serving with the RAF in the Azores.

Coming from Britain, we found an entirely different way of life in the Azores. In the first few months, negotiating with the local populace called for physical rather than vocal exercise. The locals, however, are picking up English faster than we are learning Portuguese, so the language difficulty no longer exists. Some of our boys, of course, have ordered gen books from England and are now beyond the "yes-no-how much" stage.

The food here is enough to make any erk on British rations turn up his nose at Welsh rarebit. A feed in town is on the books several times a week. The available dishes are turkey, chicken, steak and pork chops. Wines are plentiful and cheap. Some of the more Bacchanalian members found the beer-to-port transition period a bit trying, but now constitutions have been adjusted and goodwill glows.

Our relations with the female half of the population are non-existent.

Girls do not appear in public with a man unless engaged or married. Courtship is of the balcony scene variety. The courter stands in the street, the courtee on the balcony, and they utter sweet nothings which the whole block can overhear. Only after going through about six months of this PA-sytem apprenticeship is the lucky man allowed to come in out of the rain. This is known as pitching woo Azores style.

Even before the station became operational, the boys had organized a Canadian Club, and under the presidency of LAC Joe Adamthwaite it has taken a vital part in camp life. The latest campaign on foot is the proposed building of a Canadian recreation hut. A canuck station paper has also been started — "The Atlantic Echo".

Canadians too, have been spreading gentle propaganda among the British boys. One evening the Canadian club took over the meeting of the station discussion group — The Gen and Lit Club. Sgt Howie Branson, LACs Howie Baugh, Bill Elliott, and Jimmy Spracklin explained the various aspects of life in Canada.

The general opinion? Well, the Azores are all right for a change, but how we long for those wide open spaces — there's no place like home.



LOG OF WINGS THE RCAF

VOL. 2

OTTAWA, CANADA, JUNE, 1944

No. 5

Honors & Awards

If good horses go to green pastures after death it is only fitting that old Big Bill Moose, for years monarch of all he surveyed in the foothills west of Calgary, should now flaunt his antlers from the walls of the officers' mess at 7 SFTS Macleod. However, appreciative Macleodsters felt some further recognition was due him for three years of faithful service as inner guard of that sanctum so now old Bill, with quiet pride, sports a CVSM.

What it Takes

Our nomination for the airman most likely to succeed goes hands down to a bush-station Joe who (along with 700 guys and WDs) submitted a picture for the RCAF Art Show. Not only that, his picture was one of 125



chosen for showing and won a \$10 honorable mention. Though the entries came from everywhere and overseas the committee politely sent all the chosen artists a fancy engraved invitation just to let them know they weren't forgotten.

Most of those at great distance probably accepted it as a nice gesture and tucked the invite away with their old love letters — but not our friend.

"Looke here!" he says as he presents himself smartly to the station's acting CO, — the Honorable the Minister of National Defence for Air wants I should be present at the opening of the Royal Canadian Air Force Exhibition of Paintings and Drawings. That's what it says here and he's boss."

Well, to cut it short, he gets himself a plane trip to civilization for ten days on temporary duty. Collecting all the advances he can cadge from Accounts he arrives in Montreal with \$100 and hits AFHQ two days later with \$1.25 in his jeans and a polite request for more dough. To cut him short he was sent packing back to his station as soon as his ten days were up, followed by the fervent sighs of the committee.

"Let a guy like that stick around Headquarters for another week and he's liable to get himself made a Group Captain!" as one of them muttered from behind bulging eyeballs.

Pin-up King

While the rest of us have to swipe our pin-up girls out of somebody else's magazines, Cpl Ed Lally collects his in person from the Hollywood lovelies of his choice. The Corp will be the envy of every other guy at 4 AGTS Valleyfield, P.Q., when we tell them (as he recently told us) about how he spent leave with Mr. and Mrs. Jon Hall (nee Frances Langford) at their home in Hollywood. This got him a high-priority tour ticket for all the big studios and every time he tripped over Greer Garson or banged into Betty Grable he let them off with an apology and an autographed photo. Those inscribed personally to him, Cpl Lally wears

next his heart in his locker, but when he noted our drooling condition as he finished this tale he tossed us the alluring black-widow-spider creation with which Columbia's Evelyn Keyes sends her greetings to you and you on page 18.

Piece of Icecake

WC E. R. Gardner of Winnipeg, now at EAC Headquarters, is a handy guy to have around if you're in a spot like the Department of Transport radio operator whose wife needed an appendix out in a hurry. They were stationed at a lonely island post 20 miles off Cape Breton, spring had come and the harbor was pocked with ice cakes. But Winco Gardner set his Gruman Goose gently down among the bobbing hazards, and when the patient was aboard, did an even neater job of dodging the drift ice on a crosswind takeoff. The radio op's little lady has been relieved of the appendix and is doing fine, thanks.

Servant Problem

Distance lends no enchantment in our business. Way back last September a Public Relations contributor, FL Ken Wright, sent us a story for the "On Ops" page about the glad life lived by LACs in India and Ceylon who have native bearers to darn their socks, run messages, shine their shoes and fan the flies away. Now

from Sgt. R. A. Elrick with the RCAF in Ceylon comes a blistering airgraph.

"After reading 'Bearer!' my hair (which I have to wash myself) went skywards . . . Admittedly circumstances can be pictured through *couleur de rose* glasses if the article happens to be written in the lounge of the Grand Oriental in Colombo or the Taj Mahal, Bombay . . ."

We regret that WINGS' overseas distribution is somewhat irregular or Sarge Elrick might have read the other side of the story as depicted by Ken Wright in the November issue. In that dispatch he told about the tough job RCAF mechs are doing



in Ceylon, noting that while "There are lots of palm trees and tropical beaches, there are also lots of malaria, dysentery and other tropical diseases." To

which it might be added that the PRO who wrote both stories did such a thorough and exhaustive job of trying to cover RCAF activities all over India and Ceylon that when last heard from he was being sick-paraded back home.

"POWER OF THE PRESS"



REG JONES

The judges was fixed or Acey Reg Jones' contribution to the RCAF Art Show from 5 SFTS, Brantford, Ont. woulda come first. Anyway, thanks Reg!

WHERE'S JOE?

BULLETIN !!!—Special WINGS communique on this month's "missing links". Sgt J. Matinuk, R140645, RCAF Overseas can reach his chum AC Barclay T. Hazelton, R283221, at 4 Wireless School, Guelph, Ont.; while Cpl J. A. Neale, R222961, of 7 AOS Portage La Prairie, Man. can contact LAC John P. Barber, R93605, at MPO 304, RCAF, Ottawa.

Comes an SOS from LAC T. Kenner, GB1805650, 8 AOS Ancienne Lorette, P. Q. for the present posting of his friend LAC S. A. Hutchings, GB1806101. Way we hear it, pal, he's at 32 SFTS Moose Jaw, Sask. LAC Morty Penner, R159683, CAPO 10 RCAF Overseas would like LAC Jack Patterson to get in touch with him. Due to insufficient gen we were unable to track you down, pal, so how's about writing to Morty. LAC R. R. Crozier, R142947, on a west coast unit is anxious for members of K.A.S. "40" now serving in the RCAF to communicate with him at MPO 304, RCAF, Ottawa.

AW1 H. A. McCallum, W315521, 2 SFTS, Uplands, asks for the lowdown on FO John P. Kickebelt, C35406, and FO John A. McWilliams, J9458. The former can be reached at MPO 304, RCAF, Ottawa, and the latter at "Y" Depot, Lachine. From the States comes a query from WO1 H. H. Provost, No. 1 RCAF Requirements Detachment, Third National Bank Bldg., Dayton 2, Ohio, U.S.A. for the address of Sgt Anthony M. Wilson, 107500; he's at 8 AOS, Ancienne Lorette, P. Q.

LAW G. J. Burns, W308586 2 B&G. Mossbank has lost track of W309263, AW M. G. Blewett. She is still at 17 E.D. Ottawa, chum.

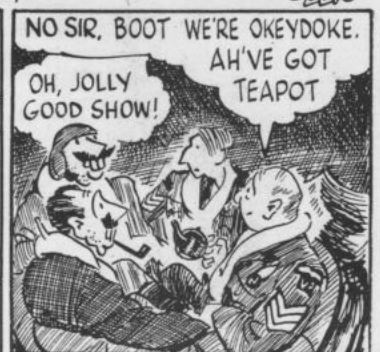
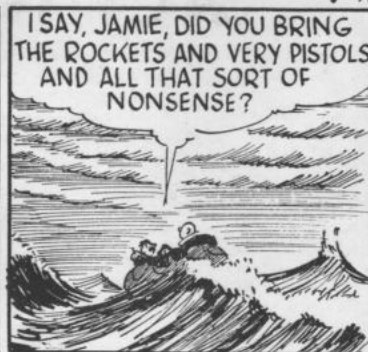
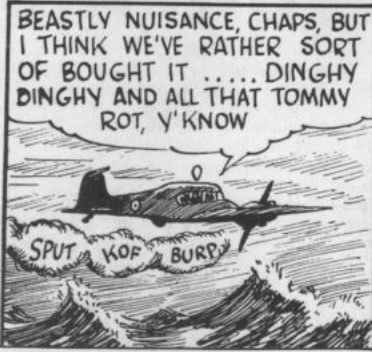
And here are the postings of six Joes asked for by Cpl L. J. Gauvreau, R74423, at a station down east: Contact LAC S. Burrell, R87236 through RCAF Overseas and FS C. F. Fowler, R65106 at RCAF Station, Rockcliffe. LAC A. R. Hayes, R74422 is at 12 SFTS, Brandon, Man. and FS S. J. Kamienski is stationed at 5 B&G School, Dafoe. Sgt. E. E. King, R95981, can be reached at 3 CMU, St. Hubert, Que. and you can get Cpl J. E. McKinney, R84516 at MPO 304, RCAF, Ottawa.

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FRIGHTFLY GOOD SHOW!

Though really, public school chaps should have their own dinghy, y'know

by *Ozzie*



ENGLISH-CANUCK RIBS EVERYBODY!

RIVERS — See you in the funny papers isn't just a gag line at No 1 CNS, Rivers. If you make a false move you might find yourself caricatured in *MTB*, the station mag in a true enough and yet cruel enough way to make you look up books on face lifting. Incidentally *MTB*, means "message to base."

PO Ozzie Wright is the man with the India ink and wicked pen. He is a top-flight cartoonist in anybody's territory and his sketches have caused many a good guffaw.

His work is rarely barbed, however. He prefers doing gag cartoons, or comic strips of characters created on his own drawing board. His "Joe Gripe" is the original hard luck AC2

who goes short on meals, long on work and heavy on trouble. A chart of "Haircraft Identification" portrayed varieties of mustaches and personnel who appear behind them. One or two of these types are in Ozzie's new comic strip, two shown here, — "Fright'fly Good Show!", satire on RAF types.

Ozzie is London-born. He came to Canada in 1938 because he was twenty-one and had £50 and wanted to see this side. His full time job at Rivers is navigation instructor. He has done commercial art in both countries and now calls Montreal home. His goal is to sell comic strips. "That's the life," he says. "No telephones, no timeclocks — just work on your own."

FRIGHTFLY GOOD SHOW!

Awf'ly decent blokes... I mean rugger and all that, you know

by *Ozzie*



NEWFIE IS NO CINDERELLA!

Gal who comes from there tells off our Mr. Rewbury

Editor, WINGS:

I have just finished reading May WINGS and being a Newfoundlander I naturally paid special attention to LAC Ron Rewbury's second article on Newfoundland, "Galloping Gertie".

After having read his first article in the March issue, I was filled with righteous indignation and my first impulse was to sit down and splash ink with a will in repudiating the statements made by that airman. However, my sense of humor luckily came to the rescue, and realizing that "tolerance" as well as "patience" is a virtue, I squelched the impulse and decided to forget the whole thing.

Having no journalistic or literary aspirations myself and sensibly realizing the inadequacy of my pen to indulge in such a splurge, I nevertheless have a healthy respect for those "would be aspirants" who after captivating, have to try and hold the eye of an ever unstable and frequently indifferent public. I may add that that respect is increased tremendously when the author, even though he be outside the elite circle of writers and authors, writes boldly and surely with a complete and full knowledge of his subject, treating it in an honest and altogether unprejudiced manner.

After careful perusal of LAC Rewbury's two articles on Newfoundland I am convinced that he

has not dealt with that island in the aforementioned manner. In not doing so I feel that he has not only done his subject but himself an injustice!

Due in part to her geographic position and due mostly to many false representations Newfoundland has been regarded as the Cinderella sister in the British Commonwealth. Now because of that very geographical position which makes her the gateway to the North American continent, and the nucleus of air routes between the old and the new world she cannot sink back into the old state of oblivion, and the post war world cannot and dare not be indifferent to her and her demands in the future.

A world conflagration has brought to her shores an influx of service personnel from the four corners of the earth, as well as prominent political and military officials from both sides of the Atlantic, thus making her capital and main towns some of the most cosmopolitan of the present time.

Because of that very influx intelligent people realize that no longer can the "blind lead the blind", and visitors to the shores of our ancient colony whether by chance or by the exigencies of war are proving for themselves the lie to some of the absurd and fantastic statements regarding Newfoundland and her people. What I do fail to understand is how those like LAC Rewbury do not realize that fact!

As you suggested Mr. Editor that airman may have been kidding though I hardly think so; rather

I think his pen whether consciously or not was dipped in just the slightest touch of venom, shall we say?

LAC Rewbury has refrained from going so far in his statements as certain other people of whom we know, but we would like to remind him that misrepresentation of a country and misinterpretation of a people is a delicate if not a dangerous pastime . . .

For LAC Rewbury's information I would like to add that many Newfoundlanders in the services here in Canada have seen and learned much that has enlightened and amazed them concerning this country, but after partaking of a people's hospitality and sharing their hearth and home with them, we would not even though we could use the pen as a means of retaliation. An inherent pride and self respect forbids us sinking to such a contemptible level, and indulging in such trivial things when such greater issues are at stake. In closing may we add that we are entirely in accord with LAC A. A. Kelly, another Newfoundlander when he says that he sees no reason for LAC Rewbury making such statements. We feel quite sure that the latter, if he must write of Newfoundland, could do so in such a manner as to catch the eye of the reading public and yet not at the expense of ridiculing and belittling a country and people whose feelings towards Canada are only those of the friendliest inclinations.

We trust Mr. Editor that you will pardon our taking up so much of your time, but this "Newfie" could not for once forego "expressing" herself and letting off steam.

AW H. D. Penny
RCAF Station
Rockcliffe, Ontario.



Name NICOL ERIC R 2 0 4 6 1 4

Rank YES

Age PREHISTORIC

Hair CROPPED Eyes GLAZED Hair on face TICKLES

Marks, scars, etc. MOLE ON LEFT CHEEK; SMALL ETC. ON STOMACH.

Eric Nicol (FORGED BY HAND) (Signature of holder)

F/L B.O. Taylor (Signature of issuer)

Place 1st "M" DEPOT Date FLONDES, PREFERABLY

Card serial number 9 0 1 7 4 8 3 8 5 2

ACTING GHOUL UNPAID

by SGT ERIC NICOL

RECENTLY I offered 25 dollars to any woman willing to spend the night alone in a darkened theatre watching the greatest horror picture since "Dracula", namely, the picture on my identification card. So far, no one has accepted the challenge, perhaps because I have insisted on sitting with the woman and making sure she had something to scream about.

Anyhow, I know I don't have to tell you readers what an I-card photo is. Mine, for instance, which I like to think is typical, closely resembles a zombie which has reached the station warrant officer stage, a delicate condition hovering between rigor mortis and service police. Hold it to your ear and you can hear the buzzards flapping in the distance.

My picture, along with everything else I owned, was taken at Manning Depot. (It is interesting to note in passing that the little men who take I-card photos are especially chosen for their hatred of humanity, and are then carefully trained to loathe the photography.) Many of them took passport photos in civilian life, automatically qualifying them for the trade provided they could prove they habitually set fire to their grandmothers.)

When I was handed my I-card with the picture on it I could not suppress a morbid curiosity to know whose picture it was.

"Ha, ha, ha, what's that?" I asked.

"Ha, ha, ha, that's you," they replied.

I was deeply moved. The picture revealed for the first time to an entranced world of science that my teeth are divided into two thirty-foot lots by a crevice through which night winds whistle and howl while I am asleep, creating the popular legend that I am haunted.

It also was to be observed that my hair grows on one side of my head only, flaunting my English ancestry in the form of an old country hedge, and providing pleasant shade for my ear, which was signalling a left turn at the time the picture was taken.

Even more fascinating is the clear photographic proof that I have a glass eye, a glass eye possessing a somewhat arbitrary list to starboard, stamping me as the people's choice for the next refugee from Dick Tracy.

Like most I-card photos, mine was taken immediately after my first Manning Depot haircut, ("Canada's bald-headed eagles — invite one to your home"), and before I had learned how to keep my collar from sneaking off the back collar button and creeping up my neck with my tie for the purpose of strangling me. I was also just in the throes of becoming deeply aware that my pants were too tight in the seat.

All these factors are reflected in the photo, which glows with the sad, soulful expression of a water spaniel hungering for a hydrant.

In order to cash a check, I have found it ne-

cessary to show the card to the bank teller for identification. Every time I have done so the teller has taken one look at the closely-cropped head, the opium-glazed eyes, and then reached instinctively under the counter for his gun. Bells ring all over the bank, doors are quickly locked, and the guard yells:

"Don't move or I'll plug yah!"

Attempting to avoid this rather painful prelude to obtaining funds, I bought victory bonds this year, only to discover that I still had to go to the bank to pick them up.

I handed the I-card to the teller, a fine example of delayed superannuation, and, as is my wont, dropped flat on my belly to escape his line of fire.

"Who's this?" asked the teller, pointing at my picture.

"That," I said, rising cautiously and dusting myself off, "is me."

He adjusted his spectacles and peered closer at the card.

"What's happened to your wrinkles, bub?" he demanded suspiciously. "You got wrinkles in this picture."

"Those are not wrinkles," I replied quietly. "You're looking at my finger-print. The picture is above it."

He turned the card around, nodding thoughtfully.

"Says here you got a mole on your left cheek," he cawed, staring at my left cheek.

I could feel several hundred people in line at the next wicket ogling my mole. Under the concentrated gaze I felt the mole growing gradually bigger and bushier, rippling in the breeze, high as elephant grass, perfect rhino country.

"Can't see it," finally declared the teller. "Guess they musta been making a mountain outta a mole-hill, hee, hee!"

Ignoring his shout of laughter, I picked up my bonds and my I-card, and dragged my mole out of the bank without a word.

I now keep my money in an abandoned sock, and show the I-card only to service police, who know how to defend themselves against practically anything.





by LAC J. A. RIGHTON

IT was evening. A dark blustering evening, and the broken crests of the waves that pounded against the reef blew inland, saturating the coastline, already drenched by the squall rains.

Above, towering cumulus jerked across the heavy sky, and the moon shone fitfully.

Over across the bay, a tripod of searchlights pierced the gloom — now reflected by the cloud base, now reaching through a break into the upper murk.

Homing signal for a lost bomber.

PO Vansted cursed as the telephone rang, switched off the wireless and picked up the receiver.

"ASRS, Base X . . ."

"Yes . . ."

"Check, XY. DM. 32.25½ . . ."

"Right."

He laid the receiver down. Lit a cigarette and rang up the pier.

"Sergeant?"

"Bomber ditched XY. DM. 32.25½ Check . . ."

"O.K."

"Get some oil on board; tell the harbor defence to take in the boom; wait for me at the end of the pier."

Putting on his oilskin and souwester, Vansted opened the door, ducking his head as the driving rain closed his eyes.

He jumped on the station bicycle, pedalling the three hundred yards to the harbor as one possessed, swerved down the pier, skidding on each oil puddle that glistened, momentarily iridescent, in the headlight.

Propping his machine against a coil of rope he ran to the pier's end where launch 163 rocked in the heavy swell, her fenders grinding against the concrete. He jumped the six feet onto the shell-proof matting above the fo'castle and swayed amidships into the wheelhouse.

"O.K. sergeant, take her out."

He stumbled below into the wardroom, accepted a cup of tea, braced himself between a flag-locker and the chart table, and proceeded to plot their course.

The launch rolled forward. From the breakwater, a tousled fisherman flashed the all clear on a pocket torch. The boom was open.

Throttles forward slowly.

At the wheel the coxswain turned the launch forty-five degrees to port, no more, no less. The unlighted passage through the reef was only a hundred yards wide. Through — and he wiped his brow. On the last call-out 1287 had piled-up.

The launch hit the open sea, pitching as it built up speed. In the engine-room a fitter cursed as the propellers raced in the air, and sighed with relief as they rocked back into the water with a sickening lurch. He listened for a moment to the engines and satisfied, settled down to read a book, one eye on the instrument panel.

In a turret, someone gave the twin Vickers a burst, testing; unwrapped a piece of chewing gum

LAC J. A. Righton is a RAFman now in aircrew at 4 SFTS, Saskatoon. "Call-Out" is based on his 18-months' experience with the crew of an Air-Sea Rescue launch in Britain, before his remuster

This reads like fiction — but it's a dramatic action close-up of Air-Sea Rescue ops by a guy who knows

and settled down to vigil. Sky and sea, perhaps German planes and, somewhere, a small, yellow dinghy.

* * *

On the coast the searchlights flickered, faded. The bomber would never return to base; but whether the crew did, or not . . .

The skipper finally figured out the course and yelled the magnetic reading to the sergeant.

The launch bounced onto its new heading.

Estimated time of arrival in three hours, forty-five minutes.

Vansted came into the wheel-house, carrying two cups of tea, neatly spilt one down the coxswain's leg, cursed, and slid below to get another.

The sergeant picked up the inter-com.

"Tea-up in the galley."

Routine prevailed.

Two hours passed. The sergeant relinquished the helm in a hurry, opened the hatch and climbed on deck, lurching against the gun-turret.

He reached the rail and leaned over, sick, taking a bath as they plunged through each wave. Forty knots was too fast for a fifty-mile-an-hour gale. He vomited again, turned a gentle shade of green, decided that he felt better, and pulled himself forward, hoping to scrounge some Bovril.

Three hours passed. Five out of the eight-man crew on deck, ostensibly on the look-out, actually, being sick.

In the galley the stove hissed and spit as the kettle slopped its contents over the jet. The cook elect, an ex-trawler mate, smiled to himself — fair-weather sailors! A yellow tinge wiped the grin off his face and he stuck his head out a porthole. The launch mascot, a kitten, swore bitterly as a mass of sea splashed onto the bunk beside her, and hopefully extended a silken paw into the puddle — fish? Deciding that she was unlucky she curled-up, going to sleep again.

* * *

THE launch pancaked forward, navigation lights burning. A fine target for a Nazi plane, but the bomber crew might see them as well.

ETA, and the engines died down. The launch shuddered to a standstill, barely holding its own against the sea. The searchlight flickered on, scanning the storm-tossed water.

Nothing.

Square search, circling the spot where the dinghy should have been, hope falling as the rectangles grew larger.

Five hours until dawn. Those of the crew not on watch clustered in the engine-room, the only dry place aboard, the cook busily cleaning both jets of the galley stove and explaining to a hostile audience that it was not his fault that the stove was unserviceable. And anyhow, they would get nothing else to drink if they persisted in blaming

him for an extra heavy wave that had stove in the fo'castle hatch.

Dawn, and very welcome. The storm dropped, the stove worked, and the skipper issued a rum ration.

The wireless operator left his cabin for the first time, poking an unshaven face into the fresh air, lit a cigarette and prepared to enjoy life. He cursed as base called-up on RT and dived rabbit fashion back into his cubby hole.

"Seagull answering base, go ahead Able Baker."

He scribbled furiously on the message pad.

"Message received, am closing down."

Vansted read the paper slip and called the look-outs.

"They are sending a plane to help search. Keep an eye open for it."

The sergeant picked up the Aldis lamp, plugged it in, and tested O.K.

Excerpt from the log:—

"07.00 hours. Catalina sighted and contact established.

"07.46 hours. Catalina signalled dinghy sighted.

"08.12 hours. Dinghy alongside."

From the dinghy, five seasick, wet and very tired airmen looked at the launch, unbelievably.

The crash ladder was unrolled, its weighted bottom splashing into the North Sea. Two of the crew climbed down, helping the men aboard.

Ten minutes later, stark-naked before the glare of three high-pressure paraffin stoves, the airmen dried themselves before putting on an odd assortment of warm, civilian clothes.

In fifteen minutes, hot coffee, rum, soup and toast were disappearing rapidly.

The wireless operator adjusted his earphones and twirled some dials.

"Seagull to Able Baker . . ."

"Crew rescued. ETA base, 11.30, and tell my landlady to have a hot bath ready . . ."

The English coast was inviting, the sea curled lazily around the breakwater. The sun shone.

Launch 163 moored-up.

* * *

"London calling. . ."

"One of our aircraft is missing, but the crew is known to be safe."

Are you a fotobug?



Then shoot your stuff along to WINGS, AFHQ, Ottawa.

Wingsgirl
FOR JUNE

COLUMBIA
PICTURES

Evelyn Keyes

To the boys in the
RCAF
Best regards
Evelyn Keyes



NEWS FROM YOUR

Home Town

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Once a year **Charlottetown** horses can "neigh" it over other Canadian horses when the city holds its annual horse parade — probably unique in Canada. The parade recently brought out scores of animals and thousands of spectators. Almost every type of horse was represented from high-spirited racers to plodding draft animals. The Grand Jurymen of the Island remained on the farm this spring during the Supreme Court sitting in **King's County** due to the labor shortage. Under new provincial legislation, Chief Justice Thane Campbell signed an order dispensing with the jury's service for the first time in P.E.I.'s history. The Island's Fish and Game Association has declared war on crows. It is offering monthly prizes and annual grand prizes for the biggest kill. The bee-keeping officials say there will be an increase of almost 100 per cent in the number of persons keeping bees this year. Rita Gallan of **Hewlan** was the first woman to work on a Canadian-built destroyer and recently had the honor of launching the second of these ships.

NOVA SCOTIA

Magistrate George H. Peters of **Digby**, found himself in front of the bench recently. Charged with possessing loose gasoline ration coupons, his honor pleaded guilty and was fined \$25 by Magistrate R. V. Read. There weren't many prizes left when they got through handing awards to Peter Y. Hamilton of **Lewisville** at the closing of the Nova Scotia Agricultural College, **Truro**. He took the high aggregate medal, the New Brunswick Department of Agriculture award, the Prince Edward Island seed judging trophy, a Longley award in economics and the students academic and athletic honors. In the spirit of scientific research, Harry Vaughan, 13, of **Bridgewater** dropped a lighted match into a can of gunpowder. He got plenty of action, but it cost him part of a finger. The last two diners in Harry Eng's cafe in **Halifax** finished their meal in leisurely fashion, then quietly cracked the owner over the head with a bottle, helped themselves to \$30, bundled the Chinese behind the counter and thoughtfully locked up the cafe as they left. Police headquarters is just across the street.

NEW BRUNSWICK

Two brothers, one living in **Saint John** and the other in **Halifax** died in the space of a few hours. Charles Ramsay died in **Saint John** and when his brother Reginald in **Halifax** heard of his death, the shock killed him. Getting killed in a train wreck isn't the right way for little pigs to go to market, the Board of Health ruled in seizing 13 half-carasses of hogs salvaged from a wreck at **Penniac**. The board ruled they had been "improperly slaughtered." Edwin Rathburn, **Saint John** won the first prize in a Los Angeles Philharmonic Association contest for composers under 30 in Canada and the United States. His prize-winning composition was "Symphonette in Three Movements". Sentenced to two months in jail for stealing a pipe, Arthur Meunier of **Moncton** protested his innocence and threatened to go on a hunger strike. "I'll not come out of that county jail alive if they keep me there for two months," he told a newsman. Meunier also had been charged with impersonating an RCMP officer. One Canadian "daddy" in Italy, Bombardier Ray Gorman knows his family is behind him. His nine-year-old daughter, Dorothy of **Fredericton** saves all the pennies she earns selling newspapers to buy bonds. She now has three.

QUEBEC

A snatch-and-grab thief in **Montreal** must have been sadly disillusioned when he stole a suitcase from a well-dressed woman. The suitcase contained some gruesome loot — the dead body of the woman's Pekinese dog which she was taking to an outlying part of the city for burial. Cabano, birthplace of Major Paul Triquet, second member of Canada's armed forces to win the VC in this war, was the first village in the Temiscouata county to top its objective in the sixth Victory Loan campaign. Tramway motormen in **Montreal** piled up a record for violating traffic regulations during the past seven months, 280 of them being brought before the record court for violations of the municipal traffic by-laws. Manpower shortage will retard the taking of the 1944 **Sherbrooke** census and the city may be forced to hire young women for the work. Horse-drawn sightseeing

buses will not be seen in **Quebec City** this summer. The administrative committee refused to grant licenses to would-be operators because "our streets are too narrow and with the heavy traffic it would be dangerous."

ONTARIO

Mae West visited **Fort Frances** recently and caused considerable stir until investigation showed that the Mae West registered at a local hotel was a visitor from **Mine Centre**, 30 miles east of **Fort Frances**. **Toronto's** Granite Club refused admittance to the celebrated Negro contralto, Marian Anderson when she was in the city on a concert tour. A group had planned a banquet for the singer, and asked for the use of the Granite Club, but this was refused because club officials said it was a standing policy never to admit negroes. PO Robert Weber, 18, former member of the **Kitchener-Waterloo** Air Cadet Squadron who graduated from No 5 SFTS, **Brantford**, Ont., is said to be the youngest officer in the RCAF. A three-months courtship in the Jewish Old Folk's Home, **Toronto**, ended with the wedding of Tobe Golofsky, 68 and Charles Cohen, 78. The bride and groom will remain at the home. Reversing general procedure, a horse ran over a car in **London**. Roy Robinson's mare bolted on Dundas street, jumped on the roof of a parked car, smashed the windshield and hood, and stove in the roof. Desperate measures brought results for Kenneth Brown, **Toronto**. Unable to find a place to live, Brown asked in a classified newspaper advertisement: "Shall I drown my wife and baby, or will someone rent us an apartment, duplex or house." Mrs. Brown explained they had 200 telephone calls. Every caller started off: "Have you drowned the wife and baby yet?"

Letter From Home For

PO ALBERT CUNNINGHAM RCAF, OVERSEAS

Vegreville, Alta.

Dear Albert:

Farm seeding is nearing an end in this district, with all the wheat sown and only the coarse grains remaining for attention. It has been a wonderful seeding season and earlier than usual. But there has been no rain or any moisture whatever, not even snow, from the end of March to early May and the country is very, very dry. However, I suppose the rains will come as usual, just about the time when we have given up hope altogether.

Out at Parkgrove Bob Wilson and Tom Wood have both quit farming and both are leaving the district. Bob has already gone and Tom will be on the way after he sells his 1942-43 wheat — which is not so easily done. There were lots of auctions sales throughout the district this spring and lots of land has changed hands, either by purchase or by rental.

I see plenty of Air Force boys practically every day. They come home, of course, on their leaves or furloughs or whatever you call 'em. Just today, my boy, Allison is home from Dauphin. On Friday last an Air Force recruiting unit was in town and picked up a few boys for the service, but all under age, I think, and will not be called up for quite a while. At that, the district and town are both cleaned out of available boys and girls, who have enlisted in one or other of the services.

There isn't much to this letter, but you will at least understand that your friends here keep you in mind, along with the other dozens of boys from here.

A. L. HORTON,
Editor, The Observer,
Vegreville, Alta.

MANITOBA

Playing "movies" had a disastrous effect on 13-year-old Billy McColl of **Winnipeg** who died in hospital from injuries suffered two days earlier when, performing a hangman's act he was left suspended from a tree with a rope looped around

his neck. A happier note was struck by Mary Morrison, 17, also of **Winnipeg** who won the Rose Bowl, highest award for vocalists at the Manitoba Musical Festival and also the Tudor Bowl, the first time in 26 years that both trophies have gone to the same artist. A record in the purchasing of lots for building was chalked up recently in **Portage La Prairie** when 30 were recommended to the council in one day. The largest previous total was 17. **Brandon** citizens can sleep in peace at night with a fire department like theirs. The brigade has received its "record of merit" from the National Fire Protection Association having finished first in Manitoba and seventh in Canada for "C" organizations. Although she plays a guitar, a little Indian girl living near **The Pas** is known as the "Pied Piper of **Richard Lake**." She was playing the guitar in her parents' tent when three muskrats crept in, attracted by the music. A little deft knife-work on the part of her mother and three more skins were added to their trapping hoard.

SASKATCHEWAN

If Japanese workers are brought to **Prince Albert** there will be a battle royal — Mrs C. Chisolm, spokesman for the delegation of the women of the city said: "If you bring the Japs in here to work we women will organize and meet the train when they come in. You will have a battle right here." Archibald M. Harvey of **Moese J.w** has taken over his duties as chief of police at **Estevan**. He recently returned from overseas service with the Canadian Army. Military circles in **Regina** recently regarded Lieut. C. W. Johnstone with politely-lifted eyebrows following his release from the Maternity Ward, Regina Hospital. Interviewed, Lieut. Johnstone declared hotly "I am a victim of circumstances." Shortage of space in the regular wards is the official reason for his stay in babyland. One engineer likes animals. A west-bound passenger train took 15 minutes to make the last two miles to **Ethelton** following a mother and baby lamb strolling down the track. The engineer had attempted to evict the wandering woolies from the rails without success so was forced to follow them at snail's pace.

ALBERTA

An "arf-n-arf" pheasant trapped this spring and placed in the **Calgary** zoo has experts puzzled. They haven't been able to determine its sex; the bird has the head and tail of a hen and the wings and ruff of a male. Construction of a \$500,000 tuberculosis hospital on the University of Alberta campus, **Edmonton** may start soon if materials are obtained. Albert Millen, 76 of **Wetaskiwin** can keep up with the women any day when it comes to knitting socks. Since the start of the war he has knit nearly 250 pairs for servicemen. Students of **Raymond** High School staged a one-day strike after the school's paper was suspended by staff members who took exception to drawings in the April edition. They were captioned "April Fools," and depicted staff members but no names were mentioned. The students demanded "freedom of the press" and went on strike. If you think washing machines aren't valuable, ask any **Brooks** resident. One arrived here recently and would-be buyers were so numerous Kinsmen Club members decided to give all a chance by raffling it off.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

"Service while you wait" — a woman waiting in a **Vancouver** newspaper office to insert a "lost" ad found herself standing beside a man who was advertising in the "found" section. He had found what she had lost — an upper plate of false teeth. A cat was marooned on top of a business block in **Nanaimo** for five days until 12-year-old Stanley Rogers ascended the building and brought the hungry and badly-scared pussy to the ground. Jean De Vaudreuil, 78-year-old globe-trotter is at it again. He arrived in **Prince George** on his second walking tour headed for the Alaska highway. He started out 24 years ago to see the world and has walked 80,042 miles since then. Somewhere in **Vancouver** there's a landlady who's looking for more than a mere boarder. "Its spring," she told a housing registry official. "Don't you think you could send me a nice bachelor or widower—the type who wouldn't mind getting me my breakfast in bed — and if everything works out all right we would ask you out to dinner later on." Mike Olynk of **Mount Cartier** near **Revelstoke** was kicked by a horse then he was run over by a plough. But did Mike take it sitting down? He had to finish his work so he got up, walked after the horses and went on ploughing.

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

IT'S LOVE LOVE LOVE



WHEN THE WASH ROOM SAVOURS OF LUSTY VOICES
SCRAPING RAZORS AND EAU DE COLOGNE—



WHEN YOU'RE BROKE BUT HAPPY—



WHEN YOU DON'T CARE
WHAT'S FOR DINNER—



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YOUR MIND ON YOUR
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