

WINGS



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

5^C
JULY
1944



INVASION

By cable from England - how D-Day came to RCAF Reconnaissance crews . . . Also, ground Joes move up mobile bases, bomber crews crack Fortress Europe for the AEF

These are the

TRUCK

Canada's bomber men had to master a new kind of flying for history's biggest air job: cracking Fortress Europe for the armies of invasion

by SL T. R. McCALL, PRO

"NOTHING but truck drivers, that's what we are!"

The kid doing the talking was about 20, wearing pilot's wings and bright new PO's stripes, and he was new on this RCAF Bomber Group station in northern England.

"Sure like to get my hands on a Spitfire or even a Harvard," he continued. "Boy, what a beat-up I'd give this place. Trouble is you get into one of these Hallies or Lancs and you go stooging around Germany for eight, nine, ten hours, and these Jerries beetle in on you and let go with rockets and cannon, and all you can do is sit there and take it. Nope, I should'a been a fighter pilot..."

An old hand at the bomber game grinned as the kid walked out of the mess. "Anyone," he observed, "can make a Spitfire behave like a hopped-up firefly, but it takes a pilot to do the same thing with a Lancaster. Let that kid get five or six more trips under his belt and he won't be talking that way. Trouble with him is he's got so much aircraft that he doesn't know what to do with it yet."

Which goes to show that the fighter vs bomber argument still rages, after nearly five years of war. The lightning-speed Spits, Typhoons and Mosquitos still play hare to Bomber Command's great, ponderous turtles, plodding along at a mere 250 miles an hour.

BOMBER PIONEERS

But the Canucks who pioneered this bombing business in the early-day Wimpies and went on to set up the RCAF squadrons and organize Canada's first Bomber Group have mastered an entirely new job of flying. A flying job which — in team-play with the RAF and the Yanks — has rocked a continent to crack Hitler's Fortress Europe for the armies of invasion.

First this new race of truck drivers had to master the Halifax and the Lancaster — planes of a size and might never before known. Four times as many engines to go wacky as in a Spitfire, seven times as much human element to go askew, many times as much target for an enemy fighter. Planes in which just about every problem of airmanship which can arise in a single-engined aircraft is squared, and squared again. Planes which are complex as a delicately fashioned watch, rugged as a battleship. And it takes men to make 'em work.

"Converted" to these four-motored mastadons, the bomber men took them into a new kind of action — their task not to best an enemy in brief, frenzied moments of swift manoeuvring and split-second firing, but to achieve consistently a minor miracle. A miracle of human courage and fortitude, of danger lasting not for minutes, but, for hours; of sustained discomfort and difficulties and unimaginable hazard.

And finally, they have had to achieve a miracle of organization. For today's bombing operations have long ceased to be "raids". They are planned with all the care of a major land operation and involve the services of enough highly skilled specialists to man many divisions of troops. To put a force of 1,000 bombers in the air over a distant target requires the direct participation of more than 100,000 people. It is as if the Air Forces in Britain were one huge artillery division, and the Halifaxes, Liberators, Lancs and Fortresses were the heavy projectiles being fired at the enemy.

And Canadians have taken on a mighty share of the whole job. Not only have they learned to fly the Lancs and the Hallies and to battle their way over the heavily defended enemy targets. Today as the air-war in Europe hits its smash



PATHFINDER KING

Once a transport pilot, GC Johnny Fauquier of Ottawa helped pioneer the heavy bomber technique, is now a key man at Canadian Group HQ.



GROUP HQ

Winco Merv Fleming, centre, took over Moose Squadron from late "Moose" Fulton, now helps plan ops with men like GC Don Bradshaw, SL Phil Weedon



KEY MEN

Regina vet of Africa and UK campaigns, WC Dan McIntosh, left, now holds down vital job in Canuck Group. WC Bob Turnbull, DFC, AFC, DFM, Govan, Sask., heads Lion squad



DRIVERS

climax, the RCAF has its own crew of young veterans of Berlin, Hanover and Duisberg who are helping to plan and direct these operations.

Under complete Canadian control is a Bomber Group which, although operating as part of the RAF Bomber Command, is competent to function as a separate tactical arm in precisely the same manner as the U.S. Eighth Air Force. And this powerful weapon has been fashioned by the "truck drivers" who since the war's early days have been absorbing the lore of this new kind of warfare and mastering a new kind of airmanship.

Perhaps the most famed Canadian bomber pilot is Johnny Fauquier of Ottawa, who has been twice awarded the DSO as well as the DFC. Johnny Fauquier is a product of this new kind of war — a "truck driver", who from his seat in the cockpit of a four-engined bomber has possibly played as great a part in the destruction of German cities as any man living. In Great Britain he has become something of a legend. The English newspapers call him "King of the Pathfinders".

MARKERS MUSTN'T MISS

Before he joined the Air Force, Fauquier was a transport pilot. He flew because he liked to fly, and because it was his job. Today he still likes to fly, whether it be over the vast stretches of Canada's northern wilderness or over the smoking charred cities of the Reich. His job, as leader of the Pathfinders, was to get to the target first — possibly a small section of a German city five or six hours' flying time from his base — and carefully illuminate the target with flare markers for the main attacking force.

Upon him and upon those who flew in the small force of Pathfinders which accompanied him rested the entire success or failure of the operation. If he was ahead or behind schedule by one or two minutes, if his markers (dropped from four miles in the sky) missed their objective by a few miles, the whole gigantic effort of Bomber Command for that night could be said to have gone to waste.

Few men have carried the load of individual responsibility that this piercing-eyed Canadian flier lugged with him night after night on his 160-pound frame. There seems something almost comic in the spectacle of this impertinent Canuck jousting with Hitler, Goering and their Luftwaffe, and besting them time and again.

To add to the impertinence, he once flew over the heart of Berlin for more than 20 minutes, broadcasting instructions to the huge armada of bombers which came thundering in to blast Hitler's capital.

Johnny Fauquier — now a Group Captain — is one of the men who now direct the Canadian bomber effort. Through more than three score sorties to the Reich, he probably knows as well as any man living the business of bombing Germany.

HE FOLLOWED "THE MOOSE"

Then there is Merv Fleming who stepped into one of the toughest assignments given any man in memory — that of filling the boots of the late "Moose" Fulton, the first Canadian bomber pilot to become a legendary figure in this war.

"Moose" Fulton was "Mister Bomber" to Canadians, and the squadron which he commanded still bears his name. He was one of those youngsters who went to Great Britain long before the war to enlist in the Royal Air Force. When the first Canadian bomber squadrons were formed, he was given command of one of them. During his career "The Moose" covered himself with honors of every sort — the DSO, the DFC, the AFC — but the honor he probably would cherish above them all is the reverence with which all those lads who knew him still speak of his name.

When "The Moose" went missing, slight, dapper Merv Fleming was appointed to take command of the squadron. It was a difficult assignment — or might have been, for anyone but the diminutive Ottawa. In many respects, he was another Fulton; he knew everyone on the squadron by their first names including the lowliest erk and the orderly room clerks. Visiting brass hats were sometimes startled to find Wing Commander Fleming struggling away with a gang of fitters, trying to repair a balky motor.

Fleming's outstanding services as a pilot and as a squadron commander were recognized by the award of the DSO to go with the DFC he had previously won. And as the boys around the Moose squadron dispersal remarked at the time: "It couldn't have gone to a grander guy".

Winco Fleming, like Fauquier, is finished with operational flying. Henceforth he will devote his time to duties where his extensive experience can be used to the best advantage — in the vast hopper of operational knowledge on how to bomb Germany into submission.

There are others: Wing Commander Hal Miles, DFC, of Toronto, who rattled off two tours of operations in workmanlike fashion and is now chief instructor at one of the Canadian Bomber Group's training units. Wing Commander "Tiny" Ferris, DFC, of Edmonton, the huge shaggy former bush pilot who once took time out from a bombing mission to shoot up a train — a course definitely not recommended to less able airmen. Wing Commander Dan McIntosh, DFC, of Regina, he of the red handlebar moustaches, who led a Canadian Squadron through the vicissitudes of campaigns in both the United Kingdom and North Africa, and who now holds a key position in the Canadian Group. Wing Commander "Cam" Weir, DFC, of Winnipeg and Toronto who followed a brilliant operational record by buckling down behind a desk to help organize and direct the Group's splendidly efficient conversion training program. Wing Commander Bob Turnbull, DFC, AFC, DFM, of Govan, Sask., who is establishing a brilliant record as commanding officer of the Lion squadron after spending many months commanding one of the Group's large training units. Wing Commander Joe McCarthy, DFC, of Toronto who left an accountant's job eventually to command a Canadian squadron in North Africa, and is now chief operations officer for a base from which half a dozen squadrons operate.

These are a few of the men who have made names for themselves already. There are scores of others who are worthy of recognition: Tall, RMC-educated Wing Commander Bill Newson, DFC, of Edmonton and Victoria; Wing Commander "Chris" Bartlett, DFC, of Fort Qu'Appelle, Sask., at 26 a veteran of seven years' flying with the RAF; and "the boy Winco", W. A. "Mac" McKay, DFC, of Vancouver. Also on the list are studious

Wing Commander Dave French, DFC, Hamilton, Ont.; Wing Commander Bill Pleasance, Calgary, a former "Sunday pilot"; English-born Wing Commander Clive Sinton, DFC, who joined the Air Force in Vancouver; Wing Commander Donie Blane, a member of the Permanent Force who managed to get a crack at operations after years of holding down a key position in the training plan in Canada, and man" others.

Remember these names. These are some of the "truck drivers" — most of them men whose youthful shoulders have carried the weight of a gruelling twofold task, that of taking charge of the lives of Canada's bomber crews, and of providing the leadership and the inspiration necessary to spark these crews into a flame which will consume the dreams of the Nazi overlords.

Over them all is the Old Man — the Air Officer Commanding the RCAF Bomber Group, Air Vice Marshal C. M. McEwen, MC, DFC and Bar—styled by Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Harris as one of his "Bomber Barons."

VETERAN FIGHTER ACE

In the days of the First World War he was one of the Allied fighter aces with 34 enemy aircraft to his credit as destroyed. Today, with the help of many of the young men named above, he commands Canada's offensive air weapon. He not only directs his group; he leads it, and has logged a number of highly interesting trips to enemy targets to see for himself what his lads have to contend with.

One day this spring the telephone in a squadron commander's office rang.

"The AOC here," said a voice at the other end of the line. I have a station commander who wants to make a trip tonight. Can you fix him up?"

"Squadron Leader Smith is flying tonight, sir. He's a very experienced pilot."

"Very well, I'll have this chap go direct to dispersal. He will be wearing full flying kit; simply see that he's provided with earphones, will you?"

Hours later, shortly before takeoff, an automobile pulled up to the dispersal of "Q-Queenie" and a bulky figure swaddled in flying clothes got out. It was the AOC, Air Vice Marshal McEwen.

And away went Canada's Bomber Baron on another jaunt to Germany to see for himself how his truck drivers were getting along.

DOMINION DAY AND D-DAY

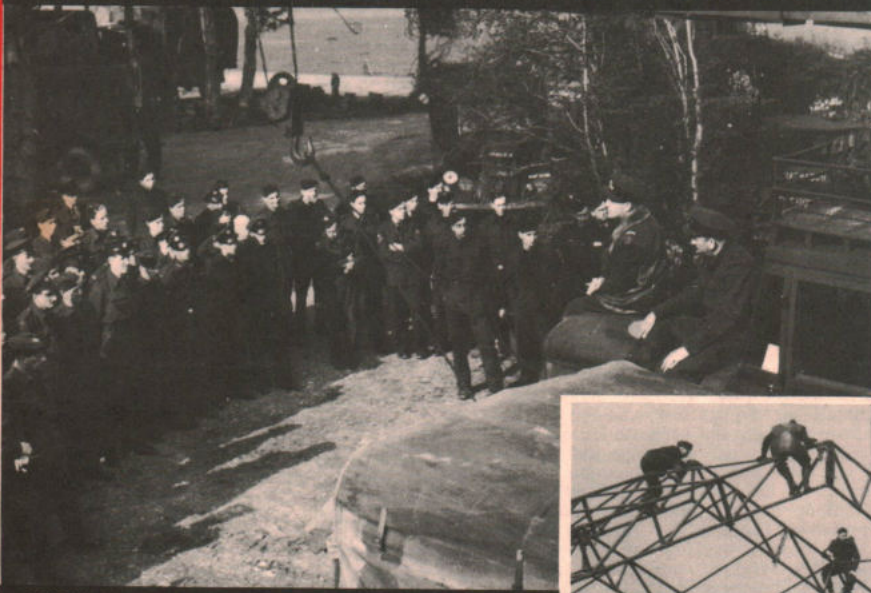
July 1, 1944, may well be reckoned in history as the most momentous Dominion Day since the country's founding seventy-seven years ago. All eyes in Canada are turned eastward to the European battle front where the fate of the world is at stake. On RCAF Stations from the Maritimes to the Yukon, instructors recall the youthful fliers and groundcrew whom they have trained for the big show; sub-chasing crews patrolling Canada's coastal waters so that invasion supplies may go through, think enviously of pals posted overseas; and every officer, airman and airwoman cherishes the thought of some comrade whose destiny this day is linked with Freedom's.

D-Day had just launched 4,000 ships, 11,000 planes and countless thousands of troops on "the great crusade" as this issue went to press. But in these pages will be found something of the story of our ground and skycrews, as they stood ready for the battle to begin; also a flashback to the prairies to show how the gunners and bombaimers who pack much of our invasion punch have been trained. And on page 7 a WINGS writer offers a transcription in prose of something of what a nation feels in its heart for these and others who, in two wars and a brittle peace, have written history in the sky and made down-payment on Canada's flying future.

AN AIR FORCE TRAVELS ON ITS GROUND CREW



GROUNDCREW JOES CONVOY COMPLETE RCAF AIR STATION FOR MORE THAN 500 MILES FROM SCOTTISH BASE TO NEW AIRFIELD IN SOUTH ENGLAND



BRIEFING GETS DOWN TO EARTH. FO EARL BAXTER, TORONTO, GIVES MT CREWS FINAL ROUTE ORDERS

For months RCAF squadrons attached to the 2nd Tactical Air Force in Britain have been training for the fighter role in the invasion show: (1) To throw an aerial canopy across the channel so the beachhead may be won; (2) To move their own bases forward on the heels of the ground forces so the invading army may never get ahead of its air cover.

This moving job falls — you guessed it — to the groundcrew. These photos show how one entire RCAF fighter field was moved 500 miles from Scotland to England. Once in the past RCAF erks had done the trick invasion-style when the Windsor Squadron "hopped" from Malta to Sicily to Italy. "Moving day" will be old stuff to our fighter-squadron groundcrew before the Battle of Europe is won. Right now, in fact, rival outfits are probably laying bets as to which will first set up shop on Templehof Field, Berlin.

Readiness of our fighter pilots for the big show to start is reflected in the faces of the representative RCAF fliers, shown at the right.

THE ART OF BARN-RAISING GOES TO WAR AS HANGARS MUSHROOM UP ON WC KEITH HODSON'S MOBILE AIRFIELD



CPL SAM RICHARDSON, SIMCOE, ONT., GETS IT HOT FROM HIS VERSION OF "THE LAZY MAN'S BOILER"



THIS SNAFU MAIL MIX-UP GRADUALLY RIGHTS ITSELF AS POSTAL CLERKS TACKLE INRUSH OF LETTERS FROM HOME AT A CANUCK MOBILE AIRFIELD

The PRIDE of PONOKA

KEEP 'EM LAUGHING AND LEARNING IS MOTTO OF THIS SOCIAL LION, A DFC'd FLIGHT ENGINEER

by SGT JOHN BADGER

WITH THE BOMBER GROUP OVERSEAS: There are two sides to the character of FO Andy Sondergaard, DFC, and this is just what accounts for his tremendous popularity.

There is the Pride of Ponoka, the joking, clowning Danish-Canadian from Ponoka, Alta., whose quick wit keeps the flight engineering section of his unit in an uproar. An operations veteran, the stocky Sondergaard now teaches novice flight engineers what their job is like on actual bombing missions.

Keep them laughing and learning is his motto. Result is that at the end of his courses his students know flight engineering very well, and Sondergaard even better.

He's not hard to know. When an Air Force reporter visited Sondergaard's heavy bomber conversion unit, he found the other instructors in flight engineering, also veterans of operational flying, unenthusiastic to a man about publicity.

"You want to write a story about Sondergaard," observed one of the instructors grouped around the hapless reporter.

"Sondergaard is approaching," roared a voice, "and as we have only a small paper in Ponoka it should not be hard to fill it with my story!"

Brother officers were shouldered aside by a bustling young man who gripped the reporter by the arm.

"You are a reporter?" he asked earnestly. His blue eyes faked a fanatical glare but somehow they still looked honest and twinkling. "Good! Start like this: There I was in a screaming dive, the stick in one hand, a 12,000-pound bomb in the other . . ."

Sondergaard's conversation is a fireworks display in sound and gesture. His hands and eyebrows say even more than his mouth, and that's plenty.

"You don't like?" he continued anxiously. "How about this? Sondergaard has flown two tours and is still on his way to his 28th birthday!"

"Hold on," grinned the reporter, trying to put his unruly interview in the usual form. "What's the name of the Ponoka paper?"

"How should I know? I can't read!" roared the far from melancholy Dane. "If I could read and you could write, we'd make out better!"

That's one Sondergaard. The other is the good sense behind his nonsense; the reliability behind his vivacity; the courage that won him the DFC behind his earthy gall and irrepressible friendliness which make him the social lion of his section. His fellow instructors seem to sense this. Sondergaard is more than their court jester: he is a man they respect.

He left Denmark as a boy but has since flown over that country several times going and coming from German targets.

"On our way in to Peenemunde one night," recalled Sondergaard, "our Halifax was flying at a fairly low level and it got shot up bad over the west coast of Denmark. They threw so much light flak my way, I figure my relatives were manning the guns."

The great aircraft sustained 45 hits but went on to bomb its German target successfully. The crew were unhurt.

"The big blitz on Berlin?" Sondergaard dismissed the subject as trivial, saying: "We started it!"

He passed quickly on to another topic but the truth is as hard to take as his exaggeration. In the Battle of Berlin Sondergaard took part in eight raids on that best-defended of targets.

On one night flight to Hamburg — he made several — his City of Vancouver Squadron plane had to brave thunder and lightning as well as the usual inferno of flak, searchlights and fighters.

As the Halifax made its straight bombing run



FO Andy Sondergaard, DFC

over the c.-y, the lowering elements, as though directed by Thor, Thunder God of the Nazi pagans, seemed to league with the flakbursts trying to destroy the aircraft.

Ice formed on wings and fuselage and the plane was struck repeatedly by lightning flashes and flak fragments. Blue flame flickered along the guns and the boys behind them were awed.

Despite this, despite 120 strikes by flak fragments which riddled the aircraft and left it without pneumatics, brakes and a serviceable automatic pilot, the crew from "the true North, strong and free", still wrestled victory from the fake Nordics below.

They bombed on schedule. Even as the great deathload dropped out of the bombdoors, two engines stopped, ice-choked, flak-hit. The stricken Halifax keeled over and nosedived after its bombs.

Inside the battered aircraft that ebullient Viking, Sondergaard, had lurched to the cockpit and was helping his skipper, PO G. S. McMenemy of Hamilton, to regain control.

When McMenemy began to master the control column, Sondergaard climbed back and fiddled around until he got the two bad motors going again. The Halifax swooped triumphantly out of the dive 11,000 feet lower. Few of its instruments were working. Ice, flak and lightning had taken heavy toll of them. McMenemy found he couldn't get the shuddering aircraft to climb, so he had to fly back low-level all the way across Germany.

"The skipper warned us we might have to ditch over the Channel," Sondergaard recalls, "so I yelled, 'Hang on, boss, I can't swim!' and he did."

The tatterdemalion Halifax landed safely with 10 gallons of gas between it and destruction.

Then there was the night they made the long flight to Turin. As the four-motored aircraft cruised into its bombing run, Sondergaard peered below, reported over the intercom: "What's this, the cold shoulder? They aren't shooting at all."

"McMenemy says: 'You got that right,'" relates Sondergaard. "Just then the rear gunner yells: 'They're working one gun down there. I see its flashes!'" "One gun," I reply, "the pikers!" And right away — Boom! That one gun has hit us square in the bomb bay."

By the narrowest margin, the flak shell had arrived too late. The bombs had just been dropped, and the doors were still gaping open. The damage resulting did not prevent McMenemy from making the return flight safely.

Sondergaard flew in the same Frankfurt raid in which his 22-year-old brother Svend, also a flight engineer but with the RCAF Lion Squadron, went missing.

"I feel the young rip's still wandering around," Sondergaard says confidently. "The Jerries won't kill him off easy. I hope he reads this in some German paper."

That's the kind of fighting man this 27-year-old ex-bus driver is. And to make sure the reporter knew his Sondergaard, the other instructors pointed out that this stout-hearted new Canadian who seems anxious to represent himself as a refugee from a Hellzapoppin road show, has bought 400 dollars worth of Victory Bonds since coming overseas and acted as salesman to his section in the sixth campaign.



SPIT PILOT PO DEAN KELLY, PETERBORO, ONT., IS ON HIS SECOND TOUR WITH WOLF SQUADRON



"PAPPY" THEY CALL HIM. FL A. C. CRIMMINS, WESTMOUNT, QUE., AT 31 IS AN "OLD SWEAT"



FO CHUCK McLEAN, MAKING AMAZING COMEBACK AFTER BAD CRASH IN MALTA, IS ON OPS AGAIN



HE HANDLED HURRIES ON THE GOLD COAST BUT NOW PO HARRY BOYLE IS IN ENGLAND ON SPITS

"...and Something Blue"



LAC Blackie Webster, Vancouver, and Nissen hut-mates dish out usual ribs to Cpl Tommy Tucker and Best Man Cpl George Quinn as they leave for ceremony

THE rolling drums preluding invasion failed to drown the rich voice of an organ and the whispered vows of two Canadian kids in blue who, one day this spring, knelt at the altar of an old country church somewhere in England and were married.

The wedding of Cpl Tommy Tucker, Waterloo, Ont., to Ottawa's LAW Allison Sparks illustrates neatly the ability of that hardy perennial love not only to survive the melee of war but thrive on it.

For, both Cpl Tucker, 24, and his bride, 21, are wireless operators, meeting first at Headquarters of RCAF Bomber Group. Later, they met again, in the mellow gloom of an 11th-century church near the bride's station, were joined in matrimony by the vicar and together ran the cheery gamut of rice-throwing, wedding reception, and the other nuptial furbelows that make ritual precious to memory.



Photos by Cpl Harry Price

When Vicar checks on whereabouts of ring, Tommy searches pockets, forgetting best man has it and is showing it off



Bride LAW Allison Sparks smiles with shy happiness, groom is serious. Bridesmaid LAW Vivian Drew, Coaticook, P.Q., is at right



Sentiments of entire unit are crystallized in this cake prepared by WD cooks of the officers', sergeants' and airwomen's messes



"Your pass is made out to Allison, — but you say your name is Tucker," quips SP Cpl Harvey Donovan, Sydney, N.S., as the couple pass through the guardhouse



Barriers go up for Devon-bound honeymooners. The entire station, from CO to lowliest erk, sincerely wish that all future barriers for this pair can be surmounted as easily



THE PATHFINDER HOST

Three score and seventeen years ago there was born unto its Fathers a Confederation, this awkward, loose-jointed gawk of a nation, two-tongued demi-continent — Canada.

Check-shirted giant, toting the white man's burden of gold, brawny half-brother to the southern Babbitt, biceps of the Empire.

A young-blood nation, world's whippersnapper. Big for its age in an age too big for others much older. Big enough to get into a grown-up fight, and lose its adolescence on the crooked wheel of War.

This elderly youngster, the Dominion of Canada.

In the crucible of battle a new nation and a new service fused a fighting breed of flying men, gave the fillip of flight to a pioneer creed.

Barker, Bishop, McLeod, begoggled St. Georges, met the sky's challenge in de Havillands, Camels, trembling box-kites soaring with the sands of Kittyhawk still wet behind their wings.

They incubated their land's flying future. Some returned, fresh-armed with a weapon to lick the oldest, most dangerous foe of their country, its own vast sprawling self.

Like bees ferrying pollen to lone canyon flowers, the bush-flying boys — the "Wop" Mays, Ginger Cootes — gave wings to the birch-bark, and puddle-jumped progress into the northern silence on caravan routes built of water and sky.

Invisible sinews, the airlines spread, linking city to settlement, nearing home to the homesick. A network of nerves feeding life to each part, and quickening the pulse of the nation.

Till War, once more, beckoned for blood.

Very junior Service, starveling fifteen-year-old, the R.C.A.F. was called up to support searored elders abroad, veterans well-armed with bayonet and battleship, some fine old brass, and a warm general feeling that God had joined up with our infantry.

One loop-hole only was left. About six miles high and the whole world wide. But the Stuka squeezed through, and the odd JU, and a Heinkel or so, crop-dusting with death the flower of four armies.

The Air Force was hastily recast as a lead in this unorthodox play. A deepening roar shook the aerial drill square of Canada's skies, free world's hub of training, factory for flyers.

Flyers who broadened to victory's highways the slender trails blazed by Collishaw, Brown and the first ghostly echelon.

Flyers who broke the back of the leviathan Luftwaffe, to strike back and smash the uglified face of Europe.

Fauquier, Fulton, Swetman, McNab—crowded company of courage, gallantry unlimited.

Morrison, Chadburn, Christie, McNair—standing room only in their hall of fame. But room enough to admit the spanner-armed erk who, unable to fly, makes his work fly for others; and the girl in the parachute section, packing life into neat bundles.

In Harvards and Ansons, Cats, Spits and Beaus or anything given to fly, a cavalcade of nameless joes, with comrades in khaki and navy blue, have given their country its first long pants.

Now the tympani roll and cymbals are raised as destruction's crescendo preludes the last-act curtain of this play whose ending, thanks to them, we already know.

With blood and young lives, age-old international coin, they are buying for Canada the right to walk alone — free, white and seventy-seven — along the path of our choosing.

Under the lift of ten thousand wings, Canada's destiny is airborne.

This D-day Dominion Day, unafraid and strong, we fly straight in the wake of that pathfinder host now leading the way to the stars.

By Sgt Eric Nicol

The ONE-TWO PUNCH

The gunners knock 'em down & the bombaimers knock 'em flat. B&G Schools like Paulson have trained the heavy slugs for the air-war's main bout

By FS DOUG HENDERSON
RCAF PUBLIC RELATIONS, 2 TC

GOING by the book, there's one dark green chunky RCAF control tower that should be knocked higher than the Focke-Wulf works in Berlin. Every day, tenderfoot bombaimers at "Lucky Seven" Paulson, Man., bomb it to smithereens.

Believe it or not, it's all done by mirrors — or a lens to be precise. When FO Lorne Burkell, public relations cameraman and myself visited No. 7 B & G we hit it just right for a bombing run on the control tower. Within the blacked out camera obscura hut, FL Don Wilson DFC, Toronto, was directing the operation in the cool, crisp tones of a veteran whose log-book is red-inked with 66 ops.

"Climb to 4,000 and drop a cookie on the control tower," he radioed an Anson.

The wide-angle lens in the roof allowed light to filter in from an expanse of sky roughly three miles square at 4,000 feet. Directly below the lens, light shone on a round table six feet in diameter covered with smooth amber paper marked off in degrees like a compass rose. Cigarette smoke curled out from the dim light at the table's edge where FO H. G. Titterton, who left a dairy herd behind in New Zealand to win his observer's wing at No. 1 CNS, and FO I. S. "Chappie" Chapman, Moncton, N.B. waited to plot the fall of the bomb with parallel rules, pencil and paper.

SCORES DIRECT HIT

Intently, we watched the rim of the amber table for the aircraft image to appear. A dark blob broke away from the shadows, and just like an insect, the familiar, square-cut silhouette of an Anson marched across the table.

FO Chapman tailed the shadow with a pencil. "... ready to bomb . . . left, left — steady — s-t-e-a-d-y — Bombs gone. . .", the bombaimer's patter crackled over the loudspeaker.

The blue air shivered as a harsh whistle burst from the radio. This recorded when the imaginary bomb was released and someone marked the aircraft's position on the chart. Plotting was simple arithmetic from there on, since the height of the aircraft, target area, wind speed and direction are known.

SMACKO! — It was a direct hit. Lucky thing you tell yourself that it wasn't a real bomb or the CI who makes his home in the control tower might have to change his address.

Ever since a scorching day in June, 1941, Paulson has been coaching Anzacs, British, Norwegians, Czechs, Dutch, Americans and Canucks in the art of dishing out gobs of sky-poison for Mr. Hitler. As Paulson got underway the fighter types had beaten back the would-be invaders of Britain, the high command was beginning to think in terms of offensive and there was a booming demand for gunners and bombaimers to man the fleets of four-motored giants soon to sweep towards Germany. As time passed the emphasis more and more was placed on heavy bomber ops, and as talk grew of a new invasion with Britain this time as the springboard, Canada's B&G schools knuckled down to the job of turning out bomber men for the big show. One of these was Paulson, busily mass-producing bombaimers and gunners and simultaneously building a station spirit and winning a flock of E pennants.

Training centres on three "pools" — bombing, gunnery and navigation — where aircrew instruc-

tors are concerned with flying tuition, and GIS (ground instruction school) where both graduate aircrew and expert ground tradesmen teach. Air bombers and wireless air gunners begin with theory, advance to synthetic training that simulates the real thing, and finish off their courses with actual bombing and gunnery exercises, respectively. They are briefed and interrogated just as on operations before and after each flight.

Before student air bombers at Paulson take to the air they do imaginary bombing runs over targets projected on the floor screens of four bombing teachers. The creaky doors, black passages, crooked stairways, and shafts of light would fit right into a haunted house. Maps are gray, purple, white and black because these colors remain distinct under the air bomber's dim orange light. In addition, there are camera obscura exercises. Before the future bombaimers are ready to drop live practice 11½ pound bombs they must be able to fly their fingers with deft blind-fold skill over fusing, selector, master and bomb switches.

Each man is treated individually. Before the 12-week course is finished he will have done simulation of bombing by photography on three flights, pinpointed a map from 300 feet on a 150 mile round trip, dropped by day and by night 140 practice bombs that look like fat cigars sheathed in tinfoil. These baby "blockbusters," when released from 5,000 feet, will blast a hole in the ground four feet deep. Bombaimers leave B&G for six weeks at an AOS before getting their wings.

WAGs pack a lethal dose of gunnery knowledge into six weeks. FS D. J. "Mac" McRae, Port Arthur air gunner, showed us the "rosebowls" where green gunners hunch behind wicked-looking Brownings, draw a bead on enemy aircraft flashed on the whitewashed concave walls by WDs who operate projectors from trestle work just above the turrets.

From Bristol turrets humped out of Boly fuselages like ugly warts, air gunners pump lead into drogues, 300 rounds an exercise. Drogues — 12-foot sleeves of canvas-like material — are towed by yellow and black Lizzies. If a gunner gets six hits on a drogue out of a possible 300, he's considered not only good but lucky. The same drogues, it seems, serve a dual purpose. Although farmers who retrieve shot-down target sleeves can exchange them for a buck twenty-five each at the school gate, many prefer to dye them black or blue and apply sewing skill to blossom out with brand new parkas or wind-breakers.

DOG-FIGHT THRILLS

Lake Dauphin's muddy waters are kicked up daily by future WAGmen who strafe splash targets. In additional exercises, they lower their camera gun-sights on Bollys which swing in fast to attack from port, starboard and astern.

By the time they finish at Paulson air gunners are ready for their wings.

When newcomers want to gen-up on the station, they corner FS Dave Wolochow, Edmonton, one of the handful of old-timers around. Some of the others are Sgt Bob Graham, Winnipeg, husky maintenance man; sun-tanned, angular WO1 Tex Coleson, staff pilot who hails from the Lone Star State; Sgt H. S. "Hap" McClelland, Orillia, Ont., who grins when he confides to you that TTS St. Thomas and 7 B & G are the only Air Force stations he has ever been on; Sgt Janet

FS D. J. McRAE, PORT ARTHUR, HELPS WAG WILLIS GOODWIN SIGHT MOVING TARGET

WINGS

McGilchrist, River Herbert, N.S., a WD maintenance mainstay. SL H. C. Jewsbury, Brandon, Man., boss of flying, ex-bush pilot, and the station medical officer, SL J. C. Johnson, Edmonton, are flat-hat originals. SL Jewsbury was awarded the AFC and FS Wolochow the BEM, in the recent King's Birthday Honors list.

Paulson's present site was just rearing out of the scrub bush when AC2 Davie Wolochow arrived at 4:30 A.M., June 1941. All ranks ate together, steered each other through the mud, formed mosquito-fighting squads, and gradually soaked up enough Prairie sun and wind to acquire permanent tans.

"Living-out personnel hopped rides to and from the station in the gravel trucks," observed Davie, who is short, dark and quietly efficient about his work. "I remember too how the sergeants used to bust open the door on the icebox when they came in hungry from work at night."

Today Paulson is a compact unit. Key centres such as GIS, MT, messes, maintenance, headquarters and the parade square are all in the area covered by two city blocks. "It doesn't wear a guy down to the knees getting around here," is the way WO2 Rod Perks, Toronto, describes it. A repat, he came from Mountain View to work in GIS.

NO WHIP CRACKING

Discipline is strict. But it isn't an ugly monster. If Joe Erk misses parades, he isn't taken in tow by a beetle-browed SWO and banished to the coal-pile. No, sir. He usually finds himself before the CO, the SAO or the Adj., each one a canny Scot and proud of it.

"We try to make it easy for him," explained WC H. E. Stewart, CO, who has a knack for making you comfortable. He flew in World War 1, was OC flying at No 7 in the early days before returning a year ago as commanding officer. "If he definitely dislikes parades we substitute PT where possible. It all boils down to co-operation. You can't knock them around. There's an effort to gain their confidence by actually showing them that here we have the interest of every airman and airwoman at heart.

"Everything is pointed toward encouraging people to stay on the station. And it works. Weekly, during the winter, open nights were held in the drill hall and adjoining rink. Friends flocked here from Dauphin, seven miles away and about 500 enjoyed skating, dancing and refreshments. All messes were closed just to prove there was no favoritism.

"Right now the serviceability of aircraft is at peak level. That's because maintenance crews get three days off in every twelve if their work is up to a certain standard, otherwise it's a 48.

"Airmen and airwomen get on well together, too. So much so, in fact, that there's an average of two inter-service marriages a month here. One of the most popular marriages was solemnized just the other day when one of our star track and field men, FS Harry Thomas of Coleman, Alta, married LAW Rosemary LaVallie of Maple Creek, Saskatchewan."

Try to name a sport or recreational facility that No. 7 doesn't sponsor and you'll wrack your brain numb. For the hardy ones there is lacrosse, for the timid, chess. Pity the boastful male snooker player who challenges a WD expert in the drill hall. One thousand personnel a week use the bowling alleys and billiard rooms. Every sport has a specialist at the helm.

Hub of recreation is the sprawling drill hall. There's even a music room for orchestra practice — one of the results, a rattling good girls' bugle band to play at wings parades. Poke your head into the lean-to's and there are mountains of hockey sticks, pucks, pads, sport clothes, volleyballs, medicine balls, wrestling equipment, boxing gloves, skates, tennis rackets, horse-shoes.

On "Jackpot Night" at first-run station movies, draws are held for war savings stamps and certificates. Weekly dances draw big crowds. Organized games flourish. Swimming and fishing are top-flight sports at Lake Dauphin, two miles away. In the summer there's a colony of service cottagers there.

What makes the station tick? Here's a simple clue if you drop by the drill hall. Work and play blend nicely before your eyes. While personnel do PT or play games on the huge drill hall floor, above the hub-bub, student WAGs quietly flash Morse from overhead balconies across the heads of the players, for class-mates to read and decipher.



LITTLE WONDER THE BOMB ARMOURERS GRIN WHEN A SUPERNUMERARY CREW LIKE THIS GETS JOED TO BOMB UP AN ANSON. TASKMASTER IS WO1 S. R. CARTER OF WINNIPEG



PAULSON OLD-TIMERS: SL E. W. CAMPBELL, WO2 ART ALEXANDER, WC H. E. STEWART, CO, SL H. C. JEWBSBURY, WO1 CHUCK KENCH, SL J. C. JOHNSON AND FS ERNIE WESTERBERG



FOR PRANGING A BIRD INSTEAD OF DROGUE, LAC ARNOLD BLENKHORN OF ATHOL, N.S. GETS "DEROGATORY ORDER OF IRREMOVABLE FINGER" FROM FO LAWRENCE ECCLESTON OF HAMILTON

LOG OF THE RCAF

VOL. 2

OTTAWA, CANADA, JULY, 1944

No. 6

North Bay Front

Many a staff pilot has moaned that he'd never get a chance to rid the world of Jap and Nazi pests so long as he was chained to an Anson. Other pests will soon be catching it from one Anson that the RCAF is loaning to the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests. It will blitz budworm hordes now menacing forests in the North Bay area by dropping insect traps over bushlands. Security prohibits giving details about the bombing pattern employed, but victory is assured.

Tour Business

Since the Operational Wing was instituted last December for aircrew who have completed a tour of ops (with bars for added tours) we have seen so many repats and others with the glint of gold on their breast pockets that we got to wondering how many RCAFmen have qualified. Here's the box score for about the first four months—2,244. We haven't any breakdown of the 1,902 of those which were awarded overseas but of



the 342 awarded in Canada (most of them awarded to repats for overseas service) 321 went for one tour, 20 fliers received their bar for a second tour, and one flier so honored wears the wing plus two bars for a three-total.



Over/Seas

I note with interest on the back page of May WINGS a cartoon captioned "And then he called me a silly bar-steward." drawn by FO John Bulling.

I note also a credit line on the cartoon indicating that the cartoon had been borrowed from the pages of "Wings Overseas."

May I draw your editorial attention to the fact that this cartoon, drawn by Johnny Bulling while training at this station, appeared originally in the January-February issue of "Over-Seas" Magazine, a copy of which I take great pleasure in enclosing.

LAC J. W. Langford, RCAF,
Editor, "Over Seas",
RAF Station, East Coast.

Abject apologies: Just a WINGSlip due to the similarity in names of the two papers "Wings Overseas" and "Over Seas". Bet the other mag wishes it did have Bulling, though. — Ed.

Lonesome Mechs.

Just a note from the ground crew boys of a RAF Squadron. We have just read WINGS February issue and really think it's a bang on job of printing, layout, etc. We are just a few of the Canadian Radio mechs on

To The Rescue

LAC Gord Whiteside would have been right in his element in those dashing days of old when the hero had to snare a runaway horse before he could qualify to draw the swooning damsel into his arms. Gord is



at 2 AGTS, Calgary, near which a jeep became mired so solidly in a rural creek bed that a team of horses were hitched up to haul it out. Then the river bank gave way and the team plunged into 10 feet of water. Whiteside jumped in after them, fully clothed, and dodging steel-shod hooves thrashing out in all directions he grabbed the bridle and held one horse's head above water while a human-chain of airmen hauled them into the shallows. The other horse was a goner and his dead weight didn't make it any easier, till somebody managed to cut the harness. The story lacks a beautiful heroine to be rescued with the horse, but knowing that the deed took plenty of doing, WC P. G. Rodier called the station out on parade, and brought LAC Whiteside out front to commend him.

Push Over

No wonder the RCAF passed its \$10,500,000 Sixth Victory Loan goal and reached \$17,538,500. On one B.C. bush station anyone purchasing \$1,000 in bonds collected an added reward — a kiss from the CO's wife.

English squadrons over here. Formerly known as the forgotten tribe, we're wondering if it is possible for us to get WINGS regularly. We do get "Wings Abroad" but we like to know how things are going in the Air Force at home. There are nine of us here on this heavy bomber squadron and we are rather out of things in the world of sport, etc. We are also interested in learning about rehabilitation after demobilization.

Our Group headquarters are pretty hot on discussion groups which we try to have on stand downs. We are faced with the fact that the English boys get all their literary material sent here while we have to rely on memory and odds and bits from letters from home.

We can't tell you a great deal about our squadron but it is one of the best in Bomber Command and is top of its group. We had the pleasure of serving under Wing Commander Guy Gibson, V.C., D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C. and Bar and several other notable Wincos of Bomber Command.

I hope that this letter comes up to your expectations of a bunch of radiomechs. But if it doesn't just pin it to the fact that we are a little "electron-punchy". Here is a list of the boys in our section: Cpl Burke, Montreal, Sgt Chisholm, Toronto, LAC

At No. 4 TC HQ in Calgary an ace-oney was given a salesman's kit and told to get out there and sell bonds to everybody, so he started by selling himself \$5,000 worth. And at 19 SFTS Vulcan a gal known to the locals as Vulgar Vera was clothed entirely in Victory Bonds and then rapidly stripped by bond-mad airmen till she was left shivering there in nothing but the cardboard she was painted on. Heaven help the public when the station promotion men behind these stunts get to peddling vacuum cleaners and hair tonic after the war.

Inter-com Hillbilly

An old gossip who's been listening in on the rural telephone line out near Dauphin, Man., reports that the gang at 10 SFTS held a barn dance a while back. Everybody really got into the spirit of the thing and two days later one of the "D" Flight instructors was still pulling the straw out of his hair and calling-off his patter over the inter-com to startled students like a'this:

Turn to the left,
make a left-hand turn,
A left-hand round,
a left-hand round.
Airspeed's high,
get your airspeed down.
Aileron left!
Pick up your wing,
your left wing's down.
Pick up your wing
'cause your right wing's down.
Swing it to the left
and don't be a clown.

Authors' Note

There's a \$2,500 world prize, not to mention a special \$500 Canadian award and runner-up prizes totalling

Beattie, Three Hills, Alta., LAC Yates, Regina, LAC Jones, Hamilton, LAC Hutchings, Toronto and three new Westerners fresh from the boat.

Hoping to receive a reply from you soon we are.

R153977 Sgt R. J. Chisholm
RCAF Overseas.

We've sent you some WINGS data on rehabilitation topics, Sarge, and you might ask RCAF Overseas HQ, via your CO, for more gen. Meanwhile we hope there'll be more WINGS for Overseas shortly. — Ed.

Stolen Thunder

A much cheesed off airman wishes to register a complaint.

The photograph of action in the Bog Bowl — used in May WINGS — was stolen, if I may be so blunt.

That photo is my pride and joy. This fact may be verified by any old timer from the station where it was taken, formerly my unit.

P. Quattrocchi, Cpl.
West Coast Station.

Sorry, Corp. Your old station didn't identify the photog in sending along the pic. All stations please note: in submitting photos to WINGS please provide proper photo credit. — Ed.

\$5,000 going begging for books written by members of the armed forces of Britain, Canada, and other parts of the Empire and Commonwealth. Complete books, or works in progress in the categories of biography, autobiography essays or belles-lettres, may be submitted to The MacMillan Company of Canada, Ltd., 70 Bond St., Toronto (or St. Martin's St. London, WC2, if you're overseas), from which addresses full contest requirements may also be obtained. Closing date of the contest has been extended a full year to December 31, 1944, since writers in the services are so scattered that insufficient entries have been received so far.

Mother Hen

Somebody at a Repair Depot down east has been looking over the Orderly Room SM's shoulder when he was writing home to the folks. "My work



here keeps me busy," wrote the Major. "I have a very fine staff now after a great deal of hard work on them. They came to me just off course . . . and me the only male.

"I feel like a father with a bunch of children, all grown girls. I have to be a fortune teller, a woman hater, a psychologist, nurse, a mother and everything else. Some 'cry, some pout, some get mad, and I have a wonderful time telling them to comb their hair this way or don't put on too much lipstick or get a man to do this — such fun I have with my harem. If I have any daughters I won't have any trouble bringing them up.

"Then it is 'Major can I have the week-end off my boy-friend is going overseas.' One gets a letter from her boy friend overseas and you would think the world came to an end they screech and everyone gathers to hear about the lovely letter. I have tea parties everyday. They get into a corner and jabber and giggle and if you tell them to keep quiet they open their eyes at you and say so sweetly Ahhhhhhh Maaaaaajjooooor! Can I stand it? No wonder I get paid \$4.95 a day and love my wife so much."

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The Flying Padre

The deacon did a tour of ops but now he whips about on a motorbike

by LAC RALPH DALY

CALGARY — One day the Flying Padre, to use his own words, decided "to swing the lead a bit." He stood aside timing the trainees over the obstacle course.

"How about it?" a puffing, panting trainee challenged.

The Flying Padre didn't hesitate. He plunged over high walls, swung over ditches, scrambled through ingenious barriers. He clipped eight seconds off the time of the fastest trainee. It was his first try at the obstacle course.

That's one of the reasons the aircrew trainees at No. 2 Air Graduates Training School here go for FL William Pollard Irving, their slightly-built, engaging, 27-year-old "sky pilot."

Another is the gold operational wing he wears on his left tunic pocket, just below the observer wing and the overseas service ribbon, flanked by the Oak Leaf which means "mentioned in dispatches."

They know him as the Flying Deacon. But he's more often hailed as "Subby" since a local paper announced "Sub-chasing Padre to Receive Pennant" during the Victory Loan drive. Before a motorcycle supplanted his bicycle, he was known as the "Pedalling Parson."

FL Irving participated in two attacks on convoy-hunting subs, during the time he was on ops as an observer in EAC. It was after he completed his tour that he "remustered" as a padre because, as he puts it, "I felt that the need of the chaplain service was greater. Having been through the mill I felt I would be more valuable there than in aircrew."

For lack of damage evidence the first sub attack scored by his crew was rated a "probable." The second attack found the Deacon, as his crewmates called him, pondering the text for next Sunday's sermon, when he was slated to spell off the regular padre.

When the warning "submarine sighted" came from the skipper, FL Freddie Colborne, DFC, the Deacon passed a small camera forward to the second pilot of the Canso, grabbed a big camera and plunged for a rear gun blister. He flung himself on his knees at the open blister as the ship went into its diving attack.

Bain, standing behind the blister, looked down — and leaped for Irving's ankles. "Judas, Deacon, you nearly went out," he gasped. The Flying Padre intent on shooting as many pictures as possible was sliding forward through the blister.

"Have you still got the camera?" Bain cried. "If you'd dropped that camera, I'd have tossed you over after it."

"If I'd dropped it, I would have jumped over after it," the Deacon snapped back. "I think I got a couple of good shots."

Intelligence officers concurred. The Deacon's "good shots" proved beyond doubt what happened to that sub. Someone asked FL Irving later how he, an ordained minister of the United Church, felt about being a member of a crew that had wiped out 45 Germans. "If you knew your Bible, you'd have the answer," he said.

After this kind of action a motorcycle seems just a little on the tepid side, but the Pedalling Parson traded in his bike for one because he found pedal pushing "too slow." Now he operates an informal one-man ferry service from the station gate to the streetcar line, a matter of three miles. Everyone uses it, from AC2 upward, and WC Paul Rodier, station CO, is expected to try it out any day.

FL Irving's service career is just as democratic as his transport system. Though he was ordained in May, 1941, he joined the RCAF at Edmonton as an AC2 aircrew trainee. His life was that of an ordinary trainee until winged at Mossbank and commissioned at 1 CNS, Rivers, in 1942.

He met the usual number of mops and terribly frank NCOs, including one who sent him packing off the parade square to unload his pockets. "Irving, you look just like a stuffed heifer", the indignant sarge roared.

Trainee economy brought romance to the Flying Padre. Travelling by bus instead of train to save money while on a 48 from Mossbank, he met a girl. They were married during the last 48 he had at Rivers and now have a year-old son.

Flying Padre photo by Cpl John LeJordan



Everybody uses Padre Bill Irving's informal one-man motorbike ferry service from station to car line

INTER-COM

TWO PAGES OF STATION-TO-STATION CALLS



AW1 TONY ORYDZUK
A step in the right direction



WO2 HOMER SMITH
In the throes of a doze

Music Mistress

CALGARY — The high-stepping, baton-twirling presence of AW1 Tony Orydzuk, only RCAF drum majorette in 4 Training Command, is enlivening parades these days at 10 Repair Depot here. Airwomen Orydzuk, whose home is in Edmonton, has been lending the fillip of femininity to the depot's parades for several months in a voluntary and very comely contribution to station morale. She supplements her regular duties as a parachute packer by heading the station band at all parades. Tony's expert in drill, having toured Canada with the crack WD precision squad.

Though making it clear that her real job is still parachute packing, Tony admits she gets a kick out of her extra duties.

"These days, what girl wouldn't enjoy having so many men follow her wherever she went?" she smiles puckishly.

Photo by Cpl Paul Rockett

Homer Nods

NORTH WEST COMMAND — WO2 "Homer" Smith, telephone communications expert for No 9 CMU, was "ketch'd" in the throes of a doze winging over the North West Staging Route in a Lockheed en route to a job up the line after a short stay at Edmonton headquarters. The Air Force pays Homer 75 cents additional pay for subjecting him to the above discomfort.

The sergeant-major wears a wrist watch presented to him by King George VI, token of the Monarch's gratitude for his efficient maintenance of telephone communications for the King and Queen during their Canadian tour in 1938. He's a native of Ottawa, Ont., where he was crack installation man for the Bell Telephone Co. Now he supervises telephone construction and maintenance for the RCAF.

'PRIVATE ENTERPRISES INC.'

by CPL J. T. EWING

WEST COAST — The Joes on this isolated operational station may be a couple of weeks away from the nearest laundry but thanks to the "Hustle and Bustle" boys and their successors, "Snow White Ltd.", they can sport as many clean shirts and socks as the guy just around the corner from the Chinese shop.

Airmen first posted here have visions of doing their own washing and acquiring the equivalent of dishpan hands until some kind soul wipes the mournful look from their faces with the casual remark that the station boasts an enterprise for the sole purpose of keeping erks in clean clothing — for a price.

It all began when a corporal and an LAC with eyes to business, established the "Hustle and Bustle Laundry." They threw in starch in the collars for good measure and charged 20 cents a shirt. Socks washed for a nickel a pair and pyjamas 20 cents. The H & B sewed on buttons for nothing provided you furnished them. While they had no

Erks invent a better bush-station laundry and Joes beat a path to their door

facilities for dry cleaning, for two dollars they washed uniforms, making them look as good as new (barring wear and tear).

But one day "Hustle", alias Ted Elliott, was promoted to the rank of sergeant — and now he doesn't live here anymore. The "Bustle" end of the corporation — "Kit" Carson — got his corporal's hooks the same day and Messrs. DAPS and Co. posted him shortly afterwards.

However, dirty clothes began to pile up in lockers and kit bags and their former patrons actually had to wash some themselves until one day two corporals representing the Wireless Sec-

tion and the Service Police put out their shingle as "Hustle and Bustle" the second.

But after admiring their first effort they felt they were in a class by themselves and promptly changed the name to the "Snow White Laundry". They now report that if business increases they'll have to send for the seven dwarfs. These latest partners in the scrub-a-dub business are Cpls Scotty Walker and Jimmie Holden.

Actually, however, a large proportion of the personnel still apply their elbow grease in washing their clothes, with steam heat and electric fans among facilities provided them to accelerate drying.

The officers and a few airmen prefer to send their laundry by boat to Vancouver, a process requiring two weeks to a month while the men living in the village usually get their wives to do the washing. (But most of them have to lend a helping hand, anyway).

The station, however, is due for more changes in the wash line. Modern laundry equipment is now being installed and a complete laundry and dry cleaning service is to be available to station personnel, directly under the management of the RCAF.

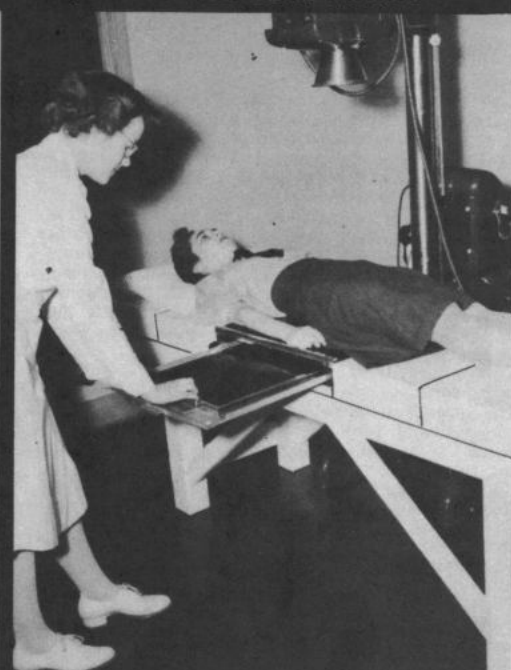
IMPROVISING JOES AND JOE GIRLS RUN LAUNDRIES, STAGE SHOWS, MAKE MEDICAL MAGIC



When Hustle and Bustle partnership dissolved Snow White Ltd. took over. Cpl Scotty Walker of the new laundry bids adieu to Sgt Ted Elliott of the H & B



Candy Stick Kid Sgt Bill O'Sullivan woos Slick Chick PO J. I. Sheridan with "PO O'Toole", the Leghorn. But Maitland's rooster is not amused



Centralia had the machine; Sgt Grudnitski and Cpl McCausland had ideas. They built this table which enables X-Rays to be taken without moving patient

MAITLAND MINSTRELS

A cook dyed curtains in soup kettles; a Broadway was moulded from mud — and the show was a hit

by FS ROSS MASON

MAITLAND, N. S. — This is a story of dray-ma in the wilderness . . . about a theatre which was almost miraculously built and which, within three weeks from the time it was only a dream, felt the feather touch of masculine chorines. It's the zany yarn of FL Wishart Campbell and his theatre at No. 1 AGTS.

FL Campbell arrived here in the early spring — sent on assignment from the Entertainment Section at AFHQ — and waded through foot-deep clinging red clay of the unfinished station. No rec hall was available. Show importation was impossible. He whammed one hand against the other. "We'll make our own show," he said.

And they did.

The dining hall was selected for the theatre. Within two days a stage took shape. The station tailor listened with wide eyes when FL Campbell outlined his curtain proposition. And then the tailor stitched up curtains out of cotton bedding

They needed glamorizing so the cook dyed them a rich wine in his soup kettles. The curtains were put out to dry but a snow storm caused them to freeze. A blizzard blew them into the tree tops. Rescued by intrepid personnel they were stretched out in a hangar and dried. Script was written by everyone with a favorite gag.

Promotion for the show went on apace. The station waited expectantly. The station paper Flat Hat said: "At great expense the glamor girls from Gander will be transported for the evening."

As there are no WDs on the station men shaved their chests, applied appropriate padding and began practising "one-two-three-kick." PO O'Toole, a white leghorn rooster, found himself in alternate tubs of Rinso and blueing, getting the works. The fire department touched up his comb and wattles with red paint and had the devil's own time trying to explain the crowing which emanated from the fire trucks at 0500 hours every morning.

Gauze from the hospital became flimsy skirts, dyed to appropriate shades. Flowers were woven into hats and the show definitely had color. Rehearsals were like a madman's impression of a madhouse. The station restrained itself with a great deal of will, wondering what had been going on behind those doors.

Then three days before the curtain was due to rise on the opening chorus fate sent a draft which took away the entertainers, almost to a man and left the stage bare!

Sanity returned gradually. "We'll fix 'em," said FL Campbell and set about recasting.

One week later, with production held up by nothing at all and costumes held up by safety pins, the show went on. PO O'Toole starred with his trainer, Sgt Bill O'Sullivan. The male chorus wowed 'em with minstrelsy. Cpl John Paruch and LAC Al Layng invented a new dance on the spot. The "Girls from Gander" performed with hairy-legged gusto.

Then it was over.

It played three nights and will be presented once a month as the courses on the station change.

X-Ray Ingenuity

CENTRALIA — No 9 SFTS under the direction of Sgt M. H. Grudnitski and Cpl H. M. McCausland, WD radiographer of the hospital staff, has constructed its own X-Ray table. Construction of the table permits the movements of the "Bucky" (X-Ray plate holder) on a recessed sliding block without disturbing the patient.

The picture shows LAW M. Jean McIntyre of Chatham posing for an X-Ray of hip injury without being disturbed as Radiographer Cpl McCausland puts the X-Ray plate in place. All blocks on the table operate on wooden runners and can be moved individually or together as required.

'The Show Is On!'

How D-Day came . . . and what it meant to recon crews who had mapped the coast for the invasion

Special to Wings

by PO MYER NEGRU, PRO

AN RCAF AIRFIELD IN BRITAIN (By Cable) — "Well, men — it has started," quietly said GC E. H. G. Moncrieff, AFC, of Winnipeg, at "H" minus 11 hours the evening before D-Day.

"Tonight the ships and landing craft began pouring from many ports and harbors in England for France. The big show is on and nothing in Heaven or on earth can stop it now."

The scene was a large camouflaged tent pitched in close to a bushy hedge at this busy airfield in England. For weeks now since the airfield personnel had trekked into this area and gone into operations against the enemy the tent had been used as part of the ops section of a Canadian Reconnaissance Wing of the Second Tactical Air Force. It was now filled with pilots and administrative officers of the squadrons which fly with the wing. Some were seated on makeshift chairs, some were sitting crosslegged on the matting-covered ground and others stood huddled together by the canvas walls. For more than three years some of them had been away from Canada, all for the same common cause—to defeat the enemy.

A strange hush fell over the tent as GC Moncrieff, who commands the wing, entered. The men were keen, eager, impatient. Earlier in the day they had been ordered to report for this meeting. In the mind of each was the same question, "Is this the real briefing?"

The CO began speaking quietly and as his simple but dramatic words came out, the men look-

what amounts to a photographic atlas of the territory about to be liberated.

Now the moment had come when all their work was being put to the supreme test. More than four years of work for some of them. Four years during which the old 110th Toronto Squadron, first RCAF unit to reach Britain in 1939, had been lifting bit-by-bit the entire invasion area and taking it home in a camera. This was the pay-off for many a dangerous day of creasing French rooftops and Jerry gun-pits to steal the secrets of the enemy while he was still putting the lid on pill-boxes, or the railway tracks on their ties. The recon fliers snapped his picture but never gave him a chance to watch the birdie, the birdie going like a bat out of hell at the time.

These candid camera fiends roared in on their thousand-and-one subjects at 400 miles an hour, literally picking the teeth of the odd picket fence, to mug the face of Fortress Europe

brought back enthusiastic reports of the magnificent work the Navy was doing.

"It was wonderful," enthusiastically declared FL J. R. "Dick" Manser of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., of the City of Sudbury squadron. "You could almost walk from coast to coast over the ships."

Fellow pilots crowded around their comrades as they were being interrogated on return by the Army liaison officer and wing intelligence officers — all anxious to learn the latest progress of the liberating troops. No less eager was GC Moncrieff who was there to hear what his boys had to report.

Wherever two or more pilots were gathered there was a review of their comrades' experiences — the flak they had encountered, the absence of Jerry aircraft in the skies, and their observations of the superb marksmanship of the naval bombardment. All through the night before D-Day an uninterrupted stream of Allied planes — bombers, fighters, fighter-bombers and glider trains — throbbled over this airfield and continued throughout D-Day morning. They were all bound for France to lend support in landing operations.

For one moment during the night there was tense excitement on the airfield. A glider had broken away from its towplane and coasted down to land. Unexpected as it was, it was first mistaken for an enemy aircraft. But the mistake was immediately discovered and welcome was given the men in the glider who were deeply disappointed when they found they would have to miss the first attack.

But they were no more disappointed than the pilots of the City of Toronto squadron. Clouds over the invasion territory made photographic reconnaissance impossible and all day they waited in full readiness for the weather to clear so they could also take to the air. Despite the poor visibility their CO, Winco R. A. "Dick" Ellis of Montreal West, did take his aircraft up, along with FL L. W. Seath of Montreal and FL A. G. Hunter of Hamilton, Ont. So determined was WC Ellis to mark success to his mission that he went over his reconnaissance target twice. Failing to get any pictures the first time, he was almost back at base when he decided to return to the objective, hoping for a possible break in the clouds.

That was the spirit all along this little bit of Canada in Britain when invasion came. Sparked by the advance briefing, fanned by word that two Canadians in the wing had already seen the giant Allied sea armada moving out, it was sustained right through the D-Day operations until darkness fell. FO F. T. Cooke of Sydney, N.S., put it into words when he returned to tell of the great mass of ships streaming from English ports.

"When I saw the power in that naval mass I knew that we were going to win and that nothing could stop us!"

BY CABLE FROM ENGLAND

ed at one another and smiled. They seemed happy, relieved and relaxed by the announcement. FL Fred Clarke of Calgary, a wing ops officer who was shot down in the English Channel during the raid on Dieppe, turned to the officer sitting beside him and whispered "Well, at last we're on the road back home."

Then 11 hours later at first light of dawn the pilots began taking off. Two by two like giant birds they roared down the long runway and skimmed over the green-topped trees lining the field. This was D-Day and the invasion was on.

First to soar into the sky was a section from a RAF squadron which forms part of the Canadian Wing. And on their tails went two Canadians, FL L. F. May of Toronto and FO J. L. A. Roussell of Lac Au Saumon, Matapedia County, Que. — both of the City of Sarnia Squadron, and six minutes behind them was their squadron CO, SL "Smokey" Stover, DFC, of Sarnia, Ont. Next up was the City of Sudbury Squadron, commanded by SL F. H. Chester of Regina, which like the Sarnia crew specializes in tactical reconnaissance. The men of these tactical groups and those of the City of Toronto Squadron, whose speciality is strategical reconnaissance, had been preparing

and build up a composite portrait which, to the men planning invasion, was as worthy of study as any Mona Lisa. Now, they wanted to be in on D-Day, when the invasion Navy, Army and Air Force started changing the original of that portrait, retouching it with accurately dumped bomb and shell, watching Jerry's defences being blown to rubble according to the blue-prints they had helped prepare. The eyes of invasion, the split-second sight of the onrushing ground forces, the recon squadrons hustled into action.

All day pilots were tumbling all over each other in their eagerness to get up into the air and many were the men who made three and four sorties that day. One of the earliest sorties was flown by WC R. C. A. Waddell, DFC, of Peterborough, Ont., wing operations OC who was accompanied by SL Chesters. They were followed later in the day by GC Moncrieff and by WC J. M. Godfrey of Toronto, who commands the airfield from which the wings squadrons operate.

The pilots had been briefed the night before on their particular tasks. Some had been detailed to target-spotting for the Navy's guns, others to hunt for the enemy's movements along roads ahead of the Allied landing forces. To a man they all



Wingsgirl
FOR JULY

20th CENTURY
FOX

Gene Tierney



'RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!'

by SGT. ERIC NICOL

ONE of the axioms of flying is, "what goes up must come down," an axiom which my stomach consistently inverts every time I fly. Whereas many a pilot becomes bored with routine flights because nothing ever happens, I can always be sure that whenever I take to the air something is bound to come up.

The doctors say that the reason I become airsick is that my ears have extraordinarily large semi-circular canals extending into that part of my head where my brain would normally be. These canals, which have their source at my water on the knee, are said to look very pretty in the spring and late summer when the glands are in bloom. The doctors found this out the first time they stuck a light in one of my ears and a flock of bats flew out the other, frightening some of the medical assistants and probably having something to do with my missing aircrew category.

The trouble with these semi-circular canals is that although they have a very acute sense of direction they have absolutely no sense of humor. The moment an aircraft starts bouncing about a bit the canals go all to pieces, with water running this way and that, overflowing the banks, drowning cattle, and generally creating a hell of a mess. And the first organ to hear about the flood upstairs is the stomach. A runner shinnies down my wind-pipe to pant:

"The canals have broken their banks! Run for your lives! The canals have broken their banks!"

The stomach, being nobody's fool, promptly lights out for healthier climes, simultaneously tossing overboard all excess ballast, such as a 75c T-bone steak, in the interest of greater speed on the straightaway.

This routine has become so familiar that all I have to do is look at the picture of the Aircraft of the Day, or see somebody flap his wings like an Anson, for my stomach to drop into a runner's crouch all ready for the canals to start something. For this reason I intend if possible to have my stomach made over into a play-room for my liver. I have quite a decent, level-headed liver.

I discovered the truth about my stomach the first time I went up in a plane, sharing the discovery with a number of horrified fellow passengers.

The way it happened, this pilot, the one whose body they found later chopped up with the carrots, invited me to take the flight.

"How about a flip?" he asked me.
"Sure thing," I replied, "for pennies or nickels?"

Then it developed that this was a "familiarization" flight and there was no getting out of it, as they told me when they dragged me from underneath my bunk.

I soon learned why they called it a familiarization flight. The damn parachute harness started getting familiar before I even got off the ground. This harness I found to be a sort of king-size truss, a deadly cross-breed between a Pal and a python. Three lively two-minute rounds with this writhing octopus of straps and buckles left me lying on my stomach, beating the floor with my palms, and screaming for somebody to break the half-Nelson the thing had thrown on me.

Finally, trussed up ready for the spigot, I lumbered across the taxi-strip in a semi-crouch, passing another chap who was also stumbling along doubled up.

"Parachute harness?" I groaned, as he went by.
"Nope, airmen's mess," he moaned, and kept going.

Inside the Anson were the instructor and a student, a lovely chap whom I never got around to meeting. The student moved into the pilot's seat and, just before taking off, proceeded to surround himself with a hunk of canvas. It struck me as a hell of a time to go camping, especially as the canvas cut off the lad's view from the outside world. The instructor then told me that the student was going to make an instrument take-off. I said "Oh," and was well on my way back to the barracks, running briskly on my hands and knees, before they tripped me and carried me back.

We hadn't been off the ground five minutes before my stomach commenced sending up long questionnaires to my brain, to be filled out in triplicate and returned forthwith. Tiring of this, it caught the bouncing, pogo-stick rhythm of the aircraft and started making like a yo-yo on the end of my epiglottis.

I tapped the instructor on the shoulder and asked:



"What shall I do if I get sick?"

"Aim towards the tail," he replied tersely.

A few seconds later, perhaps attracted by a hollow groan, he turned around to stare at me.
"Are you sick," he shouted, "or is that moss growing on your face?"

"Ulp," I ulped.

"Think about something else," he recommended. "Get your mind off it. Look at the scenery, those mountains over there with snow gleaming in the sunshine, like big heaps of jelly covered with marshmallow!"

"Ulp," I reiterated, and crawled to the rear of the cabin to be alone with my thoughts and various other things.

"I'm afraid I'm going to be sick!" I warned the wireless operator, who happened to be sitting in the target area.

"Eh?" he shouted, leaning closer.

"I'M AFRAID I'M GOING TO BE SICK!" I bellowed in his ear.

He hastily withdrew his ear out of range, his face taking on a strange expression that has since become all too familiar, that are-you-kidding-or-is-this-going-to-be-messy smile.

I lurched over to the emergency funnel, whereupon the wireless operator hollered forward:

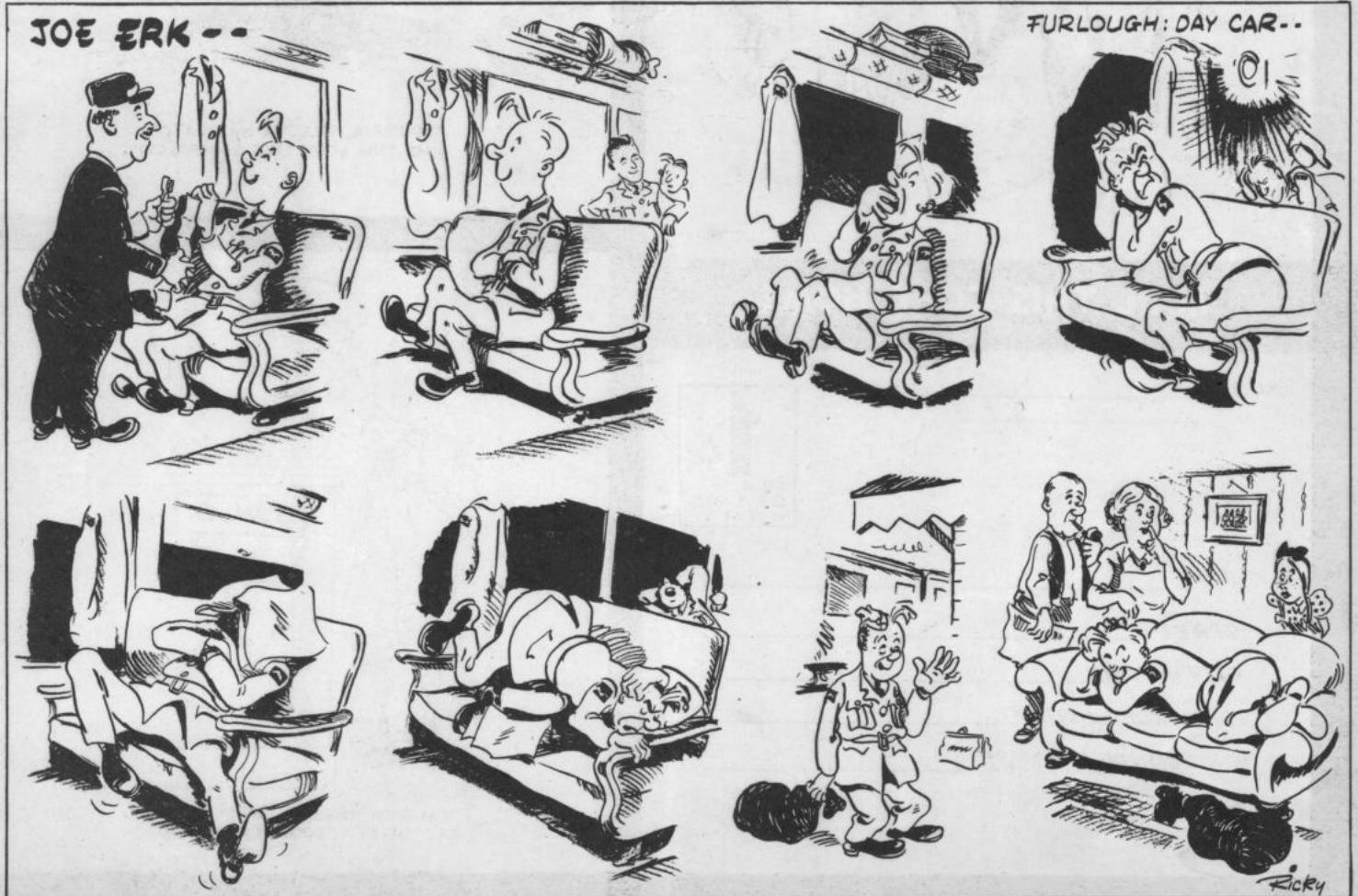
"Bombs away, skipper!"

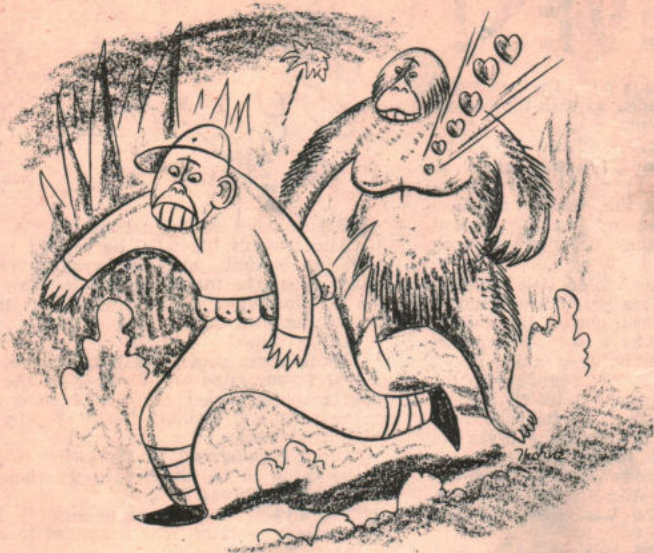
We went into a tight bank to circle the field for a landing, giving my stomach an opportunity to ride my spine side-saddle. Abruptly, a klaxon screeched in my ear, causing me to leap nimbly into the arms of the wireless operator on the presumption that something had fallen off the aircraft, probably both the engines.

Bawling "Women and other ranks first!" I was struggling to jettison the door when we came in for a perfect landing.

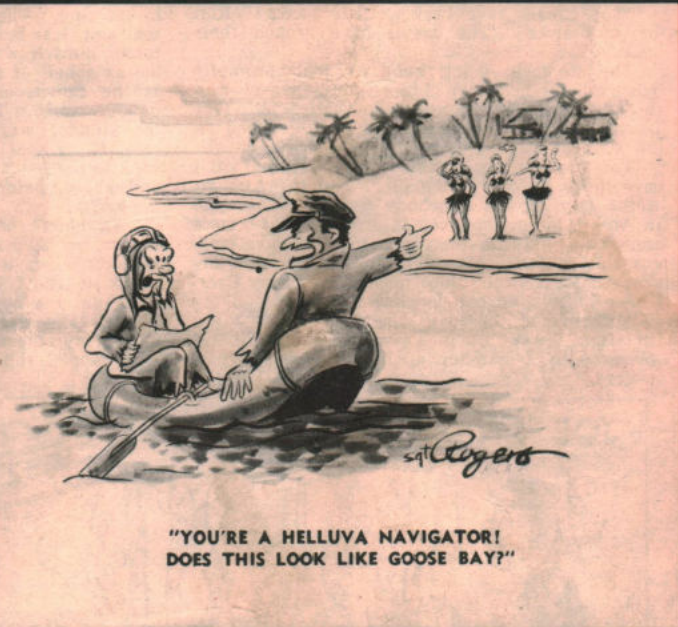
"How did you enjoy the flip?" asked the instructor.

"Oh, fine," I croaked, and, stepping out of the plane, closed my eyes to make a beautiful belly landing.





"... HE LOVES ME, HE LOVES ME NOT ..."



"YOU'RE A HELLUVA NAVIGATOR!
DOES THIS LOOK LIKE GOOSE BAY?"

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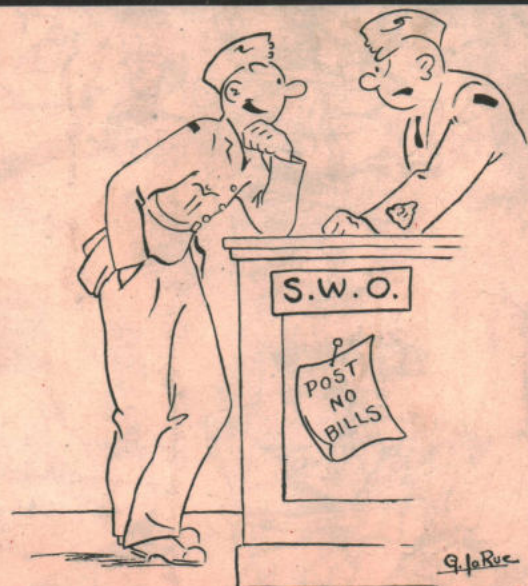
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"I'M NEW HERE — WHERE CAN I
GET INTO A GOOD CRAP GAME?"