

WINGS



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

5c
AUGUST
1944



Sgt. W. Couch

Four-Page Photo Supplement

RCAF IN FRANCE

ADEN is no EDEN

Temperature 110, moisture 100%, no rain in 3 years and one (1) beer per day

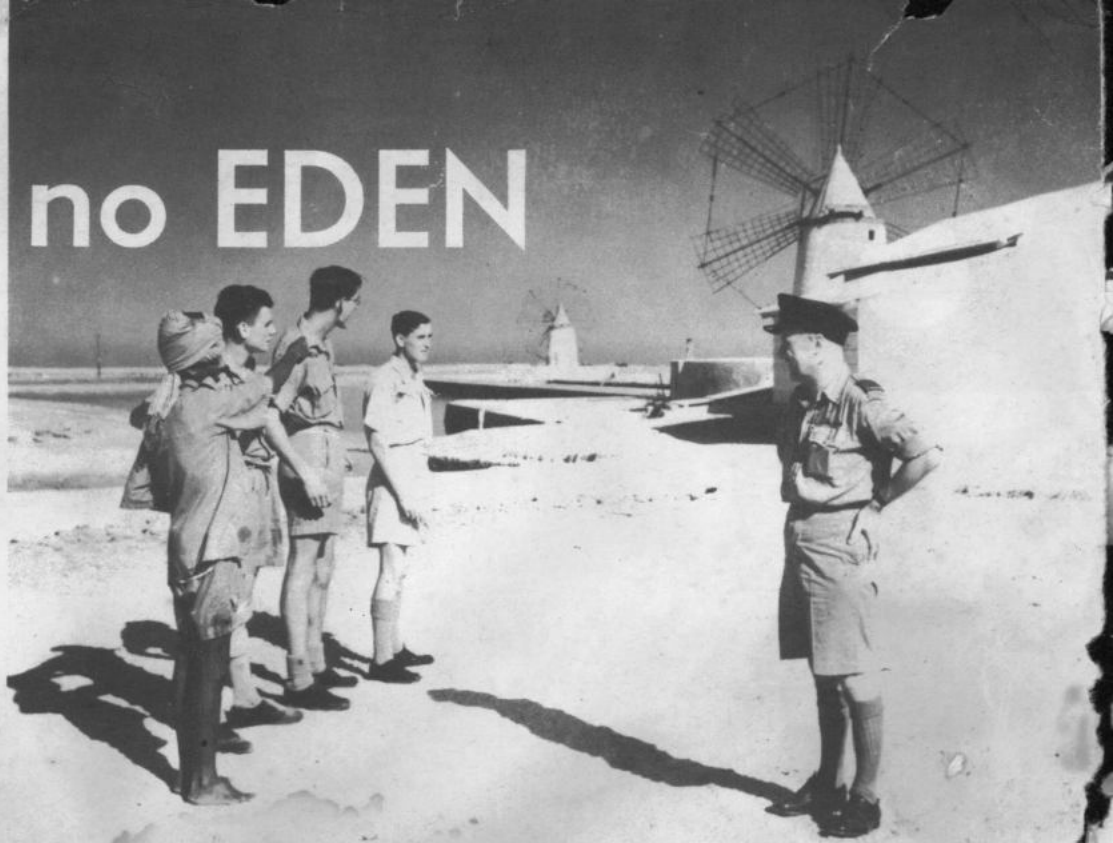


ADEN SPORT OF BEACH-COMBING NETTED THIS 'SAW-SNOUT' FOR FO L. A. ROWATT



NATIVES OF 'ITALIAN' SOMALILAND REFUEL FO PETE KIRK-OWEN'S PLANE

ADEN BEACH BEAUTIES: FOs ROWATT, D. G. ALLAN, KIRK-OWEN, FL H. A. STACKHOUSE, FOs DON ATHERTON AND A. W. BRUNS



SL KEN PETTIS, TORONTO, AND RAFMEN LEARN HOW WINDMILL-PUMPED SEA WATER IS EVAPORATED FOR SALT. DISTILLED, IT PROVIDES ADEN'S DRINKING WATER

SOMEWHERE southeast of Suez — just about 1300 miles southeast, where the Red Sea bottle-necks into the Gulf of Aden on the sea route to India — Canucks who are literally sweating it out within a bomber-hop of the equator perform a solemn little rite each day. The magic moment comes when to each is issued his daily ration of one bottle of Canadian beer.

That's symbolic of the life lead by the RCAF aircrew and radio mechs stationed with the RAF at Aden on the north coast of the Gulf, and in the surrounding area. It's a tough life — but there are token compensations.

The "country" around Aden is all volcanic rock. There are great dams which will hold 200,000,000 gallons of water — but there's been no rain for three years and most water must be distilled from the salt sea.

Thermometers vie with the aircraft for altitude records — and the heat goes right up. At anything up to 12,000 feet it's officially described as "terrific"; at 12,000 it graduates to "just cool". In the monsoon season the air (moisture content — 100%) is so thick with haze that visibility is often less than a mile, and flying takes on all the thrills of trapeze-jumping without the nets.

On the other side of the picture, Aden is a pre-war RAF establishment. Instead of sweltering in tents or Nissen huts the Canucks live in two-story stone buildings, lounging in Indian-made wicker chairs and basking in the soft purr of electric fans. Electric refrigerators produce plenty of ice, and keep that bottle of beer cool. There's

grand swimming off the sandy beaches — providing you keep within the net-screened area which is out of bounds to sharks. Three nights a week there are movies. Native bearers do everything but fly the planes for the RCAFmen.

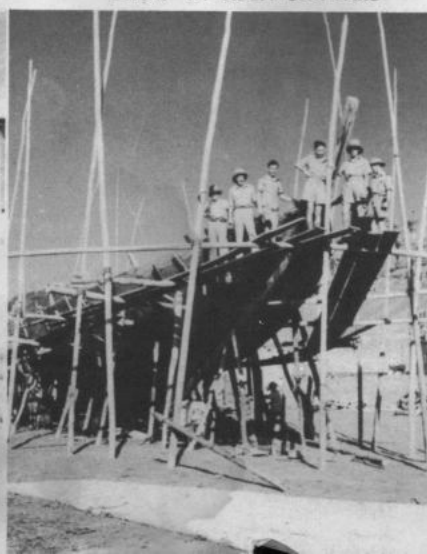
But the Canucks do fly the planes — doing long, heat-weary stogoes over the sun-sizzling sea lanes of the Red Sea, the Aden Gulf, the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean. They know it's hotter — and more dangerous — down below where ply troopships from Bombay, merchant ships for the Middle East, Yank freighters toting stuff to Russia and tankers trundling oil across the Gulf from Iraq.

And these "fliers" get some strange jobs tossed at them. Like FL Sam Lieberman, boss of a small airfield near the Saudi-Arabian border. The 22-year-old Edmonton pilot was temporarily grounded when the RAF set him up in business as a big grain man. Every day 10,000 pounds of rice and other food grains are flown in to Lieberman's field and he's responsible for distributing it to 100,000 starving natives. The three rainless years have sabotaged all attempts to cultivate the rocky land on the Gulf's north shore.

From a coastal base the ricewagons are flown inland by Canucks like FO L. G. Simons of Montreal, FO L. O. Horn of Lenore, Man., and WO J. H. McGivney of Toronto. Like the fliers on sea-lane patrol they fly through 110-degree temperatures, battling heavy humid air that gives planes no lift and forces them to get their precious food cargoes in to Lieberman's field before 0700 hours each day.

PHOTOS BY FO CECIL SOUTHWARD

CANUCKS ATOP A NATIVE DHOW IN ADEN SHIPYARD



FO GUS BRUNS MAKES PALS WITH GAZELLE





INTO THE BIG TIME

By SGT ERIC NICOL
WINGS Staff Writer

A startled sand-piper rises squealing from the airfield as the first engine on the four propped Liberator coughs and roars into life. The grass flattens and ripples in the blasting slip-streams as, in quick succession, the three remaining motors heighten the ear-splitting row and the huge, squat body of the bomber, crouched low on short, daschund-legged landing gear, trembles with her own strength. The twin-rudder tail arching at the end of the fat fuselage, the Brownings jutting up from the nose turret, give the Lib the look of a pegasian rhino as she moves slowly through the grass, following the back-treading mech threading her through an avenue of aircraft.

The mech runs swiftly to one side as the great aircraft lurches forward into the clear, watches her, arms akimbo, as she trundles to the end of the runway. The Lib swings around, hesitates a moment as though scenting the wind, then charges head down, lumbering far, far, far, until, almost with a grunt, she lifts into the air, tucking her wheels talon-like under her wings, suddenly transmuted into a superbly graceful bird.

Four young officers in chutes and bright yellow Mae Wests clamber up the bomb-bay of a second Lib. The bay's steel jaws clang shut and another Lib is soon jockeying up the line, to be followed by more and more of the tricycled ships, shaking the earth with the pounding of their thousands of horses, mixing the smell of their swirling blue exhaust with that of ocean brine.

A Yank field in Britain, you think? Or an operational station in the Pacific? Not at all. The scene of this rookery for heavy bombers is on Canada's west coast, the only operational training unit of its size and type in the country. At this post-grad school for aircrew the officer and NCO students not only receive operational training on Mitchells, but finish their course by converting to the mighty Liberators. From the east funnel into the OTU, pilots, navigators, air bombers, WAGs and AGs; from the south hot off the assembly line, the bombers they will fly into action.

BIG LEAGUE TRAINING

This is the rendezvous of aircrew. The five channels of aircrew trades, dividing out of Manning Pools and ITS, merge here into eleven-men teams, each team learning as a unit the niceties of flying in the big league. At the end of 14 weeks each man has blended months of specialization with the training of his crew-mates, to create the single complex brain required to give life and deadly cunning to the big Lib. So large is this OTU that, by the time this article appears, it will already have been split into two complete stations, one flying B-25s, the other B-24s.

To instruct the fliers, fresh from AGTS, the RCAF has provided the most imposing group of teachers this side of Mr. Chips. These flier's fliers are nearly all repats, 70 per cent of them wearing gold operational wings. They have a very grand total of 6,000 operational sorties over every part of the world where the enemy is or has been. Their gallantry medal ribbons, placed end to end, would almost certainly reach around Hermann Goering, with enough left over to tie up Hitler's hair. On the station are winners of everything from the VC down.

The VC belongs to Sgt John Kerr, who won it during the first World War by cleaning out an enemy trench single-handed in a grenade attack which was failing for lack of grenades. A bayonet man, Sgt Kerr charged along the paradoss despite a blown-off finger and impersonated an entire en-

raged regiment so well that 62 Germans surrendered on the spot. Although not a flier, but formerly a security guardsman, Sgt Kerr when last seen was trying to be posted someplace where he could take another swing at an enemy already discomfited by the presence of three young Kerrs in the Air Force.

That is the spirit of this OTU. Although thousands of miles from the nearest battle ground, its population down to the humblest erk has been subtly influenced by the presence of this begoned staff (including 25 DFCs and DFMs) which has placed its collective head in the mouth of Mars and managed to get it back. An instructor with three tours of ops is not apt to clown before his class, any more than a doctor would attempt to amuse a gallery with patter during a delicate operation. Both are too sensible to the imminence of death.

OPS-TOUGHENED CO

Commanding Officer of the OTU is and had to be a man who could match guts with his instructors. Group Captain D. A. R. Bradshaw, DFC, carries the responsibility for the care and feeding of two flying fieldsfull of aircraft worth a quarter to half a million dollars each, plus the management of a skitterish staff of hell-hardened instructors whose operational experience cannot be valued in dollars and cents. A PF man, Bradshaw is a graduate of R.M.C., transferring from the Royal Canadian Dragoons in 1935 to join the RCAF. After a trick at Camp Borden as chief flying instructor he went overseas in December of 1941, commanding No 420 bomber squadron and later being attached to Canadian Bomber Group HQ as air operations officer. Wearer of an operational wing, twice mentioned in dispatches, he was awarded the DFC in June, 1943.

The nominal roll of his instructor staff reads like a page from Who's Who in Canadian flying. Coolly efficient chief instructor is WC H Malkin, DFC and Bar, of Verdun, Que. On his tunic breast pocket WC Malkin wears the golden albatross of a Pathfinder, having flown twenty-six sorties with a crack RAF squadron selected to put the fiery bee on targets. The CI also made 21 forays with a regular RAF squadron, but was never once downed, ditched or damaged.

"Nothing ever really happened," he says, which may explain why he is the CI. Hair-raising adventures may be healthy for the scalp of magazine readers, but for the Air Force they merely complicate a sufficiently complicated job.

With the Winco at the OTU is his own navigator during his tour overseas, FO C. "Stuffy" Sorsdahl, DFC, of Carlisle, Saskatchewan, who has three tours to his credit. Another of the station's eight Pathfinder men is the Chief Ground Instructor, SL W. Grierson-Jackson, DFC.

The instructors include men from every phase and field of operational commands — veterans of bomber ops over Germany; men like the signals leader, FL C. B. Grier of Montreal, ex-coastal command; or world travellers at 21 like FL D. McIntyre, DFC and DFC (USA), of St. John, N.B., who was shot down over Norway, escaped through Sweden, and completed a tour of ops on Libs with the Yanks in the Middle East. FL

McIntyre is a flight commander on the station helping the chief flying instructor, SL J. D. Snider, DFC, of Hamilton, formally to introduce pilots with clean, white wings to Libs whose wings span the full width of a hangar. One of his students is no fledgling, however, having had 88 separate and distinct, thwacks at the Jap Air Force as a fighter pilot operating out of India, before coming to the OTU so that he can go back and throw something bigger at Hirohito's toothy myopics.

The method of selecting the crews that will fly together at the OTU and thence straight into operations has a pleasantly logical simplicity.

"We give them a lot of leeway," explains WC Malkin. "They knock around together for the first week or so of ground instruction, and when it's time to go onto the Mitchells each one will generally say 'I'd like to fly with so-and-so,' or 'I'd like whoosit to be my navigator.'"

The Winco offered no hint as to what becomes of the man nobody wants to fly with, but it may perhaps be presumed that the wallflower wastes no time getting busy with Dale Carnegie and a jar of "Mum".

To encourage the musketeer spirit of camaraderie amongst the crews, the station has taken a cue from operational bases overseas and scrapped discriminations of rank by allowing crew members of each aircraft, officers and NCOs, to mess together at their own table. It has been found that gripes and problems are often left behind with the dirty dishes once the fliers have a chance to thrash them out around the same bottle of ketchup.

BEGIN ON MITCHELLS

Once the individual crews have crystallized from the flood of aircrew entering the OTU, they begin conversion training on the Mitchell B-25, any resemblance between which and an Anson is purely unavoidable. The Mitchells are crewed up with first and second pilots, navigator, air bomber, WAG, and a small smattering of AGs. After a period of crew training, including cross-country flying, bombing and gunnery practice, dinghy exercises and other operations generally indicating that the war dance is fast building up to a brawl, the crew moves into a Liberator for the last six weeks of the course.

Finally come the grim commencement exercises for these graduates — a simple handshake from their instructors — and they climb into their giant Lib to thunder off into the horizon, going . . . somewhere. The earth-shuddering roar of the last take-off from this station will soon be multiplied a thousand times over as her belly swollen with bomb roe, pregnant with destruction, the Lib swings over her prey and sends death plummeting to its mark.

Meanwhile, on the field that crew has left, close by the slumbering mountains of the coastal range, more men with bright new wings, more Libs still warm from the California sun, meet and merge into the terrible weapon they have been trained and built to be. And close by the runways, silhouetted by the sunset, the longnecked dinosaurs of construction dip their heads, and dip again, scooping foundations for more hangars to shelter the big, ugly American bombers squatting in the grass of a Canadian field.

Hell-hardened instructors give RCAF skippers post-grad course on Libs at a secret west coast OTU then the crews thunder off in giant kites to new warfronts



Sgt. Coucell

"On the other side of this whiteness there is world history happening ... but all I can see is 'cloud.'"

Through a Cloud, Darkly

Hell was busting below but all the Sarge could write on the invasion was a blast at the weatherman

by SGT. JOHN BADGER
RCAF Public Relations

WITH RCAF BOMBER GROUP OVERSEAS: In the two years this Joe has been sweating for Victory and Public Relations, nothing has become clearer to him than the truth that rules are made to be broken. The trouble with the painstaking but wacky art of psychological warfare is knowing when to break them.

Two principles dear to the great shy heart of the News-Hound Directorate are (a) RCAF newspapermen must not clutter up aircraft on operational flights; and (b) RCAF newspapermen mustn't write about themselves.

The first of these Laws of All Time I broke when I flew on the tactically most important raid that aircraft of this Group have ever flown — bombing gun batteries on the French coast in the early hours of D-Day. I am now breaking the second with relish.

What is more, I am sure I came back with no story. All I saw were masses of unexpected clouds and some explosions; no invasion; not a ship. This was not my fault, but you try being a sergeant with the story of the age muffed and handing that kind of copy to the Boss.

So instead of a pancake landing in the ranks of the AC2s, I get a byline story on the front page of *Wings Abroad*, the first since I joined the Air Force, and many a nice word from the great men. This is how I learn it is a topsy-turvy world, said zany Ned who was smart enough to know that the bars of his padded cell would keep some of the sane people out.

As I say, for the past two years I have been writing, rewriting and editing hundreds of releases, many of them about the bomber business. I have described dogfights, dives and the like in detail.

All this time I never fly and indeed never have, except once in an Anson for a few minutes, and I do not blame you if you stand your eyebrows to attention on hearing me mention this in connection with flying. I got my flying time strictly secondhand.

Then one day the Boss bares his teeth in a fatherly smile and asks if I would like to fly on the operation preceding the invasion. I say "yes" and not long after I am shaken to see a signal from no less than Air Chief Marshal Harris, boss of Bomber Command, authorizing the business. Next I am genned up by an air commodore, loaned a flying suit by a group captain, wished luck by a wing commander and detailed to a kite piloted by a squadron leader.

This does not shake my inflexible modesty though I cannot help eyeing junior officers with a certain severity during this period. In any case all sense of importance goes for a Burton on the double when my airplane ride starts.

It is the first time I experience what I write about so many times and as our Thunderbird Squadron Hally charges down the dark runway I feel very concerned indeed. Then I notice I am the only tense person in the otherwise veteran crew.

These boys, who are American, British, Australian and Canuck, take the whole trip as casually as life in a country lane, though they probably deduce from the presence of a reporter and the many Second Front rumors what the score is.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE

The bumping ceases and I go up front to take my working position, standing in the second dicky's place beside the seated pilot. The business in hand, is to rub out a battery of heavy guns on the invasion coast before they can start popping off at the advancing landing craft. Despite the hue and cry my feet raise for social justice, I am a happy character indeed to reflect that the greatest land-sea-air battle in time is about to begin, and I am to be one of the few corn merchants on the scene.

Incidentally this raid is only one of three that Canadian Bomber Group is staging this night. All are vital to the invasion and the Canadian Group does itself proud by putting up a total of

more than 200 giant kites, shattering all its own records.

At first the flight was like taking a short cut through heaven, it was so ideal. The moon was full, white and hard. The lights of stars and planes sprinkled the sky. Below spread the dark shades of England. The only lights down there were those of the many airfields.

Now and then a kite slanted near us, fireflies all going our way. There were thousands out though I saw only a few of these, due to cloud.

This Mr. Hyde in Nature's Doc Jekyll act first began to appear as haze. I am dismayed as the Hally plunges into a world of cotton wool. It is no comfort to reflect that all this windy water is good for crops in general, as at the moment I am solely concerned with my personal corn harvest.

Ice begins to form on propeller hubs, leading wing edges and elsewhere. Just as I am beginning to appreciate what Yehudi, the refrigerator handyman, goes through for his art, the skipper noses our big kite upward. Soon the Hally is skating on top of cloudland. The ice fades off the metal skin though I am far from breaking out in a heat rash myself.

CLOUDED OUT

We cross the coast, though how the knowing characters in the crew are so sure of this I cannot tell. All I can see is cloud. When I remark to myself that on the other side of this whiteness there is the Channel and world history happening, I feel it is only fitting I should be talking to myself. Indeed as one strange new word for "cloud" after another occurs to me, I make sure the inter-com mouthpiece is switched off as I do not wish to distract and horrify the crew.

Already sky flashes indicate that some mob is in disagreement with another ahead. These bursts of light seem remarkably big and vicious to me and I am happy to see the nose of the Hally wheel away to port. By this time the flashes mingle with red puddles glowing on the clouds for seconds on end, as bombs and ground guns mix it.

Then a great part of the dark sky is swallowed by a white-yellow flash. I begin to feel like one of the early martyrs who is if anything too early and arrives while the lions are still hankering for hors-d'oeuvres.

The pilot, SL Don Patterson of Calgary, Alta., says these are bomb blasts. There are many of them. Our target, a battery of big guns on the coast of France, is a murderous obstacle to the invading Allied soldiers and sailors, but Canada's heavies are already pinpointing it to pieces.

The holocaust of light is an abyss beneath us. Fireworks pop off here and there. I know this is light flak and with a sad brave smile, think of mother, home and the Tic Toc Club in Montreal.

Watching the skipper is some consolation. He works his controls, glances hither and yon and does not let up a second. But the blasts underneath and ahead are beyond anything in words. The great whitish flashes are ringed by a red glow around the clouds. As we rush across the target area on our bombing run, I see lines of red and green light. These are the target indicators dropped by Pathfinder planes and they tell our bombardiers all they need to know.

WORLD TURNED CRIMSON

Then the quiet voice of Second Lieut. F. W. James of Everett and Yakima, Wash., announces: "Bombs going." Seconds later the world below turns crimson.

We leave the target area to the accompaniment of a salute or two of light flak, which we ignore with dignity. Not much later some terrific flashes rip through the clouds like swords.

The skipper observes without rancor that Jerry is now using heavy flak. It is as well I keep my mouthpiece switched off. Otherwise he might think the chattering was one of the gunners drilling at a nightfighter.

But enemy action and then the Channel race away beneath us in our world of clouds. We pull into a stretch of pale blue sky over Britain for a bit. As the morning star and I eye each other, I reflect that here I am returning from the locale of the greatest story in newspaper history and I have nothing to write about. So this is it and if Pulitzer ever thinks of giving away a gilt ear of corn as a consolation prize for the year's best-muffed story, I will apply for it with a few well-chosen words in the most basic English, all meaning "cloud".

RCAF marine 'roundhouse' is paradise to boat-wacky lads

by FS DON KENNEDY

EAST COAST — For the boat-wacky type, the marine repair section at a station down here is a picnic ground. Row boats, speed boats, tugs, cabin jobs, towing dinghies, and the friendly smell of oakum and tar are jammed into this hangar-shaped building. These crafts are sent here from stations all along the East Coast, some for new planking, others for complete refit. The overall effect looks like a boat factory's crowded show room.

Two 48-foot air-sea rescue boats, jacked about seven feet off the cement floor, hog the centre of the building. The vessels, usually sleek and porpoiselike, when high out of water appear like defeathered chickens standing scared and unsure of themselves. Overhead, a building-wide crane lazily moves along with a small speed boat slung from its hook. Underneath, like brood chicks, small craft are stacked.

Men who repair these crafts are trade-marked Marine Carpenters. In Navy parlance they are shipwrights. Since a wise old cynic remarked that yacht owners enjoy scraping and painting their boats more than they enjoy sailing; and since Marine carpenters don't sail, and do scrape and paint, the only logical conclusion is that marine carpenters walk around in a perpetual slaphappy condition.

In charge of carpenters is FS Mac MacGregor (he gets mad if you call him Keith). Mac can't remember when he built his first boat, and feels that boat building was thrust on him. He comes from Renfrew, Ont., where he built boats as a hobby. They were good enough for summer visitors to buy, so Mac found himself in the boat building trade. He likes it.

Seaman LAC Don Maxner was busy with a blow-torch "hot footing" paint off the hull of a 20-foot tug. Under the paint was a heavy metal sheating. "The ice could crumple this hull, if it weren't for this metal overcoat," he commented. "She's a good ship, too. Hasn't yelped yet. How would you like a blow-torch run up and down your bottom for two days straight?"



LAC Harry Haughn, Le Have River, Lunenburg County, N.S., tells Crane operator AC Edgar Mahar, Britain Harbour, Newfoundland, where he wants this out-of-water speed boat placed.

INTER-COM

FOUR PAGES OF STATION-TO-STATION CALLS

the Case of THE ITINERANT PIG

"PIG INVADERS STATION!"

This signal was flashed to WINGS via slow train from an undercover agent at a "sartin West Coast unit." What with the recurring appearance of sea monsters, pink elephants, etc., many things pop out of the B. C. fogs to make life more interesting and educational.

The NCO in charge of the MT section, Sgt J. J. O'Neill, was seated in his section reading an instructive technical journal known as *The Racing Form*, when he received a phone call telling him there was a pig in the Officers' Mess, and would he nip right over and get it out?

Reaching the mess Sgt O'Neill found a roomful of harassed officers and several bits of badly chewed furniture. Apparently the gentlemen of the mess had been sitting around calmly discussing

whatever it is that they discuss in that inner sanctum, (i.e. the winner of the fifth), when to their utter dismay a huge sow rumbled into the room, grunting and wheezing. Mess rules and KR (Air) were hastily consulted, and many ideas were exchanged as to the proper procedure to be followed.

Meanwhile the pig brought her gaze to rest upon the station adjutant and ankled over towards him. The other officers rallied around making ghastly faces and presenting a wall of defence against the advancing porker. At this point the pig began to encounter considerable flak in the form of hurtling empties, etc., and decided that a strategic withdrawal would be the best plan.

But before her retreat she munched upon a particularly delectable chair leg, marring its beauty no end. Having completed her tour of ops she hied herself off for other fields to conquer. Sauntering down the boardwalk she miscalculated her distances and did a crash landing

in a mudhole. Thinking it Old Home Week, she set up a terrific whoop which didn't escape the shell-like ears of a certain acey deucey in an adjoining barrackroom. He had no trouble whatever in persuading a couple of his cronies to aid him in a diabolical plan and with a bit of pushing and wheedling they coaxed the critter into the barrackroom. Then the old sow was left to prance up and down, thumping her muddy torso against each bed post as she passed. The inhabitants of the room were thrown into a great returned by the major — instead, he was livid such as neighboring trees and telephone poles.

No more was heard from the pig until next day on parade. When headquarters squadron was falling in our friend waddled onto the parade ground to greet the WO2 in charge, H. A. Pain. Trying to inveigle the beast to leave the square the sergeant-major received a big juicy kiss — on the hand. This display of affection was not returned by the major; — instead, he was livid with rage.

"Get that thing out of here," he hissed, and amid more fanfare and huzzas, entered again our hero, Sgt O'Neill, in the company of another stalwart. With fierce-eyed determination the two cornered the sow and made an heroic attempt to load her into the back of a panel truck. When this wound up with everyone in the truck except the pig they drove the pig ahead of them down the road towards the MT section where she could be properly pent. Sgt O'Neill directed the show, a la Cecil B. de Mille, from behind the wheel of the blade of his meat cleaver, drooling great pig whacking her rump to the right and left, to keep her on the road. As pig, acey deucey and sergeant passed the supply depot in that order, the butcher eyed the pig and ran his thumb along the blade of his meat cleaver, drooling great puddles as he did so. This spured the pig to greater speed and in quick time they reached the MT section where the old girl was safely coralled. Eventually the owners were located and the old sow was removed to its former abode. As she left the station her face wore an indignant expression as though only a written apology from the AOC would make up for the humiliating treatment.



"The pig encountered considerable flak in the form of hurtling empties"



CALGARY'S QUEEN BESS

CALGARY — Step up and meet Cpl Betty Ward, five-foot-six of very comely WD and Calgary's Air Force Queen.

Just 22, single and "unpromised", Betty is carrying the colors of 4 Training Command against the Navy and Army, in a Calgary charm show scheduled for this month. Her target is "Queen of the Services".

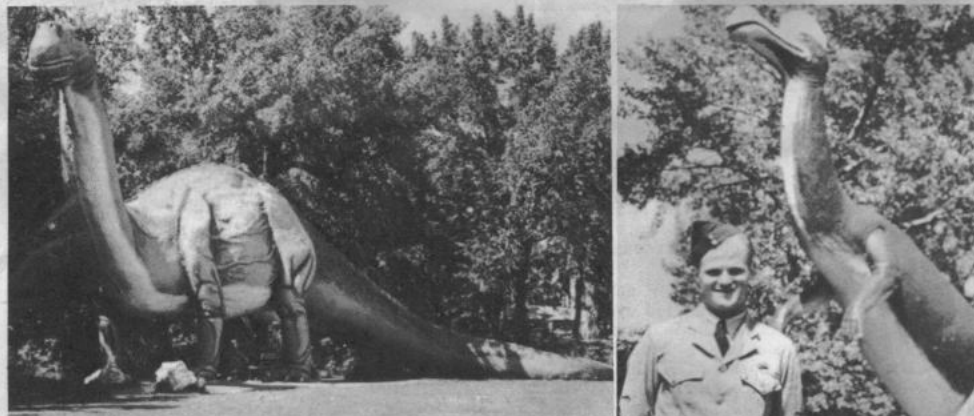
Betty is a hospital assistant at 10 Repair Depot but off duty she swims, rides, plays tennis and can throw a wicked curve from the pitcher's mound. She is an active member of the RCAF Radio Playhouse, a group of airmen and WDs who present weekly plays over Calgary's airwaves.

Modern Alley Oop of the Prairies has gobs of pet dinosaurs and he knows them inside out

By LAC RALPH DALY

CALGARY — The only airman who's ridden a dinosaur is LAC Jack Kanerva of 3 SFTS. Outside of Alley Oop, the husky 22-year-old airframe mechanic is probably the only human in history to actually straddle the big beastie's neck. And the only one who's passed a few busy days in the vegetarian brontosaurus' belly.

Jack knows them well because he helped his father, John Kanerva, local sculptor and interior decorator, build them between 1935 and 1938. Sponsored by Viscount Bennett, Canada's ex-prime minister, and the Calgary Zoological Society, the display was inspired by a first-class fossil collection on view in the park. Most of the old bones came from the badlands of nearby Red Deer



LAC Jack Kanerva and two of his prehistoric pals. He helped build the monsters in a Calgary park.

Kanerva has something else up on Oop. The comic strip character has a nodding acquaintance with four or five types of prehistoric lizard, but Kanerva is on intimate terms with 22 kinds. They range from the 32-foot tall, 100-foot long brontosaurus (the kind Oop calls Dinny) to a nine-inch high eophippus, the horse of Dinny's day.

Jack's particular pal, like Oop's is the 125-ton bront, affectionately known as the Big Fellow. But Jack's Big Fellow is more than three times as heavy as the funnypaper Dinny, who would weigh in at about 35 tons. So well does Jack get along with the Big Fellow that his idea of a perfect 48 is one spent giving it a facial.

That's the way he spent one pass at St. George's Island, a river-girt park here that boasts one of the finest prehistoric gardens in the world. Lining a shady, history-haunted lane is the world's best cure for the bottle habit. Even Aussies have been known to start wagon-hopping after a trip down dinosaur way.

Crouched and rearing among the trees along the path are 22 life-sized cement models of the giant lizards that roamed these parts a million and a half centuries ago. They are the only life-size models in existence, Kanerva believes. Certainly the Big Fellow is the only one of his stamp.

Valley, a popular trysting spot for the dinosaur tribe.

Jack and his brother Bill mixed cement and slapped it in layers onto huge steel and stucco mesh frameworks, working from tail to head. The elder Kanerva followed them along with a trowel, shaping up the final form. Since a great deal of research went into the job, the models are as close to the originals as scientific knowledge of them permits.

LAC Kanerva was technically "eaten" by the Big Fellow for several days which he spent inside the huge model applying cement.

Since laying down his trowel with a satisfied sigh in 1938, the elder Kanerva returns to the project about once a year to apply restorative touches. These are necessary to repair the depredations of unimpressed small boys who break off ears and legs to show their contempt for history.

Mr. Kanerva had to compromise with authenticity though, for the Big Fellow's curved and pointed tail was too tempting a target for the small fry. After replacing it a few times, Kanerva gave up. Now, unlike Oop's Dinny, the Big Fellow has a squared blunt tip to his wagger. A serious loss, too, because this tail-gun used to be his only means of defence.

Jack helped his father in a two-week repaint

R.C.A.F. of RCAF



Sgt Richard Cecil Alfred Farrell's unique initials—RCAF—puzzle equipment assistants who attempt to decipher his issued deficiency list. Dick, a native of Welland, Ont., got his AG wing at 9 B & G. Mt. Pleasant, P.E.I.

job on the dinosaurs in 1940. But all he could find time to do this year was the Big Fellow's head. He spent an ecstatic 48 astride the Big Fellow's neck applying a Red Deer Valley make-up job culled from a 150,000,000 B.C. issue of Vogue.

Though he intends to follow his father into interior decorating after the war, LAC Kanerva may keep in the dinosaur line on the side. Just what will be doing in this rather unique field is vague. But the war nipped a Toronto movement to import the Kanervas to haunt a Queen City park. There were similar offers from Europe, so the Big Fellow may yet get a mate.



Happy patients show how to work your way to health. Left, Sgt Ruth Deal exhibits fine needlepoint. Airminded trio is AC2 Johnny Johnson, Boston, AC1 Don McDonald, Sgt O. Custeau, Quebec

Feel Tired, Rundown?

LACHINE — If you've a hunch that you're due to be sick-listed in the near future, hold everything. Wait until you are posted to Montreal district because at Y Depot the RCAF has a hospital that takes a lot of misery out of hospitalization.

Medical science's theory that by keeping patients happy, occupying their minds with pleasant handicraft problems, makes for a more rapid recovery, has been practised at No. 3 Training Command Hospital at Lachine for more than six months. The medics call it occupational therapy.

SL H. E. McHugh, a 3TC Command consultant, and FL E. Cuddihy, educational officer, instituted a handicraft program at the hospital to keep patients occupied for several hours each day. This cure-by-being-happily-busy soon caught on and the shut-in lads and lassies love it.

Wandering through Y Depot Hospital a few weeks ago a WINGS representative found fellows like AC2 Johnny Johnson of Boston, a WOG, and Airframe Mech AC1 Don McDonald limbering up on aircraft modelling. Sgt. O. R. Custeau of Quebec, also a patient, was in the thick of it too. Overhead hung several model aircraft, all products of this trio.

Cpl. G. F. Kirchner, a wireless mech attached to 124 Ferry Squadron at St. Hubert, Que., whose home is in Toronto, busied himself oil-painting a pin-up girl, using an Esquire "Varga girl" for a model. Sgt R. S. MacNamara of the RAAF also worked on oils. WDs Law Irene Wilfong of Verdun, Que., and Sgt Ruth Deal were enthusiastically competing in needlepoint work.

Supervising the program is AC2 E. Shustack, who, on civie street, was a teacher in handicrafts. Of course those confined to bed can't use hammers and saws or manipulate drill presses and such implements, but they get a kick out of all types of painting, fretwork, airplane modelling, model ship building, embroidering and every form of needlepoint work, to say nothing of leatherwork and soap sculpture.

These light duties besides providing the patient with enjoyable hours of relaxation, and incidentally easing the mind of needless worry, indirectly aid in exercising the muscles of the arms and shoulders, which, after long periods in bed, tend to become flabby and inactive.

One of the outstanding values of occupational therapy has been in cases of patients suffering from war neurosis. The use of handicrafts once again gives the patient a feeling of responsibility and a sense of accomplishment.



One of Cpl G. F. Kirchner's "Varga" girls that helped speed his recovery at Y Depot Hospital



Much admired trophy is this autographed drumhead of Montreal RCAF band covered with names of international celebrities. Bandmaster WO2 Carl Friberg and Drum Major Cliff Cameron show it off.

Big-wigs visiting Montreal 'sign in' on the RCAF drum

by FS ROSS MASON

MONTREAL — WO2 Carl Friberg, New Zealand-born bandmaster of the Montreal RCAF band, has created one of the most unusual meeting places in the world. It's the head of the band's huge bass drum . . . an autograph album wired for sound.

Each time the band plays before a distinguished personage the bass drum collects another name, and those inscribed include, Baron Silvercruys, WC Guy Gibson, VC, Sir Thomas and Lady Beecham, Princess Juliana, Jack Benny, Dennis Day, Eleanor Roosevelt, Air Marshal L. S. Breadner, Sir Frederick Bowhill, Hon. the Major C. G. Power, Gail Patrick, Graham Towers, Thibodeau Rinfret, Marjorie Lawrence, Lauritz Melchoir, Rose Bampton, Eugene Ormandy, and Air Marshal Billy Bishop. These are just a few.

It's a suitable mascot for the band, its leader feels, for its members show enough talent to form one of Canada's greatest bands when the war is over. There's LAC Stanley Jackson Smith of Exeter, Ont., who had his own band; LAC Alex Allemano of Huntsville, Ont., with seven years' band experience; LAC Gord Starr of Preston, Ont., with 10 years' experience; LAC Herb Woodcock, Newmarket, Ont., with 16 years' experience. Cpl. Hank Kelneck of Thorold, Ont., was playing the violin at seven. The bandmaster is former leader of the Rossland, B.C., band and the Operatic Society.



Camera crew and cast ready for take. Director Bob Anderson, centre, and SL Carroll McLeod, "instructor" in "Over to You" check scene details, make final sound test.

It's the end of a spoken message and the title of a new RCAF film designed to improve mike technique

ROCKCLIFFE — For the umpteenth time that afternoon the juke box in the Repat Pool canteen came up with a Bing Crosby recording.

Flight Lieut. Fred Ibbett banged his fist on his knee as he stepped down from the camera dolly. For two days he and the National Film Board crew had been trying to shoot for sound on an RCAF training film but from the other side of the blanket partition which made a movie studio of one corner of the canteen came continual interruption — doors banging, gabfests — generally creating a "helluva noise."

Everything else having failed, he decided to try psychology.

classroom learning the basic rules of microphone technique," FL Ibbett explained. That's why when filming finally got under way after six weeks preparation, sitting up front in the classroom garbed in brand new acey deuceys' uniforms were service veterans like WO2 Francis Wilkie of Sidney, N.S., now at 3 Wireless School Winnipeg; Sgt Sparky Sparkall of West Hill, Ont., at 1 AOS, Malton, Ont.; WO1 Bill Brodie of Toronto, now at Mountain View, Ont., and Sgt. A. R. Burrows now at an East Coast OTU.

WD "radio operators" were also needed. This time Rockcliffe WD Manning Depot came to the rescue and loaned pretty Gladys Eckford of Vancouver, now at a West Coast OTU; Christine McLeod of Florence, Cape Breton Island, now a corporal at an East Coast Station; Pat Corley of Vancouver, now at WAC HQ; Mabel Green of Agassiz, B.C., now at AFHQ and Dora Skene, now a corporal at Hagersville, Ont.

The film has a unique introduction by the Chief of the Air Staff, Air Marshal Robert Leckie, CB, DSO, DSC, DFC, speaking from his office in the Lisgar Building at AFHQ. While filming was in progress, wincos, sergeants, squadron leaders and civilian stenographers tip-toed about the wire-entangled corridor near his office. "Shhh —" whispered a steno to a wide-eyed officer who came tripping down the corridor wondering what it was all about — "they're shooting the CAS!"

Certain technical sequences were made at 1 Wireless School, Montreal, and some of the supplementary technical work was done at 1 Clinical Investigation Unit, Toronto.

To demonstrate an ideal voice, the film shows Walter Winchell and President Roosevelt at mikes. A combination of Winchell's brassy voice and FDR's well-paced, clear and distinct tones would be perfect for intercom, the instructor suggests.

And to demonstrate how speech sounds are produced, an infant's wailing is recorded on the screen. Even in the baby's cries there's a story. The young scene stealer happens to be the offspring of Bob Anderson, director and producer in charge for the National Film Board. The day the cameras were on hand to shoot the baby's cries, his feeding was slightly delayed so that he'd get mad and yell for chow.

FL Ibbett had the highest praise for the airmen and WDs' ability as actors. He was also amazed at the co-operation from the actors after working with temperamental big timers in the old days. Before joining the RCAF he was an associate producer at Warner Brothers and prior to that with 20th Century Fox as a writer. He also wrote and produced NBC's "First Nighter" radio program in 1929, starring Don Ameche, and subsequently produced "Hollywood Hotel."

The professional quality of the film is due not only to FL Ibbett's efforts but also to the ability of Director Bob Anderson, Cameraman Donald Fraser, Sound Technician Gordon Fraser and Camera Operator L. C. Batchelor, all skilled men from the National Film Board. LAW Esther Raber of Medicine Hat, Alta., (now a sergeant at AFHQ) was Joeed as script girl.

'Over to You!'



"Is that my voice?" asks puzzled LAW Gladys Eckford of Repat Sgt A. R. Burrows in "Over to You" scene. She's listening to a playback of a voice recording just made.

Next morning before technicians and cameramen got set to shoot FL Ibbett ripped down the blankets. Repats blinked as they wandered into the canteen to find a glittering Hollywood "set" at one end. And instead of stuffing the nickelodian and fanning the morning breeze they tip-toed over to the set, stood silently intrigued by the battery of cameras, lights and all the fascinating procedure of shooting a new Air Force training film, "Over to You."

That's the name of this RCAF movie — "Over to You" — the end of a spoken message, a film designed to improve the microphone technique of aircrew, R/T operators and all other personnel required to use intercom in the course of duty.

"Over to You" keynotes the importance of clear speech and gets over clearly the basic rules on proper speech for any communications system. Open your mouth, emphasizes the classroom instructor in the movie — speak slowly, enunciate clearly, use proper sense of rhythm, keep the voice raised at the end of a sentence, use a brassy, penetrating tone, think it out first.

FL Ibbett had been a producer with Warner Brothers but he also knew the importance of inter-com, his fighter control experience overseas taught him that. So when the RCAF decided to make the film he was brought back from overseas to handle the job.

Two "musts" on his movie memo pad were a strictly RCAF cast and an instructor with a 100 per cent Canadian voice. Job No. 1 was to find that instructor — an officer, preferably with wings. Off he went as a talent scout roaming around AFHQ with an ear cocked for a voice strictly Canadian. His ears were buzzing before he finally settled on SL Carroll "Mac" McLeod, author of "Dat Hampshire Hair Train Plan" and numerous other poems — then in Training Division, but now an instructor at Deseronto, Ont.

But who to get for students? A contingent of repats had just arrived back from overseas so he arranged with GC Geoffrey O'Brian, Rockcliffe CO, and before nightfall FL Ibbett was peering into the faces of 200 aircrew NCOs. Thirty "outstanding types" got the job.

"We couldn't have a bunch of NCOs and warrant officers pictured in a



Ready to shoot. Technical advisor FL F. G. Ibbett stresses importance of clear voice, places mike in front of repat actors. LAW Raber (now Sgt), script girl, is in rear.

RCAF In France



LEADER

FL Bill Disher, Toronto, groundcrew party boss.

TOUCHDOWN

Dakota transport lands with first load of RCAF groundcrew flown to Normandy. Choking, desert-like dust makes ground jobs tough.



CHECKING OUT

Boys get acquainted with Mae Wests just in case of channel trouble. All smiles, they prepare to leave green fields for dusty battleground.



OFF AGAIN

Safely escorted across channel by RCAF Spit pilots, Canucks are rushed by RAF lorries to slit trenches near landing strip where they'll pitch tents.

INVASION — AIR FORCE STYLE

"RCAF in Malta . . . in the Aleutians . . . in Iceland . . ." are some of the titles that have headlined in WINGS the doings of the Canuck "Rover Boys" of this war. But the pictures in this special four-page folder record the most momentous step yet taken by the men of the RCAF in this war, as Canuck airmen took over the first Allied landing strip in France.

When white-striped Dakotas touched down in Normandy and disgorged RCAF groundcrews a few days after the invasion began . . . when a Yank landing ship's ramps rumbled beneath the wheels of an RCAF truck convoy rolling onto French soil . . . is was the pay-off for months of commando and transport training by our groundcrews. For the erks armed with wrenches and sten guns, this was the biggest moment in nearly five years of war. Under Winco Dean Nesbitt of Ottawa the field was soon a'hum with efficient activity, the very Dakotas that brought the first party being loaded with army casualties for a swift return flight to British hospitals. In no time gas-starved Spits were landing to refuel, and scarcely had the first Canuck fighter wing in France become well established than its CO, the RAF's Winco Johnny Johnson, downed his 33rd Nazi to become the Allies' top-scoring ace.



LAND HO!

Most of these RCAF fighter HQ lads see French soil for the first time as they follow advance guard by boat and land in captured Normandy village.



LET'S GO

Sarges wait while Cpl Ken Humphries of Toronto kisses CWAC wife goodbye.



LAST LOOK

Shoving off for big adventure, Canucks watch Old Blighty disappear from view.



DANGER

Ship dodges mine. WC Paul Pitcher, Montreal, left, with senior RAF and U.S. officers, see it float past.



FRANCE

Once ashore, RCAF convy hauls mobile-base equipment to newly-won Normandy airstrip.



CHOW

Grub is served when the boys hit an RCAF field of the 2nd TAF commanded by WC M. Brown, Winnipeg. In high spirits, they eat fast and prepare for the night.



FIRST CALL

No time is wasted finding local pubs but erks discover supply of drinks low.



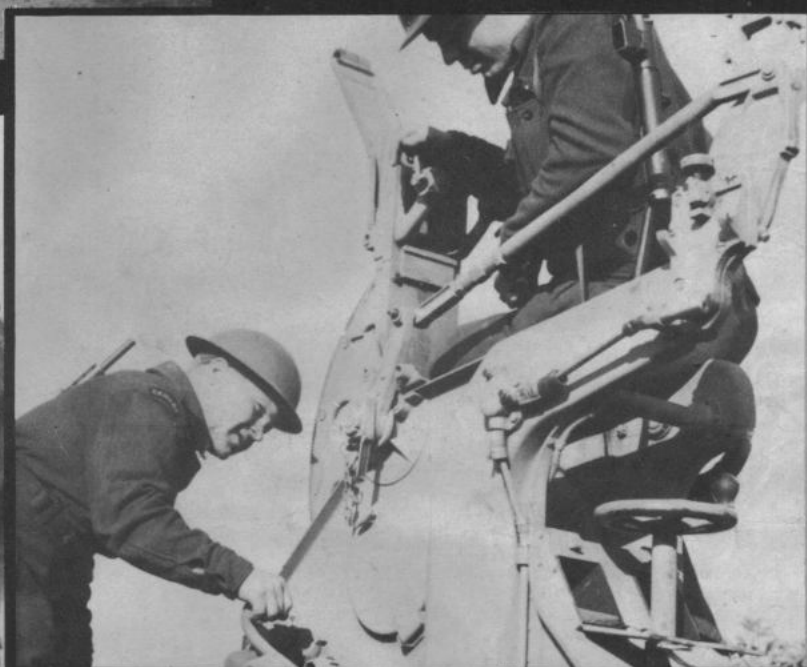
TOP KICKS

Dusty but pleased, WC Dean Nesbitt, CO of the strip, WC Johnny Johnson, RAF ace whose wing's based there and RCAF's GC Bill MacBrien discuss the setup.



NEW MASTERS

Between flights Canuck pilots get friendly with Nazi horses.



SALVAGED

German ack-ack gun gets once over from LACs W. Kaipainum, Port Arthur and J. A. Freeman, Hamilton. Other guns still shelled field as strip was laid.



HOSPITAL KITES

These Dakotas flew wounded back home.



WAITING Ambulances stand by ready to pick up injured and rush them to flying hospital ships as they land.



'EASY, NOW' From waiting ambulances wounded are placed on litters that fit in three tiers inside aircraft for England-bound trip.



SCALPED Dust is bad so LAC Leo Dion, Hull, gives Bill Wingrove, Port Coquitlan, B. C., victory haircut.



BEDDED DOWN Cpl Clare Bowen, Toronto MT mech, safe from Hek-splinters in old Nazi trench.



LEFTOVERS Ammunition left behind by the Germans is examined by Sgt Monty Everett, Medicine Hat, LAC C. D. Porritt, LAC H. Lord, Hamilton.

BLIND DATE

BY LUC ROSS IRISH



Gullible Buck figured he'd be moon-struck but instead got goon-struck

ONE noonday about two weeks ago my ex-friend Bozo McSnur calls to me as I'm on my way out the mess hall door. "Hey, Buck," he says, "Wait up." I wait for him and when he catches up he asks, "What are ya doin Friday night?"

"Just what I usually do," I replies. "Sleep."

"Naw," he says, "I mean before that."

"What do you mean before that," I cracks, "there's nothin before sleep."

"O.K.," he says, "but look, how about going to the Commodore with me?"

I'm about to decline but he doesn't give me the chance. "Look," he says, "I met the nicest dish ya ever laid eyes on, at the K of C the other night and I ask her to go to the club Friday night but she won't go unless her girl friend goes."

Right away I smell a rat. "Nice to have seen you Bozo," I says, "maybe we'll bump into each other again sometime. It's a small world, ya know."

"Ah, Buck, wait a minute," he pleads with tears in his voice. "Do me just this one favour, I'll even pay the shot."

Now that helps his argument a lot so I asks: "What does she look like?"

"Well," he says, "I ain't never seen her myself but Bessie says she's a real nice girl."

But I'm still pretty leery of this blind date business, having been on a couple before and batted zero each time. Bozo does a lot of high pressure talkin' though and against my better judgment I say yes. That makes Bozo very happy. So off he goes with neither of us realizing that that was the beginning of the end of our friendship.

We're to pick the girls up at 9.30, so at nine I'm ready and waitin' when Bozo comes around. It's a nice night for Newfie and I enjoy that night.

HOMELY AS NIGHT

We'd bin walkin' for about ten minutes when Bozo announced we're there and points to a shack alongside the road. We stop at the gate and Bozo whistles. They must have been plenty anxious cause Bozo's whistle hadn't finished echoin off the icebergs before they're standing there beside us. It's too dark to see what their faces are like but it don't take much figurin' to know which one is mine. If she was five foot I'll eat a suit of issue underwear, and so thin a whole olive in her stomach would have doubled her waist line. A fine combination for my six-foot and 170 pounds. I don't get a look at her face till we're down the road a bit and a car goes by. In the glare of the headlights I snatched a quick look, expecting the worst and gettin' it. With difficulty I stifle a scream. She has features all right but what an assembly job. Her complexion fits everything else. The light only lasted for a moment, somethin' I am thankful for, cause it gives me a chance to get used to the idea before I have to look at her again. To top it all off, she giggled. It ranged from a low titter to a piercing scream. By the way of conversation I say, "Nice night, isn't it," and I thought she'd have hysterics. I kept my big mouth shut after that.



"I stifled a scream"

We get to the club OK and once inside, my dame, whose name I learn is Gertie, says: "Will ya scuse us till we go upstairs and make ourselves pretty?"

"Sure," I says, figuring it to be a major project for her and countin' on a couple of hours at least.

To my dismay though she takes less time than any dame I ever met. In no time at all they're downstairs again and Gertie leering at me with what she fondly thinks is a smile. Then I notice for the first time she has teeth. Two of them hung down like a couple of icicles. I can't think of anythin better to do, so we go over to a table in the corner, the darkest one I can find. We just get seated nicely when Gertie wants to dance. I'm not very happy about the prospect but I can't think of any excuse. She's too short for me to get my arm around her waist so I compromise with a shoulder blade that sticks out of her back like the business end of a plough and she hangs her chin on my tunic belt. We just get started when she says "Du ya jitterbug by?" "Nope," I says, "never learned."

"Its more fun," she says, "C'mon, I'll learn ya."

She won't take no for an answer and half an hour later I'm swingin' her and she's swingin' me and I'm getting the worst of it. Then I get an idea. Maybe if I swing her just a wee bit too hard she'll go flyin and maybe bust a leg or an arm or somethin' serious. Bein' a gentleman though I put it out of my mind for thirty seconds or so, then wind up and let fly.

She takes off like a rocket and I close my eyes to wait for the crash. Nothin' happens, so I open my eyes in time to see her comin' at me a mile a minute. It's too late to duck so she hits me square in the belly and I go flyin' under a table. By the time I recover enough to know what is going on she's haulin' me out from under the wreckage and sayin' how sorry she is and

was I hurt. After I look me over I tell her there's nothin' serious but let's sit down for a while. Bozo and his gal are at the table when we get there and the dames ask can they be excused to go pretty up again. Once they're gone Bozo sits waiting for the blast, but I'm too far gone to be bothered. Then he makes a suggestion.

"Do ya really want to get rid of her?" he says. "Worse than Hitler," I says with as much feeling as I can muster.

"O.K.," he says, "I've got a bottle of Screech here. Maybe we can get her stewed up enough to pass out."

"Look," I says, "I'm no drinkin' man, and from the way things are goin' it would be me that would end up under the table."

"Ya don't have to take that chance," he says, and outlines a scheme that sounds fool-proof. When the dames come back Bozo, actin' according to plan, takes Bessie out to dance. Once they're gone I says, "Would ya like a little drink, Gertie?" She says she would, so I pour out a couple. One about 10 per cent Screech and 90 per cent coke and the other vice-versi. Then I says: "Look at Bozo," who wasn't doing anythin' more unusual than dance, and while she's looking I switch glasses. Havin' seen Bozo and giggled, she samples her drink. "Mmmmm," she says. "Good, smells like molasses, by, don't it? Is it very strong?"

"Naw" I says, "you saw me make it up. It's weak as anythin'."

GERT GETS LIVELIER

Satisfied, she downs it and in the next half hour I get half the bottle in her. After every drink I watch her out of the corner of my eye expectin' the top of her head to blow off, but nothin' happens, except that she gets livelier and wants to dance some more.

I figure if half a bottle won't stop her nothin' will, so we get out on the floor again. This time she shows me some steps that have a lot of kickin' in them. After a minute or two I see possibilities in this. I calculate that if I can kick her just behind the ear, I might knock her out. With a little luck it might even be fatal. Twice I manoeuvre her into position and let fly. She's fast on her feet though and I miss both times. I just get her lined up again and am about to let go when the music stops and the lights on the juke box go out. The dance is over and am I happy. All I have to do now is get her home. Bozo and his dame lag behind but I light out with Gertie at a near dog trot. In a few minutes we're at the house where we'd picked them up and skid to a stop. I'm getting ready to take it on the lam when Gertie says: "This ain't where I live, Bessie lives here, I live down the road a bit."

We light out again and an hour later she still lives down the road a bit and I'm beginnin' to think she must live in an igloo. We keep goin' though and about 2.30 get to her place. Needless to say I'm not trottin' any longer. In fact if it had bin much farther I'd have probably finished up ridin' her piggy back. Now that we're there I figure on givin' her the quick brush off and gettin' down the road a ways to a spot where I can sit down and rest a bit. With this in mind I say "Well, g'd night Gert," and turn to go when she grabs me by the coat and asks, "Ain't cha goin' to kiss me good night, by?"

Now I always figured that to be my line, so she gets me off guard agin. I try to do some quick thinkin' but all I come up with is, "But I hardly know ya!" which is the answer I usually get to the same question. It ain't good enough though. She says, "The sailors and army boys always kiss me good night."

"Sure," I says, "but some of them have been up here over two years."

A BREAK FOR SAFETY

While she's figurin' that out I try to get away again but she grabs me by the coat tails. "Don't be shy," she says, "I don't mind."

I'm too tired to try to argue so I close my eyes and try to pretend it is someone else, which don't work very good. She's hanging around my neck and goin' at it as if she was trying to gore me to death with those two terrible tusks. I finally beat her off and broke for safety with her yellin' somethin' about when is she goin' to see me again. I yell back that I'm being posted to Goose Bay as soon as I can arrange it. After, I began to wonder if that is any farther from her place than our own station is.

That is how Bozo becomes my ex-friend. The funny part is, I'm not mad at him, he's mad at me. He's mad cause when I came in that morning at 5 a.m. I found him sleeping like a baby. That was the last straw, so I threw a bucket of cold water on him and went to bed.



LOG OF THE RCAF

VOL. 2

OTTAWA, CANADA AUGUST, 1944

No. 7

Wrong Number Please

Inglorious though it may be, every ground trade has its compensations, from the kitchen GD's access to the best pork chop in the oven to the SP's ability to be alone in large crowds. But the latest orchid to the creative imagination of Joseph Erk



goes to a crew of signalmen on a west coast station.

Finding themselves with a number of telephones left over after an installation job and hating to waste them, these juice joes wired them as bunkside extensions spliced into the outside line. Several balmy weeks of enjoying this handy asset to modern barrack living ensued, nor did they ask recognition for their enterprise and ingenuity. Only the aroused suspicions of the local telephone company brought their work into the limelight, whereupon the CO saw that the lads were justly rewarded for their efforts, giving them an earful on a direct line of his own.

Mapreading

Ever since we visited the sales manager of a large company and saw a map of the world on his wall, pinpointed at every spot where the firm had a roving representative, we have wanted one of those for our own cubbyhole. Trouble was we never had anybody to pin-point till recently, but now by some strange

Service miracle WINGS finds itself with a few bodies which are becoming scattered to the four winds, madly seeking the treasure of Service news, color and personalities. So the orders have gone out to the art department and a large mural will be hung any time now.

Somewhere in B.C., pictured hanging by his knees under the wings of a Canso, will be Sgt. Eric Nicol. He wasn't kidding when he confessed to airsickness in "Run for your lives!", last issue, and the animated map will have to show him scattering gifts all over the west coast. Between covering station doings he will continue to write mad chronicles like "Something on Accounts", on page 19. Way over on the other side of the map will be a fogbank hiding FS Don Kennedy, who knows well the Atlantic haunts, he is now haunting for WINGS (see page 5).

By the time you read this Cpl. Ron Rewbury, recently torn bodily from an MT in Gander, will be horsebacking across the Alberta cow country and snaffling his bridle to hitching posts at outfits like High River, Lethbridge and De Winton,



to see what all you range pals are up to. Oh yes, and there'll have to be a corner panel, drawn to scale, showing Ricky roving between London and any foxhole in France, trying to keep up with the adventures of Joe Erk (see page 19).

MAIL RUN

RAF Issue

This may seem like a very petty grievance to you, and perhaps it is. It is one however that the fellows on the island here talk over and beef about very much.

Why can the Canadian government ship hundreds of Canadian uniforms over here for English girls, who have never been within 2,000 miles of Canada? Yet the Canadian lads over here have to wear English uniforms and equipment after their first issues get worn out.

Sunderland Billet, RCAF Overseas,

Sounds like one of those rumors. If you mean English girls in the British Women's Service, the Department of Munitions and Supply says that Canada makes no uniforms for them. Clothing is shipped over-

seas for WDs because their uniform differs radically from the WAAF; some English girls have been enlisted in the WD and naturally must wear WD uniforms. On the other hand, airmen's uniforms in the RAF and RCAF are almost identical, and to save shipping space RAFmen in Canada get RCAF issue and vice-versa. — Ed.

No can do.

I want to send copies of WINGS home to England. Can it be done through your office? I seem to remember some scheme you had at Christmas or New Year's for an annual subscription or something. What was it? Are back numbers of WINGS available?

LAC L. H. Grace,
26 EFTS, RAF,
Neepawa, Man.

And of course, Ottawa will be shown on the map as a large haystack of galley proofs underneath which will be entombed the rest of the slaves whose names appear in the box in the bottom right-hand corner of this page. Including J. Patrick ("Luckless") O'Lee who, after finally making aircrew finds himself strung up between EF and SF even as you and you, and has temporarily come back to his drawing board, his airbrush and his dreams. If you want to know what he dreams about — besides getting to SFTS — take an eyeful at page 18.

The Voice

Any job can be exhausting and this RCAF sound-truck operator's voice was getting hoarse from making announcements in downtown Calgary for the local VD campaign. So the driver pulled over to the curb while his team mate had a fag. It was a cheerful, breezy summer day and the passing scenery was good. The two in the truck commented appreciatively on the choicer chunks of femininity, voiced their envy of a lucky airman who strolled past with a beautiful gal, went "Mmmm Mmmm!" at appropriate intervals. Then they butted their smokes and drove off about their business quite unaware — till they read a startling story in the local paper next day — that their running commentary had been pouring into an open mike and booming all over the street.

Ace High

Our kid brothers of the Air Cadets have their own magazine of the same name, and in salting away flying gen for his many readers among RCAF juveniles, Editor Hugh Kemp has piled up a lot of interesting facts about Canuck fliers at home and overseas. He recently finished writing the stories of 28 of them, which can now be obtained on the newsstands in a simple paper booklet called "Canada's Aces". To our knowledge it's the first roundup of this type anyone has yet produced

and — despite the lurid mauve and yellow comic-book cover — not only makes inspiring reading but offers a handy reference to tuck away for your post-war library.

Something that would look good on the wall of that den you're planning for after the war is the full-color illustrated copy of "High Flight", the now internationally famous poem by the late PO John G. Magee, Jr., the American fighter pilot who gave his life in action overseas. With the striking decoration by SL Hal Booth, head of the RCAF Art Section, this makes as fine a Service souvenir as you could ask for, and profit from the quarter you pay for it in your canteen goes to the RCAF Benevolent Fund.

Aircrew Rec

There's a kind-hearted and work-loving squadron leader (darned if we'll say where) who devotes considerable spare time to a troop of Boy Scouts. He hit on a brilliant idea



for a field project, arranging for four airmen from his station to step off the station bus in town the next evening the troops met. The SL would point them out to his young G-men and, giving the boys in blues a head-start in the downtown crowds, the Scouts would try to bring 'em back alive to troop HQ. Well, the kids in the stove-pipe pants really did their stuff and brought in their quarry in jig time, fighting and kicking like a quartet of escaped Nazis. Particularly two of them who weren't a part of the original foursome at all, and never heard of the SL and his partisans and who demanded to know when had this crew of Yugoslav guerillas invaded Canada disguised as Boy Scouts?

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Sooner or later every Joe overseas finds himself in a lineup like this at Base Accounts Unit.

LONDON BUREAU

Overseas Gen Palace doles out dough, shapes up personal records and is No. 1 RCAF beef joint

by SGT. E. P. DUVAL
RCAF Public Relations

GREAT BRITAIN — Once upon a time the Canadian Government said that it was taking over responsibility for all pay and allowances of all personnel in the RCAF, whether serving in Canadian squadrons or with the RAF and in all theatres of war — which meant an additional expenditure of many millions of dollars.

Now millions of dollars is a lot of money, and it didn't mean that all the paymasters had to do was to dig a little deeper into their jeans to give the boys their Canadian rates of pay. Have you ever tried to get rid of millions upon millions of dollars? It isn't easy and that's what a lot of guys in the RCAF found out. That pile of dough had plenty of complications and headaches attached, and the place where the Bromo sales soared was right in London, Eng.

First guy to reach for the Bromo was WC E. H. Knight, Quebec City, senior accountant at an RAF unit in England at the time, who was called into consultation, and remained to become commanding officer of the United Kingdom Base Accounts Unit.

Officers assisting him were those drawn from the ranks of practising accountants, hand-picked for the job, including SL, now WC Gordon McDougall, of Toronto and FL, now SL Frank Seidel of Montreal.

The upshot of all this is that now, a year later, there's a place in London, a gen palace, taking up part of three floors of one of the biggest department stores in the world. The gen palace includes the Base Accounts Unit, RCAF Overseas Records Office, and the Reception Centre. There's hardly a Joe in the Air Force who doesn't beef

about something at the gen palace when he's passing through London.

The job of setting up was a tough one, but when the 200 bodies on the staff moved in, an efficient office began to grow out of what had been counter space. Only half the telephones were connected, workmen were putting up offices with great gusto and noise. Plaster dust filled the air. "The place was in a bedlam" said SL Seidel. Added to the confusion were intermittent air raids.

To-day Winco Knight is back in Canada, as Command accountant at No. 3 TC headquarters, Montreal, while SL Seidel is the Deputy Camp Commandment of RCAF Overseas Headquarters, and Winco McDougall is Base Accounts Liaison officer. They have watched the organization grow from four walls to a unit which now rambles over 70,000 square feet of floor space.

"In those days," Winco McDougall recalls, "the staff worked day and night — and working right along with them were the ever-faithful Air Ministry contractors, hammering up walls, crashing down planks and slapping up plaster. Our throats were sore from inhaling the plaster dust. There was one continual din. Our desks were in the middle of the floor and when phones rang we'd have to spend minutes looking for them."

When the authorities said the magic words that put RCAF men everywhere directly on Canada's pay roll, they created something of a problem. A pay system and unit had to be set up from which no pattern could be taken. It was a brand new project.

"You see," said McDougall, "stations in Canada have their own accounts unit — a separate entity. But here the records of all personnel in Gibraltar, U.K., Iceland, Australia, New Zealand,

the Faroes and Azores, are maintained at Base Unit."

That, guys, means a lot of records. Just how many is censorable material but you could paper a fair sized house with the ledger sheets alone. That also, means a lot of minor headaches carried by some 400 minions who run the place. It means a lot of erks sitting at rough-wood knock-down tables spread around a huge room, crying over their ledgers because they can't for the moment make them balance. And a lot more guys and gals sweating it out over the thousands of letters overseas airmen write in beefing about pay. The registry alone handles some 70,000 files with well over a thousand of them bouncing around the unit every day.

For instance, there's one erk who does nothing all day but sit at a machine and photograph all documents — records of pay, etc. The spools of 35 mm film, carrying pictures of the documents are carefully filed away in fire-proof, bomb-proof vaults.

This place probably carries more frowns per capita than any other unit in the Air Force. Two floors under the pay unit is another where moans about promotion, etc., are straightened out. This place is known as the RCAF Overseas Records office.

There is where WC Dillon Thompson, Hamilton and Toronto, comes in. He was largely responsible for setting up the Records Office which came into being about the same time as the accounts unit.

Roughly, the set-up works something like this. The hundreds of units where Canucks are stationed send in seven copies of "Personnel Occurrence Reports" — DRO's to you. If an acey deucey in the Shetlands gets his acey oncey, the information is recorded on his R230, along with his postings, temporary duty, leave, etc.

The mechanized division of the Records Office is machine records. There they have many wondrous thing-me-bobs. The puncher transfers info from DROs to a small card in the form of small holes scattered through it. A WD sits at what looks like a typewriter with a lot of what looks like unnecessary junk attached. As she types the little card pops out of one end full square holes. Another machine can take a flock of these punched cards and sort them at the rate of 350 a minute — and sort them whatever way you want them sorted. Another machine absorbs them and can tell you how many Seventh Day Adventists are in the RCAF.

Next to Accounts where the boys get their pay, the Reception Centre where they can get smokes and food is the most popular. Scattered through the room are comfortable chairs where airmen can fan the breeze or read a Canadian magazine. Around the rim of the Reception Centre are the offices of the RC and Protestant padres, the educational officer, liaison and auxiliary services officer.

And that's the gen palace. A lot of words have been said about a headquarters unit . . . the chair-borne division and white collar workers. Most of the work at the gen palace is done by Canadian girls and there are quite a few guys about the place breaking their hearts because they can't go aircrew. After all, everybody can't fly a Spitfire in this war, and, dammit, somebody's got to do the paper work.

Gen on every airman serving outside Canada is kept in this Overseas HQ file. Here LAC Fred Reynolds, Winnipeg, Cpl Bob Richardson, Hamilton, check for data.

Cpl Eileen Moore, Saskatoon, runs complicated machine transferring info from "DROs" to cards, interpreted in form of small square holes.



\$omething on Accounts

By SGT ERIC NICOL

In an analytical survey of the manner in which airmen divide their time, the RCAF Statistics Bureau recently approached a number of average AC2s and made several revealing discoveries, notably:

1. The average AC2 runs like hell when approached by anybody.

2. If asked politely how he spends his time he promptly clamps his mouth shut, usually on the fleshy part of the enquirer's leg.

On the basis of research amongst other ranks, however, the Statistics Bureau has been able to prepare an outline of how airmen spend their 24-hour day, viz:

- (a) sleeping: 8 hours
- (b) sleeping (off-duty): 4 hours
- (c) eating: 3 hours
- (d) activities which the Statistics Branch blushes to mention: 6 hours.

It will be observed that the remaining 3 hours are not accounted for by the Statistics Branch, which hurriedly blows its nose and offers to do a few card tricks instead. The truth of the matter is, of course, those 3 hours are spent waiting in the accounts section, sometimes known as "The Home of the Living Dead."

Many people have been known to spend the better part of a lifetime standing at the counter in accounts, blindly hoping that somebody will wait on them. Anytime you lose your bearings on a station it is necessary merely to go into accounts and look at someone waiting at the counter — whichever side the moss is growing on is north.

The reason for this is that clerk accountants are carefully trained to ignore everything short of an actual stampede of water buffalo through the middle of the room. Accounts NCOs, moreover, are specially selected for their inability to see a person standing at a counter five feet from their desk. Unless you are actually led into the recruiting centre by a Seeing Eye dog, there is no chance of your ever becoming a flight sergeant in Accounts.

The clerk accountant must also pass a rigid trade test before obtaining his "A" group. The trade test officer stands before a dummy counter and tries to attract the clerk's attention by



wiggling his ears, taking out his eyes and rolling them along the counter, and setting off small charges of dynamite. If the clerk can blandly ignore these operations, and particularly if he manages to doze off while the officer is pulling down the walls with a bulldozer, then he draws two-bits extra a day.

Once a month the station warrant officer visits the accounts section and orders everybody to stand up. This is the only way of telling whether any member of the section has died.

The holy writ of the accounts section is its acquittance roll, a long document made out in 20 copies and including the name of every person on the station except you.

I encountered this striking characteristic of the acquittance roll on my first pay parade. The scene was Toronto Manning Depot. Our flight was sitting in one section of an arena trembling with the roar of five thousand flat-broke airmen drooling in unison. Below us a flight sergeant was bawling garbled instructions over an asthmatic PA system.

"Initials gloomph to phttt inclusive line up behind the zoochgablimp," he boomed.

I turned to the airman beside me.

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'initials gloomph to phttt inclusive line up behind the zoochgablimp'" replied the fellow coolly.

"Thanks," I said, noting his face in case I should ever have an opportunity to put my foot in it.

Counting my beads at full throttle, I fell in with the mob jostling in the general direction of the Zoochgablimp. There a sergeant called off a list of names which failed to include mine. I went up to him and tugged his sleeve gently.

"My name wasn't on the list," I confided.

"Oh, new man, eh?" he grunted. "How long you been at Manning?"

"Eight months," I said hoarsely.

He laughed in my face, causing my eyebrows to go up in two puffs of white smoke.

"Oh, yeah, I heard about you," he chuckled nastily. "The training wing liked your version of the about-turn so well they held you over, didn't they?"

I nodded, smiling modestly and shuffling my feet a little.

"Get in at the end of the line! I'll put your name on the list".

I started out for the end of the line, reaching it shortly before dark. From my vantage point I could see two SPs standing behind the paymaster, and I could easily see why. The guy looked like a crook even from where I was standing, roughly a quarter of a mile away.

I couldn't have had to shave more than a couple of times before I found myself nearing the pay desk.

"Give your name and number!" bellowed the sergeant, who was noticeably greayer at the temples than when I first saw him.

Suddenly, two men short of my goal, my memory went AWL, I couldn't remember my name and number. Panic swept over me, to be replaced by abject despair. I stepped up to the table, saluted, and then started to cry quietly.

"Name and number?" snapped the officer.

"I don't remember," I mumbled.

Everybody stared at me suspiciously. I tensed myself for a blast of lead from the SPs' revolvers.

"There's only one name left here, sir," whispered the paymaster's aide. "It must be this guy. Twenty-five cents."

The officer put out a quarter. I fumbled for it eagerly, bobbling it into his lap, crawling after it between the legs of his chair, and finally running sobbing from the scene with it clutched in a hot, trembling fist.

I was stopped by the parade sergeant.

"Wanta buy five copies of WINGS, bub?" he asked, twisting my arm with his eyes. "Just twenty-five cents . . ."

Umbriago is a nightmare for the boys who fly by day

by PO DALTON McALISTER

DUNNVILLE — Whoa!!! . . . No 6 SFTS Dunnville's nanny goat mascot has a new side-kick and POs Bud Milligan and Mac McConnell have solved their war-time transportation problem.

Recently the two officers waved \$75 under the noses of the local farmers and got Umbriago, a rig, a harness, a bag of oats and a bag of bran. Also in on it was WO2 Jack McGeehan who has since become a flight officer in the US Army Air Corps.

Now Umbriago is a home-town product but the rig, estimated to be 50 years old, came from nearby Cayuga. It isn't exactly a surrey, but in its better days it boasted a sort of fringe on top — now practically a minus quantity as a result of several prangs.

Umbriago herself is sweet sixteen and never been missed (says Bud). She is right on the bit for her age — is camera shy, and has a vicious and unpredictable reverse gear. She is also amphibious. The townspeople of nearby Port Maitland must have doubted their sanity one night when they saw her plowing along the beach in three feet of water pulling the carriage-turned-boat. "Flying instruction is next", says PO McConnell. "Who was this nag, Pegasus, anyway?"

Several times Umbriago has kicked over what's left of the traces and run madly through neighboring communities. On her most recent exploit, she flew too low and clipped a parked car, wrecking a fender, knocking off a hub cap, and splitting the gas tank. The owners got a bill,



Dunnville's Umbriago, with matching accessories (the rig), set back its owners exactly \$75

but, of course Umbriago got off scott free.

A creature of impulses, she one day suddenly decided to turn sharply to starboard while pulling a carriage-load of guests. The carriage did a slow roll to the left — which manoeuvre Umbriago was compelled to follow against her wishes. When the dust cleared away, the rig had lost its top and a mud-guard, one guest had lost consciousness, but Umbriago had lost nothing — neither face nor poise.

Umbriago's future is clouded with uncertainty. Says Bud Milligan "We're undecided between the butcher shop and the glue factory." But in the meantime the lads are reasonably sure of getting around the local countryside — at least until grass is rationed.

THIS COOK IS A PAL

EAST COAST — Lowly orange crates and humble butter boxes have been promoted to Acting Furniture (Unpaid) in a crowded east coast city where airmen and airwomen find living-out quarters are sparsely furnished. Their friend-indeed in a time-of-need is Sgt-cook Pete Dooks, chow boss of the new canteen-cafeteria at EAC HQ who rescues boxes and crates from salvage piles. A nail here and a coat of paint there converts them into essential book-cases, dressing tables and cupboards.

'Docked' in India

Hospital huts of bamboo house Air Force sick paraders in India — land of mystery and dysentery

Because of distances involved, lack of facilities and necessity of taking all possible precautions, RCAF men on the India-Burma Front are sent to hospital when they suffer even comparatively minor diseases. Thus a large proportion of all personnel in the theatre have been "in dock" at least once during their Far East service. To relieve boredom during convalescence from dysentery, an RCAF officer wrote these "Impressions in Dock".

INDIA — I briefly told the station MO my symptoms, quite common ones in this part of the world, and he gave me a little brown slip of paper on which were written a number of typically hard-to-read medical phrases. I did get "sus. dys.", however — I was suspected of having dysentery. We were both pretty sure of it, the MO and I, for I'd had it before, and he saw cases almost every day.

"The ambulance will be leaving tomorrow morning about nine, it'll pick you up," he said. I wasn't sick enough to travel in an ambulance, but the hospital was some miles from the station, and it was the most convenient way of getting there.

"Theek hai, Butch, see you in a few weeks." The theek hai, Hindustani equivalent of "OK", is almost universal among troops in India. The Butch, as almost anywhere, is the MO.

Ten miles over an unbelievably rough road next morning and I reached a river-bank clearing station. I would have to wait for the boat — the hospital was on an island down the river. How long would I have to wait? Until the boat came, probably in an hour or so, possibly tomorrow. India is like that.

I sat on my baggage whiling away the time by reading a fugitive-from-a-dentist's office magazine and ordering up cups of lukewarm and insipid tea from the "chah wallah" at an anna—two cents — a cup. At last a smelly little gasoline launch chugged into the dock.

My companions-in-misery and I boarded her. I shouldered the kit of a British tommy who was too weak to walk alone while a companion half carried him aboard. Probably malaria, possibly dengue.

For half an hour we chugged stoutly against a five-mile current, sometimes making hardly noticeable way. Finally another dock, at which was tied up a hospital ship. Once white, she had seen much service, and even the huge red crosses on her sides and superstructure were sketchy.

More checking of documents, another ambulance, and a short ride to the hospital. The road was being "improved", we noticed listlessly. Coolie women and children, some of them four or five years old, were tiredly and gently patting the earth down with sticks, varying in thickness from a man's thumb to his wrist, and about eight or 10 inches long.

Finally, the hospital, a group of long, single-storied huts. We went in and a Bengali clerk at a desk was drinking tea. He went over our documents once again.

Here I ran into a bit of difficulty. "Name and number" were all right, but I had to translate my Air Force rank into the army equivalent, and assure him I was an officer. We had a bit more

trouble about my religion, so I conceded a point and became "Church of England" instead of an Anglican, which was not on his list of recognized religions.

Then over to the ward. A long, single-story hut, built completely of bamboo, palm and grass, without a nail or even a piece of rope. Here was a white woman, the first I'd seen in some weeks, a member of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Nursing Service. The British Army has no nursing service of its own, as such, but uses this semi-official organization even as the RAF uses the Princess Mary organization. I looked around for a well-placed bed among the four or five she told me I could choose between, and picked out what I thought was the best. The prevailing breeze, whether the sun will shine in your eyes first thing in the morning, the distance to the bathroom and the condition of the mattress — you learn to look for all these things in choosing a billet. There were 30 beds in the ward, about 20 of them filled. Dysentery patients were at one end, surgical patients grouped at one side at the other, malaria, together in the centre.

Off clothes, a bath and pyjamas and into bed came next. The bath was in a tin basin in a tent at the back of the hut — neither better nor worse

The afternoon was taken up by reading and writing and the inevitable siesta. Tea time, then evening bath, MO's rounds, dinner and sleep. Reading in the evening was possible but a problem. There were a few electric lights, far too dim to read by, and as usual storm lanterns were at a premium, about one for each half a dozen men. A little backsheesh to the ward boy helped, but several people had the same idea.

Chatting with the sisters was one of the pleasures of the day. The day sister, a tall Irish girl, had only been in India five weeks, and the men in the ward took a delight in teasing her by speaking to her in Hindustani. She would soon pick it up, because it is absolutely necessary in dealing with the Indians who work about the wards and speak only their own language and a smattering of Hindustani.

The night sister, you found, was also Irish, and pretty. She had been out two years, was interested in Canadians, and could pronounce such — to a Britisher — outlandish place names as Saskatchewan, Quebec and Iroquois Falls. She couldn't spend too much time at any one bed, however. She had 23 wards and some 800 patients to visit during her nightly tour, besides a report to make out



"I shouldered the kit of a British tommy who was too weak to walk alone ..."

than that to which I'd become accustomed. Pyjamas were strange, for like a great many men serving in India, I usually slept in a loongy, more or less a piece of cloth about two yards by six, wrapped around my waist, an idea adapted from the natives' clothing. The white flannelette hospital pyjamas would have taken two of me sideways and took about half of me lengthways.

By the time the doctor made his nightly rounds I felt like an old inhabitant. An Indian Army Medical Corps major from the Midlands, he punched my stomach, asked a few questions and ordered the usual tests. He suspected me of having amoebic dysentery. As it turned out it was bacillary, a much more-pleasant-in-treatment variety, and not quite such a long siege.

Next morning I started on my cure. Awakened at seven o'clock, just after first light, with tea, then came the orderly to roll up the mosquito net. Wait for a chance to wash and shave at one of the three basins in the tent. Breakfast of porridge, poached eggs and dry toast. Then, the bed neatly made, lie and read while waiting for the daily inspection. It wasn't really a daily inspection, but turned out to be almost that, the time I was there. First it was the matron's weekly rounds. Then a visiting brigadier was shown about. Then the commanding officer's weekly rounds. Then a touring Air Force officer. Then a major-general of the medical corps. The Supreme Commander, Lord Louis Mountbatten, had come a short time before but I'd missed him. These rounds broke the monotony.

which took her more than two hours.

"Chotah" was the most amusing character in the ward. The wardboys in forward base hospitals in India are nearly always Indians. Chotah was only about two thirds of an Indian — a pure Bengali, but a shade under five feet, thus his Hindustani name, "Small". He had picked up a considerable amount of English which he interspersed with Hindustani and Bengali indiscriminately. He tagged all his patients with names followed by "Sahib", master. A squadron leader in the ward was "Colonel Sahib", the highest rank Chotah knew. An officer who had his appendix removed was "Operation Sahib". Another with a bullet in his thigh was "Karab (Bad) Leg Sahib". A lone pilot in the ward was "Punkka Sahib", for he was the man who made the fan go on the airplane. To most Indians the airscrew on an aircraft is a fan.

Most of the patients, coming from various units, had little in common to talk about except the war, and that was not a popular subject. The surgical, malarial and other patients had what we "dysentery wallahs" thought was an extremely unfair advantage. Everyone, bar stomach patients, was given a ration of a quart of beer each evening at dinner. We used to look longingly at this — the first beer many of us had even seen for months.

At last came the time to go. The official visit to the superintendant to be checked out, and the routine "any complaints." No, everything was fine, thank you. And so — back to duty.

Wingsgirl
FOR AUGUST



By FS Pat O'Lee



Ricky HOPS THE POND

It was back in the war's early days when the quickly accelerating air training machine would occasionally slip a cog and fling a temporarily forgotten band of airmen off into space. A flat top from AFHQ was sent to report on the zero-zero morale of one hapless group of cease-training aircrew. Things were bad all right — till he discovered a bunch of the browned-offers chuckling inanely before a collection of bulletin-board cartoons, each one a grotesque and bitter satire on Air Force life.

Some of them were unprintable. The style was so loose and explosive it threatened to bounce right off the page. But from the the caricatured brass hats to the wee, cowering, timorous acey beasties who scuttled for cover at the smell of a pair of hooks, the stuff was as Air Force as a pair of issue boots. In the corner of each cartoon was a barely decipherable signature "Ricky".

Whisked bodily away to Ottawa, LAC Rickard, H., was set before a drawing board and told to go right on cartooning. Soon his audience was broadened to include browned-off joes of every shade. Dazed and befuddled aceys everywhere stopped moaning long enough to chuckle at Ricky's latest contribution to bulletin-board art, hitched up their Police suspenders and went on fighting the war against the enemies of freedom, as represented by the nearest sergeant.

Gradually Rick discovered that everytime he drew a cartoon containing three or more airmen, one of them was a chubby-faced erk equipped with a skyrocketing hank of hair, an



FO H. RICKARD

An erk leads him around by the nose.

easy neck for violating every order in KR (Air), and a wholeheartedly unquenchable spirit. He decided that the little fellow deserved a chance to star in a comic strip of his own. At which appropriate moment WINGS was launched and Joe Erk went solo.

Like the guy who created Frankenstein, Ricky soon found himself being led around by the nose by his dreamchild. No matter how many high-powered directorates were demanding new and funnier posters to promote this and that great cause, always there was Joe, perched on the corner of his drawing board demanding "What am I gonna do in WINGS this month?" But by deadline — or the day after — Rick always



Overseas posting for AC2 Erk, J. — with Ricky hot on his trail.

came up with Joe wangling a week-end pass, doing a tent-trick with a raincoat or brazenly tossing a nickel to the four-striper who served him his Christmas turkey.

The day that DAPS issued notice that AC2 Erk, J., was being posted overseas, Ricky bowed to the inevitable and took off for Y Depot to cover Joe Erk's latest escapades —

see below. By now FO Rickard has set up his drawing board in London, but already Joe has probably stowed away on a landing-barge bound for France to keep one jump ahead of him. If so, Ricky will be hot on his trail, and round one between Joe Erk and the Ersatzians will be seen at the same time, same place, in next month's WINGS.

JOE ERK ---

"YDEPOT OVERSEAS CANTEEN"



BUNDLES FOR BRITAIN



Ricky



"OH HAPPY IS THE DAY WHEN AN AIRMAN GETS HIS PAY"



"DON'T GO TO PIECES OLD MAN"

Mail Your **WINGS** Home To The Folks

FROM: _____

TO: _____

STREET _____

CITY OR TOWN _____

PROVINCE OR STATE _____

COUNTRY (U.S.A. OR CANADA) _____

4649.009

1c PLACE STAMP HERE

