

WING



LOG OF THE R-6
OTTAWA

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1944



Cpl Pauline Bruce
and
'Son of Lassie'

From Ops to Transport!

TAMING THE EAGLE

See Pages 2-3

Taming the Eagle

by FS DOUG HENDERSON

RCAF Public Relations

AVIATION wiseacres frowned down their noses. Hitching ex-operational pilots to the driver's seat of commercial aircraft made about as much sense as tossing a handful of firecrackers in with the passengers. Today, those same noses are being saucily tweaked by a band of RCAF sky veterans who are taking to airline flying like kids to barber-pole candy.

Twenty-seven doughty sons of the sky have traded hedge-hopping, wave-skipping days for the more orderly lives of first officers with Trans-Canada Air Lines. A year hence, as T.C.A. captains, they will have earned permanent seats on the left-hand side of silver Lockheed 18s. Further transfers from RCAF to T.C.A. will bring the total to 44 by year's end.

The plan of conversion from operational to air line pilot can be dated right back to the last war. It might not have come off, if the RCAF's boss, Air Marshal Robert Leckie, and Honorary Wing Commander D. R. "Don" MacLaren, Canada's fourth ranking ace of World War I, now superintendent of passenger service for T.C.A. at Winnipeg, had not been close friends. MacLaren had sliced 48 German aircraft out of the sky, the present CAS had had distinguished service on flying boats. Fighter vs. bomber was their favorite basis for argument those days, and of course, at the back of their minds, they wondered how combat fliers would fare at civilian flying.

TRAIN SIX MEN A MONTH

It wasn't until the fifth year of the present tussle hove into sight that their long pent-up curiosity got a chance to be satisfied. Trans-Canada Air Lines was hard pressed for flight crews. Don MacLaren's thoughts flashed to Ottawa and Bob Leckie. The First World War ace rubbed his hands gleefully as he put it up to his friend something like this: "Here's our opportunity to see if these fellows will fit into civilian flying. Can we get some now?" That was last winter. The plan has been rolling since March 9. Present quota — six men-in-training per month.

Wing Commander MacLaren will tell you that the plan is a cracking fine success. "Self-discipline is what counts," explains the T.C.A. executive whose major decorations are the DSO, MC and Bar and DFC. "All credit is due to the Service, which has taught these lads to accept authority. They know they must do precise flying for safety's sake. If they are told to fly at 11,000 feet, they fly at exactly that height — there is no variation.

"Other aircrew members may get their chance too. I feel they will come into their own in commercial flying when the war is over and bigger ships are drawing the four corners of the earth closer to the center. Navigators, engineers and radio men may be needed in addition to pilots and co-pilots."

To qualify as a candidate for T.C.A. flight training, the RCAF demands that you have completed at least one tour of ops. Trans-Canada Air Lines takes over from there, draws from a list of names compiled at headquarters from circularization of units. The more hours you have, the better T.C.A. likes it. You must be at least 23, not yet 28. When the Air Force says O.K. you are put on leave without pay and "signed on" by T.C.A.

Fighter and bomber pilots are on the same footing. Consider FL D. W. P. Connolly, Macadam, N.B., a former mill worker. He sweated out 800 hours in flaming European skies as a Spit artist, won the Distinguished Flying Medal. He had never flown a twin-engined aircraft until he started civilian flight training at Winnipeg. Today, T.C.A. votes him as one of their first officers most likely to succeed.

\$20,000 "GAMBLE"

Winnipeg is T.C.A.'s central flying school. RCAF prospects are first interviewed, then dispatched to Winnipeg if T.C.A. feels they are worth the \$20,000 gamble that transforms them into skilled airline pilots.



TC.A. and RCAF vets meet under the snout of a Lockheed 18 at Winnipeg's Stevenson Field. Captain Gordon Curry has 3500 hours flying on the line to his credit; SL Frank Parker, DFC, Winnipeg, piled up 49 ops in Wimpeys and Lancs as the foundation for his new career.



ADDED attractions in commercial flying are the charming stewardesses, such as Helen Smith of Winnipeg. Already 27 pilots have bade bombers goodbye to commence training that will earn them their chauffeur's license for Canada's broadening aerial highways.



PASSENGER agent Edith Mann's eyes pop at First Officer Al Watt's gonged chest. Having scored 43 sorties with the RCAF, ex-Flight Lieutenant Watt is coshing in on hard-won experience, and already has a budding record as co-skipper of the airline's silver ships.

Ops veterans prove they can doff daring to become crack airline pilots, with passengers' stomachs and safety their prime concern

Then there are five things to be done:

1. Pass a strict T.C.A. medical.
2. Trade in Air Force passes for identification numbers the size of silver dollars.
3. Doff Air Force uniforms, don T.C.A. navy blue.
4. Transfer gongs and ops wings to civilian uniforms.

5. Square away shoulders for a go at being a T.C.A. first officer, the equivalent of second dicky in the RCAF.

Precision flying is No. 1 knotty problem to be mastered. For, whether he likes it or not, no matter whether he knows the terrain like the back of his hand, each pilot must fly on the beam at a stipulated height, speed and direction. Accuracy is closely related to radio-ranges projecting a beam reaching across the country like a broad highway. Sealed heromographs in Lockheeds spy on each pilot's flight.

"It's just like flying blind from one airport to another," observed long-geared FO Charlie Fogal, Edmonton, who is now a first officer on the Toronto-Winnipeg line. His worst memory of ops on Coastal Command is being "tossed all over the sky like a volleyball" by a thunderstorm while flying from Gib to England. Five aircraft set out, two made it. Charlie gives the credit for getting him back to FO Fred Crick, Banff, Alta., a navigator who has returned overseas for a second tour.

T.C.A. flight training in a nutshell reads something like this: 12 to 20 hours dual in Lockheeds right off the line, four ground exams in a one-month course, radio-range training in the Link, two more exams in navigation, maps and charts, then qualification as first officers on the line. They ride for at least a year in the right seat, pile up a minimum of 2,000 hours (Air Force plus T.C.A. time) before they become fully accredited captains.

The chance to do commercial flying is a boon for lads like FL Johnny Higham, DFC, Assiniboia, Sask., lanky pilot of the famed Saarbrucken crew, who spent most of his youth on a prairie farm eating his heart out for a pair of wings, and FO Hugh Bolton, coastal command veteran from Stettler, Alta., who was tabbed for farming because he couldn't scrape enough funds together for a flying course. Both have been on the line since early spring.

SETTLING DOWN'S A CINCH

"It's all malarkey about not being able to settle down," said FO D. R. "Dal" Ward, Cupar, Sask., his T.C.A. cap jauntily tipped in best ops fashion. "Now we stick to procedure all the time . . . maybe because the passengers have stomachs," he grinned.

Dark, curly-headed Squadron Leader Frank Parker, DFC, Winnipeg, who looks more like the leading man in a freshman play than a heavy bomber pilot who has made 49 visits to hot targets like Hamburg, Cologne, Kiel and Essen, is typical of the tried combat men with whom Canada's airline future will be secure. "The old crew spirit stays with us, although there are only two of us up front," he said, thoughtfully, as if recalling some breath-taking incident that was only a little farther away than his first flip in a "straight and level" Lockheed.

Listed here are former RCAF pilots employed by T.C.A.: SL F. W. Parker, Winnipeg; SL D. J. Lowry, Toronto; FL E. L. Howey, Exeter, Ont.; FL J. B. Higham, Assiniboia, Sask.; FL A. I. Watts, Calgary, Alta.; FL D. W. P. Connolly, Macadam, N. B.; FL W. Graham, Vancouver, B. C.; FL W. J. I. Montgomery, Winnipeg, Man.; FL R. P. McWilliam, Montreal, Que.; FL C. B. Tinsley, Hamilton, Ont.; FO H. H. Bolton, Stettler, Alta.; FO C. R. Fogal, Edmonton, Alta.; FO J. C. Morden, Fleming, Sask.; FO R. S. White, Orillia, Ont.; FO D. P. Hobson, Saskatoon, Sask.; FO C. E. Briggs, Innisfail, Alta.; FO R. R. Stevenson, Edmonton, Alta.; FO J. G. Lloyd, Toronto; FO R. D. Ward, Cupar, Sask.; FO W. G. H. Charles, Lashburn, Sask.; FO H. A. Dodd, Poplar Mountain, B. C.; FO H. H. C. Russell, Vancouver; PO E. D. Sherman, Fort Saskatchewan, Alta.; WO G. A. N. McLean, St. Catharines, Ont.

PHOTOS BY CPL JOHN MAILER



AIRLINE first officers (second pilots), these op types soak up gen on radio range flying from a T.C.A. officer. Left to right: FO Charlie Fogal, Edmonton; SL Frank Parker, Winnipeg; FO Hugh Bolton, Stettler, Alta.; and FO R. D. Ward, Cupar, Sask. All have had at least one tour of combat.



KING-PIN in the conversion plan has been Honorary WC D. R. MacLaren, DSO, MC & Bar, DFC, ace of World War 1, now with T. C. A.



VIVACIOUS Edith Mann demonstrates "service with a smile" technique for pilots Charlie Fogal and Earl Sherman, who catch on fast.



FLYING officer Charlie Fogal takes a gander at the field before landing his Link. His training now completed, this First Officer flies the Winnipeg-Toronto shuttle, as one of the growing number of war fliers who have fooled the skeptics by converting from target-areas to timetables.

22-01



The FLYING NIGHTMARES

Specialist in joe jobs, No. 122 Squadron plays tag with flak-shooters as villain of war games

by SGT ERIC NICOL
WINGS Staff Writer

"EVERY time somebody wants to play war, we gotta be the bad guys," sighed LAC Jimmy Webb, drogue operator of No. 122 Squadron, squinting at us from behind a large, invisible eight-ball. "They call us a composite squadron. That means if nobody else will touch a job, they shovel it into our hangar and then make like it was there all the time."

Jimmy shook his head and pointed to a framed crest on the wall of the flight room. It showed a bug-eyed, horse-headed plane roaring down out of a night sky, a knight-in-armor astride armed with a lance of lightning and an obviously deadly purpose.

"Disney did it for us," he said. "He got the idea we're a night fighter squadron and called it 'The Flying Nightmare'. He didn't know we were flying these old Bolies and Ansons so he couldn'ta realized how perfect that name was."

LAC Webb poked a finger meditatively through one of several holes in his ancient blue issue sweater, evidently musing over his two and a half years with No. 122 Squadron and the fast-moving team of guardian angels responsible for keeping him healthy all that time. As a drogue operator, in common with all sorts of other drogue operators, he has flown many hundreds of hours, and has been shot at consistently by men whose wives he never even met. Huddled in the solar plexus of a Bolie, he pays out drogue cable and then sits beside his winch as heavy ack-ack batteries blast away at the target streaming at the end of the 5,000 feet of steel line. If a battery is a mile out in its calculations, Jimmy is in a position to be the first to know about it.

ACCURATE ACK-ACK BOYS

So far, the ack-ack boys have been admirably accurate and the holes in his sweater are merely the result of natural wear.

"I've never been in a plane that was hit," grinned Webb, "although once we did see tracers ripping between the spats of our Lysander. One of the AGs musta been a little out."

Jimmy has enjoyed the dubious privilege of being shot at by all three services. No. 122 tows the line to improve the aim not only of air gunners but also of the Army's 3.7's and the Navy's pom-poms. Thus as they fly to their rendezvous over an ack-ack battery or above the guns of a Fairmile, the Bolie boys have plenty of time to think about inter-service rivalries, and ponder



the possibility of the gunners below not loving airmen as brothers.

But the Flying Nightmare has ridden many a queer mission since the days when she was strictly Army co-op. First to testify to this is her OC, young, jovial SL R. H. Morris of Belleville, who has had a number for nine years now, most of them spent flying this same coast that is his squadron's back yard, and which he has come to know "not wisely but too well."

First equipped with Tiger Moths, SL Morris' headache department gradually outgrew the flying strawberry boxes, acquired a motley crowd of Lysanders, Ansons and Bolingbokes, and branched out under the agnomen of "Composite Squadron". One of its early jobs was air-sea rescue work, for which a dinghy was tied under the wing of a Lysander, to be dropped as accurately as possible near the dunked crews without copping them on the noggin. That's when No. 122 started dusting its fingernails on its sleeve and referring to itself as the only dive bomber outfit on the coast.

More scientific methods have since replaced the dinghy sport, of course, but the Squadron continues to take a hand, often right up to the elbow, in rescues of all kinds. When a civilian airliner smashed into a mountain killing 13 people, the joe squadron was soon out looking for the crash, dropping supplies to rescue parties on the ground. When the rescuers reached the scene of the wreck, they found the battered aircraft and its dead occupants guarded by an ugly gang of bears, which refused to allow anyone to approach their grisly lair.

They sent back word of their plight and the Flying Nightmares swung into action. A Lysander was soon roaring around the mountain, strafing the ursine stronghold with machine-gun bullets that sent the furry garrison crashing off into the bush in complete rout. It was another triumph for No. 122, which, impressed with its role of rescuer, promptly petitioned for kegs of brandy to be tied under the cowling of its airborne St. Bernards.

CABLE PARALYZED CITY

Some of the Squadron's achievements have been even more spectacular, though usually receiving little praise or publicity. By far the most effective attack on a certain coastal city yet made in this war, for instance, was carried out single-handed and in broad daylight by a flight sergeant pilot of the Nightmares. He was towing a drogue across the city when the cable snapped and 4,000 feet of steel wire snaked out of the sky, straddling dozens of high tension, street car and telephone lines, paralyzing power and stalling street car traffic for two hours. Naturally, Squadron 122 stood stoutly by its flight sergeant, graciously handing him back his head after it came off. The only satisfaction obtained by all was derived from the fact that the Service Police had to retrieve the mile of cable strung across the town. For some, this alone justified the blitz.

Similarly, on the occasion of a mock attack on ground forces during some elaborate war games, Fl John Luke of Victoria, long-time rider of the Nightmares, succeeded in bombing with flour sacks three brigadier generals who up to then had considered themselves aloof spectators. The generals were white with rage and whole-grain flour, but could not deny that they were a legitimate target for No. 122's ace "bomber pilot".

Aside from these shenanigans, however, No. 122 has done much to prepare coast troops against invasion, and to prepare other soldiers for invasion, the invasion of Normandy, playing the air role in many rehearsals of beach landings — observing camouflage, laying smoke screens, ground-strafing, and otherwise serving as stand-in for both Spits and MEs before the show actually began.

The black-and-yellow, zebra-striped planes of the Squadron will continue to serve its crews, who face their zany assignments with cheerful resignation. The gallant knight aboard the rip-snorting Flying Nightmare will keep riding high, just to make sure that the enemy knows he's got lance in his pants.

Recce students wage anti-sub war, bomb and strafe - they call it training in action

by FS DON KENNEDY
WINGS Staff Writer

"A TOP navigator should pick up as much here as he has learned in all his preceding courses," claims instructor FL Paddy Ryan, Newport, England. "When we send them 200 miles out over the Gulf of St. Lawrence, we soon find out whether they know nav work, or whether they have been making DR's by Ogilvie's Elevators".

Advanced Navigation is only one of the subjects



Conveyor belt carries ship models across classroom in shooting-gallery style. Instructor FO Gene Gauzer lines up a model anti-sub screen.

Photos by Cpl J. DeBlois

GRS students get an intense dose of ship rec. In model-maker Sgt Stan Szymczyk's hand are a Canadian corvette and two Japanese cruisers.

SHAKEDOWN FOR ACTION

taught at No. 1 General Reconnaissance School, Summerside, P. E. I.

The offer to take the course is presented to pilots and navigators as a challenge rather than as an invitation. The syllabus which warns what is ahead of them before they start the long trek to "Spud Island" is clipped and demanding:

"The General Reconnaissance Course is preparatory to Coastal Command Operations — operating nearly every type of aircraft now in combat use, and engaging in all phases of anti-submarine war, bombing, low level, anti-shiping strikes, strafing, fighter and photo reconnaissance.

"Pupils who have obtained less than average marks in ground subjects at SFTS have difficulty in reaching standard required — older and more responsible pilots are better adapted to Coastal Command operations . . . all pupils should be 100% fit for overseas posting and operational training."

Pace for the course is set by WC L. W. Skey, DFC, Toronto, chief instructor. "Graduates of this school can think when they fly. Coastal command never produces duplicate circumstances. Lots of pilots can pick up a plane and put it down again, and lots of navigators know where they are going, but for this work they have to think strategically and tactically while in the air. Our job is to teach them that." Such is the winco's analysis of Summerside efficiency.

INSTRUCTORS ARE VETS

Pace for the course is never relaxed. Pilots and navigators swot their way through advanced and astral navigation, reconnaissance, met., coding, ship recognition, photo and visual signals. Instructors are ex-ops, reticent to discuss overseas experiences for publication but ready to re-live each flip if pupils can gain anything from it. Instructors are governed by "I was there" more than by text-books.

Besides class room studies, navigators get practical work consisting of taking wind drift, using Gulf of St. Lawrence white caps as markers, or by flame or smoke floats when the water is smooth.

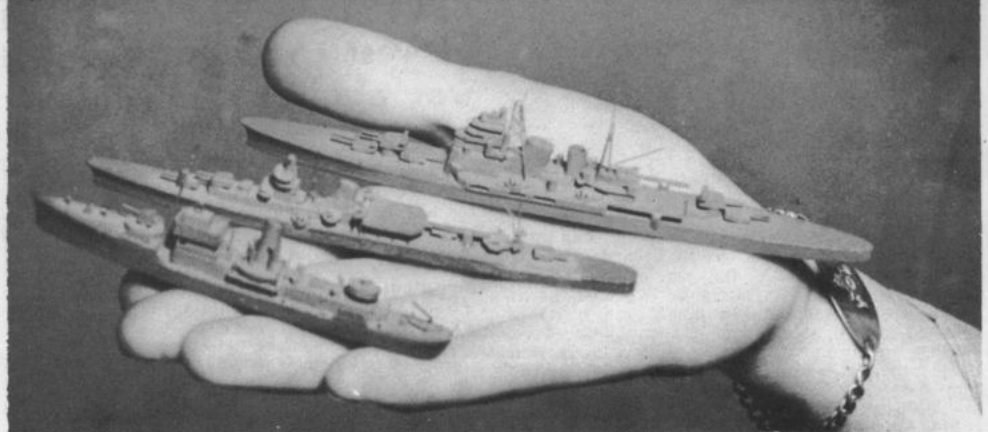
Meanwhile pilots also learn navigation.

"Coastal patrols sometimes last 18 hours, and someone has to relieve the navigator for a while. Actually it would be more correct to say we teach pilots how to navigate, rather than navigation . . . like being able to drive a car without knowing how to fix a carburetor," explains PO Nav 'B' Ed Rutledge, DFM, of Doaktown, N.B. Qualified instructor Rutledge flew his way through the Battle of Malta, and instructed at a South African GRS before coming to Summerside. He is now 21.

Stepping up visual signals reading from six to eight words a minute is done mass-production style. While sitting comfortably in his office, with his own wiring devices, instructor WOG "A" Sergeant Claude Lentz, Handel, Sask., can tap out messages which are simultaneously flashed in 24 student-packed classrooms.

Student readings of these messages are checked for accuracy. "We have no trouble with cribbing here . . . they are all past that stage," says Sgt Lentz, who was in the first WOG class to graduate from Montreal Wireless School.

Since the course at No. 1 GRS is preparatory



for coastal command training, students get an intense dose of ship recognition. From a distance ranging up to four miles, graduates must be able to identify any fighting ship afloat. They must have at their command a glossary of nautical terms to describe with accuracy outlines of hulls and details of superstructures.

Oddly enough, all the ship rec instructors are landlubbers. They are FOs Red Anderson, Mossbank; Hank Dickie, Edmonton; Don Prentice, Toronto; Alex Alexander, Nanton, Alta.; John Rowland, Montreal; Gene Gauzer, Fort Erie, Ont.; and POs Chuck Grahma, Vancouver and Al Clift, Sarnia. Studying ship models as they move along a web belt takes up most of ship recognition instruction time. Starting with some gramophone gears and a few feet of canvas, the instructors rigged up a conveyor apparatus to carry the models across the front of the class in shooting-gallery style. The models are Summerside made.

Ship model maker of the school is Sgt Stan "Simmy" Szymczyk, (pronounced Simzik), Polish-Canadian of Toronto. Working over his Lilliputian models, Simmy smiles to himself when he thinks about his present Air Force job, compared to pre-enlistment work. "I used to drive a truck," he admits. "I wanted to do this when I was a civie, but between my job, night school, correspondence courses, my accordion and my girl friend, now my wife, I didn't find any time."

Sgt Szymczyk enjoys the privacy of his own workshop in the GIS building. Always handy on his work bench is his tool kit — razor blades, files, pliers, jack-knife and a glue pot. The hulls of his models are "just wood" — scraps from the carpenter's shop. Funnels are rolled-up bits of gummed paper. Fittings are anything from pins or staples through to hospital swab-sticks or split plywood. Models are finished with house paint.

Sgt Szymczyk gathers data for his models just wherever he can. He finds "Jape's Fighting Ships" his best source for details. Models are made on a one-inch-to-50-foot scale for small craft, and one-inch-to-100-foot for cruisers, battlewagons and aircraft carriers. Ex-ops men who have seen the real ships are amazed at the true likeness that craftsman Szymczyk builds in to the models.

Coding instructors are an affable lot, and like to talk about everything except coding. "You can see for yourself how much stuff in here is marked secret," says ex-ops FO Joe Kelly, Campbellford, Ont., pointing to rows of textbooks all labeled just that. "Code is used for speed, liaison with the Navy, and for secrecy. If Joe Civilian goes to a telegraph office and orders greeting message number 486, which may mean 'Father, Father, Come Home With Me Now', that's code. What we teach is based on the same principles. In fact we used it long before the telegraph companies thought of it. Can't tell you any more.' That's coding.

PRONOUNCED "RECCO"

Even glancing through the list of lectures grouped under the general heading "Reconnaissance" creates the impression of guiltily peeking into the most secret files of the Air Ministry. History and organization of Coastal Command, naval formations, and air co-operation, procedure during enemy opposition, capabilities of a submarine, armament and tactics against a submarine, convoy organization and procedure . . . all these are classified under the loosely defined title "Reconnaissance," abbreviated to "Recce" for spelling but "Recco" for pronunciation.

The question — "Since this is a Reconnaissance school, what does the word 'Reconnaissance' mean in the Air Force today?" — started an unofficial 10-minute discussion among instructors.

"I would say coastal command has its own interpretation of the word," commented instructor FO George Goldberg, Edmonton. "Just because a squadron gets labeled 'Recce,' don't get the idea they are just scouting around to see what Jerry is doing. That's the Army's use of the word. A Recce Squadron may be out on ship strikes or anti-sub warfare."

"Probably the Air Force has outgrown the meaning of the word Reconnaissance," concluded FL Len Limpert, Warton, Ont., who flew North Atlantic patrols while stationed in Ireland. "When students leave here, I hope they take the modern interpretation with them. Today, in coastal commands, Reconnaissance means training in action."



by SGT ERIC NICOL
WINGS Staff Writer

BUSHED!

fighting the Jap if and when he comes, but fighting the woods and the weather every single day of every weary week. The camp is under constant siege by relentless forces of nature, wind, fog, and the sudden hills that keep pilots swearing long after they've landed.

Such a station, plunked into the primeval, gives away very little free to an airman. He has to work for his fun, tie in with the set-up, or be completely miserable. He gripes and fumes and longs to get out, but he cusses with a certain healthy vigor and usually does something about tying a can to his fate.

The station has answered the challenge of isolation in ways both obvious and subtle. The Commanding Officer, GC M. D. Lister of Edmonton, a young, energetic officer fresh from his command of a model station in Lethbridge's No. 8 B&G, brooks no kowtowing to primitive circumstance. A sports field, for instance, was desperately needed to provide a valve for the steam and energy of his men. The only space available was a rough gash in the trees covered with old

Bush bugs gnaw at nerves of west coast erks waging war against a wilderness

lumber and roots. So, shortly after his arrival, the weirdest CO's parades on record were taking place in the shade of the tall firs. With the sound truck blaring heartening martial airs, everybody including the CO launched himself upon the lumber and logs, lugging or dragging the impedimenta off the precious clearing with an enthusiasm unmatched by more orthodox parades. CAP 90 suffered its ultimate blasphemy when the two lone WD's on the station, both section officers, joined the bizarre "march-past" toting their grubby two-by-fours with effective dignity. They served that men might catch a fly and play center-field without requiring an Indian guide to help them find their way back to home-plate.

The bush compensates for absent golf courses and night clubs with succulent trout and bags of ducks, for those willing to help themselves to the extent of baiting a hook or loading a breach. Perhaps the most popular form of hunting, though, is crap shooting, a year-round sport with bushees who like to get out under the stars with their roll. The ivory hunters shoot crap only in season — usually the first week after pay-day — and prize the skins very highly.

The Orderly Room of the station keeps up-to-date a solemn tomb called the "Bushee Book", in which is inscribed the length of service in the bush of every member on strength. When he has

accumulated a year's continuous separation from the world, the bushee is recommended for posting to a more populated area, if he desires to leave. Strangely enough, he sometimes does not wish to return to city smoke and smells.

There is the case of WO2 Gerard Rousseu, for instance. If anyone might be expected to go after a posting with biting and scratching and kicking of hind legs it would be this French-speaking Canadian from the huge city of Montreal. Yet armorer Rousseu has been in the bush for thirty-six months and experiences no urge to escape.

For those bushees who wish to bring their womenfolk into the hinterland, a brand new settlement, tentatively christened "Pacific Heights", is rapidly taking on sizable dimensions a few miles from the station. Rows of pre-fab houses, eventually to number eighty, shelter families in this unusual townsite. Mayor of the town, elected by acclamation, is Sgt. C. W. Boehmer of Ottawa, a clerk admin. Mrs. Boehmer was one of the first ladies to venture into the crude cut in the B.C. forest that was to be her new home, in aboriginal contrast to the nation's capital. Other members of the town council, also elected by acclamation while they were not looking, are radio mech Ian Bruce of Nanaimo, who is Fire-chief and already looking forward to his first engine, or even a good second-hand stirrup-pump; and LAC Bruce Smith, attached to 9 CMU, who was appointed Minister of Works, a responsible office involving the scrounging of enough nails to complete the board sidewalk. Flight Sergeant R. H. McIntyre of Vancouver vacillates between his duties on the station and those of Health Officer and Sanitation Inspector of Pacific Heights, with almost dictatorial powers over garbage and rubbish. Completing the supreme Quintilian is Cpl R. F. A. Lecompte of Ottawa, who is Chief Constable of the one-man Force. Cpl Lecompte's Service job is that of SP, but residents of the town feel that he will make a good policeman anyhow, and besides he's the only one who has a gun. To the members of his council, the Mayor personally administered the oath of office when one of them dropped a plank on his foot.

Wives of the airmen are planning to operate the grocery store, recreation hall, and other civic centers.

"We're going to put Pacific Heights on the map," declares Mayor Boehmer emphatically.

The townsite is one of the methods of running off bushed energy with eminently constructive results. Airmen with no wives to import are nevertheless giving their spare time to accelerate the project with hammer and saw. That, in fact, represents one of the good things about a bush station. The joes wrangle and kid and help one another over the rough spots with that tightening of the human bondage that any enemy — Japs, Nazis, or bush boredom — will create in a bunch of men.

Besides, there is always the compensation of extra bush leave to back up their keenly appreciated realization, submersed under the grouching and griping, that they are on an operational station, and that the next dry land east of the runways is Japan. And the bush boys also know that nothing will drive them off the strip of land they have chunked out of nowhere.

Nothing, that is, short of a forty-eight.

AN indignant Donald Duck rampant on a field of mud, bemired gum-booted under his umbrella in a swamping downpour — such is the damp crest of one of the west coast's bushiest operational stations. It silently symbolizes the feeling of the personnel that, although rain may be good weather for ducks, there exist places on the receiving end of enough moisture to brown off even a duck. And this is one of them.

"This is the only station I ever saw," quoth an erk here recently, "where you get web equipment between your toes."

An exaggeration, of course, but containing a core of truth. Coastal people, accustomed to having their climate delivered by the bucketful, have difficulty at times understanding the very distinct shock with which their weather hits an airman from, say, Regina, where a puddle has been known to attract a crowd. Prairie-raised personnel are occasionally, not to say inevitably, slow to adapt themselves to floating out of their barrack blocks at certain seasons of the year, such as spring, summer, autumn and winter. Sometimes they drown before they have had a chance to learn to enjoy these extemporaneous cruises.

On this particular station it was formerly the policy to recommend a man for posting soon after he showed a tendency to waddle or to interpolate his conversation with the irrelevant remark, "quack! quack!" As might be expected, however, cases of fraudulent waddlers and quackers resulted in a tightening up of posting procedure, so that an airman must now display fairly well developed gills before DAPS will consider moving him.

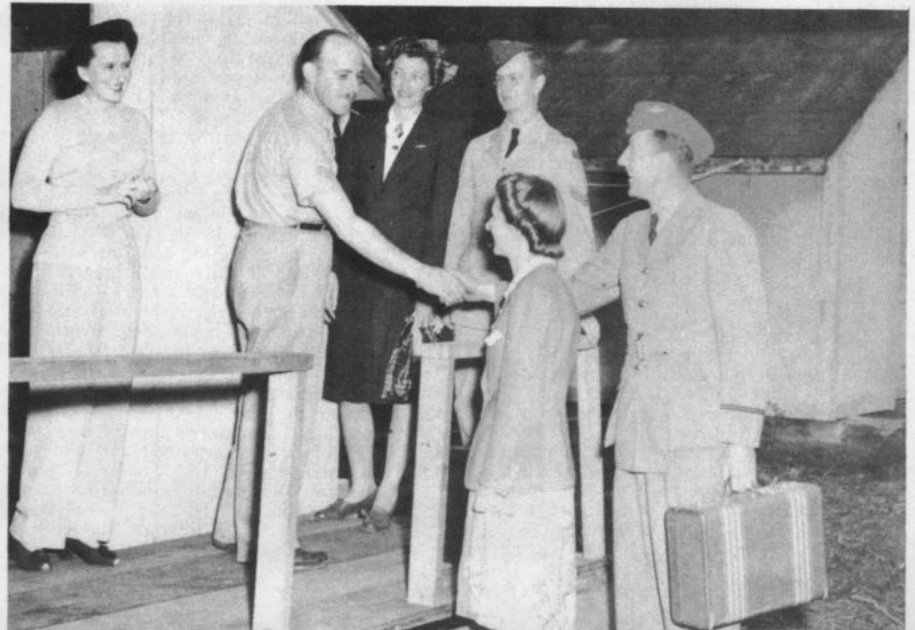
The weather in this region is extremely changeable, constituting the only feminine thing about the camp. Sudden mists and fogs roll in from the ocean shrouding the rocky shore for days, even weeks at a time. Then, just as abruptly, the sun burns through the white blanket, and the curtain once more rolls up on the ever-invading Pacific, the foaming fingers of the sea clutching at islets of stone, seeking to drag them down, eternally clawing. Everybody agrees that this is a moving sight, but as one bushee says, "It don't move us far enough."

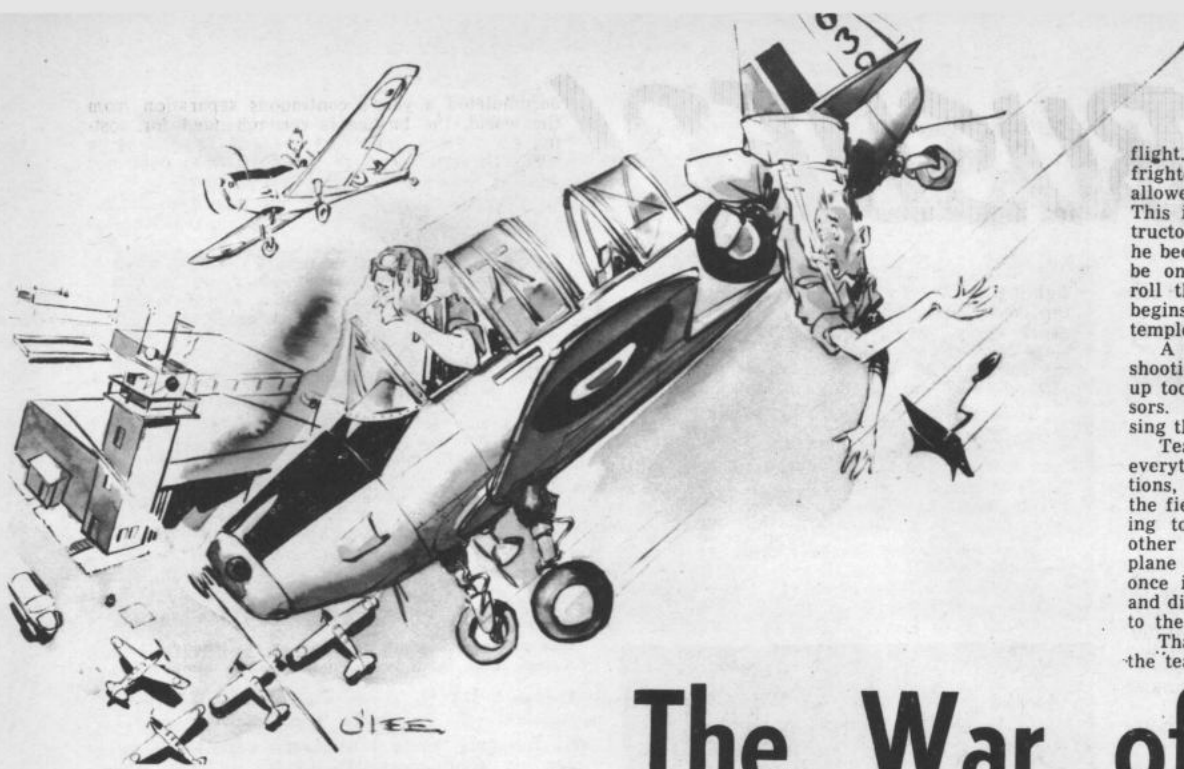
The bushees have been obliged to call upon their ingenuity for amusement. They realize, subconsciously at least, that their station is not an enclosure excluding the world; it is a bit of the world thrust into the wilderness, a citadel

Cats climb trees — almost. Sgt. G. Downs of Milton, Ont., bucks his bulldozer against a cedar, chunking out muck and timber in bush station's private war against nature.



Pacific Heights mayor, Sgt Clyde Boehmer, and "the missus" haul out the welcome mat for new homesteaders, FO D. A. Robertson, Cpl T. J. Rodwell and wives. Built by bush station joes, the town is larger than the nearest permanent settlement.





by CPL. RON REWBURY
WINGS Staff Writer

"NOW level off. That's it. Easy now. O. K. take her down." The Cornell, with its motor spluttering and popping, slowly dropped out of the sky and came in for a perfect landing.

Back in the flight office the instructor wiped his brow, and jokingly exclaimed to a number of fellow sky teachers who were gathered about the room: "Boy it sure takes it out of a fellow when he has a rookie up in the kite with him."

"You're not kidding there," answered one of the other instructors. "I used to feel safer cutting the sky with the old Spits over France. At least you just had yourself to worry about."

The conversation, which took place at a western air station, went on to some length. But enough had been heard for a mere groundling to realize that it isn't all beer and pretzels in the life of a flying instructor — the almost forgotten man in this war who takes unglorified risks daily to make sure that his fledgling pupils will become world beaters in the skies.

The outcome: A visit to No. 2 Flying Instructors School, the Western University of the Air, at Pearce, Alberta, where RCAF "professors" are teaching others how to teach the art of flying to the rookies.

No. 2 FIS is not a large school, but it is one of two centers of training for instructor-fliers. Trenton is the other instructor school and they work together, often exchanging flights to promote new ideas and methods of training.

For the flying instructor this war has been very much a war of nerves. Few of the "professors", as they are dubbed at the school, have ever flown through worrying flak over Germany, or had their ships ripped and torn in aerial combat. Instead these lads have been facing an invisible foe which first tackles student fliers, freezing them at the controls, sometimes making it impossible for the instructor to take them over, resulting in an inevitable crash.

Each day the instructor goes unnoticed about his job. But without him no battle ace would be born; no eagle-eyed, eager Canuck would roam the skyroads, seeking, finding, and destroying the enemy wherever he is encountered.

The professors at Pearce, while jovial and ever ready with gobs of wit, take their job seriously for they know that many lives may depend on how well they teach. At No. 2, however, there are no fledgling fliers. Student instructors are above-average pilots who have been recommended for the course. Some are men returned from operational tours over Europe, who, while knowing flying inside out, must be taught how to impart that knowledge to others.

Some of the men who have actually fought it out with Jerry are instructor FO R. H. Manson, who flew Hampdens on ops; students FO A. H. McDonald, former Spitfire pilot, FO L. A. Dodds, of a Ventura squadron, and FL S. Minall, who flew both Spitfires and Typhoons.

FO Manson was an instructor at an OTU in England for a year before taking up his post at Pearce, and feels keenly his responsibility.

"After active flying, instructing is at first a most difficult job," he explained. "We old-timers have been used to taking craft up, making split-second decisions on our own. Now we must not

flight. If the student doesn't faint or become frightened when in a steep bank, he may be allowed to handle the controls for a few minutes. This is the most nerve-racking stage for the instructor. Will the kid freeze at the controls? Will he become too scared to touch them? Maybe he'll be one of those smart guys who will promptly roll the ship over. By this time the instructor begins noticing the first tinge of gray around the temples.

A common error among student fliers is overshooting the drome. "The ground seems to come up too fast for them," declared one of the professors. Rookies often come in for a landing crossing the drome in any direction.

Teaching students to take a mental note of everything in sight, buildings or other obstructions, is one of the big tasks. Any activity on the field often causes pupils coming in for a landing to lose confidence, especially in regard to other planes taking off. It is peculiar that a plane on the ground is usually plainly visible, but once it leaves the runway it seems lost to view and difficult to distinguish, thus becoming a hazard to the student.

That teaching successfully depends more upon the teacher than upon the student is a fact which

The War of Nerves

Flying instructors meet blood-curdling thrills beside students gone berserk. At Pearce they learn to take it

only think for the other fellow to a certain degree, we must be able to put into his mind the things which are in our own. Flying and talking to a student at the same time can be quite a difficult task."

FO Manson was formerly with the Bomber Command in Britain, and he made 25 trips over enemy territory. He was in on three 1,000-plane raids over Cologne, Essen and Bremen. The smash over Cologne was his greatest thrill.

Chief instructor at the school is SL D. L. G. Jones, who is assisted by SL C. Mark. Other staff chiefs who have had a long flying career are SL W. A. Speed and FL T. Shaw who is in charge of the ground instruction school.

FIS training lasts eight weeks and is an advancement on SFTS schooling, covering the presentation of the psychological aspects of teaching; voice and diction; airframes and engines; meteorology, and engine handling. In the air the professors use Cornells for teaching elementary flying instructors, Harvards for advanced instruction and Cessna Cranes for twin-engine instruction.

Actually it is only when a student graduates from FIS as a fully qualified instructor that his hair begins turning gray, for he then becomes an active fighter in the war of nerves.

Now he must often put his own life in the hands of the rookie. When a student pilot first arrives on a flying station, the instructor takes him up on what is known as a familiarization

very often is overlooked, and that is why RCAF instructors have to be good.

No. 2 FIS is the temporary home of Aussies, British and Canuck fliers, and being somewhat isolated on the broad prairies, it has become a chummy sort of station.

Recreation is given a high priority at Pearce, which boasts one of the finest community centres of any Air Force unit. Inside the centre is the chapel, library, reading and writing room, lounge, billiard room, snack bar, lecture room, educational office, and something entirely different, a "Trading Post." Here everything from pins to pens and from drugs to dresses is sold. It is in the true sense of the word a general store, not a mere canteen.

Just outside the station is "Boom Town", proving the old adage that love will find a way. A number of airmen have built small homes so that their wives may be with them on the lone prairie. Nothing fancy, but everyone appears to be happy with the set-up. When a chap is posted he sells out to another and the waiting list for houses is quite long. Wives of airmen may enjoy entertainment facilities on the station which also supplies the water for "Boom Town" residents.

Pearce is a station where everyone is happy, and this is as it should be, for the student instructors will have plenty of time to turn gray after they leave this — the Western University of the Air.

STUDIOUSLY relaxed group of "professors" enjoy recess after period of instructing instructors. L to R: FL O. J. Burbridge, West Vancouver; FL S. W. Minall, Neepawa, Man.; FL J. E. Glover, North Vancouver; FO L. J. Garden, Seattle, Wash.; FO L. J. Hill, Kitchener, and FO J. O. Blick, Edmonton.



WINDY ACRES

Indians, stampedes and Rockies top off flying at this wind-swept camp

by CPL RON REWBURY
WINGS Staff Writer

AGAINST a fluffy ceiling of cumulus cloud, a Heinkel dived to destruction. A Messerschmitt 109 banked into view, made a sharp turn to avoid the flashing guns of FO Robertson. A short sharp burst, and the Jerry ship went down. A beautiful bull's-eye.

FO R. D. Robertson chuckled to himself. This was real fun. In the course of half an hour he had shot down half of the Nazi air force. And it wasn't done with mirrors — just a projector and a flash gun mounted on a Link trainer. That is how trainees at No. 7 SFTS, Macleod, Alta., become expert shots, and crackerjacks at aircraft recognition.

However, there are quite a number of students at the school like FO Robertson, who have seen the real thing during tours of ops overseas as air gunners. Today they are training as pilots, but even they must brush up on their gunnery.

No. 7 trains pilots only. Already hundreds have left the school to become high award winners for gallantry in action. Among the students who have already won commendation as air gunners and navigators are FO W. T. "Butch" Merrick, DFC, DFM, and FO F. H. Mylrea, DFC winner. Students include RCAF, RAF, and RAAF boys.

The Avro Anson is used exclusively at this school when the boys take to the air, but for ground instruction every piece of air mechanism is duplicated in a full line of synthetic equipment which enables the lads to know what it is all about before taking actual flight.

Like the gun-firing Link, the ground instruction school is full of devices which duplicate the actual thing. FL A. McGrath who runs the school boasts that it is one of the finest in the country.

A visit to the school is a jump into imaginary aerial battles, reconnaissance flights and bombing raids. In the Link room all types of German aircraft are realistically flashed on a cloud-painted screen and are shot down by students behind flash guns in the Link. Cockpit drill goes on in another room as students simulate pilots preparing to bale out. In the inter-com room they talk back and forth through radio equipment just as they would in a real bomber.

No. 7 SFTS at Macleod in three and a half years of operation has made history in the pilots it has turned out for Empire air fleets, but to view this quiet encampment, cradled in a shallow valley near Old Man River at the foothills of the Rockies, it belies its true identity.

Macleod is also an historic spot, in the middle of old time Indian country. Today to the south live the Blood Indians under Chief Shot-On-Both-Sides, and to the northwest, the Peigans, under Chief Yellow Horn. Both tribes belong to the Blackfoot Confederacy.

The town of Macleod, which is about a mile and a half from the camp, has a colorful history all its own. It began with the arrival of the Mounted Police in 1874. Previous to that date there was practically no settlement in this part of the coun-

Chief-Shot-On-Both-Sides and Chief Yellow Horn, Indian Tribe heads at Macleod and RCMP scouts.

Joes had a whale of a time with float, below, at Macleod-Lethbridge stampedes. It's an old Anson.



This pig-a-back freak occurred at Macleod as the Ansons came in to land. Pilots escaped unscathed.



Though 7 SFTS is about to close, the fifteen-ton monolith will perpetuate her inflexible spirit.

try, the only white inhabitants were those engaged in trading whiskey to the Indians, who paid for this delightful beverage in robes and horses. The arrival of Col. James F. Macleod, first RCMP officer to come to southern Alberta, put a stop to this traffic.

Recently the Air Force helped the cowboys and Indians put over the Macleod and Lethbridge stampedes, by staging a colorful parade at each show. In both parades the station won first prize for the most original parade float. It was an old discarded Anson body, done over to represent the world's worst whale. The boys say it represented them having a "whale of a time". It rolled along with the parade, shooting a stream of water from its snout, and billowing smoke from a chimney on its back. It provided a big laugh for the public, but what they didn't know was that during the Lethbridge parade the stove in the "whale's" belly belched fire and smoke the wrong way when wind blew down the chimney — giving luckless stoker Cpl Jimmy McAnn a rough time inside.

No. 7 was officially opened for operation on December 18, 1940, by the Lieutenant Governor of Alberta. The first commanding officer was Winco Arthur L. James, and shortly after the opening of the school he was adopted into the Peigan Indian Tribe with the somewhat startling title of Chief Stamixotocan. The present CO is WC C. F. Newcombe.

Sometimes known as "Windy Acres", No. 7 lies directly east of the Crows Nest Pass, from which a continual wind blows, sometimes reaching the velocity of a hurricane. This and the Indian celebrations keep personnel of the station sufficiently interested in life on the prairies that time does not hang too heavily on their hands.

Since its inception, station activities have been more or less of a peaceful nature, but there was one time when in a jovial sort of way things got hot and heavy between the lads in blue and the townfolk of Macleod. It seems that during an off season when there was little wind, and less Indian celebration, the boys began to feel a little sag in their morale. And one chap who signed himself W. H. B. started something when he wrote a poem about Macleod and had it published in the local paper. It went over big with the Air Force boys, but not so with the citizens, and naturally a little discord crept into bar-room festivities. But in the end it took a high school girl to calm the lads down when she replied in verse to W. H. B.'s assault on her fair town.

Through all the training courses at the school there have been few accidents, but it had one this year that was a prize-winner. Two Ansons were coming in for a landing, one behind the other. Just as the first was about to touch the ground, the one following landed on top of him, pig-a-back fashion, and they landed in this manner. The bottom plane was slightly damaged, but both pilots walked away from the planes unhurt.

At present things are quiet at Macleod, for the school is due to close sometime this year, but it will leave behind it a real record of achievement. And the fifteen-ton monolith which stands at the entrance to the station will mark the spot on the wind-swept prairie where many heroes of the air were given birth, long after the station itself is forgotten in the years of peace to come.



Celluloid Invasion



station's joes and josephines enjoying a ten-day translocation of Culver City to their own landing strips and barrack blocks.

Stealing all scenes and attention was the star of the film, Lassie, whose sensitive and expressive portrayals have already induced thousands of fans to sigh and go home to kick their own dumb mutts in the slats. Recently chosen their favorite pin-up dog by the cast of Ringling Brothers' flea circus, Lassie plays the part of his own son and the picture is pretty much of a one-dog show. Amongst the Service personnel appearing in the Pat Bay sequences, however, are Group Captain B. D. Hobbs, CO of the station, and Cpl Pauline Bruce, daughter of actor Nigel Bruce, who is one of the featured players in the same film. The CO and the corporal are seen in close-ups of them gazing into the sky at the "Mosquito" roaring on its way to "Norway" and trying to look as if they had no suspicion that it was just a

Air Force goes Hollywood as Pat Bay dons greasepaint and cameras roll on 'Son of Lassie'

Old Bolie sports most bizarre crew of her career, co-stars Peter Lawford and Lassie.

by LAC MAURICE LUCOW

THE elderly Bolingbroke rose with regal dignity from runways specially cleared for her of all other aircraft, and circled Patricia Bay station in the full knowledge that everybody on the ground was watching her. Making a remarkable comeback from the very brink of scrap-pile oblivion, and decked out in the slim garb of a Mosquito, the Bolie was enjoying the breathtaking last fling of a 6,000-mile operational sortie to Norway. And, according to the script, she made it.

Not only that, but as a feature player in this screening of MGM's "Son of Lassie", sequel to "Lassie Come Home", she was called upon to carry, in the imagination of the audience at least, a distinguished crew including such Hollywood stars as Peter Lawford and Donald Curtis, as well as the principal himself, the canine Orson Welles, Lassie. Flying over Norway, which only the very keen-sighted will recognize as part of Vancouver Island, the Bolie was subsequently "shot down" in a heavy barrage of flak produced by the real crew, FO H. R. K. West, of Quebec City, and his WAG, PO C. N. Kendall, of Vancouver, who sat inside the plane having a lot of fun firing smoke pistols at clouds, then tossing overboard the dummy that will bring hearts to the throats of millions of movie-goers led to believe that said dummy is Mr. Lawson jumping with Lassie in his arms.

The rebuilt Bolie was not the only member of Pat Bay's station to be affected by the make-believe world of greasepaint and kleiglits created by the small army of MGM technicians and actors investing their camp. The script called for flying sequences at an RAF operational base in England and the dramatic parachuting of the collie hero and his master over something that looked like the Scandinavian peninsula. Hence the choice of Pat Bay and the surrounding countryside as topographically suitable for the technicolor epic, resulting in the

WDs goggle happily at high ceiling of Don Curtis, massive Hollywood actor. Clothing stores went quietly nuts trying to find battledress to fit Curtis, who plays RAF sergeant-pilot.



Cpl Dorothy Sykes, Vancouver, happy about the whole thing after she nabbed Peter Lawford for his autograph as he biked around the station.
Photos by FS A. H. Walter

Cradled in big braid, Patricia, pup of Lassie, is attested into RCAF by AVM F. V. Heakes, AOC of WAC. GC B. D. Hobbs, Pat Bay CO, is at left.



lowly Bolie going no place in particular, except in line with the cameraman's lens.

Also featured in speaking parts are Wing Commanders Eric Jones and Blair A. Fraser, of the RAF, making their acting debuts in the parts of instructors of the two sergeant-pilots, Lawford and Curtis. Fitting up Curtis, whose altitude is 6 feet 3 inches, with issue battledress was a task that had Clothing Stores muffling deep into its stocks. The actors wore their uniforms between takes and during the lunch hour, resulting in a fat headache for SPs beholding the spectacle of sergeants stamping confidently into the officers' mess and passing braid on the road with an airy disregard for the King's commission.

Undoubtedly the biggest moment of the theatrical invasion came when, just before final shots were taken, a wing parade was held attended by AVM F. V. Heakes, AOC of Western Air Command, to whom one of Lassie's pedigreed daughters was presented by Director S. Sylvan Simon. The pup of the greatest celluloid purp since Rin Tin Tin, "Miss Patricia", as the new mascot was named, was turned over to GC Hobbs, who performed the christening ceremony and announced the dog would be duly documented as a member of the RCAF and issued quarters and rations. Lassie's trainer prepared a special diet to be followed by the Air Force "so that the daughter will grow up into as beautiful a dog as the father," an admirable precaution suggesting that the trainer has had some experience with airmen's messes.

During the march-past that followed the parade, Miss Patricia fell in at the head of the column, and rumor has it that at future parades the station will continue to "put on the dog".

Final beguiling gesture of Messrs. MGM, as they struck their tents and packed up their tinsel, was the presentation of a \$1,000 cheque to the station for the purchase of a 35 mm projection unit. Upon which, no doubt, will soon be shown "Son of Lassie", featuring RCAF station, Pat Bay.





LOG OF THE RCAF

VOL. 2

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No. 9

Date Bureau

An unusual date bureau has evolved out of the routine transmissions between radio mechs on remote coast stations and WDs at filter group headquarters. The girls' voices are the only link with femininity for the isolated joes, and after a while the boys become attached to the well-modulated tones and curious about



the physiognomy of the owners. So, when the mechs finally extract themselves from the wilderness on leave, they frequently sidle shyly up to the group headquarters to take a gander at the girls to whom they have been talking for several months. Some date the girls up. Others just go back to the bush.

WINGS Pilot Jumps Pond

It is two years now since the RCAF put the Finger on a tousle-haired, bespectacled, somewhat frighteningly energetic young man and said, in effect, "We want an Air Force magazine. You have been a writer for the Toronto Star and for Maclean's. You will be the editor of our magazine." This would have been the perfect time for the young man, one Pilot Officer R. G. B. Anglin, to whistle for his faithful steed and ride off rapidly in the general direction of the nearest essential industry.

To his own surprise, however, and with his slightly near-sighted eyes wide open, PO "Jerry" Anglin agreed to match his single thin strand of braid against great endless spools of red tape held by the fee faw fuming giants of Policy, Security and Seniority, and his wits against the suspicions of the average erk for anything emanating from Ottawa. Talking fast and writing faster, the new editor and his two-man staff thus married themselves to the project which, sure enough, bore the brainchild that is WINGS.



At first the editor watched many things crawl in and out of "The Log of the RCAF", the busy termites of Corn and Propaganda threatening to turn it to sawdust before his very eyes until he acquired the knack of stepping on them with issue boots. Now, 20 issues later, with WINGS old enough to toddle under its own power, FL Anglin has swept his shattered nerves into a neat pile, quaffed a final draught from his carafe of aspirin tablets, and gone overseas as a Public Relations Officer in search of front-line skyline yarns.

Those who have enjoyed sharing

his headaches will miss his name from the masthead like a Typhoon would miss its propeller. We only hope that, over there where the lead isn't all cast in type, he manages to overcome the old WINGS custom of sticking his neck out. Bonne chance, monsieur l'éditeur.

It says here . . .

Evidently genuinely concerned about keeping his erks informed as to the correct interpretation of new AFROs, the top kick of one of the hangars at No. 4 RD, Scoudou, N.B., has planted a notice on one of the walls, reading:

TRAVELLING TIME

Travelling Time Is Available During Annual Leaves Only
There Is No Travelling Time Allowed Between This Hangar And Mess Hall
At Noon Hour And Supper Time

DON'T LEAVE TILL THE BELL RINGS

Nothing like a little sarcasm for worming your way into the hearts of your fellows, we always say.

Discipline Dough

Have you ever considered the deeper meaning of a left incline on the march? Ever struggled with the ultimate significance of latrine fatigue? If not, now's the time to give a little thought to these queer military pastimes, for some prominent Canadian business firms are offering cash prizes for the best essays from the three Services on the subject, "Why Discipline?" Three prizes are available to members of the RCAF, the author of the best essay collecting 100 clams, second and third placers pocketing \$50 and \$25 respectively. Full particulars about this contest, open to other ranks only, will appear soon in WINGS.



After an absence of a couple of months "Where's Joe?" sleuths are back with gen on lost pals.

FO J. C. Olson, for whom Cpl C. R. Merredew of Dafoe B&G School enquires, is stationed at 7 B&G, Paulson, Man., and D. P. MacBean, now a pilot officer, is at 4 Repair Depot, Scoudou, N.B. His number is J27042.

For the information of AW2 U. M. Chadwick, 1 Wireless School, Montreal, Cpl M. E. Crandall's postal address is "RCAF, Overseas". We didn't have any luck locating LAC Wallace Heine but if you send along his Air Force number we'll try again.

If L. W. Elliott, R92443, RCAF Station, Patricia Bay, reads this it

Metamorphosis

We usually think of canteen stewards as affable types who wouldn't hurt a bar-fly, but one of them has gone to work and blasted our illusion in a hail of Browning bullets. For three years at No. 3 B&G School, Macdonald, Henry McKinley Mather performed the duties of canteen steward, until one day his aircrew remuster came through and Sgt Mather disappeared from behind the counter. Some time later he was back at the canteen, but this time



other guys were buying him the drinks, for he had just graduated from that same Macdonald B&G as an air gunner, top of his class, sporting a silver identification disk presented to him by the AOC's wife. Right now, PO Mather is at 1 AGTS, Maitland, N.S., preparatory to dishing out something special for a new class of customers.

Personal Touch

On most overseas flying stations there's a tannoy or P.A. system to keep you posted on vital matters wherever you go about the base. Since his arrival at a Canuck heavy bomber station, therefore, GC Clare Annis, OBE, posted overseas from the CO's job at Gander, has renovated the lights-out routine by coming on the speakers to say good night to all hands. Everybody agrees it's a nice friendly touch — if only he wouldn't come booming out every morning at cockerow with such a cheery "Good morning!"

Beans Parade

Beans have long been a traditional part of military life, but 16 SFTS, Hagersville, gave the old legume a new twist recently when the entire station turned out for the first "beans parade" in the official history of the RCAF.

It seems that, early this spring, imbued with the patriotic urge to plant a victory garden, Hagersville planted beans like crazy, not to mention corn, tomatoes and squash, far and wide over a 23-acre field. Throughout the summer growing season a group of volunteers managed to hold at bay weeds and weevils, so successfully that come harvest time the station was confronted with 23 acres hanging heavy with beans and stuff. It soon became apparent to all that reaping the crop would have little or no resemblance to the cinch of sowing it.

A beans committee was established comprising WC N. L. Drynan, chief instructor, FL Watson, Works and Bricks, and Sgt-Major W. Moore, station warrant officer, to plan the staggering task of invading the fields for victory. Then, at H-hour of a chosen day, carefully briefed down to the last bean, and with a musical barrage supplied by the sound truck, the whole station advanced step by step, row by row, until not a vine



was left unplucked. As the shadows fell over the battlefield, Hagersville marched back to barracks richer by 25 tons of beans and suffering no damage other than a more or less permanent inability to straighten up its back.

Necessary arrangements were subsequently completed with the Aylmer Canning Company to accept delivery of the beans in return for a credit for a winter supply of canned goods, pickles, jams and the like. No. 16 rates an orchid for finding a new way of using the old bean.

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SYDNEY GETS CRACKING

by **FS DON KENNEDY**
WINGS Staff Writer

SHINY T.C.A. planes swoop down on Sydney runways. Impatient passengers get cleared through RCMP Constable Don Walkinshaw and hop into taxis. Ignoring the hangar line, they shoot past photo and accounts section, skirt by signals, turn right at the officers' mess, down between the admin building and the dental office. Not interested in the snack bar or post office, they sweep by barrack blocks, resent the pause at the guardhouse, and speed towards Sydney, with a likely passing comment, "You know, my dear, these RCAF stations are all the same."

If these T.C.A. passengers spent one day on this station, they would sense a commensurable "Get cracking" Sydney spirit. By nightfall they would like the place; at the end of a week they'd love it. It is not without ample proof that Sydney boasts, "The best-liked station on the east coast."

RCAF Sydney is different.

"I hate that word *morale*," says Station Warrant Officer C. D. Hance, Cornwall, Ontario. "It's an artificial wartime word, like camouflage, or blackout. The RAF call it *ardour* — that's no better. Whenever I hear the word morale, I think of something they inject into people, like an inoculation. We don't want anything like that here. We breed a mixture of friendliness and enthusiasm, and boy — does it grow! I don't care what you call it; call it 'Sydney gets cracking'. The whole station's got it."

Sydney spirit is contagious. It rides Sinbad-fashion on the shoulders of newcomers. "When all my class except me was posted to Newfie, I decided on the way up I was going to hate Sydney," admits AW1 WOG Shirley Booth, Toronto. "But they beat me at my own game. I love it here now."

Source of Sydney spirit is commanding officer GC E. A. McGowan. Using his column in the station paper, he puts his ideas across in plain words.

"Whenever I encounter a salute — and quite a few of them turn up — I take it to mean just about this . . . O.K. sir! I'm all set to get cracking if there's a job you want done. And when I return a salute, I mean something like this, 'Thanks, old boy — knew I could count on you'. And incidentally, if it's a good morning — or a hell of a morning, why not say so?"

This cheerful get-cracking Sydney spirit even permeates the visiting squadrons. First thing that amazes incoming erks is no duty watch. The result is that there is lots of response when a shout for "eight men for an hour's work" goes through the barracks at night. After four years on the East coast, FS Guy Lagasse, Edmundston, N.B., in charge of aircraft maintenance, claims the percentage serviceability for his squadron is higher at Sydney than it has been at any other unit. "I hope they leave the squadron here," says Sgt Vern Dickson, of Chauvin, Alberta, instrument repairman.

Even the educational staff at Sydney get cracking. Scrapping the stolid title of education office, they revamped their name plate to read "Live-and-Learn Department." Not content to thumb-twiddle their time waiting for straggling inquiries, they advertise their wares with an extra sheet attached to DROs tri-weekly. By this full page of "Live-and-Learn" news flashes, they ferret out prospective students.

Chief injector of enthusiasm into the "Live-and-Learn" branch is FO A.L. Macumber, Vermillion, Alberta, former education officer of No. 1 IFS, Deseronto. "We are winning the battle against human inertia," declares his clerk, FS Mac McAllister, Winnipeg, who claims nearly everybody on the station is studying something. Recently the "Live-and-Learn" branch recruited the services of Radio mechanic LAC Art Cole, 244 Arlington Ave., Toronto, to gen-up the station on European war progress with weekly lectures. With a B.A. from Toronto, an M.A. from Illinois, and after majoring in history for two years at

Columbia, no one doubts his qualifications as lecturer.

The Hobby Shop is the geographic center of Sydney spirit. Running on open-house principles, at any time of the day instructor LAC Cappy Caplan, former Montreal commercial artist, is found helping some students along with their art work, while instructor Cpl Harry Bloomfield, St. Catharines, Ont., is busy with another group around the wood lathe. The newly-formed camera clubbers are building their own darkroom.

Heart of Sydney spirit is the snack bar. Any-one on the station who does not put in an appearance at the snack bar at least once a day is considered a little queer. Whenever an east coast RAF station is turned over to the RCAF, command canteen officer FL Henry immediately borrows Sydney's canteen steward, FS Jack Gerein, of Vancouver, for a spell of temporary duty. His specific instructions are "Get cracking with a snack bar on this new unit just like the one at Sydney".

The station is blessed with two energetic "Y Workers", Betty and Bob. The title "workers" is specially applicable to this pair. Betty is affable Miss Williams, of Scarborough, Ontario, organizer of hikes, week-end trips, dances, and parties, along with finding time to teach sewing in the Hobby Shop. Her tri-weekly picnics for shift workers are top do's. Starting with station rations, she turns out sandwiches and salads, which disappear in great gulps at the

seaside.

The Bob half is Bob Swim of Yarmouth who has been with the station for two years. Besides his usual "Y" duties, Bob gets cracking with some of his own ideas. Through his finageling, airmen who can shake off sleep at 2 a.m. can go out with the swordfishing boats for the day. He also arranges tours with guides through Sydney steel mills. The responsibility of turning out the station paper naturally rests on his shoulders.

Sydney spirit is evident in the firehall — spotless but nothing elaborate. "There's a lot of firefighters on other stations aren't going to like this, but in my opinion a fancy flower garden around a firehall indicates the men aren't putting enough time on inspections," says Fire Chief FS Tommy Lennon of Winnipeg. "A firefighter on an operational unit hasn't time to putter around a rock garden."

Sydney firefighters did find time to pry off the top of their crash tender, however, and scrape down the corrosion on the lining and baffles. A coat of waterproof paint on the inside does away with frequent flushings. While Sydney firefighters are claiming they have the best crash tender in the service, the rest of the RCAF is following suit with Sydney's plan.

FS Lennon does not agree with Air Force orders on the question of placing boots in locker tops when not in use. "It's too hot up there," he claims. In his firehall, he has racks installed under the beds where "resting" boots can dry out at room temperature.

Unofficial distributor of Sydney goodwill to Scottish Cape Breton is Pipe Major Sgt Bill Livingston and his station pipe band. The surrounding countryside, dotted with such nostalgic names as Inverness, Caledonia, and New Glasgow, loves the pipes; and since so many Cape Breton pipers are now overseas with the Canadian Army, the pipe band of RCAF Sydney is doubly welcome at local sport days and concerts. Sgt Livingston learned to pipe in Auchinleck, Ayrshire, before making his Canadian home in Sudbury, Ontario. Versatile entertainer of the band is drummer LAC Jock MacDonald, Ottawa, who amazes Cape Bretoners with his fluent Gaelic, the language of his birthplace — Island of Lewis, in the Hebrides. His "Harry Lauder" skits and Gaelic songs have made many friends for himself and his air station.

This friendly Sydney spirit stays with airmen and airwomen even after they have been posted. Those within travelling distance come back to Sydney on their 48s and 72s. "We can always feed a few more," says messing officer SO E. E. McMurphy, "Besides they spend most of their time in the snack bar, or else they're out on a picnic."



LAC Jock MacDonald, Ottawa, versatile entertainer of pipe band. He amazes Cape Bretoners.

Photos by Cpl L. Shedden

MORALE IS FANCY TALK AT THIS EAST COAST STATION BUT THEY'VE A FIGHTING SPIRIT THAT'S CONTAGIOUS



SWO and SAO pitch in too. WO1 C. D. Hance keeps the cord out of the way of SL M. Rubin who is running electric sander in the airmen's lounge.

Photo section gets cracking. AW1 Winnie Davidson of Winnipeg, and Cpl Abbey Evanchick of Ottawa, brighten up the printroom ceiling and themselves.



Jerry and the Pirates

Mag-minded, enterprising sarge put Canada and the RCAF on comic strip map

by SGT WIBB TURNER
RCAF Public Relations

CALGARY — The boys at 4 Training Command Headquarters are wondering what Sgt Jerry Bricker has in mind for the Air Force gang at this Command.

Jerry has been in the outfit since early in the war and every station he's been on has benefited by his enterprising schemes. Every joe who passed through Edmonton Manning Depot undoubtedly recalls Jerry as the editor of *The Airman*, one of the best service publications in Canada. Before shaping up that effervescent weekly tabloid, he helped publish *The Aircraftman* at St. Thomas TTS and founded *Reconnaissance* at 4 SFTS, Saskatoon.

But Air Force mags aren't Jerry Bricker's only baby.

The pretty picture you see on this page of Miss Lace, wolf-wise dynamite of the Pacific who is the apple of all GI eyes in "Male Call", and another of Burma, her equally lovely twin of "Terry and the Pirates" are Sgt Bricker's prized gifts from Milton Caniff, author of both those strips. (Comics, we mean).

For it was Bricker who put Canada and the RCAF on the comic strip map when he, with



"LACE" with hardly a stitch for JERRY BRICKER and the staff of "The AIRMAN"

MILTON CANIFF

Caniff's help, added a Canadian wolf to Terry's already cumbersome competition. You've met him — tall, dark and handsome FL Tote Bonny, Royal Canadian Air Force.

One day Jerry woke to the horrible realization that our fair Dominion and its 11,000,000 inhabitants had been ignored all these years. He checked his stock on hand, invested more nickels and dimes. Sure enough, there wasn't a Canadian character in the lot.

Jerry decided it was high time somebody put in Canada's two-bits worth. He couldn't see a proud Canuck playing second fiddle to Superman or Tarzan and his hairy friends. No room in Blondie's little family. Maggie and Jiggs, Toots and Casper, Alley Oop? — no dice there.

Milton Caniff's "Terry and the Pirates" seemed just the ticket. Canadian airmen were helping those Yanks blast the Nips. Why not advertise it?

Sgt Bricker promptly wrote Caniff. Caniff wrote back, enthused and asking for details. Umpteen letters later their joint brainchild, FL Tote Bonny, RCAF, reported for duty to tough, wise-cracking "Col Corkin" somewhere in the Pacific.

The flight lieutenant was no haphazard, two-minute brainchild. For months Bricker in Edmonton and Caniff in New York tore out hairs creating and perfecting him. He had to look, act and talk like a typical Canadian fighter pilot. He had to be dressed strictly according to regs. His name was another hurdle.

Bricker sent to New York scads of photographs to cover all uniform details. He sent bits of cloth, replicas of Canada badges and the service ribbon, samples of RCAF jargon. In turn, the comic strip author-artist sent color proofs for Bricker's approval on every step in Bonny's creation. Caniff still consults the Edmonton airman on any new slants.

As for the name, Caniff hit on the "Bonny". The "Tote" is Sgt Bricker's, taken from totem pole as the necessary essence of things Canadian. Tote carries a miniature totem pole for luck on his anti-Jap missions.

That our sergeant hit the advertising jackpot was proven promptly. Caniff's mail bag swelled. One day Bonny appeared with only one Canada badge up and Caniff was swamped with indignant reminders from not only Canadian, but American readers. Further, the dashing young Canuck was a hit with his fellow Yank and British fliers-on-paper, not to mention the curvacious Burma.

The publicity touch comes naturally to Sgt Bricker, who was running his own printing and advertising business when he joined the Air Force in 1940. Previously, he had sold papers, and, he recalls, "starved to death for awhile" as a cub reporter.

As writer or editor or both, Bricker has given considerable time to service papers, often to the annoyance of sergeant-majors of various equipment sections who annoyingly remind him that he is in this Air Force as an equipment assistant.

Jerry also was one of the first, if not the first, to apply for and introduce the varied free features of Camp Newspaper Service to Canadian service publications.



by CPL E. J. COSTAIN

LETHBRIDGE — The boys at No. 1 Quadrant on the 8 B&G bombing range here have it soft with "Smoke Puff" around to retrieve stray drogues.

Smoke Puff is a scruffy, forlorn-looking pup that chanced to be meandering over the ranges one day and decided to settle down there permanently.

The first step in the ladder of his present career began when the boys invited him to accompany them on jaunts after drogues. Smokey being a conscientious type worked for his board by carrying the drogues back to the tower, and shortly after took over this duty entirely.

The only signal needed to send him off on a mission now is the sound of a low-flying Lysander. Even if he is asleep his sixth sense pinches him in time to spot the dropping drogue and he takes after it posthaste. Smokey picks up the drogue ropes in his jaws, tosses the shrouds over his shoulder and drags the sleeve-target behind him, appearing shortly thereafter with a canine grin and deposits it on the drogue room floor.

At present Sgt McLeod and FO A. T. French are training Smokey to count, so that he can not only bring in the drogues but also total the hits.

Music Makers



LAC Lou Snider and FS Geoff Adams
Co-pilots on wings of song

VULCAN—Off duty hours at any RCAF station finds personnel following the desires and devices of their own hearts, taking in all sorts of sports and hobbies. Some are instructional and some just pure fun, but there are two chaps at 19 SFTS Vulcan, Alta., who for a long time had everyone guessing.

They are FS Geoffrey Adams of Sydney, Australia, and LAC Lou Snider of Toronto, who frequently sneak into the recreation hall and work behind closed doors for a couple of hours. A little spy job revealed that No. 19 had in its midst two musical composers, who were diligently hiding their light under a bushel. Through all this cramming, which resulted in a half dozen musical numbers, Geoff supplied the lyrics and Lou the musical score.

So far they have written songs entitled: "The Boys Are Back in France Again"; "Have You Heard from Bill?"; "The Day You Come Home"; "My Serenade to You"; "Without a Shadow of a Doubt", and "Too Late." All of these were written in two weeks and have since been copyrighted.

FS Adams is a flying instructor and Lou is his pupil. Lou is well known in Toronto musical circles as a CBC artist and the producer of the radio show "Memoirs in Music" which he put on the air in 1941. Lou was also the Snider half of the Snider and Ross piano team heard over the CBC. He is now in charge of the station orchestra at 19 SFTS. Photo by LAW Doris Bennett

Target Toting Terrier



Smokey drags 'em home behind him



"Not leaving so soon, I hope?" she cooed.

DON'T USE THE FLOOR, THIS DANCE IS ON ME!

by SGT ERIC NICOL

ACCORDING to unofficial statistics, there are seven women in Ottawa for every man. Unfortunately, owing to some clerical error in the government's Department of Supply, I have not yet received delivery of my seven, and only a naturally sunny disposition restrains me from suspecting that some rat is running around with fourteen.

It was to correct this situation that, along with two male companions, I let out my long ears last Saturday night and set out on a promenade about the city, pausing from time to time to howl at the moon and anything else that looked pretty full.

Suddenly, without provocation, unwhistled and uninked, two large women set upon us in a dark side street before we could reach a telephone pole. We outnumbered them but they were bigger than we were, so we quickly decided discretion would be the better part of valor, particularly as they had their feet on our necks anyway.

"Are you going to the St. Hyacinth Church Servicemen's Dance?" one of them growled.

Anticipating instinctively that a negative reply would earn me a brisk cuff in the molars, I babbled: "Why, yes! Oh, my yes. We were just on our

way over. Never miss a Saturday night at St. Hyacinth's, do we fellas, ha ha ha?"

The fellas nodded their heads vigorously and the ladies let us up. Nothing would do then but that these young women should direct us personally to St. Hyacinth's Church Servicemen's Dance, overcoming our bashful hesitance with prods in the back with what felt like the barrel of a Sten gun.

We entered the church to find a grim induction committee waiting for us in the lobby, four inflexible hostesses grouped around a card table.

"Good evening boys," smiled one of them hungrily. "There are some lovely girls upstairs —" the hostess stepped aside a moment to make room for a stretcher party of ladies carrying out an airman who was moaning softly to himself, "— and we're sure you'll have a grand time dancing with them."

With that the committee took down in a register our names and the address of our next of kin, pinned a card on our tunics stating that we were men, and pointed sternly up the stairs to the dance floor.

Our feet dragged and the breath sobbed in our throats as we climbed towards the front line. Already we could see women, all of them looking like runners-up in the casting of "Frankenstein's Mate", leaning over the bannister, staring at us. Blinded in the right eye by a drop of drool, I stumbled to the top, where the three of us silently shook hands. As a desperate last-minute stratagem we agreed to pretend we had come up not to dance but to search for Cousin Wilmer, who was drunk. We would stand gazing around anxiously for a moment, then say in a loud voice, "No, I guess Cousin Wilmer who is drunk didn't come in here!" and all troop out.

We never had a chance to put the plan into action. Before I could open my mouth my friends

were swept away in a tide of human flesh. A small oilslick and a few chunks of debris rose to mark where they went down; I never saw them again. Instead I discovered a huge babe docked beside me, her stern vibrating either from a broken propeller shaft or a desire to dance. My mind was soon cleared of alternatives.

"D'ya wanna dance, Air Force?" she boomed, blinking her big blue Aldis lamps in my face.

I gave a hoarse shout and dove for the stairs, only to be brought up short by a hostess.

"Not leaving so soon, I hope?" she cooed, chucking me under the chin with a heavy Luger.

"No, no," I laughed slightly hysterically. "Just want to pop home for a moment and get my blood."

The hostess flashed a smile that revealed a beautiful set of matched cavities, and I tacitly followed the barrel of the Luger back to the dance floor. Faintly I heard a voice hollering for a person named "Paul Jones", and the next thing I knew I was sucked into a vortex of straggling males entirely surrounded by an Indian circle of women. Abruptly the music stopped and the women charged. I started digging a slit trench but it was too late. I looked up to see a bosomy B-29 gazing down at me with an expression that braided the hair on the back of my calves.

"Well, ha, ha," I mumbled, straightening up. "What do you think of the election results in New Brunswick? I see where . . ."

The B-29 grabbed me by the waist and I was wrestling for my life, to the tune of "Milkman, Keep Those Bottles Quiet!" My senses reeled under the impact of her Wrigley's Juicy Fruit, and I pawed blindly at the air for an escape hatch.

"I don't think it is entirely irrelevant," I shouted, "to tell you that I don't know how to dance!"

"Oh, that's all right!" she blared cheerfully. "You just follow my lead. Fellas say I'm as light as a zephyr."

"Really?" I croaked. "Lincoln or Lockhead?"

The B-29 won the first dance with three straight falls and a body scissors. I had just started to crawl towards the ropes when the band pounded into dance number two, and she was hammering away at me again.

"If you don't mind," I wheezed, "I think I'll toddle up to the altar for a minute. I have something I'd like to talk over with God . . ."

"Don't be silly! This is a rumba. Don't you love the rhythm of the maracas?"

I nodded dumbly, too weak to point out that what she probably mistook for maracas were my toes rattling around loosely in my shoes. As a result of my partner's misjudging a few steps, I was wearing open-toed feet.

"Let's get hot!" she cried. "I'll teach you how to jitterbug!"

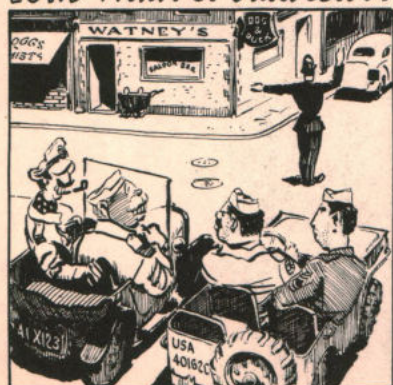
"No thanks," I murmured wearily. "I'm not wearing my dog-tags this evening."

I glanced up to see that she had flung herself back arm's length from me, pawing at the floor and doing something with her center of gravity, as though she were trying to get rid of it. Horrified I realized that she was preparing to jitterbug, and I was standing right in the middle of the runway. I was still standing there transfixed when she catapulted towards me, and I felt strangely happy that it was going to be all over at last . . .

As they carried me through the lobby on the stretcher I caught a glimpse of the white, taut faces of other males freshly spilled from the nets. The hostess was saying, "There are some lovely girls upstairs, boys . . ." I moaned softly to myself.

LORD WHIFF of GRAPESHOT

It only goes to show what happens when you start messin' about with all sorts of foreigners *by G. H. G.*



Wingsgirl
OCTOBER

UNITED
ARTISTS Linda Darnell



PAY AS YOU BLOW

Total your WAR SERVICE BENEFITS in right-hand column of this WINGS chart — for ALL RANKS

1 REHABILITATION GRANT	Thirty days' pay and allowances, (based on pay of rank, group, and dependents' allowance)	
2 CLOTHING ALLOWANCE		\$100.00
3 WAR SERVICE GRATUITY	<p>a \$7.50 for every 30 days' service in Western Hemisphere</p> <p>b \$15.00 for every 30 days' service overseas (Includes Aleutians, Greenland, Iceland)</p> <p>c For every six months' service overseas — seven days' pay and allowances based on amount received immediately prior to discharge.</p>	
4 RE-ESTABLISHMENT CREDIT	An additional amount equal to the sum of a plus b, for certain specified objects. (see box, below left)	
<p>You can use your RE-ESTABLISHMENT CREDIT</p> <p>— towards acquiring a home, repair or modernization of a home you own, purchase of furniture, provision of working capital for your business or profession, purchase of tools and equipment for trade or business, purchase of a business, etc. GENERAL RULE: the credit may represent no more than two-thirds of total amount needed — i.e., you must put in some of your own dough as well.</p>	<p>GRAND TOTAL</p> <p>WHEN & HOW PAYMENTS MADE</p> <p>1 & 2 will be paid immediately upon discharge. Total of 3 (a,b,c) will be paid in monthly instalments after discharge, not exceeding amount of pay and allowances received during last month of service (but including subsistence whether received or not) till total exhausted. 4 can be applied to any purpose listed (see box, left) at any time within ten years of discharge.</p>	
IMPORTANT	The full Re-establishment Credit (4) will not be available to discharges who are buying a farm under Veterans' Land Act or obtaining educational, vocational or technical training grants previously announced (in March WINGS). If you take advantage of any of these grants, and amount received is less than your Re-establishment Credit, you can apply for the difference. Idea of the Re-establishment Credit is to provide an alternative offer to veterans not benefiting under other schemes.	
ALL PAYMENTS TAX EXEMPT — NOT SUBJECT TO ATTACHMENT, LEVY, SEIZURE OR ASSIGNMENT		



For Instance...

AS can be seen from the above chart, the method of paying war service benefits is clear-cut and comprehensive. To help you measure your own particular share of the gravy, here are a few further details about the scheme:

Overseas Service: means any service outside the Western Hemisphere — i.e. outside North and South America, the islands adjacent thereto and the territorial waters thereof. But Greenland, Iceland, and the Aleutian Islands are considered "overseas".

When and How Paid: Immediately upon discharge you receive the Clothing Allowance of \$100 and the Rehabilitation Grant of 30 days' pay and allowances (for instance, if you are a corporal earning \$1.50 a day, you get \$45). Secondly, in monthly instalments, Corporal You would be entitled to the Gratuity (say you have been serving two years in Canada — you are entitled to 24X\$7.50, or \$180.00). You will receive this amount over the period necessary to absorb it in equal monthly payments including subsistence allowance (whether you're getting subsistence now or not). In other words, if you were discharged in April, 1945, you would draw \$60.00 in May, \$60.00 in June, \$60.00 in July, and then you've had it — \$180.00. Thirdly, you receive the Re-establishment Credit (\$180 in this case) at any time within ten years of your discharge, if you require it for any of the purposes listed, unless you intend to take advantage of the Veterans' Land Act or educational, vocational or technical training grants.

Examples:

Case 1: Sgt John Jones, single, has on discharge 3 years' service in Canada, no service overseas. He is "A" group so his pay is \$2.95 a day. He would receive the following:

(a) Clothing allowance . . . \$100; (b) Rehabilitation grant (30 days' pay and allowances of rank and group, not including subsistence allowance — \$2.95X30) . . . \$88.50; (c) Gratuity (36X\$7.50 . . . \$270.00; (d) Re-establishment credit (equal to Gratuity) . . . \$270.00. TOTAL: \$728.50.

Of this amount the following is payable on discharge: (a) Clothing allowance . . . \$100.00; (b) Rehabilitation grant . . . \$88.50; TOTAL: \$188.50. The Gratuity is paid in equal monthly instalments as follows: (a) 1st month . . . \$90.00; (b) 2nd month . . . \$90.00; (c) 3rd month . . . \$90.00; TOTAL: \$270.00. The Re-establishment Credit is payable either in whole or in part, any time within the next ten years that Sgt. Jones wishes to use it for the purposes listed. TOTAL: \$270.00. GRAND TOTAL OF ALL BENEFITS FOR SGT JONES: \$728.50.

Case 2: FO George Smith, aircrew, married with 2 children, has on discharge 25 months' service in Canada and 8 months' service overseas. His pay and allowances are: \$7.00 per day, \$47.20 per month Dependents' Allowance (wife), \$25.92 per month Dependents' Allowance (children). He would receive the following: (a) Clothing allowance . . . \$100.00. (b) Rehabilitation grant, (30 days' pay of rank and dependents' allowance) . . . \$283.12 (of which \$73.12 goes to wife). (c) Gratuity for service in Canada (25X\$7.50) . . . \$187.50. (d) Gratuity for service overseas (8X\$15.00) . . . \$120.00. (e) Supplement for six months' service overseas: 7 days' pay — 7X\$7.00 . . . \$49.00, 7 days' dependents' allowance — 7/30X(\$47.20 plus \$25.92) . . . \$17.06; Subsistence allowance — 7X\$1.70 . . . \$11.90. Add one-third of \$77.96 for extra two months . . . \$25.98. Total of pay and allowances . . . \$103.94. (f) Re-establishment Credit equal to (c) and (d) above . . . \$307.50. GRAND TOTAL: \$1,102.06.

Of this amount the following is payable on discharge: (a) Clothing allowance . . . \$100; (b) Rehabilitation grant . . . \$283.12. The Gratuity is paid in monthly instalments as follows: (a) 1st month . . . \$205.72. (b) 2nd month . . . \$205.72. The Re-establishment Credit is payable either in whole or in part any time within the next ten years that FO Smith wishes to use it for the purposes listed . . . \$307.50. GRAND TOTAL: \$1,102.06.

There. Now you shouldn't have any trouble calculating your own amount. If you do, see your personnel counsellor, but for heaven's sake don't come near us. We're still trying to figure out last month's pay.

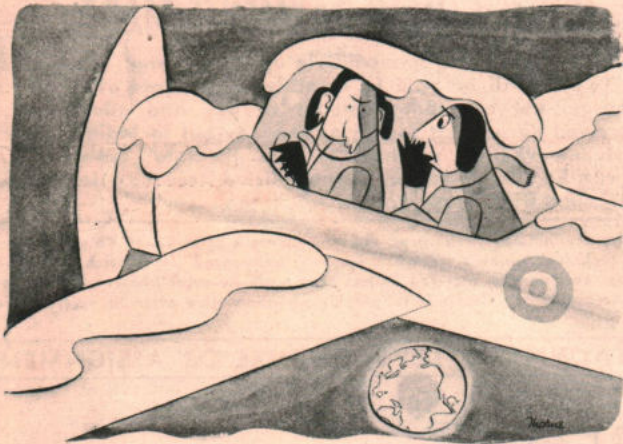
Medical Officer - c



"I'D LIKE TO REPORT AN ACCIDENT, SIR"



"BACKS HIS APPEAL FOR BUSH LEAVE RATHER CONVINCINGLY, EH CRATCHLY?"



"YOU REALIZE, OF COURSE, WHAT YOU'RE DOING ..."



"FOR THE NEXT FEW MINUTES, CORPORAL, PLEASE DON'T SWALLOW"

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CITY or TOWN _____
PROVINCE or STATE _____
CANADA or U.S.A. _____

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