

WINGS



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



NOVEMBER 1944

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TRENTON — BIG AND VERSATILE

Trenton...big and versatile

by SGT ERIC NICOL
WINGS Staff Writer

TRENTON is P. F. When shorthorns and sheep were cropping peacefully on what were to be the hundreds of miles of runways of RCAF flying schools, when 99% of the schools' barracks were still suckling sap in green timbers, and when nearly all those people who have flown the runways and shared the barracks were knobby-kneed kids who knew recess instead of break period and carried books on their arm instead of hooks — Trenton was waiting. Hitler was yet a political goliwog when the first joe arrived to gawk at the gleaming white stucco buildings bordering the Bay of Quinte. And war was just an Ethiopian headache when the first Tiger Moth fluttered down attracted by the white slash of light from Trenton's water-tower beacon. Trenton has been around.

Today, the huge station is tapering off after the most strenuous stretch of duty of any station in the country. In 1939, it was the answer to a distraught government's prayer, an air training school already in operation, a model and a nucleus for the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. First, bush pilots with 6,000 hours squirmed in new uniforms as baby-faced P. F. instructors with 600 hours taught them how to fly and be antisocial at the same time. Soon Trenton became the tradesman's entrance to the Air Force, quickly swelling with personnel learning a dozen different trades. It has been the alma mater for more airmen and airwomen than any other school, 1,000 acres of campus crammed with schools for flying instructors, PTIs, hospital assistants, navigators, discipis, firemen, AGs, clerks, MT drivers, equipment assistants, and SPs. Not to mention incidental duties involved in housing the repair depots for all No. 1 Command marine craft and area motor transport. The cooks' refresher course has attracted hundreds of cooks who have gone back to ovens with a firmer tread. Officers and NCOs by the score have spent pleasant weeks immersed to some distance above their heads in admin course curricula. Most distinguished school of all, perhaps, has been the Central Flying School, responsible for maintaining the standard of all RCAF instructors.

Trenton, in short, has long been a pot-pourri of personnel, a transient population of those who colonized the ubiquitous posts of the RCAF. No fewer than 30,000 airmen and airwomen, for instance, trace their Service careers back to the classrooms of Trenton's Composite Training School. These days K.T.S., (the "K" is employed to avoid confusion with Conversion Training Squadron), is merely a shadow of its former plump student body, as many trades, such as firemen and discipis, no longer require new blood, or if they do they won't admit it. The classes now in training may be the last for their trades, depending on the graph of victory.

LAST OF THE WINGLESS WONDERS

The present class of the Ab Initio course, for example, represents just about the last of the administrative Mohicans. This course, as many hundreds of officers will vividly recall, is a mortar in which airmen and direct entries are mixed with Air Force law, rules of letter-writing, CAP 90,

and a number of other ingredients, and pestled vigorously over a period of five weeks to emerge as admin officers, fully qualified to accept salutes and pay taxes.

The October class has been something of a grand finale, its 52 members being the largest group ever to crowd into the Ab Initio nominal roll. The officer cadets include a dozen different trades, from pharmacists to padres, from several dozen stations from Goose Bay to Sea Island. Sitting in their lecture room, they constitute a remarkable assemblage with little in common other than white arm bands and an intense desire to pass the course. A WO1 who has been in the Air Force 16 years rubs shoulders with an honorary flight lieutenant who has been in a week. Thinly-braided flying control men inducted from the Department of Transport wrestle with the falderol of administrative procedure beside a postal clerk corporal with a five-digit number.

Activity ebbs at most lavish campus of RCAF, dean of training units & home of myriad trades

Clean, long-covered nap on the airmen's tunics reveals where rank badges and eagles have been snipped off. Various local tailors of officers' uniforms hover over the trainees like solicitous buzzards, impatiently awaiting the end of the course with extended tape measures. Here and there a pair of wings mark an aircrew man medically categorized and adjusting himself to piloting a pen according to AFRO, AFAO, K.R. (Air), and several other publications not easily confused with "Esquire".

Officer commanding the Ab Initio officers' training is FL W. C. F. Weir, a genial, balding gentleman who handles his class with the manner of a veteran scout leader well-versed in the aberrations of fallow minds. When he enters the classroom, the cadets stand to attention and he promptly waves them back down again. Of the team of instructors sharing subjects on the syllabus, FL Weir's particular chore is that of divulging the secrets of letter-writing. He starts his lecture with a question period based on the previous day's work, and has no trouble eliciting volunteer answers from a class almost painfully eager to show its willingness to learn. Enjoying a pedagogic paradise in which all the pupils are keen, FL Weir is quite accustomed to the spectacle which would dazzle an ordinary teacher — a classroom filled entirely with golden-haired boys.

Slightly less effervescent than the rest with their responses are the padres, including in this class three Roman Catholic and two Protestant chaplains, as well as the first Orthodox rabbi to join the RCAF, all direct entry officers and acutely aware of the fact. During the question period the padres look very solemn and appear to be

consulting directly with the Creator on such matters as the definition of a memorandum and the various blessings of a lettergram.

Even more troublesome to the padres are the daily drill periods, during which they struggle with the demons that misdirect their feet, manfully trying to match the automatic ease of the airmen who have been in the Service for years.

"They are very anxious to do the movements right and they try awfully hard," smiles Sgt George Tessier of Windsor, PT & D man for KTS. "But when I give the flight a halt the padres usually keep marching for about six days afterwards."

Sgt Tessier's job is complicated by the fact that his flight is made up of people to whom drill is, on the one hand, too familiar to be interesting, and on the other, too strange to be pleasant. And the very presence of God's representatives oblige him to delete from his monologues that withering verbal grapeshot so dear to the heart of the PTI. Sgt Tessier addresses his squad in a dignified manner most of the time, although once or twice padres have watched quizzically as he stepped up to a perverted drillee and murmured a few home truths from short range.

In former days the cadet officers were obliged to drill in sets of three left-hand markers linked by lengths of rope to three right-hand markers. The six markers would stamp about forming flight and saluting to the front and what-not with the ropes representing the intervening ranks. This practice has been discontinued, however,

FL Don Morrison, DFC, DFM, left a leg overseas, now scrambles Hurries as CFS student.



From Spits to spit and polish. Toronto's FL "Jackie" Rae won DFC with late WC Chadburn's squadron, now calls the tune as OC Officers' Jr. Admin Course

Trenton's buildings, like airmen's triple-decker barracks, were built to last. Bordering Toronto-Montreal highway is busy tarmac of CFS and FIS.





TRENTON BY NIGHT. NOTE LIGHTS OF TAXIING AIRCRAFT AND 6 R.D. IN BACKGROUND

presumably after one or two ugly cases of the markers hanging one another in the excitement. Nevertheless the cadets receive two hours of drill every day and one hour's P. T. every other day. Asked what he thinks of this Spartan treatment, FL A. Jobin, a cadet R. C. padre just returned from a ten years' stay in warm, sleepy Trinidad, casts up his eyes and purses his lips in silent supplication.

"The drill is quite tiring for us old fellows who have never done it before," he admits, "but one can always learn something new. The padre must be able to understand the problems of the boys and girls when they come to him. This course enables us to do that, yes, indeed!"

In contrast to Padre Jobin's freshman qualms is the seasoned self-assurance of WO1 William Wheeler of Toronto, an MMT who joined up Sept. 1, 1928, and who was at Trenton the day it first opened in 1931.

GESTAPO IN EMBRYO

The officer cadets share the KTS building with classes in a number of trades, one of the most formidable being that of service police in training. Between five and six thousand SPs have graduated from Trenton to guardhouses the world over, and the chances are the corporal you dimly remember as having seen you home last Saturday night was a Trenton maif.

Ringmaster for the boys in blue is a gentleman with eyes of mild steel, FL J. McGrail of Toronto, who has been engaged in police work since 1919. His current class, likely to be close to the last, is a large one including two or three women. FL McGrail makes haste to point out that the five-week SP course does not qualify the trainees to go out and make like Dick Tracy. Iron bars do not a prison make, nor flat feet a policeman, according to this officer who ought to know.

"You can't create a policeman in a month, or even a year," he asserts, watching you steadily over his pipe-filling. "These men and women are being trained for guardhouse duties only. They won't be put on the street or on trains, where a hundred different situations can crop up, each one demanding the immediate, almost

instinctive action that a policeman bases on years of experience, and not on the answers to an examination paper."

FL McGrail's aide-de-camp is WO1 Frank Hough, an impressively large chap from Kingston. Discussing himself and his job of incubating the embryo gestapo, WO1 Hough is almost as garrulous as a security-poster-conscious clam. But it is a fact that he has been a cop for 24 years and had a part in the training of every SP in the RCAF. And he admits he is getting a little tired of it.

"Police work is a hard life," he points out. "Everybody thinks you're a dumb clunk, until he's been robbed or run over or something, and then he expects you to be a combination of Sherlock Holmes and Bulldog Drummond. Besides, you never know when somebody is going to take a shot at you."

Contrary to popular opinion, SPs are not necessarily crack shots.

"We let them fire 25 rounds with a .38," explains the major. "That way they get the urge to play with the revolver out of their system. Otherwise, some night when they're on the gate and pretty bored, they start monkeying with their cannon and first thing they know they've blown their head off, leaving nobody to watch the gate. There has to be somebody on the gate at all times."

INSTRUCTOR INSPECTORS

Further evidence of Trenton's versatility is offered by the Central Flying School, on the flying side of the busy Montreal-Toronto highway that halves the great station like a pulsing artery. The CFS, sharing the tarmac's picture-book assortment of aircraft with the Flying Instructor's School, traces its history back to Camp Borden days and the first instructor's course, given in February 1932, when Air Marshal Breadner was CO of the station. Many of the most brilliant minds in flying have belonged to names on the CFS roster, for this school is the Oxford of aerial education, with advanced courses to acquaint instructors with the latest styles in sky war. Visiting flights of these instructors beetle about the country, dropping in on training schools to check

the technique of the local instructors and pass on tid-bits of new fashions in flying. To replace the aging Lockheeds employed by these pilots for their peregrinations, the CFS maintenance gang is having fun transforming obsolescent Hudson bombers into passenger planes with fine upholstery and various TCA comforts — another scoop for Trenton.

COUNTRY CLUB

Some browned-off types have experienced the urge to leave Trenton, but wherever they have gone they have almost immediately regretted their impetuosity. For Trenton borders on the paradisiacal with its conglomeration of recreational facilities, including everything from two swimming pools and a brace of theatres to a yachting club, complete with yachts, and a school of dancing. Since the station's opening Trenton's COs, one of which is now an air marshal and five are AVMs, have been solicitous about the extra-curricular life of the airmen and airwomen, and the present chief, GC A. D. Bell-Irving, has maintained the tradition of custom-built camp life. That is why this station has a pleasant niche in the memory of more Service people than any other. Former residents get moony-eyed at the sight of the old water-tower that has long been Trenton's landmark. Like the station sprawling at its feet, the water-tower is remarkably versatile, bearing a powerful beacon, a battery of PA loudspeakers vociferous enough to draw comment from natives of Rochester across the lake, a crown of glass enclosing a greenhouse, and an elevator for vertical commuters. To top off the list, the water-tower also holds water, 100,000-odd gallons of it, for those unable to afford the wet canteen.

Because Trenton is P. F. it will not, like many sister training stations, revert with peace to pastures and emergency landing fields. The big white schoolhouse of the humble and the great of the RCAF will continue to represent the potential power of a people aroused. And men and women will be talking Trenton for some time after this war has been wrapped up and put away for tomorrow's lessons. It is to Trenton's credit that they will smile as they remember their times at "the show-place of Canada."

As blacksmith and batman he'd 'had it' - a swap got him an air gunner's turret and a gong from the King

by SL T. C. McCALL, PRO

WITH RCAF BOMBER GROUP OVERSEAS—Young Peter Engbrecht is perhaps the Number One paradox of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

He is, to begin with, a member of a religious sect, one of whose tenets denounces participation in wars.

Then again, in his veins flows blood which is 100 percent Germanic.

His early career in the Air Force hardly

1944, that he joined the Tiger Squadron of the RCAF Bomber Group.

His first operational sortie was flown on May 26th when his aircraft, piloted by Flight Officer Keys, an American, was one of a force of Halifaxes which attacked Le Havre. The trip was wholly uneventful.

The next night the Canadian crews got the sort of target which they really relished: a German military camp at Bourg-Leopold, Belgium. It was on this trip that Engbrecht destroyed his first two German fighters.

It was during the engagement that three of Engbrecht's four guns "packed up". At the same time the rear gunner reported that all four of his guns were unserviceable. To complicate matters further, Engbrecht's intercom equipment was not working, so he was unable to communicate with other members of the crew.

At this moment a FW 190 came tearing in

Then he caught fire and we watched him all the way down to the deck."

Shortly after this incident, as a result of which Engbrecht and Sgt Gillanders, the rear gunner, claim "half" an aircraft destroyed, the rear gunner shot down and got credit for a second enemy aircraft destroyed.

Four nights later, returning from Kiel, Sgt Gillanders claimed a "probable" when their aircraft was attacked over the sea.

As a youngster, Engbrecht spent much of his time hunting rabbits with a .22 rifle and finds that there is a marked parallel between his childhood sport and the present grim business. At the same time, he has his own theories about operational technique.

"In a fighter attack I am never conscious of sighting. It seems to be something that you do automatically. You lay on deflection, move ahead of the target and hold your aim there until ready to fire. I think I can honestly say that I've only missed the one time; that was when I got a probable. The Jerry was at extreme range and it was more by good luck than good judgement that I hit him at all."

Engbrecht, by reading and study, gives the impression of a man who has matured far beyond his years. He speaks deliberately and well and has given a good deal of thought to the post-war period. Primarily, he would like to remain in

MANITOBA MENNONITE

ACE A. G.



prepared him for the role of a hero, since it involved waiting on table in the officers' mess and later serving as batman.

Today, only partially finished with his first operational tour, the 21-year-old bomber gunner can claim a record unparalleled in the RCAF. He has personally destroyed five enemy aircraft and probably destroyed a sixth. One of his victories was scored under the almost incredible circumstances of having three of his four guns inoperative, yet scoring bull's-eyes on an attacking fighter with the one still functioning.

As any experienced bomber man will tell you, an air gunner's job is not primarily to shoot down fighters. It is to prevent his own aircraft from being shot down by spotting enemy marauders in advance of attack, guiding his own pilot by instructions for evasive action when and if an attack develops, and as a last resort using his guns to defend his plane, if the Nazi persists.

Beneath his air gunner's wing Peter Engbrecht wears one of the rarest decorations in the armed forces, the ribbon — white and dark blue — of the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal, roughly the equivalent to the Distinguished Service Order which can be won only by officers. When awarded the CGM by His Majesty the King at an open-air ceremony on one of the Canadian Bomber Group stations, Peter Engbrecht was still a sergeant. Shortly after this event he became a flight sergeant and has recently been commissioned.

A sturdily-built, fair-haired young man, Pilot Officer Engbrecht is self-conscious about his speech which he insists still bears traces of German accent. German had always been spoken in his family and until recently his letters home had been written in that language. Now he writes them in English because of the complications which were constantly arising out of his use of the enemy's language.

Actually, his family home was for many years in the Duchy of Luxembourg. Then they moved to the Ukraine and in 1928 the Engbrechts crossed the ocean to settle in Whitewater, Manitoba, members of a Mennonite community. There the head of the family, Nicolas Engbrecht, established himself as a blacksmith and in due course was joined in the business by Peter after he had finished public school.

The outbreak of war brought problems to the Engbrecht family. Peter, the oldest son, wanted to enlist when he reached 18, and a family council was held.

GOT BISHOP'S PERMISSION

"We finally consulted the bishop," he says. "My father couldn't refuse me permission to go since he had himself fought for seven years in the Russian army and during the revolution. The way we decided it was that Canada deserved fighting for, and I was allowed to join up. I was the first Mennonite, so far as I know, to do so."

The embryo gunnery ace enlisted in March 1941, but was not called until November of that year. He went to the service flying school at Brandon and worked as a waiter in the officers' mess and as a canteen steward. Then he was transferred to Summerside, P.E.I., and was a batman in the officers' quarters. In December, 1942, he was posted overseas and after arriving in Great Britain served as a G.D. and later as an armorer's assistant. Late the following year he was permitted to remuster as an air gunner and won his wing in October. It was not until May,



PO Peter Engbrecht added 3 more night fighters to his score since pointing on the 2 swastikas.

King George presents the young AG with the CGM, equal to DSO. Engbrecht's commission followed.

on the port quarter. There wasn't much to the engagement, according to Engbrecht.

"He didn't fire at all. I started to fire with the one gun that was operating and saw him blow up about 100 yards from our kite. Think I must have hit his petrol tank underneath. The way it turned out, I figure that every bullet must have hit him; the stream just seemed to pour into the fighter."

It was exactly two weeks later that Skipper Keys took his crew to bomb railway yards at Versailles-Matelot, near Paris. Returning from the target about half way between Paris and Cherbourg, the sky was suddenly illuminated by a fighter flare.

"An Me109 came out from behind the flare," Engbrecht relates, "and I saw him silhouetted. Then I gave him a short burst and he caught fire almost immediately and exploded right behind us. Just then an Me110 came in on our starboard side and I opened up again. He caught fire and started down. Then he disappeared in a cloud and suddenly there was a bright flash and the cloud lit up, as though by an explosion."

The next event of importance on the Engbrecht calendar was award of the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal and its presentation by the King. That was on August 11th. The next night he was detailed for an attack on Brunswick.

"We saw a couple of fighters on the way in to the target but they didn't attack us," Engbrecht says. "Even though you are not attacked, when you know that there are fighters around, it makes you all the more alert. Then I saw an Me210 get a four-engined bomber and start for us. The three of us opened fire all at the same time — the fighter, our rear gunner and myself. We could see our bullets bounding off him as he came in.



the Air Force and, if possible, train as a pilot although he has a good craftsman's pride in his present air gunner's trade. He would like to obtain a better education and possibly take some part in public life. As a side-line to his work of assisting his father in the blacksmith shop, he had operated a small fuel supply business, and in all probability will return to that after the war. He was married while stationed at Summerside and is fully conscious of his family obligations, particularly in view of the fact that his father is advancing in years and may need his help at home.

One of the things that irritate him is the interest of strangers and new acquaintances in the fact that he is of German origin. They invariably ask, he says, "how does it feel to shoot down Germans?"

"I have no love for the Nazis at all," he says. "But I have met good Germans as well as bad ones. What we shall have to do after this war is over is to take them in hand and teach the younger generation the right way of life in the same way that Hitler has tried to teach them the wrong way. That's the only way we'll ever straighten them out."

Peter Engbrecht regards himself as a Canadian and looks to Canada as a land of unparalleled opportunity for young men such as himself.

"For a man who is not afraid to work, you can get ahead in Canada even without a formal education," he observes. "The boys who want to hold down office jobs will find it harder. But if you really want to work, you can get ahead in Canada."

CURTIN'S COWBOYS

The Nips and Nazis find them tough customers but to Canadians the Aussies are a good-natured lot

by CPL RON REWBURY
WINGS Staff Writer

WHEN the siren screamed everyone knew this was it. Within a matter of seconds the air strip was a scene of purposeful activity. The Kittyhawks droning like angry bees shot into the air one after the other to meet the oncoming surge. The Japs were coming.

The battle of Milne Bay in New Guinea had begun, and a handful of Australian Diggers, the 76th RAAF Kittyhawk Squadron, and a scanty number of sprogs, the equivalent of RCAF erks, went into action against the hordes of yellow men who poured ashore from landing barges. Through the dank, mucky undergrowth, Aussies, sopping with mud and jungle stench, toting automatic rifles and machine guns, tried desperately to stem the onrush of the infiltrating Jap marines.

All this happened one day in the latter part of August, 1942. The action covered an area of 10 to 12 square miles as the Japs used all their cunning to beat a path to the Australian air strip, eight miles from New Guinea coastal waters.

In a sweeping movement, a small Jap unit outflanked the Diggers, actually took up positions at the end of one of the runways, and inched their way up the side of the strip. Diggers and Air Force groundcrew on the opposite side of the runway poured a steady stream of death across the strip. This proved to be too hot for the Nips, and those able beat a hasty retreat into the jungle, only to be cut to pieces by Aussies hidden in the undergrowth. Milne Bay remained in Australian hands.

TRAINEES TASTED WAR

The story of Milne Bay, and yarns like it, provide the background of many Australian airmen training in Canada today. Most Aussies have a story and now that they are temporarily attached to the RCAF, Canucks find them interesting pals.

Usually tall, tough, but good natured, the Aussies, known in their own country as "Curtin's Cowboys", are scattered throughout most of the RCAF's western Canada training stations. No. 19 SFTS, Vulcan, Alta., is one of these stations. Here most of the "blokes," as the Australians refer to one another, are waiting to be taken into courses, and for the time being are doing useful employment with RCAF maintenance units.

To the question: "How do you like Canada?" invariably the answer is "fair dinkum," meaning "it's tops". Canada is held in high esteem by most Australians who emphasize that "back home the people feel very sympathetic toward the Canadians who have spent almost five years in Europe without a break." To them western Canada is "just like home", and the only noticeable difference the Aussies find between themselves and Canucks is that Canadians have an American accent.

"Too bad our countries are so far apart, be-

cause we're both a bunch of hell-raisers and we'd make a great team," one old-time Digger remarked, forgetting for a moment that already Canucks and Aussies have teamed up in devastating raids over Germany.

Unlike Canadian aircrew trainees, many of the boys sent to Canada from "down under" have already seen action either as Diggers or as groundcrew with the RAAF.

Typical is LAC Johnny Short of Sydney. He is 21 years of age and prior to remustering to aircrew was an armorer; he saw action at Milne Bay, New Guinea, and spent three months on the bomb-shattered tropical island.

"The battle for the air strip was quite a do," remarked Johnny. "All groundcrew were issued with rifles and we dug in expecting the worst. Long before the Japs attacked, their navy made a habit of shelling us at night, so each evening our planes had to be flown to other dromes for safety. They came back at sun-up. The worst feature of the whole fight there was the destruction of our wet canteen. A shell hit it square, and blew it to pieces. There and then we knew the Japs had been given lessons in psychological warfare; right there and then we found out war is hell."

LOSE RANK ON REMUSTER

LAC Johnny Sullivan of Melbourne was formerly a sergeant equipment assistant. He lost his hooks when he remustered to aircrew. In the Australian Air Force NCOs who go aircrew lose their rank, and this procedure has caused some beefing among Service personnel. Aussie airmen would like to see the RCAF policy adopted by their own outfit in regard to rank and remustering.

Johnny Sullivan, now waiting to commence a navigator's course, also saw action in New Guinea. He was stationed at Port Moresby and Milne Bay.

"I went to Milne Bay after the big battle, but the boys there were still pretty nervous. The tension was showing on a number of the blokes and I didn't feel any too good myself. One day after I had been there a short time, a zebu, a kind of New Guinea cattle, stepped on a land mine planted alongside the landing strip. We

all thought another attack had started, and it gave us quite a shake-up."

LAC Ken Bower of Sydney, is another Aussie with a story. A former salesman, he has had about 15 months in the RAAF and spent three and a half years in the army before that. He's taking a navigator's course.

During his time in the Australian Imperial Forces, Ken spent 12 months with an ack-ack crew in Syria, and several months in Alexandria, Egypt, where his unit protected British warships at anchor in the harbor.

"We had quite a few tough nights at Alexandria," Ken related. "Jerry came over quite regularly in an effort to bomb the British fleet out of action, but we gave him a hot reception."

Noted for being hell-raisers during the North African campaign, the Diggers on one occasion were victims of their own shenanigans, according to LAC Bower. During the early part of the war, Italian currency was still in circulation in Egypt. At one point in Libya the Aussies found a safe filled with Italian paper money. They promptly began doling it out with great gusto. The bills were used for lighting pipes and fags, as matches were scarce. Lighted bills were passed from hand to hand, and finally there were no more bills left. When the lads went on leave into Egypt and Italian money was handed to them in change, they got the shock of their lives. It had been costly smoking.

LAC Bower also served at Darwin in North Australia and said that on the first day of his arrival at the tropical port, 13 Jap planes attacked. "Our gun got two in the first few minutes of the attack. The only thing the Jap bombs missed at Darwin was the pub, so we didn't feel the demoralizing effect of bombing as did the chaps at Milne Bay."

WET CANTEENS INNOVATION

LACs N. G. Hibberd of Bendigo, Victoria, and C. D. Huon, of Geelong, Victoria, are other typical fighters. They were in an armored division before enlisting with the RAAF. Western Canada to them is like New South Wales and West Victoria; Canucks sound like Americans, but act like all Britishers; Air Force stations here are fair dinkum, and the food is fine; Canadian stores are an eye-opener, and wet canteens on stations are an innovation. There are no wet canteens for airmen on RAAF training stations.

With possibilities strong that Canadians will be teaming up with the Aussies in the Pacific soon, they are warned to catch up on Australian speechisms. For instance, a chap is a bloke; a pal a cobber or mate; rookies are sprogs; a bludger is a loafer; a chap who sleeps too much, a spine basher; a crash is a prang; airmen are Curtin's Cowboys; a party is a do; good looking girls are slashing lines; women are Sheilahs; colored folk, boongs; an egg is a goog, and a scrounger has the right lark.

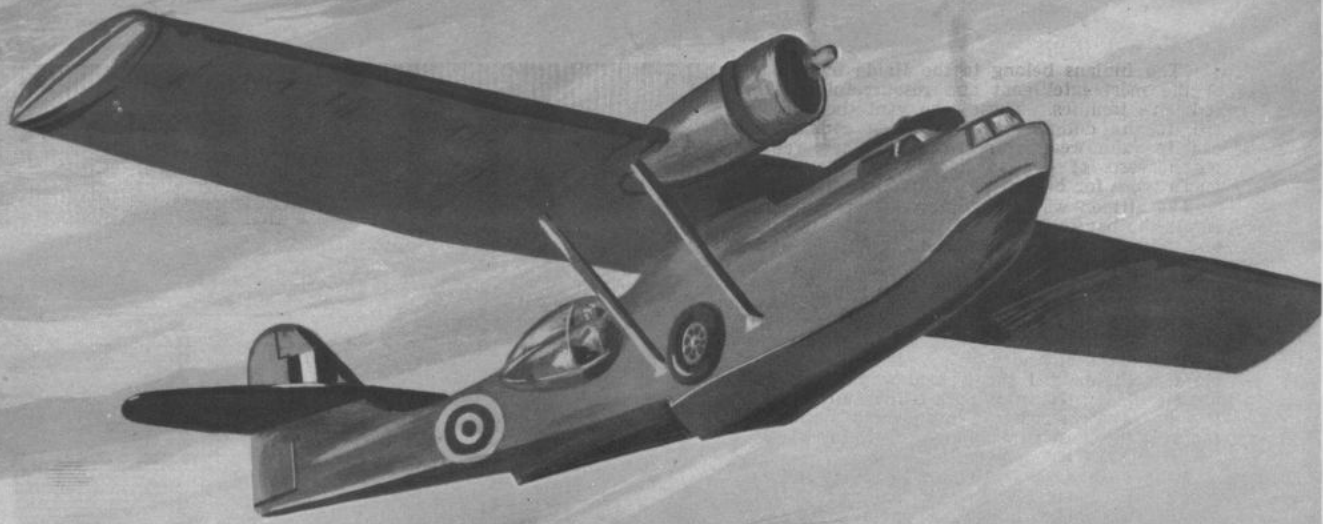
Australia also has its equivalent of our army zombies, but they're known as choccos. At the outbreak of war, men conscripted for service were called Chocolate Soldiers, but choco is now a respected title as these men have seen many months of action in New Guinea.

Aussies in general are fascinated by the way Canadians do things; they like our girls; think western beer is flat, and are amazed at the number of automobiles on the road.

On the whole the Aussies like being in Canada, and many have expressed the hope that Canucks will eventually get down to Australia when the war in the Pacific gets into full swing.

AUSSIE FIGHTING FACTS

- More than 870,000 Australians are in the fighting forces.
- RAAF's strength exceeds 150,000, not including the Women's Auxiliary Australian Air Force which numbers 18,575.
- More than 8,000 Aussie aircrew have graduated from the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan in Canada since the first draft arrived from Australia in September 1940.
- Australian airmen have won 2,286 decorations, including 3 Victoria Crosses, 969 DFCs, 43 DSOs, 73 AFCs, 7 CGMs, 312 DFCMs, 12 AFMs and 11 GMs.
- Thirty-two aircrew training schools are in operation in Australia.
- Aussie casualties for the three services total 83,691.



NORTHWEST

by SGT ERIC NICOL
WINGS Staff Writer

THE clatter of collapsible metal chairs being opened and planked down on the rec hall floor intensified with the widening stream of men entering the building. It was a severely masculine crowd — airmen in ancient sweaters and sweatshirts crested with the names of other stations; tanned draftee soldiers, big-calved, impassive; a sailor or two. An airman paused a moment to survey the half-dozen women walking up the wharf from the showboat, married women, some with children dangling between them and their uniformed escorts. Then, apparently satisfied, he moseyed into the hall.

Disencumbered of the last of the married personnel, the showboat settled down to wait for their return and the trip back across the bay to the little Queen Charlotte village where they lived. A Saturday night joe job that an ex-fishing smack had to expect once it got into Air Force blue.

This Saturday the best looking woman was on the arm of the provincial policeman. As he flung open two steel chairs, the rec hall looked at her, staring without expression, like hungry men reading the menu in a restaurant window. She sat down and the rec hall shifted its gaze back to the empty grey screen.

The bush station had finished filing in and was waiting for its ration of entertainment. Eight-thirty, time for the escape to begin, time for the projectionist to start administering the anaesthetic which, like everything else, was shipped up in cans. Dehydrated morale in flat cans.

Two soldiers stopped sidling along the wall, leaned back in a position to see the handsome, suntan-oiled legs of a woman sitting in the middle of the row. The woman was not pretty; they stared only at her legs.

There was a stir at the back of the hall as the station's pet fawn walked in stiff-legged, sniffing at outstretched hands, ears twitching at the frightening chorus of coaxing kisses. A mechanic in greasy coveralls picked up the fawn and tried to settle it in his lap, but the creature kicked its brittle legs jerkily and slipped to the floor. Avoiding further hands the fawn squeezed out the door past the legs of the last man to enter. The lights went down and suddenly the loud-speaker was struggling to synchronize with the screen in the labored birth of an Our Gang comedy. The crowd became very quiet, as though prepared to absorb amusement through its pores if necessary.

The comedy was old and no longer funny. A spot of dying sunlight sneaking in backstage moved slowly across the screen. The film ended and the rec hall sighed imperceptibly, unsatiated by its quota of laughter. The MGM lion roared

again, signalling the start of another elderly movie, the main feature. One or two men rose quietly and left, realizing that the picture was not going to be the one advertised. The remainder waited expectantly to be transported to New York, or London, to any city. It was not going to be a cowboy picture, anyhow. The locale was not going to be Hollywood's idea of rough country. They were to get into the city for a couple of hours. Maybe there'd be a funny Brooklyn cab driver in it.

A groan frilled with whistles greeted the appearance on the screen of Jean Rogers in pyjamas. Jean Rogers was luscious, all right. The rec hall watched critically as Van Johnson made love to her. When Van Johnson took her in his arms and kissed her the rec hall rocked with hoots and applause. Everybody was in on it. The whole rec hall had kissed Jean Rogers and was roaring its triumph.

Silence followed quickly, in common courtesy to the dialogue. With dramatic abruptness, Miss Rogers opened her lovely mouth and in a peculiarly flat masculine voice belated:

"Duty storekeeper wanted at the side door! Duty storekeeper wanted

at the side door!"

There was a brief scuffle as the duty storekeeper fumbled through the darkness to do Miss Rogers' bidding. Soon afterward the screen flashed a hysterical series of numbers and turned black. The rec hall stirred restlessly as the reels were changed, accustomed to receiving its illusions in two-foot lengths.

At 10:30 the rec hall was emptying. The married women, their husbands, the smattering of kids hurried down the wharf to get a good place on the showboat. The station personnel poured off in a dozen separate trickles to barrack bunks, to the bowling alleys, over to the mess for a late snack. Saturday night on a bush station was over.

The routine changes little from week to week. Sometimes the station invites to the show the Indians from the Mission farther down the bay. Then the tiny white fishing boats creep into the landing, and the brown-skinned guests throng up the dock with the passengers from the showboat. Occasionally the movie is a western thriller in which Indians fresh from the wild Beverley Hills are preoccupied solely with biting the dust in mass mastications. At such times the airmen sneak sly glances at the Queen Charlotte Indians sharing their rec hall to see how they are taking this pasting, but the dark, inscrutable faces give no indication whether the owners are pulling for their fellow Indians or for the 67th U. S. Cavalry.

WINGS, NOVEMBER



W. J. Coucill

The Indians belong to the Haida tribe, one of the most intelligent and resourceful of the redman's families. Those who visit the station are, to the delight of the canteen committee, usually quite wealthy, profiting by their valuable harvests of dogfish livers from the white man's craze for buying health in small packages.

The airmen who sometimes row or putt-putt across the bay to visit these mighty vitamin hunters, and who have been hospitably greeted with Sunday dinners, can attest that their hosts are making money out of livers at a rate second only to Carter's little pills. The Indians also return their show visits by staging dances in their village, advertising the events with such printed lures as "Lots of pretty girls!" It is a remarkable fact that a girl the airman would consider homely in, say, Toronto, looks really quite attractive up in the woods. A bush-bound station is probably the most miraculous cosmetic for women this side of Helena Rubenstein.

More or less to keep their hand in, and to supply the demand from new postings to the station, the Haidas still carve totem poles. As totem pole carvers they are rated very smooth by those hep to the utilitarian whittling. They do not go in so much these days for the two-story, or front-yard size totem pole, having long since learned that the white man has difficulty wrapping it as a gift.

More practical and consequently more popular are totem poles suitable for the mantle-piece



Scrounged aircraft fabric doped to Queen Charlotte spruce created kayaks for these contriving Eskijoes. L. to R.: LACs F. G. Cameron, Glace Bay, H. T. Rouse, Hamilton, and E. A. Lockert, Regina.

OF NOWHERE

or radio, and by a happy coincidence this is the model at present rolling off the Haida's assembly line.

The airmen on this station have captured the spirit of the far north-west in a variety of ways, if they haven't been captured first. Unusual, for instance, is the officers' mess, a reconditioned fish cannery that has a certain air of distinction, particularly on warm days. Clustered around it, adhering to a hillside overlooking the bay, are the buildings and hangars of the camp. The station's runways are as old as the oldest in the world, yet they are never the same — long, rippled carpets of water filling the clefts between islands, with a wind-sock swelling in splendid isolation on its lonely reef in the middle of the bay.

Around and above the islands drift lazy Cansos, circling like huge, white birds of prey, queerly unreal in the northern half-light. Under their wings cuddle the ashcans that constitute the station's *raison d'être*, the extra-long-range artillery. The slow, deliberate Canso, awkward as a big duck on her bug-legged wheels, noses down the ramp and buries her belly in swirling foam, swims around in circles for a moment, then plunges forward heavily into the wind, bellowing with the effort to get up on her ventral step, and finally hauls herself up into the air by the seat of the fuselage. Floats melt into wing-tips, a fine spray of sea trails from the hull in a glittering train, and another sub hunter is on

her way, prodding around the jagged coast of the Queen Charlottes, searching the open Pacific methodically and painstakingly for long hours during which the WAGs, crouched in the twin bulbous blisters, learn what boiled lobster under glass goes through.

Day after day the patrols go out, watching, waiting, encountering danger but not excitement, trouble that rolls in from the East not in planes and ships but in clouds and fog. Under these conditions nerves are likely to fray for aircrew and groundcrew alike, unless the personnel busy themselves with something to occupy off-duty hours. Forty-eights are written off as fanciful because, as one erk said, "The only places you can reach and get back in 48 hours you wouldn't want to go there." Long-range projects therefore absorb the excess energy of a number of the men. A group of married airmen, for instance, is gaining practical experience in pioneering by building a village of log cabins just outside the camp to which to bring the wives. This is no mere shanty town. The cabins are skookum homes of solid spruce logs, felled and shaped by the airmen, resting on stocky stump foundations and roofed with shakes. Each cabin consequently requires many weeks to complete.

Relevant to this fact is the growing suspicion amongst some of the homesteaders that DAPS has a little man spying on the builders from atop a nearby tree. When an airman has finished his

cabin, rolled out the welcome mat, and is about to sit down to await the arrival of the missus, this little man signals DAPS, which immediately bounces up the front steps in the form of a wire posting the airman to Halifax. Whereupon all the denizens of DAPS cackle over their steaming witch's kettles, gleefully whipping a GD's head around the infield.

Another profitable sideline for the airmen is that of remustering to pin-boy in the station bowling alleys for a couple of evenings a week. Collecting four cents a frame and enjoying the privilege of making derisive noises at the bowlers, the "pin-boys" clean up quite a bit of pocket money in a posting.

Further enterprise has been shown by the editors of the *Dogwatch*, advertised, with a masterfully bold display of logic, as "the only daily newspaper in the Queen Charlotte Islands". The news-gathering agency for this morning journal are the WOGs on night shift, who somehow get tuned in on the late flashes and leave tomorrow's news for the editors, Cpl Harold Haughton and Sgt Mark Power, to put it into orderly form, mimeograph and distribute in time for the station to read it over morning coffee.

These activities reflect something of the attempt of a station to answer the challenge of the bush — where there are no homes, you build a home; where there is no daily newspaper, you print a daily newspaper. Nobody is crazy about being severed from the pleasures and diversions of the city, but nobody intends to go crazy because he cannot have them. As long as the enemy has a port, the Cansos must keep flying. And the boys northwest of nowhere will keep sending them out as long as there is a hammer, or a typewriter, or a home-made fishing pole, to help them work and play their way clear of the doldrums.

Full-blooded Indian from Bella Bella, B.C., seaman Alan Newman at wheel of dinghy gives LAC Sammy MacGuire taste of speed in modern war canoe.



Light Queen Charlotte spruce, soul of the swift Mosquito, serves RCAF in new role as station joes hammer logs into homes for waiting wives.



Potting Hitler's secret weapon was no mean task but Canuck fighter pilots clawed down their share

by SL PETER FIELD, PRO

WITH THE RCAF OVERSEAS — It was a few minutes after four o'clock on the morning of June 13 when two Royal Observer Corps men on duty at their post on the Kentish coast of England saw a twinkling light far out over the Channel. As they watched, the light came nearer, travelling swiftly across the dark sky, leaving a fierce red glow behind it. A few seconds later it passed over their heads with an eerie swishing sound and disappeared into the darkness. The

thousand feet below. Help was given the pilots by means of a running commentary over the radio telling them where the bomb was in relation to landmarks, and over the sea a flotilla of motor launches fired off maroons or gave directions to the pilots in the air.

When the City of Edmonton squadron was put on its first patrol the crews had no 'clues' at all as to their work. "We had to develop an entirely new technique to fight the V1s," said SL R. G. Gray of Edmonton, who commands a flight of the City of Edmonton unit. "There was certainly nothing in our flying training to give us a hint. For the first couple of nights the most we knew was that Jerry had a new secret weapon and we had to get it. We did not know if the things would blow up in the air and whip us. Some did blow up of course and we had to fly through the debris. The flash of the explosion blinded us and afterwards we had to grope our way guiding the crate by the feel of the controls. As the days went by we began to know what the flying bombs

The RCAF's Role In

BUSTING THE BUZZ BOMBS

observer, with the telephone mouthpiece slung around his neck and a pair of earphones clamped over his ears, called into his instrument "Diver, diver, diver" — Britain was not unprepared, for the members of the Royal Observer Corps had been carefully briefed and their reporting and defence plans were carefully laid for just this occasion. The flying bomb, the first of 8,000 to be launched against London and the southern counties of England, crashed in a London suburb.

It was but natural that Canadian airmen in RAF squadrons should take their stand in the battle and one RCAF squadron was also detailed for flying bomb duties. On the night of June 14 the City of Edmonton Mosquito night intruder squadron took up its first patrol just off the launching coast. "We were the first line night fighter patrol," proudly asserted FL S. H. R. Cotterill, DFC, of Toronto, who, with four enemy aircraft destroyed already to his credit, shot down four of the flying bombs during the V1 battle. "We used to stodge around just out from the French coast. That was our patrol and we maintained it until the Allied armies swept into the Pas de Calais from the Normandy beach-head and overran the flying bomb sites. Sometimes we could see the actual launchings — a great half moon of brilliant explosion."

When the V1 war was over, the City of Edmonton, already famous in Britain as well as in Canada for its ability to claw down enemy aircraft from the sky, proudly boasted a score of 79½ flying bomb 'kills' — the half was for a bomb which, although shattered by gun fire, flew on to reach the English coast and crash in open country.

Top scoring ace of the squadron is SL Russell Bannock, DFC, of Toronto, who killed 18½ doodlebugs. His award resulted from his prowess in shooting down the V1s but he had already a score of four enemy aircraft destroyed as well as a 'probable' in his log book.

"Bannock is just bang on," his fellow pilots commented. "He just has a knack of knocking them down. He got four in one night which is the record for an individual member of the Squadron."

And shooting down the flying bombs from the air was no mean task. As Duncan Sandys, British Member of Parliament and Chairman of the War Cabinet Committee on operational counter measures against the flying bomb, stated, in the battle against Hitler's secret weapon the fighters were faced with a number of difficulties. The first was the speed of the bombs, so swift that only the fastest fighters could overtake them in level flight, and other types of aircraft in order to obtain an interception had to dive on the bomb from several thousand feet above. Then there was the problem of exactly hitting off the correct angle of dive which came only with experience. Then there was the necessity for constant patrolling; in times of intense activity between 30 to 40 aircraft had to be continuously in the air, placing a great strain upon pilots and machines. Another awkward problem was that of seeing the bomb at all and pilots on patrol had the greatest difficulty spotting the fast moving V1 several



Top scoring ace of the City of Edmonton squadron, SL Russell Bannock knocked down 18½ doodlebugs.



FL S. H. R. Cotterill, former Dunnville instructor, got 4 robombs, also bagged 4 Huns in 20 minutes.



Aerial warfare roughed up this Mossie. Cpl Jerry Booton and FS R. C. Hector check woodwork damage.

would do and we began to develop a habit of closing one eye as we shot for a kill so that when the flash had disappeared — if we were lucky enough to hit the thing — we had one eye serviceable for the darkness. Knocking down the doodlebugs was harder work than going after enemy aircraft."

"At night the things could be spotted by the steady glow from the rear end," continued FL Cotterill, "we dived down on them vertically at full throttle. Several kites would line up on one bomb and if the first one missed then the others would go down for a try. After our dive on the thing we would level and let go with a quick burst, but then if you were too close you'd be thrown over the sky by the explosion, or flying debris would damage the machine. Sometimes, from a distance, we weren't always sure whether there was a doodlebug about or not so we used to line up the light with a star and then, if it moved, in we went."

The explosion of the flying bomb when it was successfully hit was a great danger in itself, although the City of Edmonton squadron lost only one aircraft during the entire V1 battle. Several machines, however, returned severely damaged by the blast or the flying debris, and some came back with their paintwork entirely stripped off.

FL C. J. Evans of Brantford, Ont., who got three bombs on the night of June 24, shot down his third after having narrowly escaped a crack-up. After shooting down one flying bomb, he went on to tackle another and when that blew up the blast and debris crippled his machine, knocking out one of his engines. Soon after he regained control of his machine — and his sight, for he had been practically blinded — he saw a third flying bomb and sent that one down too. His squadron comrades reckoned it to be the best feat of the flying bomb battle for they pointed

out it was difficult enough to knock down a bomb with two good engines, yet FL Evans had achieved the almost impossible by making a kill with only one engine functioning and, what is more, returned safely to base.

Many of the bombs were very erratic. FL Cotterill reported that one night when he was attacking a flying bomb it turned round and came in at him. He let it go by and it flew back into France and crashed.

The flying bombs also performed strange aerobatics when they had been damaged by gunfire from a pursuing plane. FL J. W. P. Draper of Toronto, in a RAF Spitfire Squadron, which was also detailed for the V1 battle, related how one flying bomb that they damaged did a steep climbing turn, then went back in the direction of the French coast, then turned towards them again and gradually went into a spin to dive into the sea.

The Canadian pilots, however, found doodlebug hunting "dull work". As FO Jeffrey Harvie of Windsor, Ont., who shot down one and a half bombs, said: "The boys were very keen the first week, but the bombs threw a curve into the real operations and now that the battle of the doodlebug is over we are particularly pleased."

But the Canadian pilots put new zest into their work when they had the opportunity to go to London to see for themselves the damage which the flying bombs were doing. FL M. Sawyer of Rossland, B. C., said: "After we had been to London we really appreciated the importance of our work."

It has not been possible yet to total all the kills for which Canadian airmen have been responsible, but as many Canadian airmen were flying during the battle with RAF Squadrons it is likely that a high proportion of the 1,000 and more flying bombs brought down from the air fell to the guns of men from the Dominion.

THE distinguished squadron leader was a most convincing speaker, and the younger officers in the mess had been following his every word with rapt attention. After all, it was not every day that one had an opportunity of listening to a top-flight airman whose flying and fighting record covered a period of almost 25 years!

Not every day did one meet a former member of the RFC who had since fought (1) with the Chinese against the Nips, (2) against Franco in the Spanish War, (3) with the Finnish Air Force against the Russians — and still found it possible to engage in a certain amount of commercial aviation. Here was a much-bemedalled, 8,000-hour hero who had once again come to the aid of his country in its hour of need by re-engaging with the Royal Air Force.

One day while chatting with a senior officer he confided that he was being posted to Bermuda to undertake certain duties of an important and specialized nature. If he had heeded security warnings to zip his lip he'd have been a lot happier a lot longer — for unfortunately his high-ranking audience knew a good deal about Bermuda. Enough to tell that this visiting squadron leader was talking a lot of blithering nonsense.

The goldbraider tipped off the RCAF Service Police whose investigation section promptly went into action. The Royal Flying Corps hero with a penchant for knocking down Nips and Spaniards proved to be a complete phoney. More than that, his criminal record included ten convictions in the United Kingdom for fraud and false pretences. He was a former inmate of a criminal lunatic asylum, and was currently wanted by British police authorities for fraud. As for his flying ability — his flying time consisted entirely of flights of fancy.

THE Service Police file on this imaginative gentleman is a ponderous one, and it tells a tale of careful investigation and hot pursuit over a considerable period of time. The self-styled squadron leader (who had since promoted himself to wing commander and, at the same time, awarded himself the MC and DFC) was a fast worker and an elusive one, for he invariably moved out one or two days before a warrant to apprehend could be executed by the civil police. The little game of hide and seek went on; the spoor leading through nearly every large city on this continent. Finally, word was received that he and a newly-acquired wife (he had conveniently overlooked the fact that another wife had been left in the U.K.) had embarked on a ship bound for Sydney, Australia.

The Australian police were suitably informed, and the long chase was ended when the hero of so many "battles" was arrested as he stepped off the gangplank onto Australian soil. Latest word is that he returned to the U.S. after his release from custody, and that deportation to the U.K. is imminent. The heavy file is being closed (perhaps with a sigh) by the RCAF's chief investigation officer.

The average joe may think that the Service Police is a squad of extremely ornery individuals who delight in making his life miserable by checking him up for dirty buttons at the station gate and demanding to see his pass on trains. But just so does Joe Civilian complain about "those blasted flatfoots who haven't got anything better to do than hand out parking tickets", and like any police force, the SPs more routine duties consume most of its time to the annoyance of certain law-abiding Service citizens. And like their civilian counterparts, Service Police do a lot of high-powered sleuthing that doesn't get into the newspapers . . . sleuthing that takes canny headwork, days, weeks, or months of patient investigation and knowledge of the most scientific Dick Tracy detection methods.

FOR, while the RCAF presents a better-than-hand-picked cross-section of some 200,000 Canadians, inevitably a few maladjusted misfits have managed to deck themselves out in Air Force blue. To protect the good name of the Service from these unhappy types within the RCAF . . . and from such designing non-Service characters as the brilliant "squadron leader", is the constant concern of the crime-busters who sport SP armbands.

Take the case of the missing suitcase. The flight lieutenant who toted it walked briskly into the fashionable lobby of one of New York's smarter hotels, registered at the desk and chatted a moment with the clerk. Then, as he started for the elevator he turned to point out his bag to the bellhop — and it had vanished. The clerk hadn't seen anyone pick it up, and a search of the hotel proved futile. The police were notified, resulting in a further search of railway stations and depart-

ing trains — still without results.

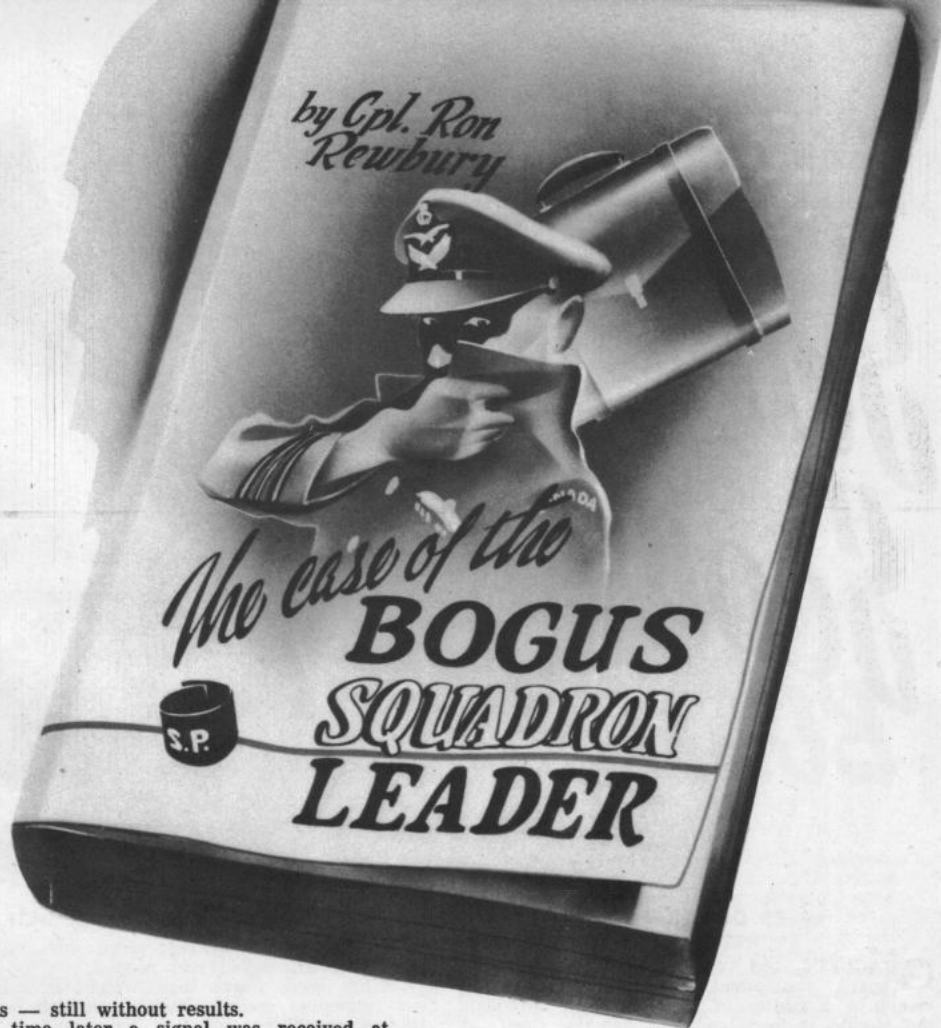
Some time later a signal was received at AFHQ from provost authorities in New York, reporting that they were holding a certain flight lieutenant, and asking for rush identification. The SP investigators first checked records: yes, the RCAF had a flight louie of the given name and number, and he had recently visited New York but had since been posted overseas. Then they dug into their own investigation files — and out came the docket on the missing suitcase. That gave the show away.

SIGNALS flashed back and forth between Ottawa and New York. An investigation agency closely identified with the Service Police went into a huddle with U.S. Provost officials and the case was quickly cleared up. The person who had lost his suitcase was in fact an officer of the RCAF who was, at the time of the loss, on temporary duty in New York City. He had gone overseas immediately after, but had unwittingly left behind him a clever impostor who, after nipping off with the suitcase from the hotel lobby, had decked himself out in stolen blues and paraded all over the big town as a RCAF officer, worming his way into the confidence of many good people who thought they were bestowing favors on a genuine member of Canada's fighting forces.

Incidentally, the impostor (who was an old, old offender, with numerous aliases and just as many convictions for the same offence) was located, arrested and convicted, and the suitcase in question was returned to Canada for disposition. Even now the SPs' work was not finished, for the articles contained in the bag had to be identified as the property of the officer. The case was closed when the rightful owner acknowledged receipt of the bag and contents, which had followed him across several countries.

Director of the RCAF's Provost and Security Services is Group Captain "Max" M. Sisley, Provost Marshal. He flew with the 10th Army Co-operation Squadron of the Royal Flying Corps in World War 1, and when this war came along he joined the RCAF in October 1939 to become CO of No. 1 Manning Depot, Toronto. From there he was posted to Ottawa to head the new Service Police.

Under GC Sisley it has been the job of Wing Commander E. T. Atherton, chief investigation officer, to introduce the most up to date crime-detection methods into the work of the SP investigation section. The winco's youthful, athletic appearance and a perpetual sun-tan speak for his lengthy service with the RCMP. Before and since joining the RCAF, his investigation duties have taken him all over Canada, from Gander to Whitehorse — and into some strange company too. Petty thieves, "big time" criminals, drug run-



ners — all have been numbered among his acquaintances, usually to their cost.

The Service Police investigation section was organized in the spring of '43. Prior to this SP training consisted of a KTS course at Trenton covering routine police duties, Air Force Law and procedure. An additional six weeks' course on latest methods of crime detection and investigation was introduced, in which service and civilian experts instructed in subjects ranging from finger printing to criminology and psychology. Short courses on a variety of subjects are given periodically in the various commands to keep investigators up to date.

One recent subject of investigation had led military and civil police of two countries a weary chase for a not inconsiderable time. This Air Force individualist had deserted from a large eastern station and eight months had passed without any news of him until a signal was received to the effect that he had been arrested thousands of miles and a border away.

THIS gay blade insisted that he was NOT the person described on a service identification card carried by him, and he had a nonchalant and plausible explanation why he was carrying such a card. But to the Provost Marshal's office at AFHQ the photograph appearing on the "I" card looked mighty like the wanted deserter and so the man was returned to Canada. He continued to insist it was all a horrible mistake, until a district court martial finally elicited an admission as to his identity. He was found guilty of desertion and sentenced to six months detention.

But if Air Force life irked this hapless erk, detention was more than he could stand . . . so one night he slashed his throat. This necessitated his being removed to a hospital where it quickly developed that the cunning character had indulged in the theory that whereas a detention barracks was a tough jail to crack, it would be comparatively simple to break out of hospital.

Which is precisely what he did one day last February and he is still AWLoose. But the SPs won't sleep nights till he's in custody again, which may well be why the gate guard stared so hard at you, when you were on the hustle into town to keep that date last night. You may have felt self-conscious about your silver-grey shirt, but chances are he was looking for somebody else in your face. SPs are like that.

Scavengers of Scoudouc

by FS DON KENNEDY
WINGS Staff Writer

GRACEFUL and swift in the air an aircraft spans swampland, mountains, lakes and rivers in a matter of minutes while airborne, but should it force-land and damage itself, it instantaneously becomes dead-weight, challenging the ingenuity of salvage parties to remove it from its resting place.

The vital job of recovering such lost aircraft, sometimes from the most remote or inaccessible places, calls for an entirely new type of human

to produce after salvaging, each nut and bolt was removed, sorted and re-used.

"They were worth their weight in gold. I can remember seeing aircraft grounded because they were short some part you could hold in your hand," SL Whitney recalls.

Today with his WO 1 Herb Wiggins, Toronto, he runs his section on these same standards. Just as an equipment officer takes for granted his place is working with his equipment assistants, SL Whitney figures he ought to work

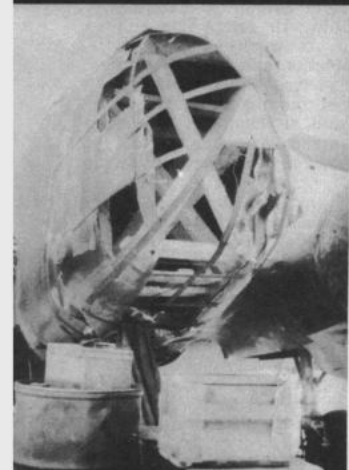
Had the weather not changed at this point, salvage would have been easy. A few hundred gallons of gasoline to warm up the motors and SL F. Gilbert, AFC, chief test pilot of Scoudouc, could have flown it back to its base, no worse for its ordeal. But warm rain came and the heavy bomber pushed its wheels and undercarriage through the ice before the advance party could get to it.

It was no longer in the fly-away category. Planking, riggings, floatation bags and sundry



VENTURA SPLIT ITS NOSE IN PILE-UP BUT MECHS SOON HAD IT AIRWORTHY

4 REPAIR DEPOT AND ITS BAND OF MECHS . . .



MECHS RIG UP A MAKESHIFT SNOOT TOWING TO SHELTER. VENT TOOK OFF ON MUSKIEG 7 WEEKS LATER MT LUGS SALVAGED ENGINE OVER BUSH PATH CLEARED BY ARMY

endeavor — a sort of treasure hunt, somewhat akin to deep sea salvage — the adventurous work of the salvage repair section at No. 4 Repair Depot, Scoudouc, N.B. The problems encountered here are greater than any elsewhere in the country because of the difficult nature of the terrain and because of the heavy all-metal types of aircraft involved.

SL Herb Whitney is OC Salvage, but the depot finds that his nickname "SL Salvage, OC Chickens" is more appropriate. SL Whitney warrants having his nickname tied up with his work. Salvage is his work, chickens are his hobby — the whole 150 of them in the enclosure at the back of his hangar.

He is a bustling sort, friendly and energetic, wise in the ways of riggings, an expert of makeshift. It was the RCAF that taught SL Whitney the value of salvage operations back in 1940. In those days when an aircraft was being reduced

with his salvage men. The difference being the equipment assistants work in the equipment section, while the salvage crews work "somewhere in Eastern Air Command" . . . wherever the aircraft happens to land. SL Whitney is out with his crews whenever possible.

A typical case which occurred last winter illustrates the problems of the salvage recovery squadron at Scoudouc.

Lost in a storm, with one motor coughing, a Ventura made a perfect landing on ice-covered Shell Camp Lake, N.S. The ski-equipped rescue craft picked up the crew and salvage operations got under way. The advance party from Scoudouc motored over bad back country roads within a dozen miles of the lake, but had to pick its way carefully by compass through the rugged bush country for the remainder of the way, dragging a toboggan with the minimum of salvage and camping equipment.

other equipment were flown in, and four stout straight trees were cut and manhandled out of the bush to make "gin" poles and more than a mile of tackle was rigged to get the heavy parts off the machine. The floatation bags were placed under the wings and tail to keep it from sinking to the bottom if the thaw continued.

When the first engine was slung aboard the crudely constructed raft, the ice began to crack around it and the crew raced for the shore with their expensively cargoesd sleigh.

The instruments, gun turrets, and other engine were then removed in a similar manner and a channel was cut through the ice to the bank. The aircraft, still floating on a block of ice, was towed in.

A nearby camp of army engineers cleared a path through the bush 30 feet wide and 12 miles long to the nearest road, over which the Vent was dragged.

The job was full of hardships, sleeping in un-

heated tents in sub-zero weather, marooned for days at a time when supply aircraft could not fly in because of bad weather. SL Whitney sprained his ankle but carried on under treatment for the next few weeks.

The net result:— six weeks of ingenuity and hard labor netted an aircraft in good condition worth \$250,000 which otherwise would have been lost at the bottom of a lake.

Salvaging aircraft is not the only job which is thrust on the strong shoulder of the versatile salvage section. Schooner scooping is another of its jobs.

"You never can tell what it can be used for," is one of SL Whitney's stock expressions. He has a habit of ferreting out new riggings and tackles to be used some day to smooth the jagged path of a crippled bomber being manhandled through the bush.

An article appearing in Popular Mechanics on rubber pontoons for bridges used by American Army engineers caught his eye. When he requisitioned and finally got three of them, he had in mind simplifying the job of hauling aircraft across tumbling east coast streams. The idea of using them to rescue an RCAF schooner was furthest from his mind.

In the early summer a storm blew out of the

queer pontoons. "It won't work," they said. SL Whitney admits he had many doubtful moments himself.

Reverting to a literary cliché — it was a matter of "Time and Tide" in placing the pontoons in the desired position around the hull of the schooner. Working waist deep in cold water, the crew placed one pontoon on each side of the ship, then fastened the two together with cables under her keel. A lifting bag was placed under the bow and joined to the other two. A fourth pontoon was used as a rider on the tow cable to raise the center of lifting power.

Late in the afternoon at high tide, they succeeded in turning the schooner around and facing it towards deeper water. Next morning operations were continued. With a small pump they upped the pressure of the lifting bag and the pontoons until the schooner floated. She was towed 650 feet out to sea until deep enough water for her nine foot keel was reached.

An east coast marine squadron which has the Kadiac on strength was happy about the rescue, the salvage crew was rewarded for their ingenuity, while the fishermen of the Island resented such a fine ship being snatched from their shore.

The salvage operations near Newcastle N.B. were the most notable example of patch-up and

on with stove bolts, all purchased in a Newcastle hardware store.

To cover the rough edges, the whole nose got one layer of airframe fabric and seven coats of dope to keep it from wobbling into the propellers. When the airframe lads were finished with it, it looked more like a secret weapon than a Vent.

The only thing lacking was a runway. By running the tractor up and down the muskeg, breaking up the surface crust, they made about eight inches of ice in seven weeks. A few stumps were pulled out and they ended up with a taxiing strip 900 feet long. There wasn't any use making it longer — beyond that was bush.

The job of flying the ship out was handed over to SL F. Gilbert, AFC. He carefully paced off the field and knew how much clearance he had. He got the ship up all right but was so close to the trees that they bent under his slip stream. He landed at Scoudouc before the crews were out of the bush with the tractor and stoneboat.

Sometimes an aircraft is returned to Scoudouc via trailer so badly damaged that it is reduced to produce. Today, American and Canadian companies are producing planes cheaper and faster than the RCAF can repair the old ones.

It is difficult to believe, but the fact is that standing on the field at Scoudouc are operational types of aircraft, some of which have not even been seen over inland Canadian cities, yet they have been condemned by the simple passing of time. They are as useless as yesterday's newspapers.

The people of Canada have not asked the RCAF to fight a 1944 war with 1940 equipment. These aircraft have served their purpose but are now stamped "obsolete". Soon they will be in the scrap pile.

Amateur artists of No. 4 Repair Depot are often seen sketching the broken aircraft bodies in the station's scrap pile. Sometimes they manage to catch the true impression created by this stack of discarded aircraft — an impression of crippled massiveness. Here towering mangled airframes and warped distorted wings have been thrown helter-skelter to make up this inglorious heap. Each day, the tumbrel rolls across the runways, bringing more crumpled metal to lie as scrap, exposed to sun and rain.

Each individual who looks at this scrap pile receives a different impression of it. To artists, this stack of dead aircraft represents weird con-

Salvage crews match wits with disaster, snatching paralyzed schooner from beach's grip and picking way through rugged terrain to save crippled kites

unfathomable depths of the Atlantic and hit the east coast with a one-two punch. Fishing schooners scurried for harbor protection. The not-so-fortunate ships at sea fared badly. In its sweep the storm had claimed the lives of a dozen fishermen and littered the shores with beached craft. Among the victims of the storm was the RCAF schooner Kadiac, high on a sand bar near Grindstone, a fishing village on the Magdalen Island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

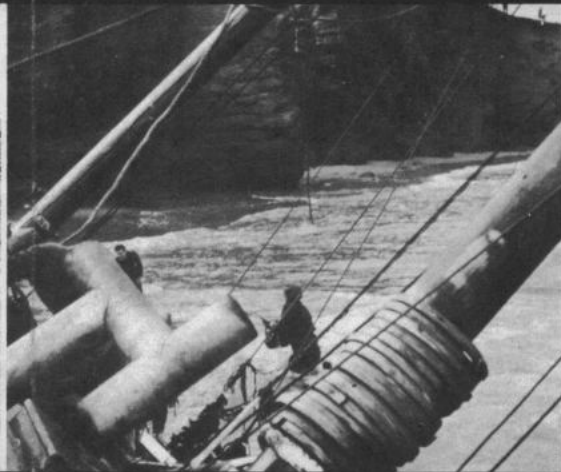
The RCAF supply ship Beaver was sent to the rescue but was unable to budge the schooner, which drew nine feet of water and now was floundering in 18 inches at low tide and three and a half feet at high tide. The towing by the Beaver resulted in nothing but broken cables.

fly-away procedure. A Vent got properly "bushed" when it landed on frozen muskeg. Taxiing along nicely it was suddenly stopped by a tree which split the nose right back to the pilot's seat. Both mainplanes were damaged and a great gaping hole was torn in the belly by a protruding stump. The uninjured crew walked into Newcastle.

It was exactly 18 below zero when Sgt Norm Warren and his crew cleared a two mile road through to the aircraft, followed by a tractor and stoneboat. They found the aircraft on frozen swampland, the kind which is solid enough when it is cold, but becomes very soft with a few hours of sun.

First the aircraft was jacked up with old rail-

STRETCHER BEARERS FOR WOUNDED SHIPS AND AIRCRAFT



VIOLENT STORM GROUNDED RCAF SCHOONER



SALVAGERS GOT WET DOCTORING PONTON-PROPPED VICTIM



AIRMEN TOW LIFTING-BAG TO BEACHED SHIP

SL Whitney and his salvage crew were called in. His crews consisted of Sgt A. J. "Tex" Weikel, Absarokee, Man., a cowpuncher before enlistment, who was recently mentioned in despatches for his all-round tenacity and efficiency in salvage work; LAC C. Robinson, Northumberland County, N. S., and LAC H. Erickson, of Midway, B. C.

Amongst the gear of the salvage crew was their floatation equipment including the precious American bridge pontoons — used in an unorthodox manner with great success. One of their mainstays was a lifting bag designed by the English as an emergency jack for aircraft wings.

The Island fishermen had already surveyed the disabled schooner and were preparing their bids for the lumber in it. When the salvage crew arrived with their strange gear, they were just as sure somebody would get a schooner at bargain price. They shook their heads at the

way ties which were dragged in on the stoneboat. Then they removed the mainplanes and shot them back to Scoudouc and received new ones. These were installed with the liberal use of locally cut "gin" poles. The propellers were changed and one undercarriage repaired.

The men worked in the open, their only shelter being a little hut which they constructed of railway ties. An old tarpaulin did for the roof.

The nicknames which were tacked on during their expedition still stick. Cpl Ralph "Chuckles" Oulton, Moncton, Cpl Bob "Knobby" Jackson, Vancouver, LAC Fred "Tapper" Benham, Dundalk, Ont., LAC "Zeeke" Harnett, Saskatoon, and LAC "Cheesey" Campbell of Regina.

Fixing up the nose was a masterpiece of makeshift. The interior was braced with two X-shaped two-by-fours. Then the nose was simply sewn together with haywire. The front tip of the nose was rebuilt with strap iron fastened

trasts of color and design — an experimental ground for impressionistic work.

Erks who can see it across the runways say, "Bloody grim, isn't it?" To them the scrap pile has meant long hours of twisting, cutting, turning and prying loose everything which can be used again.

High overhead, east coast aircrews look down on the heap of metal. They know this scrap pile is made up of obsolete aircraft and smugly are reassured they are flying faster and better aircraft than those which No. 4 R.D. has weighed in the balance and found wanting.

To the people of Canada, although they will never see this scrap pile at Scoudouc, it stands as a monument, erected by erks of the RCAF to the deeds of these aircraft, and to their crews, who swept the submarine from the Atlantic and covered England-bound convoys like an invulnerable shield.

Tiny Davis — O/C Muscle Squadron

by SGT WIBB TURNER

RCAF Public Relations
CALGARY

— "My boots back yet?"

"Yeah! They just came in — on that flatcar outside."

FL R. L. "Tiny" Davis, chief commando of 2 AGTS, Calgary, was a sergeant then but he wore size 13 "lifeboats," same as now.

"Tiny" — you guessed it — is six feet, seven inches of solid man.

As an airman, he remembers, he always was an equipment assistant's nightmare. Now he's a tailor's delight.

Strange as it seems, this 220-pound giant, whose every inch is cut out for the job he holds, is a popular and beloved "discip." Talk with him for 10 minutes and you see why it's not strange really. Roar around the station with him in one of those cocktail shakers they call jeeps — in which his knees say hello to his chin at every bump — and you see him hailed with friendly waves by all and sundry.

Possibly two solid years of scrubbing Camp Borden's floors and toilets before this war broke helped make him what is termed a "regular guy". But when he's herding his officer charges over the hurdles and through the maze of tunnels of the five-mile commando course at No. 2, he's all disciplinarian and a yard wide. It's his job to whip aircrew graduates into tip-top shape in a month and he takes his job seriously.

"You should see some of them when they come here," he chuckles.

Boss of defence training at the Calgary unit since its inception last February, Davis designed and practically built the obstacle course, completed with the best we'll-make-a-man-out-of-you gadgets and fiendishly conceived barriers. He's been over the course often enough himself to know it can be done.

"Tiny" says his height has never been a liability except "in those damned train berths which stunt my growth" and the times he forgets to duck when going through a door. He has never had to fight because anybody called him a sissy.

Product of Paris, Ont., Ross Davis was a mere six feet four when he enlisted in security guard of the RCAF in 1935. He was 19 then, not long out of school and fresh from his only job — moving pianos.

"G.D.'d" right off the bat, he scrubbed Borden toilets spotless, later clerked in the orderly room. Selected for disciplinarian training, he went back to Borden on course, then to Trenton until the outbreak of war.

At Trenton, his height got him joed for a job he liked. The King and Queen were coming, so untiny Tiny found himself drum major of the RCAF 80-piece band.

"Used to beat a base drum with the Queen's Own in Toronto before enlisting," he sums up his musical experience.

The big baton was putty in Davis' large hands and he toured the East with the Royal party at the head of the band. For two weeks this summer, the ex-drum major went back to the music business when he supervised the annual training in Calgary of the massed brass and reed bands of No. 4 Command, comprising 160 musicians of five units' bands.

He was commissioned in May, 1941, and DPC took over from a tired DAPS. "Tiny" became PT & D officer at Trenton. Ten months and a posting to No. 3 "M" Depot, Edmonton, where, as OC training wings, he turned out three precision squads. Next came Souris, Man., then Edmonton again, followed by No. 2 Wireless, Calgary, a course at Trenton, No. 2 Wireless and another visit with old friends at No. 1 Wireless.

After five weeks he was packing again — this time for Vernon, B.C., and the Canadian School of Infantry where "they really flipped the bundle at me; lived in tents all winter." From C.S. of I., he came to No. 2 AGTS as commando chief.

Davis has haunted sports fields since he was in knee pants — he was small enough once. He twice won the grand aggregate at Trenton and once at Edmonton. Shot put, discus and naturally the high jump, at which he has done six feet, are his specialties. He pitched for the station softball team and is reputed to have averaged 15 strikeouts per game this past season.

In short, the Air Force need not worry about the physical condition of its aircrew types as long as this formidable Calgary commando sets the pace over No. 2 AGTS' cross-country muscle route.

Dogs Have Had It



Hounds Out of Bounds

MACLEOD — The dog invasion at 7 SFTS is just a memory but a huge sign in the mess hall keeps it in the minds of old-timers and makes newcomers wonder what's it all about. The sign reads: DOGS NOT ALLOWED IN MESS HALL — HELP TO KEEP THEM OUT.

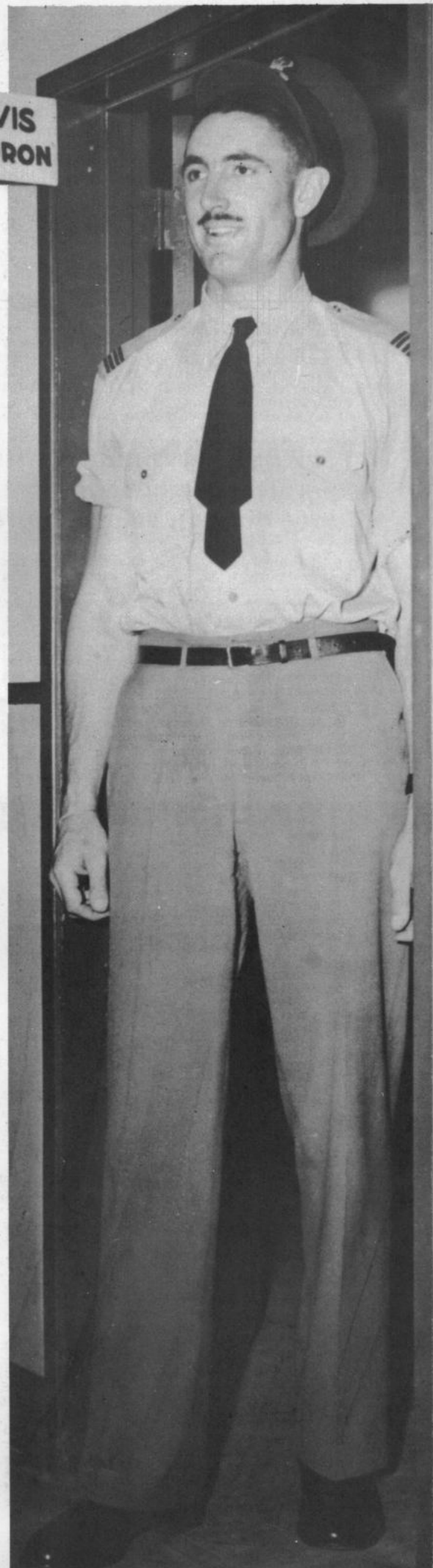
The canine invasion was no joke. Scores of them wandered about the station. Where they came from was somewhat of a mystery although many were believed to have deserted Indian reservations. The dogs romped and frisked everywhere. They infringed on the privacy of the messes; invaded the hangars and even the barrack blocks. They cluttered up runways, barking their heads off every time a plane prepared to take off. A number of the pooches took a short cut to dog heaven when they tried to chew up whirling props.

Finally station authorities took action to rid the place of capering canines. Actually the dogs cut their own throats when they began wilfully taking advantage of table legs in the airmen's mess. A few days after the "rid-the-station-of-dogs" drive was instigated they were out for good. That is, all except Skipper. He's a big, black Newfoundlander, the gift of an Edmonton citizen. Skipper was seven months old when 7 SFTS adopted him three and a half years ago. Though the 200-pound Skipper is now the only dog on the station, the big mess hall sign applies to him just the same.

*In a hurry for
your DISCHARGE
?*

THEN HELP YOURSELF OUT . . .

buy a bond!



Sentinel Saga

Isolated joes print mag with antique hand press in digger



Sentinel staff: Len Bland, Jim Hodge, Bill Goldberg, George Jobel, Ted Brown, Lorne Weir.

by LAC JIM HODGE

NEWFOUNDLAND — The guardhouse shuddered once more from the explosive-like blast of the roaring wind. The very walls shook under the impact of the blizzard. Inside, a pounding of a more rhythmical nature was taking place. As presses whirred, LAC George Jobel watched freshly printed sheets snatched from the machine and stacked in an orderly pile with slip sheets between to keep the wet ink from smearing. His assistant was the OC, FL G. K. Granna, who had dropped into the digger where another issue of *The Sentinel* was going to press.

The *Sentinel* is a 16-page job printed and published at this isolated Newfie det-

achment. Original plans called for a mimeographed sheet but the Church of England rector from a nearby village came to the rescue and loaned the unit a press, a small hand-operated affair which prints only one page at a time. Editor Jobel and LAC Bland, old hands at the printing trade, handle the typesetting job.

They chose the guardhouse cell for the newspaper office not because the publishing erks were serving digger terms but the privacy of the cell was the only available spot on the operational station where the boys could give full sway to their literary and printing talents.

Two nearby twin towns showed such keen interest in the enterprise, the mags went on sale at village stores for civilian consumption. There had never been a newspaper published and sold in the hamlet with the result the villagers awaited the first issue as impatiently as the boys at the detachment. But the first issue carried feature articles by William Goldberg and Jim Hodge which stirred the ire of some Newfies. Things which had been meant to be taken only in jest were mistaken for serious opinions. Realizing now that natives do not take to Canuck type of humor, the scribes make fewer references to local customs and way of life.

The editor has been thankful for his close affiliation with the Service Police. If too many kibitzers congregate in the office all he has to do is give the SPs the nod and he finds himself locked in to work in solitude.

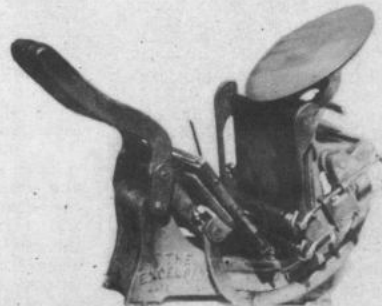
Copies of *The Sentinel* go all across Canada, giving the home front a clear picture of what isolation is like. The airmen are limited to two copies each for the first week of sales. After that any surplus is sold on a first-come, first-served basis.

The week before the paper goes on sale the editor works long hours, sometimes until dawn. He has gone to bed leaving the locked-up page ready for printing and returned next

day to find the page printed by Service Police on the graveyard shift.

The mag carries regular features: Ted Brown's breezy reports on sports; "The Bored Walk" comes under the corn department handled by Cpl Doc Weir of Consec, Ont.; Bill Goldberg of Montreal takes care of the poetry corner. Doings about town, station and local dirt are written up by Jim Hodge of Toronto under "Site Seens". He also conducts the "Social Spotlight" column. Fred Lawrence of Weston, Ont., looks after circulation.

It appears that the paper may continue after the war. Already one party has made overtures to take over the publishing under the same name when the RCAF leaves this community.



Five hundred pages an hour is the record run of *The Sentinel's* hand-operated printing press.



Nursing Sister Mary Chabassol comforts Eskimo tike, an RCAF patient in Labrador for a year.

Northland Nurse

GOOSE BAY — Braving weather that often grounds every machine except the mercy craft in which she is flying, Nursing Sister Mary Chabassol, Westville, N.S., has carried the true meaning of her profession into action along the bleak Labrador coast. Nursing sisters of this RCAF Station, Goose Bay, Labrador, are often called upon to aid isolated civilians in addition to attending the sick and the injured service personnel.

The young Eskimo boy in the picture is Norman Hublo, three years, who was badly burned when a gas stove exploded in the family tent on the bleak shores of Baffin Land. Without medical attention, the boy would have died or have been horribly crippled. After being rushed to the RCAF Hospital, Norman underwent seven operations in a year. He will return to his family shortly.

On these emergency calls, a nursing sister is usually flown to the scene by FL Al Cheeseman, colorful bush pilot of Port Arthur, Ont. She carries with her all the necessities for an emergency, including blood plasma. If the patient's condition is serious, he is usually brought back by air and treated in the RCAF Base Hospital.

WINGS, NOVEMBER

New Contender

WINNIPEG — Sixty-five-year-old FS Charles William Smith, foreman of works of 2 CMU, is the latest contender for the title of the oldest man in the youngest service. A few months ago FS Joseph Bloor of 17 Equipment Depot, Ottawa, who has since retired, was heralded as "the oldest living airman in the world." And with Bloor's elimination, FS Smith automatically becomes the airman least likely to be called "lad".

Born in London, Eng., on March 28, 1879, FS Smith fought with the Imperials in the Northwest frontier rising in India in 1898 and came to Canada in 1910. He helped build five Manitoba air schools, latterly being civilian inspector of construction at 5 AOS, Winnipeg. He has two sons in the RCAF.

Charlie hasn't thought about retirement. In fact he expects to be in the Service until the war's over and lead the local V-Day parade.

CASH FOR CHRISTMAS

Advertising Agencies of Canada is offering cash to members of the three Services for the best essays on "Why Discipline?" with three prizes for RCAF personnel. The competition is open only to NCOs, airmen and airwomen.

Prizes:

- First — \$100
- Second — \$50
- Third — \$25

Here are the rules:

1. Essay must deal with discipline advantages to RCAF.
2. Don't write more than 1,200 words.
3. Use one side of paper only, typewritten or in ink.
4. Closing date of contest is November 25, 1944. Winners will receive cash before Christmas, prize-winning essay to appear in future issue of WINGS.
5. Judges will be Personnel Heads of the three Services and their decisions are binding to all contestants.
6. Address manuscript to Executive Editor, WINGS, AFHQ, Ottawa.

Sea Group Trade

WEST COAST — For two years a code and cypher man on west coast operational stations, Sgt. Elmer Hill of Calgary has proved himself a resourceful modern Midas, parrying the threat of becoming bushed with an unusual hobby which, under the touch of his deft fingers, transmutes marine life into mazuma.

With shells of sea-creatures discovered during his strolls along the great white scimitar of sand bordering the camp, this prairie lad fashions delightful ash-trays and what-nots with no aids other than a little aircraft dope, lacquer, and a lively imagination. He sells the finished product to fellow airmen for a comfortable profit. The exquisitely-hued carapaces of clams, oysters, snails and sea urchins culled from the Pacific shore constitute Elmer's raw materials, and the shell-smith's satisfied grin testifies that you don't have to go to Coney Island to find money on the beach.

Only complaint about Sgt Hill's crustacean handiwork so far has come from his room-mate, who, sharing a mollusc-littered room, occasionally finds himself sleeping on the half-shell.

Sgt Elmer Hill, shellsmith





LOG OF THE RCAF

VOL. 2

OTTAWA, CANADA, NOVEMBER 1944

No. 10

Statistics Dept.

Basing our deduction on figures recently released by YANK, the U.S. Army weekly, we note that there are more people named Smith, Johnson, Brown, Miller, Jones, and Davis enlisted in the U.S. Army than there are people in the whole of the RCAF. There are, for instance, 72,000 Smiths alone, and 356 of them are named John W. Smith. Well, Records, stick that in your files and lose it.

Plug for Dafoe

All hell broke loose around Dafoe's 5 B&G School one day this fall, when word got around that one of the personnel was having a baby right in her quarters. The CO was immediately informed and doctors were called in to give the best of treatment in spite of the unusual circumstances. The mother was known to be the pet of the whole station, being maintained for the recreation of the airmen. The authorities had no trouble identifying the father, however. For it was common gossip around the



stables that "Spot", a beautiful Arabian dish belonging to the Dafoe station riding club, had gone head over hooves for a registered Palomino stallion owned by the University of Saskatchewan. And with a typical college boy's love for mixing sport and education, he had become the father of "Spot's" foal, Dafoe's new mascot, a beguiling, sleek little colt christened "Slipstream".

According to the news flash sent to WINGS, FL D. McIntyre, physician in attendance, is quoted as saying: "Dr. Dionne was the physician at-

tending the most remarkable case of the quints, but I believe I know what his anxiety and pride was like, in being called on this case." We bet you know his name better than that, too, Doc — it was Dr. Dafoe, as in 5 B&G

The Immortal Gadget

Strolling back from lunch the other day, joes of Boundary Bay OTU, which flies burly B25's like nothing at all, noticed a group of several hundred greasy-trousered mechs clustered around something on the grass between a couple of barrack blocks. Most of them meandered over to investigate and remained even after they found it wasn't a fight.

They stood there some time, quiet and attentive, until some one inside the crowd shouted "Stand back!" and a violent buzzing sound caused the circle to melt hastily into a line. Then that mob of tough riggers and fitters, accustomed to working with one of the largest and most elaborate aircraft in the world, watched with silent awe as a little one-cylinder gas-model monoplane bumbled into the air on a breathless take-off and careened madly about in a circle at the end of a string held by its proud erk owner.

When the gaily-painted model finally collapsed exhausted on the grass, the crowd laughed, applauded and moved off apparently well-satisfied. All of which, perhaps, merely reiterates the eternal miracle of the toy.

Major Objection

After five years of war, certain beliefs of a strictly military nature are bound to become established in the mind of the average airman. These frequently grow out of what were originally gags or flights of fancy, such as the belief about gremlins, or the one about the mysterious stuff the cook puts in the coffee to help promote an interest in good books during leisure hours.

Also winning a place in the mythology of the RCAF has been the station warrant officer, long the subject of discussion con and con amongst other ranks. One of the attributes most commonly ascribed to the genus SWO is the tendency of its parents



to be unrelated. On those rare occasions, that is, when it had parents and didn't just crawl out of an old copy of K.R. (Air). For this reason, and perhaps because he is a little worried lest the fable follow him back into civilian life, SWO J. J. A. St. Laurent of Toronto has a small sign on his door at 9 B&G School, Mont Joli. It reads: "SERGEANT MAJORS ALSO HAVE MOTHERS". Don't you mind, major, we believe you.

Brass on the Beat

In line with the current discipline drive designed to keep airmen smartened up, AFHQ has had ordinary officers appointed "DAPMs" to patrol the streets of Ottawa, checking up on miscreant airmen in the matters of failure to salute, wearing of wedge caps sideways, jumping up and down on senior NCOs on a public thoroughfare, and things like that. Most of the officers are a trifle self-conscious about their special duties as policemen, evidently having difficulty accepting the inescapable physical fact that all brass must be part copper.

Bushwhacking WDs

To remain up-to-date on Air Force doings we have always made a policy of keeping our ear to the ground, finding it one way of picking up a certain amount of dirt. Particularly interesting, for instance, is the news that WDs were recently shipped up the west coast for the first time to several large, bush-bound op stations. Our eyebrows' rate-of-climb was accelerated by the pregnant thought that the airmen who man those stations have spent many months deprived of feminine company, and that despite a couple of years of living in the woods most of them still don't believe in fairies. Even to our naive way of thinking it seemed inevitable that the arrival of WDs amongst these timber wolves must result in the old story of "boy meets girl" — with an impact that would be heard in Little Rock, Arkansas.

So we have been sitting around with our fingers in our ears waiting for the repercussions, but none has come. Nor will it, evidently. Further investigation reveals, to our intense relief, that the all-wise godlings of AFHQ had taken precautions long before the WDs even got on the boat. With superb foresight, they despatched an officer from the Art Directorate on temporary duty to the coast to visit the threatened stations. At each unit the officer-organized art classes in which the airmen could learn painting and handicrafts, so that by the time the airwomen arrived the boys would be too busy with their easels and beadwork to bother their heads about girls. Now the WDs have come, and all that remains is for Equipment to keep beads and paint sets and hunks of leather pouring into the bush in their wake. The boys will do the rest.

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MAIL RUN

Overseas Ground Crew Awards

On what basis are awards made to Canadian ground crew serving with the RAF overseas?

Interested Airman,
9 SFTS, Centralia.

Awards to Canadian ground crew of Canadian squadrons operating with the RAF overseas come out of the quota allotted by Air Ministry to the Command or Group concerned in the same manner that awards to aircrew of these squadrons come out of the Command or Group quota. Any awards made are awarded on the basis of recommendations submitted by the Commanders of the squadrons concerned. — Ed.

Post-War WINGS?

Every decade or so someone comes forth with a bright idea . . . e. g. Adam thought of fig leaves, Columbus thought of America, red-blooded airmen think of Deanna Durbin, etc. Well to get around the corner and down to brass tacks here is an idea that I am passing along to you for what it is worth. Perhaps if you put it before the general airman public

through the medium of WINGS we might find out if it is worth a try.

Here it is: How about a service mag after the war that would reach every member of the RCAF?

Grumbling and groaning and moaning as they may be, the average airman is nothing more or less than an all-round Canadian lad with a blue uniform with brass buttons on. He travels here and there around the Dominion, to Newfie, to Labrador, to that great unknown, RCAF Overseas. During his wanderings he meets many pals. After the war I expect that his wanderings to a great extent will be curtailed. And I feel sure that he would like to keep in touch with his buddies long after the cessation of hostilities.

What better then, than a magazine? How would it be financed? . . . Who would supply copy? . . . and pictures?

These and many more questions rear their ugly heads — but there you have it.

Cpl C. H. Robart,
Editor, DEPTH-CHARGE,
RCAF, Yarmouth, N. S.

Attention 114 B.R. Men

The undersigned is making every effort to contact all former members of the City of London 114 B. R. (Aux) Squadron. This Unit was disbanded shortly after being mobilized in September, 1939, with the members being scattered all over the world in varying capacities in the RCAF.

I have been allotted the job of contacting those who remain . . . We are trying to reorganize them for activities after the war and want them all to write me at address below, sending all information of other 114th men at their disposal. I shall be acting as a "clearing-house" on information regarding their former Squadron mates so that a history of the various members may be assembled here.

This was the first Unit to leave London in 1939 under the Command of the present CO of the RCAF Station at Rockcliffe, Air Commodore G. S. O'Brien, who has shown considerable interest in this matter . . .

R. R. Barrett (Retired-C10069)
599 King Street, Apt. 3,
London, Ontario.

WINGS

Log of the RCAF, is published monthly for Air Force personnel by the Air Force Headquarters Station Fund, Ottawa, Canada, and is sold on RCAF and RAF stations at five cents a copy. WINGS welcomes contributions from all Air Force personnel — station stories, fiction, cartoons, poetry, photos — which should be addressed to the Editor, WINGS, AFHQ, Ottawa. Remittances for station sales should be made payable to the AFHQ Station Fund, WINGS Account. Editor: FS Ed Hayes. Art Editor: Sgt Walt Coucill. Staff Writers: FS Don Kennedy, Sgt Eric Nicol, Cpl Ron Rewbury. Circulation Manager: FL A. J. Roy. Executive Editor: FL N. E. Erickson. WINGS is lithographed and distributed by the AFHQ Duplicating Pool.



Replace your eyeballs, chaps, to note that Dolores Moran works for Warner's and will not be available for your nasty schemes.

PIX OF THE CROP . . .

In Focus



Blitzed and strafed on overseas assignments, Sgt-Photographer Ron Laidlaw's experiences were worth it for the big reception he got in Paris. He was one of the first to enter gay Paree.



Canuck pilots get breather from Reconnaissance Wing in France and hop a jeep to take in sights along the coast. Here they view the ancient abbey, island fortress and town of Mont St. Michel.



Cpl John Young found masks and bloodstained glove in Brussels torture chamber, abandoned Gestapo-HQ.



FS R. Berube, PT & Dynamite at 9 AOS, St. Johns, displays trade marks. He likes lifting things.



Touring Scotland, lovelies of RCAF "Blackouts" pose in shadow of Edinburgh Castle battlements with funnyman FS Fran Dowie. L to R: LAW Florence Shaw, Norwood, Man., LAW Georgette Gelinas, Windsor, LAW Mona Morrow, Powassan, Cpl Honor Benson, Victoria, LAW Norma Johnson, Edmonton.

"Elementary MY DEAR STUDENTS!"

This prairie prep school at High River, home to many RCAF aces, got its start after the last war

light at the tower came on and I really did some sweating, but the lad still kept circling round, eventually getting mixed up with the night flying circuit. I was smoking cigarettes so fast by this time I must have resembled a smudge fire. Finally he dropped down, following a night flying kite in for a perfect landing. I felt like a young man again."

Actually what happened was, the student who was not familiar with an intermittent light couldn't figure out what it meant and was afraid to land. A steady white light to a flier means return to land and report to the tower. This was something new, so he kept flying around. As it grew dark, the student did some worrying on his own, but not about landing. He was worried about flying the circuit without lights and spent his time aloft trying to find his navigation lights. Finally giving it up for a bad job he followed the lights of a night flier in for a landing. All he said when he climbed out of the cockpit was: "Where the hell are the light switches in this crate?"

"That boy," said FL Agar, "had gone through an experience, which while trying at the time, put him well on his way as far as flying was concerned."

Several times Instructor Agar has been up with pupils who have frozen at the controls. "When they hold on so tightly it almost inevitably means a crack-up, but up to now I have managed to talk students into limbering up in time, thank goodness."

One time FL Agar was aloft with a chap who became so confused when making a landing that he pushed the stick forward instead of easing it back. "We were heading almost straight down. I thought I'd had it, but I was able to grab the stick away from him and pull the nose up a few feet from the ground. We hit with a wallop that sent us bouncing 50 feet into the air, but we didn't crash. Chaps who become so confused they move the stick the wrong way usually wash out. They never learn to fly."

CALGARY BABY

Such is the life of an elementary flying instructor, and the men at High River, like their colleagues all over the country, have had their share of experience.

High River as a training school is the baby of the Calgary Flying Club which sponsored the High River Flying Training School Limited in conjunction with the Canadian Flying Club Association's nation-wide scheme for co-operation with RCAF elementary training. The school was originally established at Lethbridge, July 22, 1940, and moved to High River in June a year later.

The first training ships were Tiger Moths, then came the present day Cornells. Everyone connected with the High River school is literally in love with the place, and it is their hope it will continue as an RCAF base after the war.

High River holds memories for a lot of lads flying European skyways today, because first impressions are lasting ones and this station introduced them to their first flight; their first flip into a new and exciting experience.

the Royal Flying Corps in France during the last war. The planes carried radio equipment in the front cockpits, but the set was so bulky there was no room for a passenger.

Flying operations from High River were discontinued in 1930 and the station went to sleep, serving only as an emergency landing field. When the present war shattered the peace five years ago, High River was awakened and again pressed into service, eventually to become one of the most modern elementary flying stations in the west. Two large modern hangars were erected, with the oldtime buildings serving merely as storehouses.

SERVED AS GRADING STATION

During the past summer, No. 5, which is a civilian-operated school, was used solely as a grading station. Candidates for pilots were given three weeks' instruction, which included ground school subjects and 12 hours of flying. At the end of this short course successful candidates were ready to commence their elementary flying instruction.

SL G. E. Kerley of Regina is commanding officer and chief flying instructor for RCAF personnel, and E. K. Yorath, manager for the High River Flying Training School Limited, handles maintenance of the station.

Assistant Chief Flying Officer, FL W. B. Allan of Calgary, and FL Agar, OC of Testing Flight, together directly responsible for the operation of the courses, hold perhaps the most unique posts in the training plan. They come into personal contact with the students, often the source of tribulation and occasionally jubilation.

Both men, wise in the ways of instructional flying, have made a deep study of psychology, which they claim plays no small part in the training of the student flier.

"Fear of the unknown is the greatest enemy of the student flier," FL Agar disclosed in an outline of elementary instruction. "It has also been noticed that sometimes students who get into trouble on their first solo often become the best pilots."

Illustrating his remarks with accounts of actual experiences, the flight louie told of a number of trying but honourous episodes in which students have proved their adaptability to flying.

One such lad was making his first solo. It was late afternoon, just before dusk. The student flew the circuit two or three times while Instructor Agar watched from the take-off point.

"He was doing a fine job," the instructor recalled, "but soon I started to worry because instead of coming down he kept making the circuit. Dusk came and the intermittent beacon



Tarmac view. 5 EFTS used to be forestry patrol base and emergency landing field.



Cpl Arnold Snider and Cpl N. S. Gregory point to the honor and dumbbell flights.



Townfolk joined forces with RCAF joes to build High River's "swimming hole".



Saddle horses and stored equipment have replaced planes in old-style hangars.

Photos by LAC Richard Ross

by CPL RON REWBURY

WINGS Staff Writer

IF you are going to learn to fly you must learn, as you once did in front of the photographer's camera, — to smile. Strange as it may seem, smiling has a lot to do with aircrew training, and students with a smile are tops with instructors. At 5 EFTS, High River, Alta., where erks start sprouting their wings, a smile is the password to achievement.

FL C. C. Agar of Edmonton, OC of testing flight at No. 5, says this about smiling: "Frankly, if a pupil won't smile in the air he often turns out to be a poor pilot. You can't smile unless you are relaxed and it is necessary to be relaxed or you will squeeze the stick too tightly. Once this happens, confidence slips and the instructor has deep trouble on his hands."

From another point of view a smile is the trade mark—the brand if you like—of this western elementary flying school. No. 5, though only a small station, has perhaps one of the most picturesque sites in the west. Personnel are kept in a happy frame of mind by the various recreational facilities and the congenial way in which the station is managed.

This small foothill flying school has a history. After the first world war, High River was the home field to many of today's top men in the RCAF. From this flying outpost, wartime aviators continued to probe the skies, but for a different enemy. They formed the forestry air patrols over the treacherous foothill country, flying wartime kites which later gave place to the Sisken Fighter and Cirrus Moth.

FORMER PATROL BASE

High River didn't actually come into being immediately after the war. Cochrane, near Calgary, was the original base of operation for the RCAF forestry patrol, but later it moved to the High River site. The RCAF stopped flying in 1921 and the station was turned over to the Civil Service, reverting to the Air Force in 1924.

All through the 20s, High River was kept in operation, and in 1929 it had the large staff of 25 people, including a commanding officer, stores officer, four officer pilots and two NCO pilots. Personnel, except for a guard, left the station each evening. The forestry patrols were carried out in ten Moths and two Fairchild FC-2's. At that time the station consisted of three hangars which still stand today, similar in design to the old time Bessano hangars, used by

by SGT ERIC NICOL
WINGS Staff Writer

FOR years Homer Quincey had been the darling of the smart set in his home town of Moose Groin, Saskatchewan. Unskilled, ugly and rich, he was spoiled by the adulations of cafe society, the habitués of Wurtzel's Delicatessen. For of wealthy old Ma Quincey, who rarely made the same mistake twice, he was the only son.

Once it had become apparent that he would never shake off adolescence, Quincey was sent to the city to make his niche in the world. It was there that he came to realize that he had been merely a big frog in a little pond. In a fit of rage he tore up his lily pads, swearing he would never eat another fly.

Suddenly, one day, it was September 3rd, 1939. Quincey knew it was September 3rd because he had learned the calendar up to October, in spite of his lack of formal education. He had entered kindergarten when he was so small he made the teacher nervous when he bent over; he had been removed from kindergarten because he was so big he made the teacher nervous when she bent over. Homer had an enquiring mind.

One afternoon, while passing an RCAF recruiting poster, Homer was struck by a thought. Staggering back to his feet, he found himself wondering about girding his loins for this war. He looked at the rolling prairie that was his home. He looked at the glorious heritage of a free land, endowed to him by men willing to fight and die for freedom. He looked at the draft notice he had received in the morning's mail. Resolute and proud, Homer Quincey joined the Royal Canadian Air Force.

At Toronto Manning Depot a whole new world opened up to Quincey, who had never before taken his pants off in public. His mind was still filled with the burning message of the recruiting poster—"FLY AND FIGHT WITH THE RCAF!"—but he quickly discovered that Manning Depot was less interested in the fight than in the fly, and life became one long inspection.

The months passed quickly at Manning. Homer found his hair starting to grow in again, and he looked forward to being let out of the reception wing for a few hours every afternoon. He was happy with the goon squad, watching new faces come and go. And at last, as autumn was fading into winter, they called him for his trade test.

Homer had already made up his mind what trade he wanted. He wanted to be a world traveller at 21, although he was already 32. He had great faith in the RCAF. The trade test officer was gentle with Homer, smiling and saying:

"Well, Homer, I think we'll give you General Duties."

The airman shuffled his feet, grinning with pleasure.

"Shuckins," he said bashfully. "I'm willin' to take colonel duties fur a start. I don't mind workin' my way up."

The officer nodded slowly, smiling and silently tearing up the intelligence test form he had been about to hand Homer.

Quincey started his world travelling at Goose Bay, and after he had been there two years he realized that his global tour was going to be a leisurely one. In fact, with the completion of his first 30 months as a GD, he began to get restless. He became discontented with his brooms and urinals, impatient with the delay in the commencement of his flying training. Finally he could stand it no longer. Quincey tip-toed into the barrack sergeant's office and laid his cards on the table. He had three jacks and a pair of sevens. His curiosity aroused, the barrack sergeant watched him closely for a moment, then asked what he wanted.



"Is it all right if I take a dim view of this?"



"I want to fly," replied Homer, "in an airplane. I want to fly and fight with the RCAF."

The sergeant pursed his lips, then slipped the purse into his pocket.

"Don't be hasty, Quincey," he murmured, deftly running his thumb under Homer's left eyeball. "Anybody can fly these days. Not everybody can keep the garbage cans clean the way you do. You're awfully good with those cans, Homer."

The visitor cast his eyes down, blushing prettily, for the barrack sergeant had never called him Homer before.

"Evidently you don't appreciate the weight of your responsibility, old man," continued the B.S. "If those garbage cans weren't emptied, the whole station would soon be covered with garbage, and disease would spread. You know, flies breed in that old garbage."

Homer flushed angrily. "Is that what they're doing in there?" he demanded, his voice quivering.

"And flies spread germs. The whole camp might have been wiped out by an epidemic, but for you." The words throbbed to a climax.

"Quincey, you have saved the lives of unknown numbers of personnel of this unit. Congratulations, old man!"

Accepting the sergeant's hand, Homer was too choked up to speak. He stood blinking and rubbing his knees together, shaking his head with a sort of tortured modesty, until the sergeant kicked him in the stomach to indicate that the discussion was over.

Homer's eyes shone and his lips trembled as he stumbled back to his urinals. He wished his mother could have been there.

A few weeks later, however, he caught a glimpse of an aircraft through the dust of the garbage truck, and the old urge returned. He submitted an application for remuster to aircrew.

It was exactly one year later that the orderly room traced Quincey to the incinerator and had him brought over.

"Well, Quincey," laughed the corporal who ran the station, "I'm afraid we mislaid your application for remuster. I guess you've had it, ha, ha, ha."

"That's pretty grim, isn't it?" Homer asked eagerly, for he had just picked up the expression. "Pretty rugged," agreed the corporal.

"Poor show, eh?" continued Quincey remorselessly, determined to keep up his end of the conversation. "Is it all right if I take a dim view of this?"

The corporal nodded benignly, and Homer went away happy with his first real dim view.

Six months later, Homer Quincey was posted to ITS. With fumbling fingers he stuck a white flash in his cap and grimly determined to conquer the impulse to empty every garbage can he saw. And it was at ITS that he began his literary career. Inspired by reading "God Is My Copilot", he rushed to his pencil and wrote his first work, "St. Peter Is My Bombaimer". The first edition sold like hotcakes, mostly because the books were shaped like hotcakes and sold in restaurants with maple syrup. Tirelessly he began work on his second, titled "Moses Is My Aero Engine Mechanic", another smash hit, which he followed up with the stirring "Wing to Wing With Good King Wenceslaus". By the time he reached EFTS, Homer Quincey had become a literary figure, "... a name to be dealt with," as the Moose Groin Bugle said editorially.

A short two years later, a full-fledged pilot, Quincey joined the celebrated Chipmunk Squadron overseas.

"I am driving a big bomber," he wrote his mother. "There are some other people in the plane and they are good company although I have not found out yet what they do."

On his first operational flight over Germany, the hero of Moose Groin distinguished himself during a heavy barrage of flak over the target. As the anti-aircraft bursts puffed about the bomber, the tail gunner said over the inter-com:

"Flak at five o'clock, skipper."

"Five o'clock, hell!" screamed Quincey. "It's started now!" And the skipper promptly took evasive action by crawling under the navigator's table.

As the bomber careened out of the sky with nobody at the controls, Homer saw his whole life passing before him. He had counted 2065 garbage cans when he and his bomber made a large, irregular hole in the ground and left it for somebody else to fill in.

Back in Moose Groin, old Ma Quincey was entertaining a group of ladies of her club when the telegram came. The ladies watched her open it, let it flutter to the floor.

"I see where Homer's had it," she said, adding, with a brave little smile, "O.k., Mabel — your crap."

LORD WHIFF of GRAPESHOT That Plunkett bouncer, of course, refuses to admit he's licked on a sportin' proposition!

by @Zio





UNIVERSAL PICTURES Ramsey Ames

Wingsgirl
November



Chicken every Sunday

There's farm property at a bargain if you're the ready-to-settle type



by FS DON KENNEDY
WINGS Staff Writer

EVERY commanding officer gets a jolt at the annual crop of potential farmers his station is able to produce when the season for farm leave is officially declared "open". It is out of the question to assume there is any relationship between the number of applicants for farm leave and those with ambitions to own and operate their own farm.

you're a city slicker by nature, and want to buy farm property as a real estate investment, or if you're dreaming of a quiet weekend retreat away from your city job don't mix up with the Department of Mines and Resources. The contract they offer is as binding as a combination half nelson and toe hold. Even the deed for your property is tucked away in their vault. To top off their agreement, it's down in black and white you can't stick up a "for sale" sign for ten years. But for the erk who knows where he wants to live and what he wants to do, the department's helping hand is not to be bitten at. The maximum financial assistance available for the purchase of land and buildings and other permanent improvements is \$4,800, plus a maximum of \$1,200 for farm equipment and live stock or for commercial fishing equipment, a maximum total of \$6,000 if you are a good risk.

The interest rate is 3½%. The down payment by the veteran is a mere 10% of the cost of the land and permanent improvements only. Provided the veteran complies with the terms of his settlement contract for a period of 10 years, the Dominion of Canada absorbs approximately 24% of the cost of the land and permanent improvements, and makes a gift of the chattels to him. The total government grant may be as high as \$2,320 or 38% of the entire cost. In other words the Dominion of Canada is willing to give away \$2,320 to establish a man on a farm in 10 years, or looking at it this way, the government will give financial assistance to the extent of \$4.42 a week in terms of property and chattels for 10 years to the ready-to-



For those in the latter class with experience and inclination, and for those who want to get away from it all, the Department of Mines and Resources is ready to give a helping hand.

To get cracking with the department you must first qualify as a ready-to-settle erk. If it's a foot-loose life you want, you'll do better with the Fuller Brush Company.

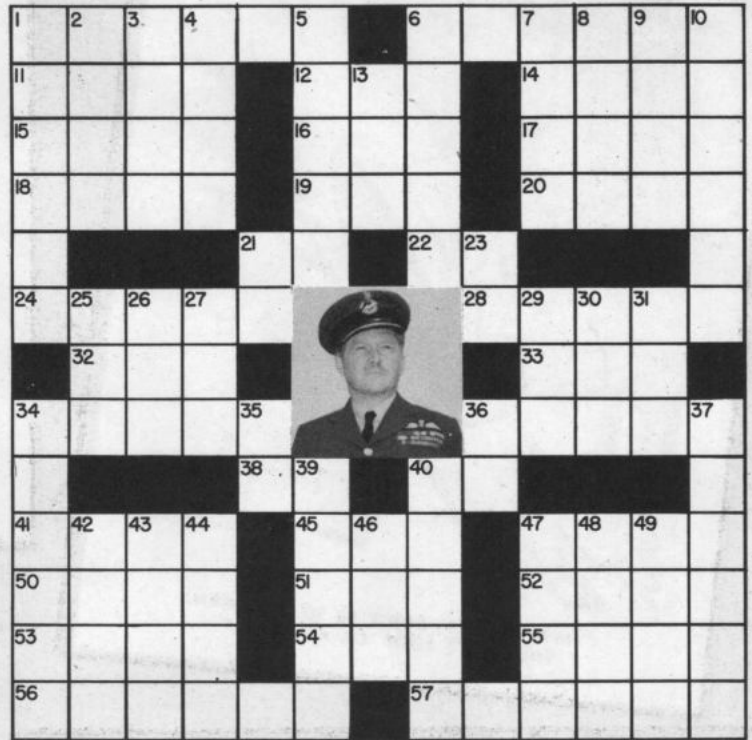
The department offers you three choices: (a) you can be a full-time farmer with a whole chicken every Sunday; or (b) if you only want the drumstick, you can have one foot in the city and one foot on a small farm, consisting of a house and a few acres, coupled with local industrial employment; or (c) if you don't like chicken at all, and prefer fish, you can still apply for a small holding with income from commercial fishing.

Before you read any further, if

settle erk. This is not to be sneezed at.

This plan is applicable to another type of home-starter. For the veteran who wants to work and derive the bulk of his income from industrial employment and yet live in the country and keep a few chickens and run a small garden, the Veterans' Land Act loans the money to buy the land and build the home. This house does not have to follow any particular plan. It can be Old English or as modern as to-morrow . . . they will still advance the money to build it . . . as long as your property is out of the high city tax area and you'll sign to live in it for ten years.

If you know where you want to live for the next ten years, get from your Personnel Counsellor a little blue pamphlet entitled The Veterans' Land Act of 1942, Handbook No. 1, issued by the Minister of Mines and Resources. If he hasn't any copies write direct to WINGS, AFHQ.



HORIZONTAL

- 1—To drive forward
- 6—Type of aircraft
- 11—Defect in a limb
- 12—Monkey
- 14—Pertaining to air
- 15—Related to
- 16—Relatives
- 17—Fluids for writing
- 18—Fisherman's equipment (pl)
- 19—Extremity
- 20—For fear that
- 21—Part of the verb to be
- 22—German elite Corps
- 24—Subject of remuster
- 28—Minister for Air
- 32—Unwrought metal
- 33—Garden tool
- 34—Alcoholic Beverage (pl)
- 36—Nasal sense
- 38—Alternative
- 40—WD Commissioned rank
- 41—A store
- 45—No picnic is complete without one
- 47—Minute particle of matter
- 50—No. 1 radio comedian
- 51—Slow march! Point that...!
- 52—Also known as Babs
- 53—Prophetic signification
- 54—Before (poetic)
- 55—Begins at 40
- 56—The group of five
- 57—Grab one, Joe, and skin that spud!

VERTICAL

- 1—Heavenly body
- 2—Garden tool
- 3—Leave out
- 4—Instruments for writing
- 5—Inland bodies of water
- 6—Curves
- 7—Post
- 8—Well (Latin)
- 9—Airmen (slang)
- 10—List showing turns of duty
- 13—Thin pointed wire
- 21—That is
- 23—Only man happy in a guardhouse
- 25—Fish eggs
- 26—Part of the verb to be
- 27—The (German)
- 29—Unit of electrical resistance
- 30—Bitter grief
- 31—Snake-like fish
- 34—Centre photo
- 35—Section Officer
- 36—Dit-dit-dit, da-da-da.
- 37—Prepared timber
- 39—Assigned value
- 40—Soak in liquid
- 42—There's no place like it
- 43—Not shut
- 44—Closely confined
- 46—Not either
- 47—Having the means or power
- 48—AG's cabin in the sky
- 49—A kind of goldfish

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS ON PAGE 14

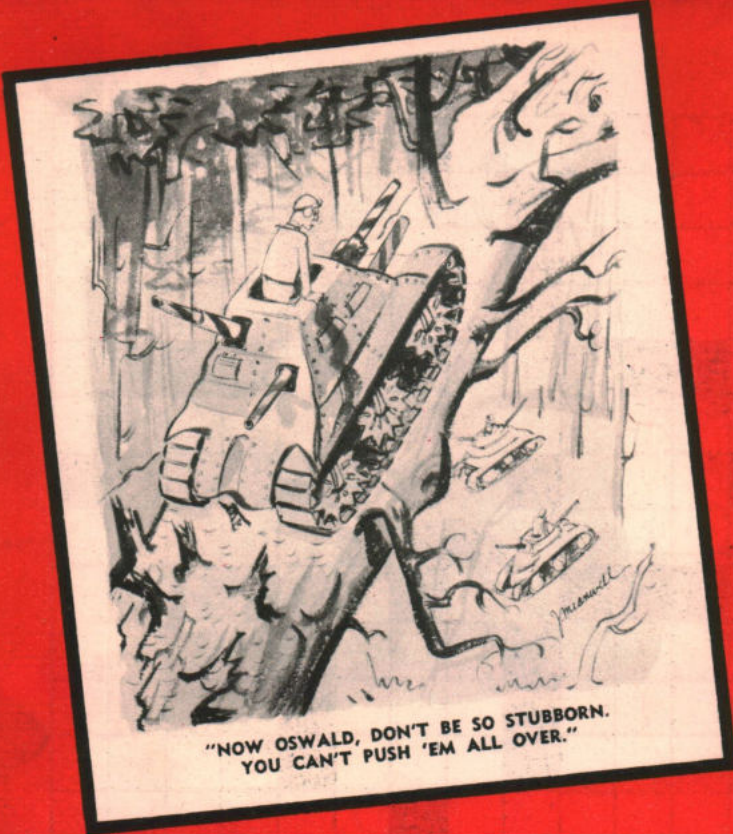
WINGTIPS by WFC

SINCE MEDIEVAL TIMES THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT'S MARK ON ALL ORDNANCE AND STORES HAS BEEN A BROAD ARROW. THE N.C.O. WEARS THE BASE OF THIS ARROW (THE CHEVRON) AS A SIGN OF RANK.

EYES RIGHT!

SLAVES IN ANCIENT ROME WERE NOT ALLOWED TO LOOK INTO THE FACE OF THEIR SUPERIORS, BUT ON BEING CHOSEN FOR SERVICE IN ONE OF THE LEGIONS THEY BECAME FREE MEN AND SO COULD LOOK STRAIGHT INTO THE EYES OF OFFICERS, THUS DEVELOPED OUR 'EYES RIGHT' & 'EYES LEFT'

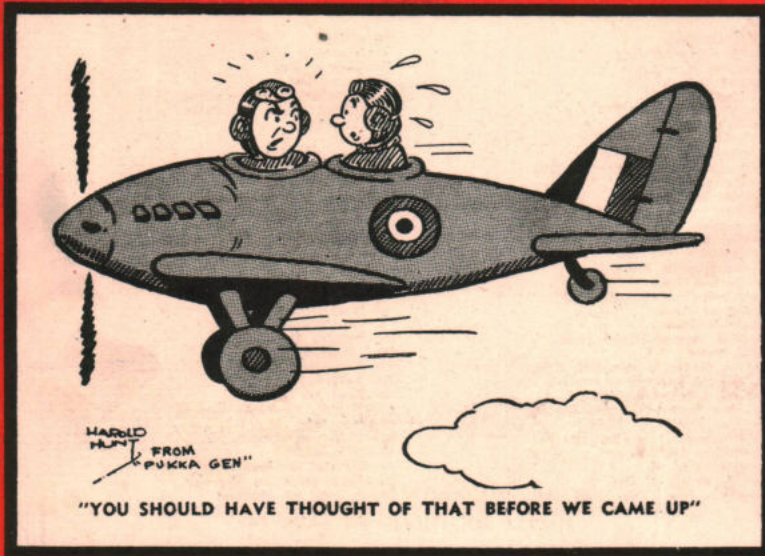
THE STANDARD MEASURE OF ONE YARD WAS ADOPTED BECAUSE ALL WAR ARROWS IN THE MIDDLE AGES WERE 36" & WERE A READY MEASURE FOR CHECKING PURCHASES OF CLOTH



"NOW OSWALD, DON'T BE SO STUBBORN.
YOU CAN'T PUSH 'EM ALL OVER."



"WELL, WHO DID YOU EXPECT, DOROTHY LAMOUR?"



HAROLD HUNT
FROM
"PUKKA GEN"

"YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE WE CAME UP"



"WE'LL KNOW IN A MINUTE. IF HE
TURNS BLUE IT'S THE COFFEE."

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



"IT'S WILSON ABOUT HIS 48 AGAIN, SIR. HE
SAYS HE CAN PROVE HIS GRANDMOTHER DIED."