LAC Lumley

WINGS ABROAD

THE OFFICIAL ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE R.C.A.F. NEWSPAPER

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Canadian Fighter Wing Hits Huns Hard

DESTROY FOUR MORE DURING LAST WEEK

F/O N. R. Fowlow is Responsible for One While Others Were Joint Efforts In Two Days' Operations

ESCORT BOMBERS ON NUMEROUS MISSIONS

DURING eight months of ops. in a highly active sector in the South of England, Canadian Fighter Wing has made itself a name as a hard-hitting outfit in scores of sweeps over enemy territory.

The May totals brought the Canadian Wing's score since the beginning of the year up to 45 German aircraft destroyed and many more probables and damaged. In addition hundreds of locomotives and other ground targets have been attacked. Protective escort has also formed part of the work of RCAF squadrons which have guarded Forts, Libs., Mitchells, Venturas and other bombers in many raids.

Canuck fighters were among the first to go along with the U.S. Forts in their devastating raids and have escorted them to St. Omer, Abbeville, Antwerp and many other important targets, helping to fight off the Focke-Wulfs and Messerschmitts as the big fellows carried out their bombing missions.

In improving summer weather activities have been stepped up considerably from the schedule of occasional ops. which had to be followed during the unpredictable winter months. Several times recently RCAF squadrons have been out two or three times a day. During the first half of May they shot down 15 enemy aircraft and damaged a number of others.

Four Kills Last Week

Canadian fighter pilots started last week's operations briskly with a score of four Hun kites destroyed in two days.

A couple of F.W.190s were the first to go. Two others were damaged in the same dogfight which developed as Canadian Spitfires were carrying out a diversionary sweep for bombers attacking objectives in Axis Europe.

F/O N. R. Fowlow, Windsor, N.S., of the Wolf Squadron, got one, while the second was shared by three pilots, P/O Bob Isbister, of Toronto, P/O Webb Harten, of Saulte Ste. Marie, Ont., and Sgt. David Small, of Copper Cliff, Ont.

S/L J. D. Hall, of Toronto, C.O. of the Red Indian Squadron, and F/L W. B. Quint, of Calgary, a pilot of the same squadron, each scored hits on enemy aircraft.

The squadron led by S/L C. M. Magwood, D.F.C., of Toronto, also took part in the fight.

When their Spits touched in mid-air during rapid evasive action, P/O D. H. Dover, of Toronto, and P/O D. C. Hamilton, of Moncton, N.B., both of the Wolf Squadron, suffered slight damage to their machines. They quickly regained control of their machines and were able to rejoin their mates in a short time.

The next day pilots of the Wolf and Red Indian Squadrons shot down two Me109s. F/O R. D. Bowen, D.F.C., of Edmonton, shared the first victory with the wing leader, W/C J. E. Johnson, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar. The Me109 was seen to crash a few moments after they opened fire. During the general melee

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GOT A CEREMONY AND ALSO A HUN

It was midnight when a bunch of the boys if an RCAF night fighter squadron launched an informal ceremony to honour one of their pilots—S/L George M. Bower, of Vancouver. Word had just been received that he had obtained his "third ring."

Two hours later S/L Bower was "scrambled" and took off in a Beaufighter in pursuit of raiding German aircraft. He shot down a Dornier 217 off the north-east coast. The Jerry returned Bower's fire, but didn't connect. He saw the Hun kite go down in flames, and circled to see the wreckage burning in the sea.

It was the second recent kill for this squadron, which is under the command of W/C "Wendy" Reid, of Sydney, N.S. The previous knock-out was credited to W/C George H. Elms, of Whitby, Ont., now commanding his own Canadian nightfighter squadron.

On the same night S/L Bower shot down the Dornier, Sgt. Dale M. Hilderbrand, of Vermilion, Alta., damaged a Ju88 after a lengthy combat. The Ju. disappeared into cloud cover after the clash, but Hilderbrand saw strikes all over the German aircraft before it fled.

Other promotions in the squadron include those of F/L Dave Grant, of Toronto, F/L Murray Taylor, of Blackfoot, Alta., and S/L Ronnie Hedger, of Ottawa.

LOCAL GUARDS THOUGHT NEWFIE WAS EUROPEAN

Sgt. Gregg O'Grady's first raid was almost his last. It was a trip over Emden with a New Zealand Wellington squadron. His aircraft was badly shot up, and he and a crewmate baled out over the Wash on the way home.

He must have been close to the shore for everything went black for a minute, but when he came to he was washed up on the beach.

Gregg's troubles were not over, however. He was unable to persuade the local Home Guards that Newfoundland was in the war on Britain's side. One pitchfork-bearing farmer was sure Newfoundland was somewhere in central Europe. O'Grady was taken to the police station, where with a Newfoundland stamp on a letter, his Newfoundland shoulder patches, and a map of the world, he managed to prove he was friend and not foe.

On his second raid his aircraft crash-landed after a clash with a German night-fighter, but no one was hurt.

Now in India he has made five operational flights over Burma. If he has to come down over that territory, he says, he expects to have quite a hard time explaining Newfoundland again.

Telling how he came to be a RCAF WAG attached to a RAF squadron, Gregg says: "Dad wanted me in the Army, and I wanted to join the Navy, so we compromised on the Air Force."

After school in St. Bonavantures College in his hometown, young O'Grady sailed as a deckhand in the "Queen of Bermuda," on the New York-Bermuda run and held other jobs on other ships, trying to "learn the business." After enlisting in August, '40, and training in Canada, he was sent to Britain the following year.

Twelve cents for a dozen bananas! What a price, what a price! F/S S. Uffelman, of Waterloo, Ont., and F/S Frank Holcombe, of St. Catharines, Ont., have found their match in bargaining in this Indian fruit seller. We'd just like to find the fruit seller.

(Official RCAF Photograph.)

FLYING CANUCKS FIGHT ON INDIA-BURMA FRONT

Parsons Has Had Varied Assignments in Eastern Sojourn

W/O Norman Parsons, of Longeuil, Ont., has dropped a lot of things from his Wellington bomber since he left Canada.

He started by "laying eggs" in Germany. Then he came out to India and began dropping bombs on the Japanese. Next he was assigned with his squadron to teach a battalion of Indian paratroops and dropped some 500 from the skies. Besides, he was engaged in dropping food for the British army as it retreated from Burma last year.

A six-footer-plus, the 24-year-old Parsons is called "Burra Moose" by his fellow fliers—the Big Moose—to distinguish him from a fellow giant in the same squadron, the Chotah Moose. Chotah is Hindustani for "small."

He was posted to Rangoon with his squadron in March of last year, but didn't happen to get there before it fell. Then he made 14 successful trips dropping food to the retreating British army and British refugees coming out of Burma over the Chindwin hills. For this he was congratulated by the British army. After that he was posted to Madras, where his squadron was engaged in anti-sub. patrols and escort jobs.

Flew Paratroops

Then Parsons went to the parachute troop task. It was exacting, he found, in that the spacing, timing and height must be just right. The paratroopers were mostly made up of Gurkhas, although other Indian races were represented.

Other Canucks in the RAF Wellington squadron that did this training job were F/S Gordon Venner, of Brantford, Ont.; F/L Jack Guest, Toronto; F/S Frank Holcombe, St. Catharines, Ont.; and F/S S. L. Uffelman, Waterloo, Ont.

Now he is back on bombing, this time with the Japs as victims. He has made several raids on their forward aerodromes. Operational flying in India is more difficult than in Europe, Parsons believes. In Europe there are flak and searchlights to face, but they are seldom as dangerous as a heavy tropical storm, he believes.

Uffelman is also Jap bombing now. A WAG, he has helped paste Akyab, Magwe and other Jap-occupied cities in Burma.

RCAF fliers are playing an important part in keeping open the new "Burma Road." This artery, running from Chittagong across the Bay of Bengal from Calcutta to Mangdaw (now in Jap hands), in occupied Burma, is the primary supply line of the Allied troops on the India-Burma front.

All winter long thousands of coolies have worked under Allied engineers improving the dirt track which wound through the jungle hills. More than a hundred bridges had to be built over dusty gullies that have since been transformed by the monsoons into muddy torrents. Every yard of earth cut out or filled in was carried on the heads of coolies in shallow oval baskets.

To-day Canuck fighters are defending the strip against any attempts by the enemy to bomb it. Weeks ago they saw thick dust clouds marking the course and they knew that convoys of supplies and petrol, Bren gun carriers, 25-pounder guns and ambulances were kicking up that dust. Now monsoons and three-ton lorries are making it a quagmire, but the traffic still goes through. At times dust forced convoy drivers to don respirators.

Refugees from Maungdaw are trekking along it now, rather than stay under Jap domination.

Canadian pilots say that when they see trucks and soldiers and people moving they know they are on the British side. The Japs move at night in complete darkness. Several of the Canucks have yet to see their first Jap.

High Temperatures

Members of the RCAF who have been out a year or more tell newcomers to "keep cool, you haven't seen anything yet" in reference to the weather. May temperatures averaged 110 in the shade at noon in most parts of India, with recordings up to 125 in the sun.

Saturday night in the principal hotel of the Empire's largest metropolis, Calcutta, is a strange Saturday night for the pilot

(Continued on page 5, col. 2)

ROYAL REPARTEE

While taking pictures recently of Their Majesties the King and Queen, F/O Ken Coleman, of St. Thomas, Ont., RCAF Press photographer, had nearly despaired of getting a "shot" of the Royal pair together. However, as they were leaving the station the Queen saw Ken's difficulty and nudged the King, who posed with her.

After the most careful preparations Ken went to pull out the slide, and as he did so the metal tab came off. He fumbled frantically, but to his consternation the slide would not come out.

Then the King leaned over toward him and said, "And it's never happened before, has it?"

A very embarrassed, red-faced photographer could only mumble, "No, Sir."

PAQUIN JOINS CATERPILLARS

Fell 7,500 Feet From Lib. That Ran Out of Petrol in Fog

"It was the most wonderful thing in the world. The stars above and the earth below, and you could hear the aircraft going away."

Thus does Sgt. Roger "Eddie" Paquin of Montreal describe a parachute jump that he and eight others made from a Liberator caught in gale and fog over England after an anti-sub. patrol in the Bay of Biscay. The leap was from 7,500 feet.

The Liberator was returning when a gale came up. Airports that had been wide open were wrapped in fog within a few minutes. So strong were the winds, and so deep the fog that the Lib. flew right through the balloon barrage at a great south-of-England port.

The kite was diverted to a more northerly aerodrome, but when they reached it the storm was ahead of them. The fog had closed in too, and petrol was nearly exhausted. Orders were given to abandon the craft.

"I never saw so much politeness in my life," Paquin said. "It was 'after you, Alphonse,' and 'no, you first, Gaston.'"

"I hit the ground head first, but it was the finest impression I'd ever had in my life," he went on. "I landed in a field, and the gale dragged me for 20 minutes through brooks, around trees, over rocks and everything else. I couldn't release the parachute. I stopped just on the edge of a river, and I stayed put for two hours and a-half. When they picked me up, I had some bruises and scratches. They said I had nerve shock, but I am fine now."

CANADIANS IN CREW WHO FLEW PREMIER

Three Canadians are in the crew of the Liberator "Commando" which has flown Mr. Churchill over 14,000 miles on his trips to Moscow, Casablanca and Turkey.

It is announced just as the Premier has returned from another trip that the captain and other members of the crew of the "Commando" have been honoured by the King.

Radio Officer Russell Nelson Holmes, a Canadian, received the M.B.E. The other Canucks, Flight Engineers John William Affleck and Ronald Robert Williams, received commendations.

F/L McKENZIE HAS WON U.S. FLYERS' GONG

S/L Hill Gets Bar to D.F.C. For Destroying Five Since Early April

THREE NEW D.F.Cs

THE United States Air Medal is the unusual award, for a Canadian, that F/L D. M. McKenzie, of Stellarton, N.S., has won as a result of his operational flights while in North Africa.

The citation accompanying the gong remarks that "the manner in which this officer performed these missions reflects great credit upon the military services of the United Nations."

Another veteran of the North African campaign, S/L G. U. Hill, has been granted the immediate award of a Bar to his D.F.C. Beside leading his squadron with great success, he has destroyed five enemy aircraft since early April.

Engaged Enemy

"Early in May," concludes the citation, "he led his formation in an operation off the Tunisian coast. During the flight a superior force of enemy fighters was engaged. In the ensuing combats seven enemy aircraft were destroyed without loss, two of them by S/L Hill."

Three immediate D.F.Cs wind up this week's awards list. They go to F/L F. "Pete" Marsh, F/O Donald Simpson, and P/O Gordon Young.

Marsh and Simpson were wireless op. and navigator respectively of a bomber that was to attack Duisburg. Before they reached the target area they were attacked by an enemy fighter. The bomber sustained heavy damages. "On the return flight," the citation explains, "F/O Simpson displayed exceptional navigational ability in most difficult circumstances, and F/L Marsh, who skilfully obtained bearings, rendered him valuable assistance."

P/O Young was skippering another bomber on its way to the Ruhr when it too was attacked by a fighter. The RAF rear-gunner was painfully wounded and his turret put out of action, but his commentary on the Hun's movements enabled Young to evade it. Despite severe damage to the bomber, he managed to fly it to base and make a safe landing. The RAF rear-gunner was awarded the D.F.M.

HALIFAX VENTURE WAS CRAMMED WITH EVENTS

F/O Woody Smith and Crew Were Very Occupied On Bochum Raid

Hurtling down to 200 feet, striking a balloon barrage cable, having their Halifax riddled with flak and their mid-upper gunner bale out were just some of the things that happened to the crew of F/O Woody Smith, of Windsor, Ont., in a raid on the Ruhr industrial centre of Bochum.

The crew had an ordinary trip until they got within a few miles of the target, where they were coned by more than 20 searchlights and held for five minutes.

They managed to get clear without losing much height and did their bomb run right over the centre of the target.

Heading back they were coned again, and the flight engineer, Sgt. Al Dutton, of Brantford, Ont., counted at least 30 searchlights and gave up counting. The lights and heavy flak forced the Halifax down. As they took evasive action, flak caught them on the side and threw the heavy kite on its back. All four engines cut out. They lost 10,000 feet before F/O Smith managed to right it again, and they were travelling at 400 miles an hour.

"Down to 500 feet and it looked as though we had had it," Smith said. "A searchlight was playing right on my face. It was blinding me, and made me so mad I thought if we had to go we'd take Jerry and his light with us. So I gunned into the beam and Jerry soon doused the light."

Somewhere in their mad dash downwards they smashed into a balloon barrage cable, but cut it OK, and at 200 feet Smith was informed that their mid-upper gunner had baled out. Even at that height the Germans were still trying to play their lights on them, but the Halifax was too low, and finally they gained enough height to fly home.

The bomber was holed in the starboard engines, the starboard propellors, the roof of the cabin, the port wing gas tank, and the hinges were knocked off one of the bomb doors.

Smith's rear-gunner, Sgt. Jimmy Bennett, of Carleton Place, Ont., did a good job of directing the skipper's evasive action away from the flak that poured up from behind them. When they were down real low Jimmy shot out four Jerry searchlights.

Other Canadians in the aircraft were P/O John Teskey, of Kingston, Ont., the bomb-aimer, and P/O Dennis "Porky" Sim, of Toronto, the navigator.

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EDITORIAL

AIR HERITAGE

WE'VE grown into quite an Air Force. The overseas strength alone is ten times as great as that of the whole pre-war RCAF. The total strength, at home and abroad, is half as large again as that of the whole pre-war RAF.

It will be still larger. In releasing the present figure of 180,000, the Air Minister announced that 53,000 recruits, exclusive of Wids, will be required this year.

Without indulging in needless self-approval, any one of us can take pride in those figures. We come from one of the "little nations," and we've built up something of big-nation size in the air.

It wouldn't hurt if we mentioned those figures to people wherever we went and chatted. It is right that the world should know what an impressive contribution to the battle a nation of 11½ millions has made.

It would be wrong if, in doing so, we boasted. Our country, by its geography and temperament, is peculiarly suited to the air. We ended the last war with an astonishingly large percentage of air crew membership in the RAF. We had an effective, and not too small by peace time standards, air force long before this war began.

Our children have always looked to the skies for their inspiration. Our northerners have regarded the aircraft as an expensive taxi which could deliver a cow or a load of ore to its destination; our air freight business topped the world's. Our governments used the plane for the humdrum jobs of mapping and firefighting.

So it has been natural that Canada should make a major contribution in the air as well as on land and sea. If she had not she would have been failing to live up to her record. The air has been hers from away back.

Tell about it, yes; but don't brag. Be proud of your membership in one of the world's great air forces; but don't boast about what is the natural, inevitable heritage of every Canadian.

WID AMAZEMENT

Imagine the amazement which registered on the faces of four little W.D.s one bright sunny afternoon when they were asked "if they would like to give blood to the troops." That's funny. We always thought this blue uniform with brass buttons was the one customarily worn by members of the RCAF.

INDIGESTION?
-no thank you!

Two Moorland Tablets are all you need in order to enjoy your meals without fear of gastric trouble.

Read what this soldier writes to us:—

"I have suffered from Gastritis for years and on joining the Forces I had to enter hospital for treatment and diet. On discharge the trouble recurred, but I was recommended to try 'Moorland' Tablets. I can safely say I am now much better than I have been for ages, thanks to 'Moorlands'."

(Signed) Cpl. H.E., R.A.O.C.

Moorland Indigestion Tablets are the best method of warding off indigestion. If you feel stomach pains coming on simply take two Moorlands — that's all. They are as pleasant to eat as sweets. They bring instant relief from indigestion, biliousness, dyspepsia, flatulence, acidity, heartburn, palpitation, gastric catarrh, etc. Sold at all Chemists, 1/5d., also in 8½d. packets (incl. tax).

THE BEAVER CLUB IS THEIR BEAT

When an Airman Meets "Butch" and Kelley He Changes His Opinion of Service Police

WHEN "Butch" and Kelley stop a man in the course of their duty, said man may wonder whether he is being welcomed by the local Chamber of Commerce or being checked by the Service Police. Probably no more popular men ever wore the "S.P." band than these two. Their friends among RCAF personnel are beyond reckoning, and it has been said that bomber crews flying over Germany, when they have nothing else to talk about, will discuss Butch and Kelley.

"Butch" is Sgt. M. Cogswell, of Fredericton, N.B. His running partner is Sgt. A. L. Kelley, of Winnipeg. Their beat is mainly the Beaver Club and they have been on it since coming overseas 14 months ago.

According to Butch, Kelley weighted 12 pounds at birth and has been unrationed since. He now stretches six feet four skywards and dents a scale at a mean 240. Butch claims his fellow copper's boots are size 14; Kelley will only admit to a 13. In a state of anxiety about his size, Kelley bought a set of dumb-bells. Now Butch operates them while Kelley directs operations literally from the bed of strategy.

Before the war Kelley was a C.P.R. policeman, working in Fort William. He and the inspector got along fine, although every so often the inspector would wail:

"For crying out loud, Kelley, when are you going to polish your buttons and show me a little respect?"

Butch is a genial Canadian of Irish extraction. Before the war he was a timber scaler, which meant he took the time of other people who worked—which Butch admits was a nice job. He tried to join the Air Force as an air-gunner, but was told he would have to wait six months.

"Hell," says Butch, "I told the recruiting officer I didn't want to join in six months: I wanted to join to-day. So he told me the only vacancy was for Service policemen. "Bags of promotion and a soft job." So I became a service policeman—and I'm just waiting for the day when I can see that flight lieutenant again."

Here we see those sly old gentlemen, "Butch" and Kelley in "the gentle approach." Kelley examines the pass while "Butch" shakes hand and sees the customer does not escape. The customer is F/S J. F. Moore, of Napanee, Ont., who instructs on Oxfords. All was in order this time.

(Official RCAF Photograph.)

In November, 1940, Butch won the RCAF middleweight boxing tournament at Toronto Manning Pool. He has only had to display his prowess once or twice over here. One night he had a little trouble with a drunken airman, who made the mistake of calling Butch a bad, bad name. Butch had to use some "persuasion." The airman later apologised. On another occasion Butch and Kelley were on leave when they became involved in a fracas between some Aussies and some Commandos. They helped break it up, and just as it ended the military police arrived.

"They drew their guns," said Butch, "and scared the devil out of me. I told them to put their hardware away before they shot me."

Butch says his main ambition is to shake F/O George Beurling's hand.

"You'd probably ask him for his pass at the same time," said Kelley.

Butch wants it known that he considers No. 1 Training Command in Canada as the best station he has been on. Air Vice-Marshal Brookes, O.B.E., then an Air Commodore, now head of Canadian Bomber Group overseas, was the C.O.

There is no doubt about it, these two S.P.s have a smooth approach. People are apt to be touchy about being asked for passes even when they have them. The way this pair handled a warrant officer pilot could hardly be improved upon.

"Could I hold your bag, sir, while my friend here looks over your pass?" asked Butch politely.

The warrant officer grinned and showed his pass without a murmur.

Both Butch and Kelley figure their job is to help the boys, not to keep checking them, although they sometimes have to do that, too. They always tell new arrivals to look after their money and direct them to the various clubs or anywhere else they want to go. They also look into cases of thefts at any of the hostels and help the boys to recover their property.

An airman can be sure if he takes on a few too many in a night's festivities and Butch or Kelley have to lock him up, it is for the airman's good, not for their pleasure. It may not be a comforting thought—but it's a fact.

As far as these two Canadian Service policemen are concerned, Canadian airmen are a swell bunch of men, which makes their job much more pleasant than it might otherwise be.

Both of them want it known that if you lose any of your property that you should report it to RCAF Headquarters and to them. They have often been able to restore greatcoats, caps, gloves, lighters, etc., to their owners.

Butch and Kelley are being reinforced next month, and this added help will give them a greater opportunity to be of service to airmen seeking directions or wanting information.

PAY POSERS

Question.—I notice that all other RCAF personnel on my unit have been given new RCAF pay books. Would you please tell me if I should have one and how do I go about getting it?

Answer.—This is a matter of vital importance to each officer, airman and airwoman. All RCAF personnel serving beyond Canada should now be in possession of a RCAF Service and Pay Book (Form A.47). Part II (Pay Book) shows full particulars of RCAF pay entitlement total deductions for monthly assignments and for deferred pay, and net fortnightly sterling drawing rate. If you have not received your Service and Pay Book, hot-foot it to your Unit Accountant Officer, who will pass on the word to the U.K.B.A.U.

112 SQUADRON FORM A CLUB

Veteran City of Winnipeg Army Co-op Unit Band Together

Word has been received of the formation in Canada of the "112 Squadron Association." WO1 J. H. Pickering is chairman of the organisation, and he states that regular meetings will be held on the first Tuesday each month. It is the Association's intention to send cigarettes and comforts to members who are still overseas and to hold social gatherings at home to which wives and families of members will be invited.

This is, of course, the old City of Winnipeg Army Co-operation Squadron which was formed in 1934 as an auxiliary squadron. It was originally commanded by S/L (now Air Vice-Marshal) J. Sulley. During extensive training from March, 1934, to September, 1939, the squadron made itself ready for its overseas posting. In December approximately 100 airmen of 112 Squadron were transferred to 110 Squadron, of Toronto, which came overseas in February, 1940. The 112 Squadron followed in June of the same year.

In January, 1941, the squadron was officially disbanded in England and the bulk of the personnel utilised to form the nucleus of the RCAF fighter squadron now commanded by S/L L. V. Chadburn, D.F.C.

All former members of the 112 Squadron, both officers and men, are requested to contact W/O J. H. Pickering at No. 8 Repair Depot, or 73½ Cobourg Avenue, Winnipeg, or F/L D. Leitch at No. 3 Wireless School, or 113 Cauchon Street, Winnipeg. The Association would like the member's number, rank and name with mailing address, and also the address of their families.

COMMISSIONED

It is announced by RCAF Overseas Headquarters that the following airmen have received their commissions as pilot officer:

Pilots.—E. P. Agree, Rainy River, Ont.; C. Murray, Kerrobert, Sask.; J. F. Munro; K. E. McKay, Langley Prairie, B.C.; J. L. Ross, Vancouver; A. V. Rugienius, Montreal; de Bloeme.

Navigators.—F. A. Sutherland, Toronto; J. B. McAllister, Vancouver; R. J. White, Perth, Ont.; W. R. Menzies; G. T. Crossman, Backville, N.B.; F. Starchuk, Rosebud, Alta.

Navigators "B."—E. Charlton, Winnipeg; G. P. Kern, London, Ont.; D. B. King, Norwood, Man.; W. D. Tye, Milverton, Ont.

Navigators "R."—J. P. Clark, Banff, Alta.; K. V. Irlam, Winnipeg.

Air Bomber.—W. R. King.

Wireless Operator Air Gunners.—C. O. Kerr, Escuminac, B.C.; R. S. Hollowell, Wolseley, Sask.; L. E. H. Ullrich, Ottawa.

Air Gunners.—J. Love, Kenogrami, Que.; J. G. Budreau, Morson, Ont.; N. Boulet, Somerset, Man.

Administrative (Women's Division).—N. K. Mackenzie, Cowichan Bay, B.C.; V. M. T. Hayson, Regina; J. McC. Tailfour, Aurora, Ont.; A. B. L. Evans, Edmonton; F. E. Newell, Edmonton; M. F. Scott, Unity, Sask.; S. L. Jackson, Winnipeg; N. Cambon, St. Hubert, Que.; H. G. Burbis; A. C. O. Duff, Toronto.

RADIO MECHS FLY AS SUBS. ATTACKED

Many operational flights are made by RCAF members who haven't got their wings, particularly by radio mechanics. Two Canadian corporals have been making regular trips on anti-submarine patrols in Coastal Command aircraft for some time now. Their job is to instruct the air crew in the use of radio equipment.

The two are Cpl. "Joe" Lusina, from Welland, Ont., who was a mechanical draughtsman before he became a radio mechanic in the Air Force, and Cpl. "Mac" McCormach, who was a furniture salesman.

For six weeks the corporals have been making regular flights. Lusina has seen three attacks on enemy submarines in the Bay of Biscay. McCormach hasn't been so lucky. He has seen only one sub. attacked.

A.V.M. BROOKES TAKES SALUTE IN "WINGS" DO

Lining streets for miles, thousands of citizens of a north-east England city lustily cheered RCAF personnel who participated in the Wings for Victory parade. More than 200 airmen marched, including an aircrew flight.

The Canadians were led by S/L G. N. Goff, from Montreal, station senior admin. officer. A.V.M. G. E. Brookes, O.B.E., Air Officer Commanding Canada's bomber group, took the salute, and G/C A. D. Ross, of Winnipeg, station commander, was on the saluting base.

BEAUFORT GOT HOME IN CATEGORY "D" CONDITION

Outgunned, It Beat Off Attentions of Three Junkers 88s

F/O "Bas" E. Hall, of St. James, Man., and Sgt. "Les" M. Clark, of Georgetown, Ont., were in the crew of an African-bound Beaufort which had a ten-minute battle with three Ju.88s, beat them off, and though badly damaged managed to return to its base in Britain.

How uneven were the odds in the fight is told by comparing the armament of the 'planes. The Beaufort had two Browning guns in the Bristol turret (the turret was wrecked during the battle), two Vickers guns in the nose and two sideguns. Each Junkers had four cannon and four machine guns. It was 12 cannon and 12 machine guns against six lighter British guns.

The Beaufort was out of the clouds for the first time since leaving England when the Junkers spied it. When it returned with hydraulics and turret wrecked and its flaps shot off it was definitely in category "D."

Came Right For Them

"Les" back in the turret saw two of the Junkers come out of the clouds just as the Beaufort emerged. The two came right for them, but the English pilot turned to meet the attack. As he did so they saw the third Junkers come up from underneath.

The Beaufort's hydraulics were shot off. Then the turret was put out of action. A cannon shell came through and exploded in the 'plane. Another shell came through the turret only two inches from Clark's head, leaving a six-inch shell in the perspex. One cannon shell went through the starboard gas tank, but didn't explode. Forty gallons of gas were lost before the tank sealed.

One bullet hit the Beaufort's transmitter, affecting the frequency modulation, and Hall had trouble in getting through an identity signal strong enough. They never had a chance to use their front guns. Their flaps were shot away, but they managed to get the hydraulics down with the emergency gear.

Hall and Clark were crewed together in Air Transport Command last October. Since then they have been to Cairo, North Africa, West Africa, Belgian Congo and other places.

"But we had never seen an enemy plane before," they said. "These Junkers were painted whitish grey and adorned with black crosses."

PLUCKED FROM SEA AT COST OF SHOE

Plucked out of the heaving Mediterranean on what was to have been the last of three attempts to rescue him from either drowning or capture by the enemy, P/O Rex Probert, of Moose Jaw, had everything except his spirits dampened.

He was very lucky to have been yanked aboard the British amphibian rescue biplane at all. The deep waves had made useless the first two attempts, and the pilot had time for only one more attempt, for up above his escorting fighters were at the limit of their petrol, and he knew his defenceless amphibian would never get home alone.

A few minutes after the rescue on the return flight Probert was stripping off his sopping clothes. Suddenly he gave a yell and pointed to perhaps the best evidence on record of how mightily the Art of Yanking People From Dinghies is practised in the RAF Air-Sea Rescue Service.

"Hey!" cried the dripping and indignant Canuck. "One of my shoes is gone! And I bought the darn things only yesterday."

WEDDINGS

NUTTALL — SLEMMONDS.—F/S Laurie Nuttall, from Sudbury, Ont., son of Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Nuttall, of Doncaster, Yorks, was married to Miss Rita Slemmonds, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Slemmonds, of South Kensington, London, last Saturday. The wedding took place at St. Luke's Church, Chelsea. The Rev. S/L Belton officiated, and Sgt. Gordie Duff, of Montreal, acted as best man. The newlyweds will spend their honeymoon at Ilfracombe, North Devon.

MILES — COLEMAN. — Cpl. Bob Miles, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ivor Miles, of Hamilton, was married recently at St. Agatha's Church, London, to Miss Eileen Coleman, of Manor House, London. Cpl. George Cowley acted as best man.

Cpl. Miles remustered to air crew about two months ago.

CASUALTIES

KILLED IN ACTION.

H. M. Rogers, P/O, Yarmouth, N.S.; D. L. Kennedy, P/O, Merlin, Ont.; C. D. McKenna, P/O, Toronto; J. A. Mayne, F/S, Pachton, Alta.; W. L. Yahonitsky, Sgt., Mikado, Sask.; J. A. Krause, F/S, Yorkton, Sask.; J. E. Melville, Sgt., Midland, Ont.; E. Redman, P/O, Melfort, Sask.

PREVIOUSLY REPORTED MISSING BELIEVED KILLED IN ACTION, NOW PRESUMED KILLED IN ACTION.

R. T. Cammon, Sgt., Sarnia, Ont.; T. J. Hartnett, F/S, Hamilton; M. S. Sinclair, F/S, St. Paul, Minn., U.S.A.; R. E. Bertram, F/S, Grimsby, Ont.; J. H. Charron, Sgt., New Liskeard, Ont.; M. K. Matson, Sgt., Calgary; L. G. Higginson, P/O, Montreal; E. H. Jeffries, F/S, Montreal; H. A. Payne, Sgt., Laval Rapids, Que.; A. R. White, F/S, Amherst, N.S.

WOUNDED OR INJURED IN ACTION.

D. K. Seaman, Rouleau, Sask.; J. V. Fey, F/S, Brightside, Ont.

PREVIOUSLY REPORTED MISSING, NOW PRESUMED KILLED IN ACTION.

H. C. Anderson, P/O, Exeter, Ont.; J. T. Aveldison, Sgt., Brantford, Ont.; J. W. Bell, F/S, Montreal; J. S. Campbell, Sgt., Niagara Falls, Ont.; O. E. Crawford, F/S, Eldorado Co., Ont.; A. Daniels, F/S, Salmon Arm, B.C.; W. J. Dickinson, Sgt., Debee Junction, N.B.; A. R. R. Farley, P/O, Ottawa; G. C. Fisk, Sgt., Merritton, Ont.; G. E. Ford, F/S, Monmouthshire, Eng.; H. T. F. Freystetenson, Sgt., Winnipeg; R. R. Graham, P/O, Battleford, Sask.; J. Hannaby, Sgt., Toronto; R. E. Hardy, P/O, London, Ont.; W. J. Harrell, Sgt., Eastman, Georgia, U.S.A.; E. J. Leblanc, Sgt., St. Joseph Du Moine, N.S.; J. D. L. LaBelle, Sgt., Haileyme, Ont.; M. H. D. MacDonald, P/O, Connecticut, U.S.A.; A. E. McIlveen, Sgt., Toronto; P. J. Noel, Sgt., Marryills, Texas, U.S.A.; J. S. Norton, F/S, Caledonia, Ont.; P. P. A. Onesime, F/S, Montreal; W. F. Penney, Sgt., Golden Ridge, Sask.; P. Prime, Sgt., Knox, Indiana, U.S.A.; J. A. Smith, Sgt., Port Stanley, Ont.; V. L. Simonson, Sgt., Heidsalk, Sask.; J. E. Smith, F/S, Bristol, Que.; W. H. Treadwell, Sgt., Toronto; M. W. Atkins, Sgt., Winnipeg; A. L. Bachelder, Sgt., Kempt-ville, Ont.; G. Dogue, Sgt., South Porcupine, Ont.; F. E. Gibbens, F/S, Regina; H. G. Graham, Sgt., Collingwood, Ont.; M. E. Greer, Sgt., Marysville, York Co., N.B.; J. C. Hadley, Sgt., Ramsey Town, Penn., U.S.A.; T. A. Harp, Sgt., Winnipeg; W. A. Hill, Sgt., Stettler, Alta.; D. F. Lord, Sgt., Vancouver; W. V. Pickering, F/S, St. Catherines, Ont.; C. E. Smith, P/O, Calgary; C. K. Sutherland, Sgt., Victoria; R. J. W. Ashwith, P/O, Ottawa; J. B. F. Brown, P/O, Montreal; H. L. Cook, P/O, Windsor, Ont.; R. I. Derry, F/S, Calgary; G. H. Ellis, Sgt., Prince Albert, Sask.; A. A. Hemery, F/S, Saskatoon; J. R. Kennedy, P/O, London, Ont.; E. T. McGill, F/S, West Kildonan, Man.; J. J. Mooney, F/L, Long Island, N.Y., U.S.A.; K. D. Ullman, Sgt., Bowins Hill, Ont.; G. H. Webster, P/O, Winnipeg; J. C. Weir, P/O, Regina; W. Zeenkan, P/O, Rainy River, Ont.

MISSING BELIEVED KILLED IN ACTION.

R. C. Macqueid, F/O, St. Andrews, N.B.; H. V. Tracey, F/S, Carleton, N.B.; F. C. Emer, Sgt., St. Stephen, N.B.; J. W. Halikowski, Sgt., Pennass Lake, Sask.; F. E. Luxford, F/L, East Angus, Que.; W. J. McAlpine, F/S, Bancroft, Ont.; H. McQueen, Sgt., Montreal; W. L. Murphy, F/L, Kingston, Ont.; J. D. White, F/S, Hartney, Man.; B. W. Agar, Sgt., Prevost, Alta.; F. H. Blake, F/S, Montreal; G. D. Boyer, Sgt., Bracebridge, Ont.; F. R. Burke, Sgt., Halifax; M. C. Church, F/S, Dilke, Sask.; L. J. Deschamps, Sgt., Stoney Point, Ont.; G. A. Fletcer, P/O, Saskatoon; S. H. Hall, Sgt., Arena, Ont.; G. W. Lawry, P/O, Timmins, Ont.; J. D. McBride, F/O, Prince Albert, Sask.; G. E. McDonald, Sgt., Montreal; E. A. Sirett, P/O, Franklin, Man.; R. Webber, F/S, Missoula, Mon., U.S.A.

MISSING.

W. S. Beatty, F/S, Milton, Ont.; E. W. Cole, F/S, Northants, Eng.; R. H. P. Gamble, F/L, Cowgands, Ont.; H. A. Healey, Sgt., Trenton, Ont.; W. D. Heslip, Sgt., Cochrane, Ont.; H. C. Irwin, P/O, Haysville, Ont.; D. L. Jarrett, F/S, Weyburn, Sask.; W. M. Mosebacher, Sgt., Columbus, Ohio, U.S.A.; E. R. Ray, P/O, Hinesville, Georgia, U.S.A.; K. W. Rosevear, Sgt., Toronto; L. D. Ryan, Sgt., Lucsland, Sask.; T. W. Teller, Sgt., Rio Grande, Alta.; R. C. Tighe, P/O, Edmonton; J. A. Wann, P/O, Winnipeg; C. N. Beaton, Sgt., Windsor; J. G. Budreau, Sgt., Baudette, U.S.A.; C. W. Dahl, Sgt., Melville, Sask.; E. L. Cimbel, P/O, D.F.C., Chicago, U.S.A.; L. T. Fulcher, Sgt., Cupar, Sask.; A. F. Haskals, F/S, Kenora, Ont.; J. Hshir, Sgt., Buffalo, N.Y., U.S.A.; J. H. Sammet, P/O, Maramata, B.C.; K. M. Walley, P/O, Manitoba; H. D. Baker, P/O, Neepawa, Man.; J. Mc. K. Bradford, Sgt., Toronto; R. M. Bull, P/O, Winnipeg; C. J. Darlins, Sgt., Ottawa; J. H. Dillon, F/S, Arnprior, Ont.; W. J. Foley, Sgt., Finch, Ont.; R. E. Geldner, Sgt., Vancouver; J. E. Hardy, P/O, Alberta; J. E. Leach, P/O, Toronto; W. F. Jordan, Sgt., Trail, B.C.; D. J. McKay, W/O, Kincardine, Ont.; J. A. McKinnon, F/L, Dalburne, Alta.; B. H. Marion, P/O, Dawson Creek, B.C.; H. J. Ross, P/O, St. Catharines, Ont.; H. S. J. Sargent, Sgt., Calgary; J. A. C. Taylor, Sgt., Edmonton; R. J. Wright, P/O, Toronto.

KILLED ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

R. W. Wood, Sgt., New Westminster, B.C.; J. L. L. Boisnzer, Sgt., Lac-Au-Saumon, Comte Matapedia, Que.; W. H. Scotland, F/L, Kenora, Ont.; L. G. Wallace, P/O, Adincourt, Ont.; R. D. Lewis, Sgt., North Battleford, Sask.; W. J. Mackay, Sgt., Saskatoon; D. Montgomery, Sgt., Vancouver; J. D. Scott, Sgt., Windsor; J. W. Whipple, Sgt., Hordegz, Alta.

WOUNDED OR INJURED ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

W. J. Nicoll, F/S, Vittoria, Ont.

PREVIOUSLY REPORTED MISSING, NOW REPORTED PRISONER OF WAR.

D. E. Hall, F/O, Montreal.

PATERSON AND EVANS FIRST RCAF IN TUNIS

The first members of the RCAF to set foot in the City of Tunis after it had been captured were F/O Jack Evans and F/O Bob Paterson, both from Saskatoon. Evans is the Intelligence Officer of an RCAF fighter squadron of the Western Desert Air Force and Paterson is a pilot of the same unit.

Soon after the flash of the fall of Tunis had been received, and before enemy resistance had been overcome in the intervening territory Evans and Paterson made their way to the city and walked down the main street. They were instantly surrounded by a large crowd of Fighting French sympathizers shouting "Vive l'Angleterre! Vive le Canada! Vive de Gaulle!" and waving British and French flags.

"What a reception we got!" Evans recounted later. "There's certainly no doubt how those people feel about the war, or about the British Empire. We were practically mobbed. They took us into their houses and sent for the neighbours to take turns shaking our hands. They fed us and gave us bottles of wine, and were quite indignant when we tried to pay for it. They even set their kiddies on our laps.

"The one thing they couldn't understand" contributed Paterson, "was although we were Canadians we didn't speak French."

SHORT SQUADRON FLASHES

GALES OF LAUGHTER

By C. S.

MAYBE it is a long time after the squadron anniversary to mention it in WINGS ABROAD, but we've only just managed to get things straightened away after the beano. So, 'scuse it, pulcez!

Hit of the evening was W/O Syd "I was shaking with patriotism" Back, D.F.M., who drove the assembled Fog-Hogs into gales of laughter with his account of life in the Army. Syd does a mean strip-tease, too, though he looks hurt when anyone mentions it to him now. He went quietly, if you can call going to bed under the tender ministrations of W/O "Boober" Long going quietly!

Of course, the loving cup prepared with loving care by F/S B. K. "Chiefie" Staples, and carried round the entire squadron with equally loving care, deserves considerable credit for producing "Zoot-Snoots" on the collective countenance of all of us. (A Zoot-Snoot, for the benefit of you young erks from home, is a snoot with a ring of suds around it, caused by dipping the snoot in numerous buckets of said suds.) "Chiefie" even rode a bike into town at 03.00 hours, balancing his four-gallon loving cup on the handle bars (bike, not moustache) to be sure that no errant Fog-Hog had missed his anniversary toast. Tha's devotion, "Chiefie"! And we love you for it.

Then, to top off the evening, S/L "Uncle" Jack Sumner, our jovial flight commander, announced the good news that Winco "Freddie" Rump was now a poppa! Following that came the presentation of a silver tankard (full) and a nice short but interesting speech from the C.O. After that our memory is a bit hazy, but there seems to be a dance somewhere, though that may have been another of those dreams, or nightmares.

Anyhow an excruciatingly terrific time was had by all, and F/O Harold Sinclair, who is mostly responsible for the success of it all, says we made sixpence! Let's have another party, "Sinc"!

THE WELCOME MITT

By F/L T. B. ALLERTON

TORONTO'S W/C Frank Hillock, who for the past 10 months has shepherded this squadron through the proverbial "thick and thin," plus moves, squadron parties, etc., has passed on. Don't take this passing on business too literally. We merely mean that the Winco has left the squadron, taking with him the very best and most sincere wishes of every officer and airman for success in his new field. The Winco had the happy faculty of being "just one of the boys" and at the same time retained the respect and admiration of all ranks.

We now welcome W/C George Elms, of Whitby, Ont., who takes over the reins. W/C Elms is not a newcomer, having at one time been a Flight Commander with this squadron. It's a pleasure to welcome him back and wish him the best in his new command.

The welcome mitt this week is extended to F/L Dave Williams, D.F.C., Vancouver; P/O Gord MacLean, Toronto; P/O John Fisher, New Westminster, B.C.; F/O Bruce Allerton, Vancouver; W/O H. E. Thomas, Stouffville, Ont.; and F/S "Porky" Edwards, Lethbridge, Alta. We said "So long" to several old-timers during the past fortnight. Sgt. "Spen" Goddard, off for a spot of air crew training, Cpl. Jerry O'Toole, and Cpl. "Red" Alexander, a newcomer to the squadron, also to take up air crew.

Most tragic news of the past fortnight was the pranging of LAC Wright, who claims Lougheed, Alta, as home town (ten bucks to anyone who can find it on a map). The victim can be seen hobbling about the camp, broken ankle and all, in true "Tiny Tim" fashion. Just how the "Jeep" met with this accident is something to go down in Air Force annals—publicly untold. "Shrink" insists he tripped. Many witnesses say he was "pranged" when he and Cpl. "Incubator" Phillips were making a dash for the last spot of refreshment on the table. Ah well, everyone told you that big bicycle would throw you some day, Jeep.

It has now come to light that two young ladies have come all the way from the hallowed city of Newcastle to see a certain pair of officers. We won't mention any names, but it's "Schultz" a long time since that happened here.

Squadron Scrapings.—The Canadian Army Unit show presented here recently turned the camp inside out. The boys certainly enjoyed hearing good Canadian jive, and the entire cast was "tops." Another "pranging" has been reported—Cupid again. Our genial armament sergeant, "Gunner" Ayres, will take the fatal walk up the aisle some time in July. P/O "Red" Wilkes is sporting that brand new bit of braid on his sleeve. The squadron has a mascot now—one dog; male; aged seven weeks; ancestry (let's leave that out); habits, bad. LAC Vic Heath has appointed himself mother. Quite a few of our air crew chaps had that "big moment" recently when they were presented to their Majesties, the King and Queen, during their visit to a nearby unit.

MOVING DAYS

By JERRY CUTLER

AS time goes by and a new home is found for our yokels and twerps, so is a new climate with hot and cold rain showers; amongst a shower of green sweater girls, if you know what I mean. Yes, betwixt here and there as time changed and moved on, so did we.

Always tops to the air and ground crews, F/L R. A. "Buck" Buckham, of Vancouver, recently awarded the D.F.C., now shakes hands and says farewell to the boys. F/O "Jackie" Rae, former artisan of song and laughter, puts up ring No. 2, signs Flight Loole and assumes command of "B" Flight, a rather humble but noble one. (How am I doing "A" Flight?) Good luck and safe flying to both these gentlemen on their new ventures from all hands. Incidentally, mustn't forget P/O R. D. "Dagwood" Phillip, who becomes a potential Flight Commander.

From corners unheard of before on this wee bit of land comes forth a few more boys of the air crew gang. Presenting F/L I. C. Ormston, F/O J. L. Campbell, F/O D. P. Kelly, F/O D. E. Noonan, Sgt. W. H. Palmer, Kamloop, B.C., F/O N. A. Watt and Sgt. D. J. Love, from Winnipeg, F/O O. M. Linton.

To step into the shoes of our old sawbones, F/L W. J. C. McArthur, whom we said cheerio to not so long ago, we find yet another sympathetic pair of ears and a red moustache in the person of F/L J. A. L. Gravel. Hurrah for "De Gaulle," whom already I think knows most of the boys but welcome all the same.

While little Burt wanders around and wonders what has become of all his first-class armourers, and LAC MacBride, "instrument basher," still lines up the local town's feminine talent for the heartsick Romeos of the outfit, Cpl. "Mac" McLean and LAC "Casanova" Howard complains there's nothing to eat here but food and nothing to drink but beer. I give up—what an outfit.

P/O Fisher and F/S "Crommy" Crompton develop grey hairs these days in turn-over of—Ah Ah, mustn't tell military secrets, you know—while first cousin to a ping-pong bat, AC Jackie Herd, of Wingham, Ont., E.O.'s pencil man, sweats the live long day worrying about books. You ask him what kind while yours truly just sits and sits. So long.

Lady Sinclair, wife of Sir Archibald Sinclair, Secretary of State for Air, conducted a tour of inspection last week of the RCAF Women's Division at RCAF Overseas Headquarters. Flight Officer Pat Griffin, of Winnipeg, accompanied her Ladyship throughout the inspection. Lady Sinclair commented favorably on the "Wids" new hats.
(Official RCAF Photograph.)

A THING calculated to make any man pause and pinch himself was F/S Bill Craddock's remark in an interview last week.

"They call me Dumbo," he grinned. And with obvious pride he flapped his ears.

Though Bill, who comes from Woodstock, Ont., flies with a Canuck squadron he was reuniting with a number of air-crew pals who fly with the RAF now. Two of them, P/O George Morrish of Regina and F/S Gord Duncan, of Windsor, Ont., graduated from 18th Entry, Wireless School, Calgary, with Bill. Another, Bob Webb of Camrose, Alta., was at Debert with the other three. All except Bill flew over together.

Morrish and Duncan have each done about 300 hours, while "Dumbo" has about 21 ops. to his credit. Morrish was still in flight sergeant's uniform, being just in town for his new uniform.

He would be pleased to hear from P/O Ed Curtin, another WOP/AG, and "Dumbo's" ears are twitching for news of LAC Harold Lampman.

How Sgt. WAG Jack McAndrew of Ottawa came to join the RAF is an odd and round-about story.

He came to Britain in November, '38, to START his professional hockey career. In Canada he had only played for Ottawa Boys' Club, but he figured that by coming to Britain, where the competition in that sport was less keen, he could make a name for himself with relative ease and then return to Canada on the strength of a British reputation.

War and one of his thighs broke about the same time. It wasn't a sports injury, "it was on account of the traffic going the wrong way," he grinned.

Shortly after recovering Jack joined the RAF and became a WAG. At present he is trying to transfer to the RCAF. Among other reasons this will help him to be demobilized in his native land, when the time comes.

In town on holiday last week Jack visited around with his skipper, Sgt. Pilot Don Bertram, Penticton, B.C., who recently completed a captain's course, and their Aussie navigator, F/S Ron Cooper, Adelaide.

The boys fly a Coastal Command Wellington and have a couple of attacks and sightings to their credit. Other Canucks in their squadron include F/L Les Burden, the gunnery officer, and Sgt. Pilot Armstrong of Summerland, B.C.

The Commonwealth is pretty well represented in Sgt. Pilot "Cyc" Nelson's Spitfire squadron. There are Aussie Newzie, English and Canadian pilots in it.

A Lethbridge, Alta., man, "Cyc" enjoyed a chance meeting with an old hometown friend last week in the person of Sgt. Pilot John Sirovyak, who has just finished A.F.U. Another pilot at their table in the Beaver Club was R.G. Herbert, Kelowna, B.C.

Sgt. Sirovyak would appreciate word of another hometown pal, Sgt. L. L. H. Harson; the same goes for Sgt. Herbert and a chap from his hometown, Pte. Lorne Matheson of the Canadian Army; and Sgt. Nelson wants to get in touch with another Army man, Gordie Young of the R.C.A.

On leave alone last week, F/S Edward Lowans, D.F.M., Gananoque, Ont., a bomb-aimer, admitted that he and F/S Jack Matthews, D.F.M., Port Arthur, Ont., his observer, got their gongs on the same Lancaster "do." But he didn't want to discuss it; "too much publicity already."

The only other Canuck in his crew is Sgt. Maurice Webb, WOP/AG, of Geralton, Ont.

Two Canucks in a Wellington crew hit London town last week, and by this time should be denting the imperturbability of the other big-city types up in Edinburgh. F/S Pilot Wally Horn, Lariviere, Man., and Sgt. Nav. Fred Schull, Bounty, Sask., have been celebrating their graduation from Wellington O.T.U. The other members of their crew were in on the jamboree trek too.

Apart from a couple of Shakespearean plays they chanced to see during their course, the boys claimed they were low in recreation vitamins.

ON LEAVE

SGT. WAG TED TEDFORD, of Montreal, and Sgt. AG Al Dixon, of Moose Jaw, brought startling news with them to London last week.

The passionate whoop that chilled the blood of the "loke yokes" for miles around the den of the Lion Squadron recently did not come from a Canadian!

It whipped out of one of these stolid, uncommunicative Englishmen, no less—one F/S Johnson, a bomber captain.

It was on the occasion of the draw to name the Lion kites after M.G.M stars. All the captains drew—with but a single thought—Lana Turner. Johnson got it.

The boys also had plenty to say for their pilot, P/O "Louis The Mouch" Fellner, of Weyburn, Sask.

On the Wuppertal raid not long ago their Halifax was caught in two searchlight cones, each of 35 to 40 beams. The glare inside the big kite blinded the crew. "Louis The Mooch" weaved, corkscrewed, dived and generally did everything the kite could do, but the cones stayed with them for six or seven minutes before he could loose them. Flak penetrated the Halifax in four places, rendering the petrol tank gear unserviceable.

Despite the shortage of petrol that could be used "Louis The Mooch" managed to chivvy the thirsty Halifax right back to base. He landed with five usable gallons left.

Their whole crew, which is all-Canadian except for one English flyer, wears the wings and propeller pin of the U.S. Army Air Corps as an identification symbol.

Pie and Pepsi in the Beaver's Snack Bar was the *pièce de résistance* of Sgt. "Just Plain Woody" Woodhouse's day off last week.

Another trencherman tucking into the same food at his table was a fellow from his squadron, LAC Bill Wojack, an airframe mech. from Preston, Ont.

The sergeant, who flies a fighter in what he stoutly holds to be "Canada's No. One Fighter Squadron," hopes to become an electrical engineer after the war.

He would like a pen-and-ink reunion with his cousin Jim Woodhouse, an LAC, also from Prince Albert, Sask. Try, the Canadian Base P.O., Jim.

HELP SERVICE KITES

By CPL. M. J. SEELEY

SGT. MILLIGAN and his Mohawk crew of "S" Sugar are a very versatile lot, for they not only fly their kite but help service it as well. Between meals and before and after briefing they are expert perspex polishers, prop changers, and can get as greasy and oily as any fitter, rigger or mechanic as they climb over their pet. Milligan's Mohawks bought a jalopy one morning recently, and after a ten-mile ride to a nearby spa that same day, sold it—at a loss of two quid. One of the boys had to pour petrol into the carburettor most of the way to town as the petrol line was u/s—to say nothing of the flat tyre, which further delayed them.

Two old armourers, Keeley and Haggins, were recent visitors on the camp. They are both enjoying their air crew course and expect to be flying soon. Two former flight men, Kennedy and Keeley, are now on the station again, but not with their old squadron. Sorry you didn't take that F.E.'s course, fellows.

Sgt. Alan Faux, of St. Thomas, one of the new sprog flight men, has been taking quite a razzing lately because he hauled one of his men out of bed to do a filing job. He couldn't have fully wakened him, though, for the sleepy erk misplaced a screwdriver—which involved a day of further worry for Faux. The boys think it was quite a Faux pas!

The S.P.s have been pretty crafty lately. They no longer stand out in the open in front of the mess hall to nab boys sans hat or tunic; they pounce on the boys from behind the doors now, and after they have secured the necessary number of "Joes" to do fatigues in the evenings buzz off with notebooks (turn up at six or go on a charge!) full, and happy knowing that another daily operation had been successfully completed.

Questions about the non-adoption of the squadrons have been rife lately. But then, fellows, the Goose never was a very glamorous bird, was it? As long as our birds lay their eggs we should all be happy.

Jim Carey, of Winnipeg, and Al Byers, of Drummondville, P.Q., have completed several successful tours recently in a nearby city. Why are they called "East" and "South," boys? It is apparently a matter where direction has nothing to do with bearing!

Phyllis knows her ropes, apparently, for Bill Cowe, of Toronto, was seen washing off her truck in the M.T. yard recently before his "date."

A big "do" in one of the barrack blocks last week, involving armourers, M.T. boys and several French lads, kept many awake far into the night, shattered a bit of glass and produced numerous black eyes. For further evidence, see Piche and some of the other boys.

Tom Rose, of "A" Flight, goes out with no ordinary girl in the Midland city he frequents. Not every man can have a royal girl friend can he, Tom?

Recently seen wiping dishes in the "Y" kitchen was former F/S Dick Stuart, now a staff sergeant in the American Air Force. Wearing khaki, Dick was up to see his "girl" and to say hello again to many of his old mates.

Milligan, to his ground crew one afternoon, "Fellows, I guess you can get along without my help after briefing!"

Walter Kilbey, of Chatham, Ont., now joins the ranks of the squadron's proud pappas. He just heard that it was a girl—seven pounds, too. Dad is doing better now after the first few tough nights celebrating with the lads of the boss' staff.

The regular debating and discussion meeting held each Sunday in the "Y" had a record turnout last week when "yours truly" supported his motion that it would be in the best interests of the people of Canada and the U.S. if they unite. Humphrey Davy, formerly of the Sherbrooke Record of Sherbrooke, Que., opposed the resolution, supported by Sgt. Willis, of the S.W.O.'s staff. Dan O'Toole supported the motion, which, on a vote, at the conclusion of the "open debate" and the summing-up, was defeated. Much interest in the problem was evidenced by the large turnout, and the subject was a matter for discussion in the barracks for some while.

CONVERSION UNIT

By "AN ERK"

WE said good-bye to many of the boys this week who have been posted to various squadrons after completion of their training. These include: Sgt. Millard, Debert, N.S.; Sgt. Ritchie, Regina; Sgt. Watson, Sarnia; Sgt. Dutton, Brantford; Sgt. Kennell, Union, Ont.; and Sgt. Monteith, Toronto.

A rare old time was had by everybody at the dance held in the sergeants' mess. We noticed many familiar faces present, among them: Sgt. C. M. Carter, Moncton, N.B.; Sgt. C. W. Askey, Cartwright, Man.; and Sgt. H. L. Rose, Vancouver. Of course, no dance could be a success without the presence of Sgt. Midwinter, of Hamilton, who these days is rarely seen around the mess. It is believed that there is the usual "downfall" attracting him in a neighbouring town. His dancing partner was heard to remark that the next date she made with anybody would be with a chiropodist.

For some considerable time past we have noticed with great interest the regular trips made to York by Sgt. H. Turner, of Goderich, Ont. Whenever we have questioned him he has always evaded the issue, but now it can be told. Last week he walked the bridal path (which is not what LAC Webb of the orderly room says it is). The ceremony took place at the Garrison Church of St. George, Fulford, York.

Speaking of LAC Sid Joseph Webb ("Woodbine" to you), we wonder what kind of state the orderly room would be in but for his non-stop variety of merriment and wit. The "Bob Hope" of this unit is just as certainly the "Death of the Blues."

The S.P.s raided our own little Monte Carlo last week. Tch, tch!

Active Sports Officer

The station softball team, under the ever-watchful eye of Sgt. Bell, of Hamilton, played its first game of the season against a neighbouring squadron and lost 10-5. LAC Hector McCaig, of Flin Flon, and LAC "Red" Burnbaum, of Montreal, proved that they have lost none of their skill with bat and ball.

Our sports officer, P/O Hollingsworth, of Toronto, assisted admirably by Sgt. "Pat" Sedgewick, of the WAAF, and Cpl. Wood, P.T.I., of Sidney, N.B., has been making a big impression lately on all ranks of the unit. He has things moving in a big way, and this kind of enthusiasm from a sports officer has not been seen around this station for some considerable time.

It has now been made compulsory for all WAAF personnel to attend P.T. or participate in some kind of sport two nights a week. Many of the girls are playing net ball and volley ball, but it is surprising the number of them that are taking softball up seriously. Looking around the playing fields we notice a great deal of form (pardon me, I said form) by many of the WAAFs, who are out to show us Canadians that they are just as keen on sports as our own girls are at home. At present the promising stars of the softball team they are forming are LACW "Scotty" Mitchell, LACW Rose Gillette, and LACW Ivy Bullimore.

In the airmen's mess we noticed a familiar figure enjoying dinner with the lads. It was P/O Wilkinson, of Montreal, who, I believe, can speak five languages. He was orderly officer for the day, and we can always rely on him to settle any complaints regarding the meal situation.

We hope other stations throughout the country will follow our lead in the present campaign to impress the need for security and to watch "careless talk."

STARTED FROM SCRATCH

P/O John Garrick, of Toronto, is one radio officer, not long commissioned, who admits that he joined the Air Force without the faintest knowledge of radio. He took the first radio mech course in Canada. Several other veterans of that course have since been commissioned, among them "Shorty" Carstairs.

Daredevils, ready to risk any hazard, the airmen of Poland are the 'avenging angels' of 34,000,000 of their countrymen, who have been trampled under the Nazi jackboot. They lose no chance of getting their teeth into the Hun. A dirty business, but naturally they take the first opportunity to clean their teeth afterwards — with KOLYNOS of course!

IMPORTANT—USED TUBES WANTED FOR MUNITIONS. RETURN TO CHEMIST

RECORDS OFFICE

A2 (CAN)

By LAC WALLINGTON

CANADA was revived for a night when the fellows got all the Coca-Cola they wanted and lots of good beer, too. The Americans held a party and dance and the gang had a time of it. LAC Milt Starr is still talking of the two pints he drank. (His first two, too.)

After cavorting about London, Edinburgh, Liverpool and then London, LAC "Slippery" Ellam returned from 16 days' vacation. LAC Cliff Crawford was in London for the first time and has a very good opinion of the big town. Cliff got a good candid shot of the King.

Once again the big chief, F/L Russ Davey, mosied down to London for a couple of days. He is still insisting on calling it "temporary duty." Ripley has a mate! W/O Cliff (It's the Shetlands for you, Wallington) Neil is striving hard to produce some crop on his upper lip. Any suggestions for hastening the agony will be gratefully received.

Noticed: LACs Norm Clark and Ralph Biggar co-operating with the S.P.s again; a new light in the eye and the life of Cpl. Sonnie Nattress; growth on the upper lip of LAC Gord Hornstein; Cpl. Art Toomey back in the saddle again.

The summer has come, or so you would think by the way tunics are being discarded. The variety of shirts is amazing. There are grey ones, blue ones, white ones, silver ones, dirty ones and many others. Issue? Why, but definitely!

Way up thar where there "might be some snow" Cpl. Cliff Doughty, LACs Bob Heiser, Gord Hornstein, Eric Lavallee and Charlie Meder are trying to beat the Luftwaffe at destroying the place. We are wondering if the loud reports the other night was Cpl. Doughty convincing some Scottish lassie that Torontonians are still good.

Welcome goes to LACs Booth, of Toronto, Udy, of Vancouver, and Ayling, of Port Coquitlan, B.C. We hope that you will like Wreckords. (Is that plagiarism, Mem?)

A book of the rules of traffic in England would be greatly appreciated by Cpl. Willie Myers. Which side were you on the other night? But then, bikes are the strangest things when you can't see them straight.

Many thanks go to the Canadian Auxiliary Services from all the fellows. They came through with fags, sports equipment and stuff. Now that the long-awaited softballs have arrived we should get a few more practices. From all the tossing about that goes on at each break-period we should lead to a whiz team.

G1 (CAN)

By SGT. "MEM" AITKEN

AFTER an absence of a week due to "leave," we once more make an appearance.

Wonder why "Pep" is so lonesome these past days. Could it be that he missed his "favourite London." (Nora, take note!)

Whilst away I find that the baseball league has developed into sort of a one-team show, namely the "D's" from Drafting who won three straight last week, drubbing A2 (CAN) in a double header and taking the Wreckers in a single game. Alas and woe, will somebody ever stop those guys! Games so far this week have been washed out and this will make for double headers soon.

Last Saturday night saw the ball team out in their true colours at an American dance (free beer and cakes!). I understand we all had a "good time"! The Yanks certainly put up a great "do" for us every time we've been invited out by them and we are certainly going to repay them very soon.

Congrats from all the boys here go to "Rube" Carbol, who just recently had news from home that he was the proud father of a baby daughter. He's out for a boy next time, isn't that so, Rube?

Cpl. "Benny" Bennett comes back quite rested from his seven days in London and Devon. Ah, yes, lovely places—both of them!

"Bud" McEvoy, whilst on leave in London, went to a Foreign Convention it seems one night. He claims he wound up, the only Canadian, amongst a hotel full of Norwegians, who it seems, were celebrating something. But Bud swears the conversation was all in Chinese. Anyway, with a flower-pot in one hand and a palm tree in the other, he says he remembers having a "good time." He should remember!

This week finds Len Craig, "Ditto" Collins and "Bash" Bachant exploring the wilds of Bonnie Scotland. There should be lots of kilts aflying this week!

Betcha haven't heard one like this for a long while. One of our boys, shall we say Ken "Brantford I'd die for" Franklin, was going through his pal's raincoat pocket—the pal Cpl. Stanley Cooper (why he was going through the pockets I don't know). Anyway, he found a letter written in Canada by said Corp. "Coop" and addressed home. By kind permission of the corporal we quote the first line: "Dear Mother, I received your letter this a.m., so I'll get this reply off to you by noon so that you'll receive it to-morrow." Date line on letter—October 29, 1942! Date letter found in pocket—May 28, 1943. Still unmailed. May we say that if Stan's mother reads this and hasn't heard from her son in the meantime, he's O.K., Mrs. Cooper, O.K.! Just slight lapses of memory, that's all.

Ball games all washed out this week. As the censor won't let me give the reason, I won't.

Back from Leave

See Len Collins, Len Craig and "Jake" Milstein are back none the worse for leave. Guess the reason is that they didn't stay more than two days in London. This week finds "Wild Ben" Turpin (B.E.N.) visiting the "big city" and thereabouts.

That "Free Lancer," Cpl. Reg Gardiner, finally beat down those "Ms" and is back at work looking fit as a fiddle.

Things to laugh at: Bill "Jr." Caithness and Roy Roper have sworn off drinking! Hm!

We understand Cpl. "Benny" Bennett has A. Ministry pondering over the possibility of creating new air crew categories. It seems "Benny" gets selected and settled down and then they up and wash it out. After several attempts he's now got to Airfield Controller—I think. That's all! So long!

CANADIANS at an RAF Records Office have had their trials, but a "Wings-for-Victory" Parade in which they took part was worst one yet. The boys were set down between a fife and drum band that represented 90 beats to the minute and a brass band that played 115 beats to the minute. Difficulty came when both bands played at the same time, and the Canucks began adding 115 and 90 and dividing by two to get a happy average.

These same boys took a 16-6 beating from a U.S. Army team in a softball game that was a feature in another "Wings-for-Victory" week in a nearby town. Practically all the villagers turned out and the Canadians who weren't playing explained the game to the spectators.

W/O Clifford Neill, of Ottawa, is head of the sports committee at the Records Office. F/L F. R. Davey, of Parry Sound, Ont., is head of the Records Section. It was through their efforts that a thousand dollars was raised for the Victory Loan and, two weeks later, another hundred for purchase of British savings certificates in the "Wings-for-Victory" drive. Canadian Liaison Officer at the Records Office is S/L H. M. Sinclair.

"Giddup, you bullocks, you, you, you . . ." Well, what would you say to a team of bullocks that stopped on the road in a hot day? Probably much the same as Sgt. R. Edmonds, Elderton, Sask.; Sgt. W. J. Tilbury, Hamilton; and Johnny Sparks, of Winnipeg, who are travelling de luxe in India. (Official RCAF Photograph.)

VISITING FIREMEN

ON their first night in the RCAF LACs Martin Grasdal of Moose Jaw and Ed. Harlow of Winnipeg met in the train going to Toronto Manning Pool. They're still together.

The boys took the University of Queens course together, were posted to the same stations in Canada, took the same ship over, and have been on the same stations over here. Last week they visited London on leave together.

Grasdal used to teach high school in civil life. It will be a great day in Canadian education when they discharge all radio mechs. Every other one seems to have been a school teacher.

After the war Harlow would like to take a university course in radio, "even though the other radio mechs. tell me I'm crazy," he admitted wistfully.

LAC Frank Wise of St. Catharines, Ont. is one of those who doesn't share Harlow's views on radio as a career. A former employee of General Motors, he was asked the other day what he thought of taking up radio mech. work as a career.

"Are you trying to be funny?" he screamed. "Chum, I'm going back to General Motors!"

On leave last week Wise bumped into an old friend in the Quebec Kitchen queue at the Beaver Club, Cpl. Frank Sills, Seaforth, Ont. It was the first time they had met in over a year and a half.

Before enlisting, Sills was working in a shoe factory to make enough money to continue his Arts course at college. For fun he used to be "utility man" for St. Mike's junior hockey team.

Wise would like to hear from one Dan MacMillan, a Westerner in the RCAF, rank unknown.

Two radio mechs. who are trying hard to remuster to air crew are LACs Jim McMillan, Vancouver, and Doug Bone, Toronto. They took the University of Toronto course together.

Jim spent the first part of his holiday last week with his brother Bill, a flight lieut and torpedo bomber pilot in a Canadian squadron.

They're going to have to put a sturdy plane around Jim, whose dimensions are six foot two inches by 196 pounds.

WILTSHIRE M.U.

By LAC Louis Ziff

BILL ODELL, the tall good-natured native of Saskatchewan, has gone away on a special course. Representatives of the East and West forgot provincial animosities, and united to show the national esteem in which Bill is held by his fellow countrymen. A big feed was held, and LACs Johnny Strain, Gordie McPhee, Frank Ouellette, "Chuck" Bolson, Joe May, Ken Spread, Stan Siwak, this correspondent and Cpl. Jack Gillespie attended.

LAC Ken Spread is the Midas of this unit. He again touched a sixpence, invested it in a raffle, and it changed into £2 10s. Ken celebrated this little bit of magic by a trip to Stratford with his good friend LAC Orvin Samuelson, another lover of Shakespearian poetry.

LAC McPhee spent an Easter leave in London, where he met LACs Archibald, Harry Ross and Cecil Berlie, of Prince Albert. He had the good fortune of meeting a neighbourhood chum, Don Ramsey, of Cut Knife, Sask. Don is in the Royal Canadian Navy. He also had a pleasant surprise when he met "Baldy" Wright, the McGill plugger, resplendent in sergeant's chevrons.

LAC Doug Samson, better known as "Sammy," returned from a London leave where he spent much of his time with his cousin, LAC Ray Samson. They hadn't seen each other for thirteen years, and might yet have not seen each other if Ray hadn't read about Sammy in WINGS ABROAD. Incidentally, Sammy also bumped in a hometown friend, Cpl. Stan Dunville, of Raymore, Ont. Stan is an aero-engine mechanic.

The old lament, "There'll be no promotion this side of the ocean," can't apply to Teddy Druimin, of Toronto. Formerly a corporal R.M., he is now a pilot officer. Heartiest congratulations from us all, Ted.

P/O "Woody" Woodard, Mos Aspler, Keith Knox and others of the McGill grads will be interested to know that LACs Ray Wittworth, alias Waisberg, and Harry Smith have recently arrived in England.

NORTH WALES M.U.

By Phil Wright

THE wheels of fortune have turned for six members of our clan and they will soon have severed connections with this station. Good luck to Dick Fullford, Frank Delavigne, Bill Sellors, Jack Allan, Ivan Wasson and Harry Hale.

As the previous writer of this column is among those who are to leave this station, the distribution and financial end of WINGS ABROAD will be handled by capable Ed Foxton, while yours truly will endeavour to hold the literary end down. And if you birds who read this every week would pass on the odd juicy items it will help.

Has everyone noticed the "shadows" following several of the boys around lately? Those happen to be paid RCAF stripes—three in number.

Ask Frankie Walker why he scratches his head so much. He probably won't tell you, so I will. He's trying to figure out how a certain WAAF removes her shirt and replaces it while wearing overalls. Maybe she's a sister of Sally Rand, Frankie!

Last week four so-called gen men put the "hex" on the trade test board at Birmingham for their "A" group rating. Those earning the extra two bits a day are Dopson, H. R. Adams, Frank Walker and Phil Wright.

The local snoops nabbed Kenny Keefe the other day for leaning his bike against the N.A.A.F.I., but as yet no sentence has been imposed.

Tommy Horne and Ernest Nation (I wonder if he is one of the six) were scheduled for a 48 last week, but owing to financial problems were forced to go easy. Armed with a couple of mess tins, ration card tit-bits and other foods, they hired a boat and ventured up a local river. At a secluded spot they went ashore and, recalling some Boy Scout lore, lit a fire and prepared a very lovely meal.

In a snappy bat-swinging session with an American unit our boys still remained at the top of the list. Score: 13-5.

COUNTY DURHAM

By LAC Bob Weeks

THE "Old Guard" of our station is gradually thinning out. "Nop" Iwells, Kimberley, B.C., "Wild" Bill Sexton and Tom "Lucky" Lindsay, Toronto, the three "must-have-a-beers," are finally away.

Bob "Soperman" Soper and Maurice Glickman will soon hit

(Continued on page 5, col. 2.)

OLD TIMERS GO

By LACs DOUG. HAROLD and C. E. C. WOLFF

EXIT two "air crew" old originals." A lot of planes have passed overhead since the day when, among others, a P/O and a Sgt. checked in at the Swordfish Squadron with the first main batch of air crew personnel. W. D. McMillan, of Vancouver, and C. E. Briggs, from Innisfail, Alta., are the pair referred to. Both departed this week on posting, bound for a well-deserved change and taking with them an enviable record. Chuck Briggs won a commission for himself during his stay with the squadron and leaves us as an F/O. Bill McMillan wound up his service with our outfit as a vice flight commander. On behalf of the boys that have worked with and known you on the Squadron, we wish you both all the best for the future.

Cpl. Danny Keith, Havelock, N.B., and LAC Lorne Curtis, Windsor Centre, Ont., form a twin loss for the armament section. Danny decided he'd like to switch from ground to air and carry the bombs over rather than bomb up for the other guy. Lorne, classified as commission material, buzzed off on an officer cadet course. Drop in again soon, fellows. You'll probably look strange in your new duds—but still nice.

Paid a Visit

Ex-Swordfishmen LACs Willie Mager and Perc McGillivray paid the Squadron a visit while on leave. Snice to know they haven't forgotten us even though they think their new Canadian station is "tops."

At present away on detachment but nevertheless OURS is F/O George R. Crichton, of Toronto, who assumes the duties of Assistant Adjutant to F/L R. A. "Pat" Patterson, Lindsay, Ont. Greets, pals, and a big welcome.

Pyjamas—to wear or not to wear, that was the question, with an officer, NCO and (shh!) a WAAF involved. Bet you can't guess who got the deciding word in.

On returning from their target (a nearby local) the other night, Sgts. Cal Evans, Lucky Lake, Sask., and Robert "Peggy" Pegden, Lansing, Ont., experienced difficulty in trying to decide which remained uppermost, driver or bicycle. There was very little room for doubt the following day when both were seen limping about complaining of bruises, aches and pains. Commented Sgt. Evans, "It's a lie."

Food for thought: Is it permissible to use the water reservoir as a spot to settle bets regarding aquatic displays? In debating this question, Winnipeg's F/O Bill Main was heard (or seen) to express his opinion as definitely being a staunch supporter of the affirmative. A splendid exhibition, Billy boy.

The Swordfish set the pace again when two members of the squadron were leading participants recently in the first all-Service wedding to be performed at the local registry office. W/O Jim Hunter, Verlo, Sask., and ACW Nesta Kitcher, Beaulieu, Hants, pronounced the "I do's." Witnessing the procedure were ACWs Peggy Attrill, Violet Jones and Elsie Stanley, colleagues of the bride. F/S George Kent, Montreal, and Sgt. Doug Kinch, Toronto, were present to give Jim their moral support.

Quaffed a Few

We swore off N.A.A.F.I. ale the other night when, after quaffing a few, we saw, as we thought, one of our new medical orderlies, Clarence "Junior" Sproule, Sarnia, strutting about in a khaki uniform of the 1st Div., R.C.O.C. 'Twas sweet relief to learn that it wasn't a hallucination at all, but twin brother Cliff, down for a brotherly visit after being separated by the Atlantic for the past few years.

Hallo, good-bye and congrats. Introducing the new admin. officer at present keeping the adj. company. F/L Bob Richardson is the name, Ottawa the home town. Howdy, sah! Welcome to the Swordfish Squadron. Three departures—F/S Larry Thomas, of Toronto, and ACs Bill "Archie" Archibald, Vancouver, and Alex Love, London. Larry was posted on an officers' training course prior to swapping his three hooks and crown for an officer's thin ring. Now eating senior N.C.O. grub and sleeping between soft sheets is Walt Gray, Toronto, the squadron's latest addition to the sergeants' mess.

Following in the footsteps of sidekick Cpl. Jimmy Comrie, Edmonton, who only a few months ago took unto himself a Scots bride, Cpl. Maurice Villeneuve, Ottawa, proudly announces his engagement to Irene McNaughton, of Dundee. Aye! all richt are the Scots, Maurice. Here's tae ye both.

Jottings on the "B" Flight "do": Toronto's S/L Bill Adams, the perfect host. The "Swordfish Racketeers" supplied the swing music for dancing. Liquid refreshments were in abundance, and its rationing was ably supervised by Cpl. George "Red" Turner, Vancouver. Discip. F/S Garf "Jitterbug" Kelly, Kingsville, experienced the usual situation reversed when he found himself literally, and we do mean literally, "On the peg." P/Os Bryan Sutton, Regina, and Lorne Batten, Fort Garry, created the sensation of the evening by mixing drinks and doors. Sgt. Bob "Peggy" Pegden, the one-man welcoming committee, welcomed the timely assistance of guest, F/L "Tiny" Bostock, to foil the attempts of gate-crashers. The evening rolled on—the boys rolled home—and so to bed.

PAY TABLE CRUMBS

SHIP AHOY! All hands on deck again with Jackie Watts and Dot Henry both fully recovered and back on the job. We're wondering if there's cause for hospitalisation due to "ledger fever" now?

Surprise visitors down at U.K.B.A.U. lately in the persons of Cpls. Symons and Goodeve, on leave from Bomber Group. Hope you know your way around the big city now, gals!

Last Wednesday Lady Sinclair's inspection of the Wlds at H.Q. Sask-a-a-tchewan hit the limelight again as "Andy" Andison was introduced to Lady Sinclair. We'll get that spot known to all before long!

This and That

The first big event at U.K.B.A.h. appears to be the annual field day which will take place at an early date in July. There are events for everybody. Our "tug-of-war" team should certainly deliver quite a paunch when one pictures S/L McDougall, F/L Fraser, Sgt. "Slim" McMillan, Cpl. "Bing" Crosby and WO1 "Slim" Kavanagh. With two six-men relay teams it will give the boys of the track and field division ample opportunity to demonstrate their ability. Much preparation and time has been spent in the arranging of this, our first real "get together," and all it needs now is for everyone to put his shoulder ehinbd the wheel and make it the success it deserves to be. More news about this next week.

The senior N.C.O.s elected WO2 Ran Morphey to pilot the'r ship through the coming year, and with F/S Jack McLean handling secretarial duties it looks like a live wire committee.

Corporal hooks are now being sported by the following LACs: Jerry Hanson, Cliff Balson, Phil Etches, Win Greer, Bill Keenan, Jihn Nevill, Bob Price, Lou Rock, Ray Smith and Ernie Steele. Maybe these chaps will be on parade on time now as they can be used as markers by "I'll whip it into youse guys", Sulker.

Commando training classes are being started by "Mac" MacGovern every Saturday evening between eleven and twelve.

Production is restricted so don't blame your dealer if you have difficulty in obtaining Gillette blades.

Posted for General Service — Gillette "Standard" Blades now replace Blue and Thin Gillette, and the 7 o'clock. But you will find these "Standard" Blades are still the best shave you can buy—so when you get them, make them last.

Gillette in battledress

Gillette "Standard" and "Standard Thin" Blades (plain steel) 2d each, including Purchase Tax. Fit all Gillette razors, old or new.

HE WILL SEE HOME BEFORE FINISHING OPS

Cohen Had Hands Frozen In Damaged Turret Of Lancaster

Between now and his next operation Sgt. Irving Cohen is going to put in a good long spell with the folks back in Brooklyn.

A Lancaster rear-gunner, Irving's hands were badly frozen on a recent "shaky do" and though the RAF doctors saved them, it will be some time before they can be ventured again on op. When they are ready, Irving hopes to return to finish his tour with what he says is "the best squadron in the R.A.F."

He was over Hamburg in the rear turret of the bomber in which he flies with six Englishmen when the "fun" started. They were just starting their bombing run when anti-aircraft fire started knocking the Lanc. about.

Engine on Fire

"First I saw puffs of black smoke coming up one after another on our tail, and each one coming closer," related Irving in an interview last week. "Then suddenly the port outer engine caught fire. That was flak all right. But the next instant my oxygen mask was ripped off and so was the intercom. plug, and a crash behind me told me the turret had been hit. There was a hole in the roof just behind my head which looked like it had been made by a cannon-shell from a fighter, but we never saw any fighter."

With flames pouring out of one engine the Lanc. continued on its bombing run and dropped its load of incendiaries and a 4,000-pound block-buster on the target. Then it turned and started for home.

The navigator came back to Cohen's turret to tell him they were to prepare to bale out, if necessary. It was bitterly cold, but he had to take his gloves off to search in the dark for his parachute, which had been knocked off its receptacle. He was afraid of grabbing it by the ripcord handle. As he hunted, his hands froze up.

"Every time they touched anything made of metal they seemed to freeze some more," he reported.

The pilot finally got the fire in the engine blown out, and succeeded in flying the bomber safely back. All the way home Irving sat near the tail, a scarf wrapped about his hands. He couldn't stand the heated sections in the head end, and as his guns and inter-com. were not working, there was no point in him staying in the turret, even as a look-out.

Irving joined the RCAF early in 1940. He has been on a dozen ops so far, but he'll be back for more.

WELLINGTON O.T.U.

Canadian air crew who have graduated recently from Wellington O.T.Us in this country include F/O Bellingham, Winnipeg pilot; his navigator, F/O Coulson; F/O Ronnie Knight, navigator; P/O Art Long, Saskatoon pilot; and Sgts. George McKenzie, Vancouver air-gunner; George Tate, bomb-aimer, New Westminster, B.C.; Jack Thaler, Ontario, navigator; Hanna, air-gunner, Flin Flon, Man.; "Davy" Davidson, Montreal WAG; Jack Bell, Winnipeg, pilot; Con Parnell, pilot and an Easterner; and Doug. Soper, Ontario, navigator.

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FLYING CANUCKS

(Continued from page 1.)

from Vancouver, the air-gunner from Montreal or the ground crew man from Crossroads Corner, all on leave from the Burma front. Lights blaze from a thousand windows of the hotel.

Calcutta has almost forgotten her last air raid. The temperature is around 90. Nearly every male is in khaki except for the Chinese airmen in grey and an occasional business man. Americans, British merchant seamen, British soldiers, Assam tea planters and their Anglo-Indian wives, American negroes, a minor rajah or two, evacuees from Burma mill about—it's an exotic life by Canadian standards.

WITH RADIO MECHS

(Continued from page 4)

the same frail. Meanwhile the latter two go skulking around spearing unsuspecting N.C.O.s for leave.

Other oldsters leaving shortly are LACs Doug Winfield, Jimmy Outtrim and Cpls. Jack Hurlburt and John Fenn. These smashing specimens of homo sapiens are gonna wear flat hats soon—they hope.

F/O C. "Incidentally" Mackinnon has arrived back from a London course and looks very businesslike.

Speaking of officers, it looks as if we've finally got some opposition from them in the softball field. A recent game ended in a tie, seventeen all.

George Marrs, one of Brockville's lonely inhabitants and our baseball coach, sums it up. "Even money is no good to us so we lead 'em on, see, we lead 'em on."

The officers are hereby warned by an indignant westerner (that's me) of this foul eastern strategy.

SOUTH WALES M.U.

By Sid and Hank

AFTER a week's absence the South Wallans get back in the reporting swim with a few tit-bits of this and that.

Sports have been quite prominent in our off-duty hours. After some inter-unit games we welcomed outside competition in the form of a game with the U/T flight engineers. The "Flying Spanners" made a good try, and aided by their popular sports officer, F/L Young, RAF, who played short-stop. They were outclassed by our team, however, and came out on the short end of a 13-2 score.

An orchid goes to Cpl. Art Johnson this week, our hard-working pitcher, captain and general organiser of the team. Art has succeeded in getting us a game with a local American team. Results of this encounter will be published next week.

Two outsiders who have seen the "Pukka Wallahs" in action are Padre S/L Lloyd, RCAF, and Frank Moss, of the Canadian War Services. Mr. Moss expressed favourable opinion on the team and promised to try and arrange some further RCAF competition for us. Any offers?

On leave at present in the Emerald Isle are two of the stalwarts, Tommy Fry and "Tubby" Graham. Knowing these gentleman from 'way back we'd say their interest will be bacon and eggs rather than colleens.

Back from leave are those two indomitable characters, Bud de Vito and George Irvine. Both seemed subdued. It seems London caught it again.

News of Jerry Gale

From far off Canada comes news of Jerry Gale, ex-member of our happy band. Gerry is at present stationed in his home town—Ottawa. Boy, oh boy! That's what we call "the berries."

Since the issue of bicycles the peddling sport has become popular with the RCAF detachment. Last Saturday evening an enjoyable time was had by a party, including Cpl. Clarhill, Goldsmith and Henry and LACs Kloppenborg, Bailey, Jones, Dohoo and Merlin. A bike brings closer those necessities of life—food and drink. What ho!

Now giving out with the legendary "blood, sweat and tears" on the local discip. course is our colleague, Cpl. Sid Goldsmith.

Wedding bells are ringing this week for one of the "old gang," LAC Bill Ratchuk. All the best wishes for a happy and prosperous married life, Bill.

From North Africa comes news of two more sheep who wandered from our fold. Cpls. Vern Bickery and Eric Colbert arrived there in time for the victory parades. Vic assures us that it isn't bad at all and that he is looking forward to further adventures.

Latest shadow promotions to come through are "Shadow Sgts." Goffin, McInnis, Henry, Clearhill, Johnson, Wood, Freeborn, Graham and Fry. Roll on that four bits a day!

Air Vice-Marshal W. A. Curtis, D.S.C. and Bar, Deputy A.O.C. in C. of the RCAF Overseas, and Group Captain C. R. Slemon, Senior Air Staff Officer of Canadian Bomber Group, were awarded the C.B.E. in the King's Birthday Honours List released last week. Among those who received the C.B. were Air Vice-Marshal G. O. Johnston, M.C., and Air Vice-Marshal Robert Leckie, D.S.O., D.S.C., D.F.C., now in Canada.

(Official RCAF Photograph.)

RUSS DORLAND WON D.F.M. IN REAR TURRET

Replied to Ack-Ack Fire With His Brownings At Low Level

Stuttgart was the target the night F/S Russ Dorland, a tail-gunner, of Islington, Ont., earned his D.F.M. The Wellington had dropped its bombs when an ack-ack cannonshell crashed through the nose of the aircraft, smashing the instrument panel and wrecking the landing wheels. After that it was a constant struggle for altitude. The bomber was never more than a hundred feet off the ground all the way home.

Searchlights and guns, some operating horizantally and some at a slightly depressed angle, soon picked out the slow twisting bomber.

"The guns were terrific," Dorland admitted recently, "they filled the sky with fire."

But the tail-gunner kept his four machine guns firing ceaselessly, potting at searchlights and ack-ack guns. On its homeward journey the bomber flew over a vast railway marshalling yard.

Guns Everywhere

"Every train there and many other things seemed to have guns mounted on them and they all let loose at us," said the lanky flight-sergeant. "Their guns were so close they roared louder than my Brownings."

An English squadron leader who was along for experience happened to be piloting at the time. He was hit in the arm and leg and slumped away from the controls. The Scottish captain a pilot officer, who has since become a flight lieutenant, wrestled him out of the pilot's seat, slipped in himself and regained control before the airplane had a chance to crash.

Meanwhile Dorland was firing from the rear turret. He successfully shot out the searchlights and silenced some of the guns, thereby enabling his captain to extricate his damaged aircraft.

At present Dorland is instructing at an O.T.U.

HUNTING THE FOX

By ANANIAS

NEW as we are, and that's some new, born on May 1st and grown to operational strength in a mere twenty-three days, we've already gained space in "Wings Abroad" by the floating gen on our successes.

We are composed at the present of a motley horde, air crew coming largely from other squadrons; we have RAF, CanRAF, and didn't we bump into a stray Aussie P/O at briefing one time? I'm sure we did. Ground crews just came, from any place, you name it.

In line with what we hope is our learned policy, we'll introduce with each printing one or two of the leading lights of the "Foxes." Starting at the top and working down; you've already met in print our C.O., a former "fighterboy" W/C Hal Kerby, so we'll hurry on to introduce the Adjutant, F/L Phillips, so fresh from Canada that he isn't really hungry yet. Already such a popular guy is our Adj. (one of those Will-ya-get-me guys, you know, get me another stripe, a crown, a commission) that we've been unable to break into his queue of interviews to get a single quotable word. We hear he can do it too.

Amongst the air crew we have such names and figures as the indomitable Iron Man Kelly Chambers and his "keen-type" crew, P/O Joe Rivard and his happy gang, and the "new gen" man, F/O Bill Strachan, strongly aided and abetted by that wizard bomb-dropper, P/O Nicky Baron.

If our reports of athletics (Nicky's a star) and entertainment (Nicky loves it) appear to be on the brief side, it's all his fault as he hasn't brought the gen home to daddy. Still, we nearly forgot that well-known firm of Steen and Wright, Pilots Inc., who are both ferrying about some good air crew (U/T) material with very good success.

We don't wish to be kicking the editors of "Wings Abroad" around on first acquaintance, but it has been strongly represented to us that the publicity on Bill Made hasn't exactly Made Bill. For your information and correction, please, the correct name for "our hero" (his ably rendered assistance to Nightfighter - Shooter - Downer Beans, alias Don, Kelly, you know) is MEADEN, William Harold David, and won't Edmonton be proud of our boy. Thank you. Pardon us if we seem to include in this air crew group F/S ("It's my turn to be Skipper") Nav. Hurl, who does his ops flying with Sgt. Pilot ("This kite won't climb") Baker.

Quirps from Jerks

Now we'll give you bright quirps from the jerks gleaned by your ropey reporter. Midst much laughter from the Equipment Section (giggles courtesy LAC Noble) was the untiring Sgt. Lawrie shifting beds and tables back and forth across the stores (six times, I'm told) directed by P/O Woods. Said Lawrie, "Don't really want to know why, but I admit my curiosity is being aroused."

Dropping into Cameras to visit (I wonder why?) Cpl. Enoch (lots of parcels) Laurie, the Photo Ace, we tripped over, stumbled against, and fell amongst Armourer Sgt. Jackson (being accommodated with the latest news) and that man from the Isle of Man, Instrument Gen-boy Supreme, Cpl. B. Fingerhut, now on loan to Cameras to inform, instruct and assist; no, that wasn't a broom he was leaning on.

The able agent of the RDF Section, alias "the Professor" Ricard, has just sidled up to us and passed over enough scandal to keep the section quaking in their boots for some time to come. We won't dare publish the lot at once, but will content ourselves to the query, "Is it true that the erstwhile demon softball pitcher, Koppie Kopperson, did walk ten miles home with a bicycle on his back one night recently, and if he did why did he?"

Dropped into the W/T shack, nice quiet place that it is, and chatted with Chiefie Welch about thisa and thata. Seems that all is peaceful and serene in "the best section" with only a few sufferers from that old summer complaint, "When do we get some leave?"

You've already heard the sad tale of "Nightfighter" Nolan, so we won't rehash that but explain that he is now our SWO. 'Nough said. Also our squadron discip., Sgt. Salway, has a wife who is an avid reader of "Wings Abroad"; he sure is a nice guy, isn't he?

Enjoyable Performance

First big social whirl, and we do mean whirl (some of them are still spinning), occurred last Sunday evening, and started out with a band concert by the now touring RCAF Overseas band, and they nicely blended the light and heavy music into a well-balanced and thoroughly enjoyable performance. Later members of the band performed beautifully to render bags of good dancing hours to all station personnel at an open house held in the sergeants' mess.

At the present we are designated the "Fox Squadron"—sly beast, the fox. Who did it? Nobody knows. Why did they? Nobody knows. What'll we do about it? Ah, now you've got something. Twentieth Century-Fox please-note, bags of lovely kites down here lettered A to Z just begging to boost some cinema star (feminine, of course) to undying fame.

That winds up this wheezy from breezy, or every man his own typist, so make mine ham on rye and a quart of Molson.

COATES IS MARRIED AND COMMISSIONED

Eight pounds of icing sugar and other delicacies from Canada went into a super-wedding cake for the festivities that followed P/O Coates' wedding to Monica Ellen Stapleton, of Cornwall. Another sweet wedding present was his commission back-dated a few months.

P/O Coates, a native of Petitcodac, N.B., is now with Army Co-Operation Command. He had about completed a tour of night flying operations when he met with an accident that took him off operational flying temporarily. He now believes he is about ready to return to it and won't be averse to going back on the night-flying Hurricanes with which for eight months he chased enemy raiders over England.

CANUCK UNITS HOLD PARTIES

Demons and Red Indians Mark Anniversaries Of Formation

Anniversaries were celebrated recently by the Demon Squadron of Coastal Command and the Red Indian Squadron of the Canadian Fighter Wing.

The Demons celebrated their second anniversary with a dinner and dance at the Coastal Command station from which they fly out on anti-submarine patrol.

There are now no pilots with the squadron who were with it at its formation two years ago. Many have finished tours of operations and have been posted to Canada or other duties abroad.

At the anniversary dinner there were only two pilots who were at the corresponding function one year ago. They were P/O N. S. "Tom" Thomson of Calgary, and F/L "Cam" Taylor of Manitoba. There were, however, a score or more ground crew who have been with the squadron from the start.

Dinner chairman was S/L D. D. Wightman, D.F.C., in the absence of W/C J. C. Archer. Master of ceremonies at the dance was Capt. Don McAskile of Woodstock, Ont., Canadian Dental Corps. He presented the various prizes produced by Doug. Graham, Auxiliary Services Supervisor.

"Bring your own mugs to the dance" was the notice posted, but it meant literally that there was a shortage of crockery.

Tribe Celebrates

A year of operational flying was marked at the Red Indian Squadron with a party for air and ground crews. The former C.O. of the squadron, S/L Fred Green, D.F.C., of Toronto, was presented with an engraved silver tankard. F/L G. D. Robertson, of Toronto, a former flight commander and now gunnery officer, was given a silver cigarette case by his old comrades.

SHE CRAWLED HOME AFTER TOUGH FLIGHT

F/O MacIntosh Brought Halifax Back Instead Of Baling Out

Both inner motors dead and steadily losing height after a hot session with the flak guns and enemy night fighters over Essen, F/O "Chick" MacIntosh, of Winnipeg, disregarding advice of his crew to bale out, brought his Halifax safely down at an English fighter airfield.

Flak hits caused the four-motored bomber to limp back at a speed of only 120 miles an hour, but before that the aircraft had to deal with three attacks from a Hun night fighter. The Jerry was driven away and possibly destroyed.

Just as the crew made their run over the target and got dead on they were hit by heavy flak. Both inner motors were knocked out, and the starboard motor caught fire. Just as they were trying to leave the target a piece of flak came through the rear turret and hit F/O Larry Noble, of Prince Albert, the rear gunner, in the shoulder straps of his parachute harness.

MacIntosh and the engineer, Sgt. Bill Joy, of Mackey, Ont., succeeded in putting out the fire and feathering one of the dead motors. The propellor on the port motor kept turning and they began to lose height.

Travelling at only 120 they ran into a fighter belt, and there were two fighters around them for about 15 minutes. One of them came up on their port side only 300 yards away without seeing the Halifax.

The crew prepared to bale out, but MacIntosh assured them he'd get them home. The wireless op, taking a chance on Jerry picking up their SOS calls, kept plugging signals, and base was every foot of the way. F/O Ken able to follow their progress Harrold, of Toronto, the navigator, gave them a course to the closest base.

The Halifax was down to 6,000 feet by the time it reached the English coast. Searchlights picked them up and directed them to an aerodrome in the South of England. After making a circuit they found that the flaps were u.s. Mac figured the only way to save the situation was to hit the deck hard and thereby lose speed.

The runway was shorter than the bomber boys were accustomed to, and posts loomed up at the end of the field. Mac kicked over hard on left rudder and luckily they swerved on to a clear perimeter track. Nobody was hurt, the escape hatches were jammed, so everybody filed out of the rear turret.

All the way across Mac had to keep nosing the kite down to maintain flying speed. The boys were not very worried. The only concern of the second gunner, Sgt. Armie Lemire, of Melleville, Sask., was whether or not he should put the lid on the pigeons if they had to bale out, or leave it open so they could breathe more easily.

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NEW LION DEN

By LAC F. C. JAMES

A MONTH has passed since the Lions moved to their new den in the northern jungles. By now all the nearby water holes have been located and a place where good forage can be obtained has been found. Despite previous rumours to the contrary, the new territory, not as rough and ready, is almost as acceptable as the old.

The farewell party, the "do" to end all "dos," was held in the officers' mess, which was thrown open to all ranks. F/L Jay Chasanoff, our genial adjutant, in a moment of beneficence opened his charge account to redoubtables of the orderly room staff, with the result it was a toss-up between Levesque and Brown who was going to carry whom home. Both boys certainly deserved some time away from the tedium of punching out correspondence and the like on the one typewriter that works, and they sure as hell made the most of it.

The distinction of being the first member of the squadron to be awarded the D.F.M. has gone to F/S "Higgy" Higgins, Amherstburgh, Ont. He was cited for the award after a raid on a target in "Happy Valley."

"Musty" Meyers, Winnipeg; Van Vandekerckhove, Stony Mountain, Man.; George Crossman, Sackville, N.B.; and Gerry Huston, Toronto, have been promoted to the rank of P/O, and Vaughan Ganderton is now a F/L.

Among new arrivals are F/L J. E. Hockey, Kentville, N.S., who saw service as in instructor in Canada before coming overseas; P/O Jack Ferguson, Regina, and F/O J. E. Colquhoun, Edmonton, who has returned from Canada to begin a second tour.

Cpl. Maurice MacKrory, Ottawa, who will be remembered as the owner of "Zar," a black Alsatian dog, has departed for parts unknown to begin aircrew training. "Zar" was given to Mac by a friend in the Commandos, who took him from the custody of a German soldier he happened to meet during a raid on the Continent. The dog possessed none of the temperament of his former master and was friendly with everyone. We all missed him when Mac posted him to a farm and he didn't accompany us on the move.

While on the squadron Mac did duty first as postmaster and later, after the Christmas mail had been sorted, as overseer at the bomb dump. His familiar cry of "Make it the hard way" will be missed by his host of friends.

SETTING IS ALL SET FOR OLD BOYS' "DO"

The originals who came over with No. 1 Fighter Squadron and the old 112 City of Winnipeg Squadron plan themselves a "do" on Saturday night, June 19th, at 7 o'clock at the Paviour's Arms, Page Street, S.W.1, London.

The old boys that came over on the 20th of June, 1940, are requested to bring their girl friends, as there will be a dance, along with a refreshment bar with all the trimmings.

If there are any questions in regard to the big party, get in touch with Sgt. Jack Burridge, at RCAF Headquarters, London.

PARLIAMENT MEMBERS VISIT FIGHTER WING

Squadrons of the Canadian fighter wing in the south of England were visited recently by a party of members of the British Parliament.

The visitors were taken to the station by Air Commodore Viscount Stansgate. The party included Air Commodore Sir William Brass, Mrs. Tate, Sir Wardlaw Milne, Sir Percy Harris, Mr. Neil Maclean and Mrs. R. C. Morrison.

W/C J. E. Johnson, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, leader of the Canadian wing, showed the visitors round the station, introducing them to S/L C. M. Magwood, D.F.C., of Toronto, C.O. of the Wolf Squadron, and S/L J. D. Hall, also of Toronto, leader of the Red Indians, who in turn introduced them to the pilots.

HEADQUARTERS

THE Entertainment Committee has finally managed to pin the RCAF Dance Band down with the result that Headquarters personnel will be dancing on Friday night, July 2nd, at the Connaught Rooms. More details will be given later—anyways there'll be dancing. Oh beat me Daddy to a battered pulp!

Like a moose calling its mate a bellar went out in a well-known and very crowded dance hall last Friday night. Somewhere in the crowd was Cpl. Douglas. Somewhere at the end of the hall's public address system was Cpl. Evans, and Evans wanted Douglas. He expressed his want by the simple expedient of hollering—into a very live microphone. The band leader also hollered, "You musn't ever do-o-o-o that." P.S.—Evans found Douglas.

LAC Bourgeois, of Records, was late one morning last week. He was given permission by F/O Roy to launch into his explanation in French. It seems he had been up at 6 o'clock, but he had taken too much time making himself presentable for inspection. Very regrettable—three days C.B. But his escort into the discip's office, AC1 Foisy, postal clerk extraordinary, was worried. As they came out he remarked:

"I had to run for parade. Did he mean three days C.B. for me, too?"

"No, Foisy, you're still a free man. But be careful of these escort jobs—you'll get yourself in trouble."

Sgt. "No Nose For News" Al. Cotton reluctantly discussing the gash on his forehead the other day explained, "It's really nothing at all. It was just something that happened in a quiet week-end in the country. I happened to fall flat on my face."

"What time was this?" asked the reporter nastily.

"About closing time," the Sergeant sighed.

Cpl. Bill Onuske of discips is going all out for the war effort. Latest development is a victory garden—on his upper lip.

LEAGUE STANDING

	W	L	P
Personnel	6	1	.857
R & S	4	1	.800
Camps	6	[illegible]	.750
Accounts	3	2	.600
Knights	3	2	.600
P.& Cas.	3	4	.429
M.T.	2	3	.400
Bridges	2	4	.333
Officers	1	5	.167
Commandants	1	7	.125

F/L C. E. "Chuck" Darby, of O'Hara, Ont., won his D.F.M. when a flight sergeant last year for his part in a successful low level attack on the German naval base at Trondheim.

(Official RCAF Photograph.)

FOUR MORE

(Continued from page 1.)

another Messerschmitt was seen to plunge into the "deck," but until Intelligence reports have been sifted it is impossible to say how it was destroyed.

Other pilots of the two squadrons sighted formations of enemy fighters during the sweep, but were unable to engage them.

Evidence of the increasing intensity of air fighting over Northern France is the record of F/L H. Deane MacDonald, Toronto, who has just won the D.F.C. He is a flight commander of the Wolf Squadron. In his first 85 sweeps he shot down no enemy aircraft. Now he has more than a hundred sorties—and five Huns shot down and others damaged to boot.

Ground crews are becoming increasingly Canadianised, and Canadians in all branches of the Service agree that RAF personnel worked hard to show them the ropes.

Latest fighter pilots beside MacDonald to win the D.F.C.—the three awards all came within three days—are F/L H. C. Godefroy, Wolf Squadron flight commander, and F/L R. A. Buckham, Vancouver, City of Oshawa Squadron flight commander.

WOMEN'S DIVISION

BEFORE we get ourselves lost in the news of the week, if there is any, how about a little more enthusiasm in the baseball which is played in Regent's Park Monday and Thursday nights, weather permitting? All the girls need is a bit of moral support and they'll produce a team the RCAF will be proud of. If you don't play, Come on out and cheer—and see the sports togs!

LAW Dorothy Hanley, who hails from Moncton, N.B., for the past few days has been engaged in typing literally thousands of form letters. The file number on these has left an indelible mark, because Dorothy wrote to her boy friend recently and promptly gave his letter the proper file number, too.

Back from Scotland came LAW Johnson, looking the part of a very happy bride, which we gather is the case. And LAW C. L. Newton, of Severn Bridge, Ont., was also on leave last week. LAW Eileen Hassett, Vancouver, had two days' leave. That disposes of the holiday situation.

Sorry to report that LAW Jean Inglis, of Strathmore, Ont., is in hospital. Hope to see your smiling face and red hair about soon, Jeannie—just to add a bit of fire to the ground floor!

Bomber Group

Social life at Bomber Group received a decided boost last Wednesday when the RCAF band arrived and entertained with an open-air concert during the afternoon. The dance which followed crammed the rec. hall to its doors. Boys from another RCAF unit, who had played softball earlier, were guests and were looked after in a satisfactory manner. We seem to remember a certain squadron leader with a dark plot against the camp commandant that was to take form during the Ladies' Tag.

Softball is in the news. The M.T. team, suffering from a temporary (we hope) shortage of manpower, took on strength "Hank" Henry and Nora Plaxton, Victoria, B.C., and there are definite prospects that they will give the security guard an awful licking one day. The W.D.s and officers meet Sunday evening. We could forecast the outcome if only we could be sure of the effect that some of these dazzling sports outfits might have.

Cpls. Vera Lane, Welland, Ont., and Daphne Smithson, Vancouver, are attached to a station for the time being—we'll lay odds that not a few homesick Canadian boys will be hanging around to listen to their accents.

The M.T. gang are looking forward to another chicken dinner if only a certain corporal will co-operate. Then there is the W.D. who had developed a fondness for evening strolls. LAWs Alice Harrison, Vancouver, and Alice Hicks, St. John's, Newfoundland, are on leave and are taking in the sights of London. Our congrats. to Sgt. Goodeve—that third hook looks all right.

FILM LOG

"WHEN WE ARE MARRIED" (New Gallery)

This story is based around the twenty-fifth anniversary of a joint wedding of three couples. But before the anniversary is over the three husbands, Lloyd Pearson as Alderman Joe Helliwell, Raymond Huntley as Albert Parker, and Ernest Butcher as the meek Herbert Soppitt, learn from the newly-appointed organist at Lane End Chapel that as the clergyman who married them twenty-five years ago was, at that time, unqualified to perform the wedding ceremony, therefore the marriages were null and void. A few funny incidents take place from this point on until a drunken photographer, representing the local paper, the *Yorkshire Argus*, is sent to take pictures of the happy couples celebrating their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, and later discloses that their marriages were legal after all. Sidney Howard as Henry Ormonroyd, the photographer, steals the show every time he appears.

"HANGMEN ALSO DIE" (Tivoli)

Producer, director, and part-author Fritz Lang here presents a sizzling spotlight on Gestapo bestiality. It is a vivid story of Gestapo's unavailing quest for killer of Heydrich in Prague of 1941. Such scenes as the pitiless murder of innocent hostages, the sundering of father from family in the cause of reprisal, a girl's denial of sweetheart in order to save the heroic killer of the butcher, and the convincing detail of the Czech tricking of a traitor, who ends as all traitors do, all goes together to make good all-round entertainment.

The principal players include Brian Donlevy, Walter Brennan and Anna Lee, but for once the honours go to a lesser-known artiste—Alexander Granach, who presents a memorable portrait of strutting Nazi villainy.

"THE DARK TOWER" (Warner)

You can almost smell the sawdust, the animals, the paint the clowns use on their faces in this Warner Bros. presentation of "The Dark Tower." Though its name might not suggest anything about a circus to you, the opening scenes take place under the "big tent" and ends the same way.

The story is about a small travelling circus which is saved from going under by a mysterious little man named Torg. Torg has a hypnotic power over animals and also discovers he has same over human beings. We won't tell you any more of the story, but you will leave the theatre feeling as if you have been hypnotised yourself.

The leading players are Ben Lyon as Phil Danton, the proprietor of the circus, Ann Crawford as Mary, who works under Torg's hypnotic influence, and David Farrar as Tom Danton, brother of Phil and in love with Mary.

Elspeth Grant
Daily Sketch says

★ Eric Portman and John Mills are two of the best film actors we have. In fact they are two of the best film actors any nation has. They are two of the more obvious reasons why you must see 'WE DIVE AT DAWN'

Eric PORTMAN
John MILLS
in
WE DIVE AT DAWN U
Directed by ANTHONY ASQUITH
Special.
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IN TECHNICOLOR
Written, Produced & Directed by MICHAEL POWELL, AMPC, PRESBURGER

After Tomorrow, Performances: 10.5, 1.10, 4.15, and 7.20.

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

THEATRES

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272.
Twice Daily at 2.40 and 8.30.
GEORGE BLACK presents
LET'S FACE IT
BOBBY HOWES. (Last Week.)

PALACE. Ger. 6386.
Evgs., 8.30; Wed., Sat. & Whit. Mon., 2.30
JACK HYLTON'S
HI-de-HI
with FLANAGAN and ALLEN

PALLADIUM. Ger. 7373.
Twice Daily at 2.30 and 8.15.
Tommy Trinder in GEORGE BLACK'S
BEST BID AND TUCKER.

PRINCES. Tem. 6596.
Evgs., 8.15; Thur., Sat. & Whit. Mon., 2.30
FIRTH SHEPHARD'S New Musical Extravaganza
MAGIC CARPET
SYDNEY HOWARD. CYRIL FLETCHER.
"The Best Revue in Town."—S. Pictorial.

PRINCE OF WALES. Whi. 8681.
Twice daily at 2.40 and 8.30.
Bid Field in GEORGE BLACK'S
STRIKE A NEW NOTE.

SAVILLE. Tem. 4011.
Evgs., 8.30; Wed., Sat. & Whit. Mon., 2.30
FIRTH SHEPHARD presents
JUNIOR MISS
"Riot of laughter . . . brilliantly acted . . . screamingly funny."—S. Dispatch.

SAVOY. Tem. 8888.
Evgs., 8.30; Wed., Sat. & Whit. Mon., 2.30
FIRTH SHEPHARD presents
THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER
ROBERT MORLEY Coral Browne, Hugh McDermott, Mary Alice Collins, Jerry Verno, Edward Cooper. SECOND YEAR.

STRAND. Tem. 2660.
Evgs., 8.30; Thurs., Sat. & Whit. Mon., 2.30
FIRTH SHEPHARD presents
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Frank Pettingell, Edmund Willard

VICTORIA PALACE. Vic. 1317.
Twice Daily 2.30 and 8.0. (Ex. Fri. Mat.)
LUPINO LANE in a farcical musical
LA-di-DA-di-DA
"A laugh a minute."—Daily Express.

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TIME TO KILL (A)
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Sundays: continuous 3.30 to 9.

EMPIRE, Leicester Sq. 10 to 9.50.
FRANCHOT TONE, MARSHA HUNT,
GENE KELLY in
PILOT NO. 5 (A)

GAUMONT, Haymarket. Whi. 6455.
THE DESPERADOES (U)
(In Technicolor).
No Place For A Lady (A), News, &c.
Weekdays: continuous 11 to 10.
Sundays: continuous from 3.30.

LEICESTER SQ. THEATRE.
ERIC PORTMAN & JOHN MILLS in
WE DIVE AT DAWN (U)
Perfs. at 11.55, 1.50, 4.20 and 6.55.

LONDON PAVILION. 3rd Week.
HELLO, BEAUTIFUL!
with
Carole LANDIS, George MURPHY,
Anne SHIRLEY.

MARBLE ARCH PAVILION. May. 5112.
THE DESPERADOES (U)
(In Technicolor).
No Place For A Lady (A), News, &c.
Weekdays: continuous 11 to 10.
Sundays: continuous 3.30 to 9.

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