



Heavy Bombers Pound German Capital

RCAF Bomber Group On Berlin Attack

Intruders Range Over Enemy Airfields To Assist in Concentrated Raids In Clear Weather

TWO OTHER OPERATIONS IN LAST WEEK

HEAVY bombers of the Canadian Bomber Group were out in very strong force on Monday night's big raid on Berlin. Clear weather prevailed and preliminary reports indicate that the bombing was highly concentrated. RCAF Mosquitoes supported the operation with widespread intruder activities against enemy airfields in Northern Germany and occupied territory.

There were many Canadians in the numerous crews of RAF squadrons that took part in this raid, twice as large as any raid so far made on the German capital. In one of these crews Sgt. Stan Mason, an Englishman from Middle Harington, County Durham, celebrated his twenty-first birthday over the target. At midnight the crew dropped their bombs and then the Canadian members joined with the others in singing "Happy birthday" to Sgt. Mason and opening up their rations for an unusual party. Sgt. Mason took his S.F.T.S. at North Battleford and was a staff pilot at Carberry, Man., for some time.

In the previous week Canadians participated in the damaging raid on Peenemunde, where the Germans had a research laboratory. Although there were a large number of aircraft lost in this operation it is felt that the damage inflicted to the scientific equipment will be responsible for saving many lives in future raids. On Sunday night the bombers were over the Rhineland.

Heavy Peenemunde Raid

Scores of RCAF bombers took part in last week's heavy raid on Peenemunde. Included in the force were Lancasters from the first Canadian squadron to fly these aircraft, also the Lion and Moose squadrons and the one commanded by W/C J. E. Fauquier, D.F.C.

F/S Les Sorenson, mid-upper gunner in a New Zealand squadron, making his eighteenth op., saw buildings explode. Flight engineer of the same crew was Sgt. George Falloon, D.F.M., of Smeaton, Sask.

Sgt. Stewart McIlroy, rear gunner from Abbey, Sask., poured two ten-second bursts into a Dornier, and his skipper saw it hit the ground in flames.

Sgt. Al Paquette, bomb-aimer from Souris, Man., praised the work of his skipper, F/S Clare Champion, Charlottetown, P.E.I., for extricating them from a cone of 25 searchlights on the way to the target. They saw three enemy nightfighters below, but these did not attack. Sgt. Ray Ranger, Colville, Sask., was wireless operator in this crew. F/O Rex Baum, Powell River,

B.C., piloted his aircraft in to bomb from a low enough level to feel the concussion from their cookies exploding. F/O Dick Kay, Duncan, B.C., his navigator, told of a Jerry preparing to attack, but sheering off as the bomber dived violently.

Sgt. Rear-Gunner John Perrin, of Toronto, saw one explosion that looked as if it was caused by chemicals.

F/O M. D. Webster, Montreal, who is a WOP/AG in a Lancaster, found the flak to be the most intense he has experienced in 22 operations. Congested traffic of Lancasters coming in from all directions was what impressed F/S C. R. Moad, Minnedosa, Man., while F/O J. H. Mason, West Vancouver, who has piloted his Lancaster on 19 operations, was impressed by the concentrated effects of the attack.

This was the 45th operation for F/L W. S. Parks, D.S.C., of Verwood, Sask.

"Night Hawks" Up

Many crews reported brushes with night-fighters in the Sunday night raid on Rhineland targets. F/O W. M. Maxwell, Leamington, Ont., brought one Me109 down. Skipper of the Thunderbird Squadron aircraft was S/L J. B. Millward, D.F.C., Sherbrooke, Que.

"The Me109 was taking pot shots at everything it could see," said F/O Reg Hunt, bomb-aimer, Montreal. "We saw him attack a Halifax on our starboard side, break off and then come underneath us. Max got him as he

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FLYINGEST RADIO MECHS ON THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN

One thousand plus is the total operational hours chalked up by the radio mechs in the RCAF flying-boat squadron that "saved Ceylon." Granddaddy of the flying "penguins" is LAC Joe Cumming, of Toronto, who has established the local record by putting in 340 hours over the Arabian Sea, Bay of Bengal, and the Indian Ocean.

This information comes from the Canadian "Electron-Chasers" in Ceylon, who compiled the figures when their boss, F/L Elmer Hill, who has over 100 op hours himself, pointed out a sub-head in the June 2nd "Wings Abroad," which read: "Radio Mech Has Flown One Op.!" Radio Officer Hill, late of Winnipeg, tallied up the hours logged by his boys and discovered that his section was the "flyingest ground crew this side of heaven."

Sgt. Joe Soper, of Edmonton, has 97 op. hours to his credit. He picked up a bit of experience by flying from U.K. to Ceylon with one of the squadron crews, seeing part of the Eastern world en route.

While the mechs were acquiring their first coating of tan

word came via the jungle drums that radio mechs, were to fly on operations. Three old hands immediately accepted the challenge, viz., Cpl. Jack Bird, from "ambitious" Hamilton, Cpl. Glen Farrel, from Norwich, and Cummings, from Toronto.

Glen Farrel decided it was the lesser of two evils to fly rather than do station guard duties, and he now has logged 225 hours, most of which were spent over the Atlantic and Indian Oceans. Jack Bird went 50 hours better to total 275 hours.

Of the remaining men of the section who each claim at least one op trip, LAC Turner, of Glace Bay, holds with a lead of slightly over 100 hours. Nearing this mark are: LAC's Art Bell, Toronto; Joe Cheateley, an Albertan; Pete Worden, Preston; Adair Vallers, Ottawa; Jack Coy, Winnipeg; Joe McDonald, Glace Bay; and Cpl. Vern DeMontmorency, of Beamsville.

It is noted that these Canadian radio mechs, in Ceylon never forget to claim their 75 cents flying pay for each day they add to their operational hours.

THE GERMAN FLYING BOAT MET A CANADIAN FIGHTER



At the left: one of the finest pictures to come out of Coastal Command shows one of three Blohm-Voss flying boats ambushed by long-range RCAF fighters. At the right: F/O Jim Keefe, Wainwright, Alta., pilot, and W/O B. G. Steed, navigator, who bagged another Blohm-Voss.

CANUCKS GET THREE JERRY FLYING-BOATS

Shulemson, de la Haye And Keefe Bagged One Apiece

ANOTHER DAMAGED

LONG-RANGE RCAF Beau-fighters of Coastal Command recently destroyed three Blohm-Voss 138 flying boats over the North Sea in one day. Two of the three were knocked down by pilots on their first operational sortie, the third by one of the squadron's flight commanders.

The victorious pilots were F/O Sydney S. Shulemson, Didsbury, Alta., F/O Ernest Keefe, Wainwright, Alta., and S/L A. L. de la Haye, Vancouver.

Shulemson was out on patrol with S/L A. L. de la Haye when they sighted a Ju 88 and chased it into a cloud. Immediately afterward the Canadians sighted a B-V 138. Attacking swiftly, Shulemson gave it a burst of cannon and machine-gun fire. It fell flaming into the sea.

Fifteen minutes later a second German flying boat was sighted. This time it was S/L de la Haye who attacked and sent it down in flames.

German Turned Tail

The same afternoon Keefe, with his navigator, W/O B. G. Steed, Windsor, Ont., sighted three more B-V's flying in line astern. Keefe went in to attack from the beam, having picked out the middle kite of the formation. Gunfire from two flying boats converged on the Beau, but its cannon shells and machine-gun bullets chopped large pieces off the victim. Pouring black smoke the German turned tail.

Keefe circled for a second attack. This time he raced for the stern of the second flying boat. Return fire was heavy, but the two Canadians saw the enemy aircraft's port engine and fuselage burst into flames. The B-V was later confirmed as destroyed.

Not until they had safely landed was the survey of damage completed. It disclosed a big hole near the controls in the starboard elevator; another at the top of the starboard outer engine; starboard outer prop splintered; and damage to the starboard inner prop spinner.

JOHNSON'S FIGHTER WING KEEPS ROLLING ALONG

Get Three Jerries While Escorting Forts in Daylight Raid

Paced by W/C J. E. "Johnny" Johnson, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, who bagged his twenty-third enemy aircraft August 23, Canada's first fighter wing piled up an impressive number of kills this week in a series of escort flights and sweeps into occupied France, Belgium and Holland.

While escorting American Flying Fortresses on one of the heaviest daylight raids of the war, pilots of the Wolf and Red Indian Squadrons knocked down two German fighters.

The first—an F.W.190—fell to F/L Walter G. Conrad, D.F.C., Bedford, Que., and F/S Graham Shouldice, Chesley, Ont. It raised Conrad's score to seven destroyed, three probably destroyed, and four a half badly damaged; Shouldice's to three destroyed.

The second—an Me.110—was shared four ways between W/C J. E. Johnson, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, who commands the Canadian Spitfire Wing, and three Wolf Squadron pilots: F/L Dean H. Dover, Toronto, F/O J. Creston, St. Catharines, Ont., and F/O L. Foster, Grimsby, Ont.

Three Huns Down

A few days later pilots of the same Canadian fighter wing destroyed three German fighters and badly damaged another during sweeps over France and Holland. All three kills went to men of S/L Hugh Godefroy's Wolf squadron.

The Spitfires sighted 15 or more Nazi fighters over Holland, raced toward them, but caught up with only four. All the others had dispersed. In the general mêlée that followed F/L Dover got an Me109 with a short burst at 100 yards. The second Jerry was shared between F/O Harry Dowding, Sarnia, Ont., and F/O Thomas Brannigan, Windsor, Ont. It was Brannigan's first chance at the enemy in 45 sweeps. Dowding's second score. Both German pilots were seen to bale out south of Flushing. The other two got away.

F/L Arthur Coles, Vancouver, well-known Western Canadian skier, chalked up his first score, bagging an Me109 south of Abbeville. Coles went down low to see it crash in a swathe of flame.

"There were two Jerries together," said Coles, "but the second one didn't bother me when I went after the first."

A member of the Red Indian squadron, F/O A. Fleming, Smith Falls, Ont., badly damaged an Me109 also near

RCAF FIGHTER WING HAS HIGHEST SCORE

Since W/C J. E. "Johnny" Johnson, D.S.O., D.F.C., and Bar, took over command of the first Canadian Fighter Wing it has outscored all other fighter wings based in Britain.

Johnson, who used to fly as W/C Douglas Bader's "number two," took over the RCAF wing March 16, 1943. Since that date his men have destroyed more than 70 German aircraft in addition to many probables and damaged.

LONE MUSTY JUMPS JU88

"Things are looking up," said S/L Herbert P. Peters, D.F.C., Edmonton, when F/L Charles "Smoky" Stover, Sarnia, reported in after shooting down a Ju88 over an airfield near Paris. It was the first kill since Dieppe for Peters' Mustang squadron, and topped off two active days in which this unit destroyed ten locomotives.

Flying through frequent rain squalls, Stover, who three weeks ago became a flight commander with this fighter reconnaissance outfit, intercepted his Ju over the airfield, stood off while it swung into the circuit, and lined up his target calmly.

"When I gave him a burst pieces immediately fell off one engine. In rapid succession four members of the crew baled out," said he. "The aircraft was blazing as I last glimpsed it disappearing in the rain."

In the course of the same sweep Stover and his mate shot up four locomotives.

Abbeville. It dived into a spin, but he did not see it crash.

Thursday night F/O J. L. De Houx, Toronto, sank a German minesweeper in the Channel, taking it by surprise as it was steaming toward Calais.

Sighting the minesweeper accompanied by a group of R-boats a mile off the French shore, De Houx punched home his attack before guns or searchlights could go into action.

"One attack did the trick," said he. "I closed in to 400 yards and then broke sharply away. There was a large explosion and a cloud of white smoke went up to 200 feet."

BLITZED HALIFAX STAYS AIRBORNE

F/L Lou Rellander, Regina, will not easily forget the raid on Hamburg when his Halifax went shuddering out of control over the blazing target area.

Rellander, a deputy flight commander in the squadron commanded by W/C Don Smith, Preston, Ont., had barely levelled off and dropped his load when the bomber was hit.

From then on nothing seemed to go right. "Our navigator (an Australian) reported that our port wing was on fire near the port-outer engine," said Rellander, "and the kite shuddered like a leaf tossing all over the sky. We dived about 2,000 feet and the fire went out of its own accord."

Then something shattered the eye-level perspex in front of Rellander's face. Luckily he was not cut by the flying splinters.

When course was set for home it was learned that the bomb doors had also been damaged and would not come up. When finally the plane reached the circuit of its own drome one of the flaps refused to lower, and the kite almost heeled over before the other could be drawn up again.

COULDN'T SWIM MUCH BUT HE HAD NO CHOICE

So For Three and a-Half Hours F/S McDougall Stayed Afloat

Prayer, the side-stroke and a lusty bellow, saved the life of F/S Cameron McDougall, Kirkland Lake, Ont., when, without a dinghy and with his Mae West u.s., he was forced to ditch in the sea. Not a strong swimmer by his own admission, McDougall stayed afloat in a stormy sea for three and a-half hours before his piercing shouts raised a rescuer—the officer on the bridge of a naval tug.

McDougall, pilot of a fighter-bomber, had taken part in an attack on the enemy lines in Sicily when he was forced to bale out. Five hundred feet below him was the sea, and only a second after his chute opened McDougall's kicking legs struck water. His Mae West burst on inflation—due to a badly-adjusted harness—and it looked very much like the end.

Kicking off his flying boots, he struck out in a crawl, but the sea was too heavy, so he switched to the old-fashioned side stroke.

"Almost at once I panicked," said McDougall. "My plight seemed hopeless, and my dejection

increased as our home-bound aircraft—some only 100 ft. above—passed right over me. Then from a wave crest I saw a lighthouse on the shore. I started praying and swimming. Praying calmed my mind, and swimming warmed my body. I ceased panicking and felt a glimmer of hope."

His waterproof wrist watch told him he'd been in the water almost three hours when McDougall sighted two small British naval tugs heading out from shore. He set his course across their path, and at the same time began testing his voice to discover the pitch that would carry best above the surging of the waves.

As the tugs drew near he gave a terrific bellow. The officer on the bridge heard his first effort, but had trouble spotting his head in the rough water. But when the tugs cut their engines he was quickly spotted.

The Navy took McDougall aboard, and three days later he was back with his squadron, telling this yarn. His family had been notified he was missing.

There was a celebration in the squadron the day McDougall strolled in wearing navy blue. And there must have been a bit of a party back in Kirkland Lake when the alarm was exposed as false.

WINGS ABROAD

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EDITORIAL

RCAF LANCASTERS

THE target was one of the most difficult that Bomber Command had ever attacked by night. It was a radio research and development unit 65 miles the other side of Stettin on the Baltic Sea, and a successful on-slaught required unusual determination and accuracy in bombing.

In the brilliant light of the August full moon, their attack went home, carried out in the face of fierce encounters with the assorted varieties of night-fighters which the enemy has frantically pressed into use against the most terrible form of attack the world has ever known. The target was bombed.

Later in the week, an R.A.F. commentator gave the story of Bomber Command's colossal offensive. In July this year, twice as many sorties were flown, and 10,000 more tons of bombs were dropped than in July, 1942.

Nevertheless, it is sufficient to say that the increase has been commensurate with this formidable growth in Bomber Command's offensive power. The addition of Lancaster bombers to the equipment of the Canadian Bomber Group means that the Group's contribution to the weight of destruction hurled upon the enemy will be increased still further.

MONTREAL MEN FLY CEYLON HURRICANES

Flying in the same Hurricane fighter squadron in Ceylon are four Montrealers, none of which knew any of the others before joining the RCAF. They are: Sgt. J. A. Pollock, and G. H. Easton and P/O J. W. "Hap" Moreland and W/O G. R. Bishop.

Before going to the Far East Bishop spent Christmas morning, 1941, strafing Hellfire Pass. He also had a crack at some moonlight strafing. In Ceylon during one battle he was jumped by five Japanese Zeros, shot at two, and managed to shake the lot off and escape.

Easton reached Ceylon in December, 1942, and at present his chief claim to fame is in his capacity of guardian of Pluto, one of the squadron's dog mascots. He also plays third base on the Maple Leafs, baseball champions of Colombo. Bishop holds down first base.

LIFE AND HARD TIMES OF A D.R.

After Whizzing All Over Rest of Britain Harley Now Rides the Fleet Street Beat

WHAT follows is about LAC Harley Cunningham, Toronto, in the cockpit of a Harley Davidson, trying his best to do 300 miles an hour like the guys upstairs. Harley is a despatch rider, and he has seen life from a somewhat lower angle than most guys who flit about at high speeds in the Air Force.

Cunningham wasn't always a despatch rider. He left a clerking job in the Royal Bank, Toronto, to enlist—why he doesn't know. In March, 1940, he was taking the oath; in May, 1940, he was taking the boat with No. 1 Fighter Squadron. Cunningham wasn't a D.R. then, either. They gave him a brand-new pencil and told him he was now an orderly room Joe.

History records that No. 1 Fighter saw plenty of action during the blitz. Cunningham's diary records that on August 15, 1940:

"I was sitting in my billet making an entry in my diary. There had been a red warning all day. I heard a soft whistle. By the time the bomb hit I had cleared out of the shack, shoved my way past plenty of guys and was in the shelter."

Another time Harley and two other boys were standing in a hangar, which happened to be standing under a 500-lb. bomb, which happened to be descending very rapidly. All three tried to get out of the window at once—Harley was the first one through.

As time progressed, Harley's squadron was being bounced all over the place—Scotland, John O'Groats, Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Ayr. Harley wasn't progressing with time. Not as a clerk, anyway.

"Either the job was too slow or I was," said Harley. Then he came to Headquarters. By this time it was nearly a year after he had landed, and the pencil they had given him was getting pretty small. Tired of clerking, he'd either have to get a new pencil or another job.

Harley had ridden a tricycle back home and later a bicycle. Well, wasn't a motor-cycle the natural step forward? He found it just a tiny bit different though, when they sent him



Mrs. Cunningham holds wee Robert up to inspect his father's motor bike. Despatch rider Harley has decided that his son is not going to be a D.R., but judging by present appearances there may be a difference of opinion in the family.

(Official RCAF Photograph.)

away to the RCASC for special training. At this point Harley was teamed up with another would-be D.R., LAC Roy Tennant, Bracebridge, Ont.

One of their first experiences at becoming a good D.R. began at the bottom of a cliff and in an area where plenty of Army boys and bikes had cracked up. The conversation went something like this:

"Okay, boys. Start climbing," the Canadian Army sergeant said.

"You're crazy; we can't do that. It's too steep," said Cunningham.

"Don't think it can be done, eh? Well, what if I go first? Okay, then?"

"The Army sergeant revved

up his bike and disappeared over the bluff," continued Cunningham. "So I gunned my bike and went roaring up the cliff. I figured it was level at the top, but there was a steep grade on the other side. I shot up what felt like thirty yards in the air and landed sore as hell at the grinning sergeant."

"Cool off, Cunningham," the sergeant laughed. "Tennant is right behind you."

"So I cooled off and we sat down to wait for Tennant," said Harley. "He came roaring over the crest like a 'bat out of hell' and screamed blue murder when he saw the down grade. He landed neatly on a big bush and was suspended there inventing appropriately."

After he became a good D.R. Harley spent a little time with the Army Co-operational squadron and then went to Headquarters for the second time. Tennant tagged along too. Driving a motor bike in London, with an undeclared war raging between D.R.s and taxi-drivers, wasn't so funny.

Harley's first engagement with the enemy came when he swerved to avoid a cab on a wet day. Of course he slipped on the cobble and fell. His bike continued unconcernedly down the Strand while people laughed.

Tennant did the same thing—only a little better. He slipped, too, hit the cab, went sailing through the window and landed inside. There was only one thing to say under the circumstances and Tennant said it: "Pardon me, is this cab taken?"

Somewhere in the story Harley met a girl at a dance during the blitz. He saw her safely home that night, and three months later she was seeing him home safely every night. Harley has an eight-months-old baby boy—Robert Campbell. "And he's not going to be a D.R.," says Harley.

To bring the story up to date, Harley rides despatches for Public Relations, RCAF Headquarters. When he's not riding despatches, he's riding a chair in Public Relations. He's always dressed in his revolver, battle dress and a crash hat planted carelessly on his head with the flaps hanging awry like a sick rabbit's ears. When he's not riding a chair he's showing a picture of his baby to anyone who will look. Among other things Harley would like to be: (1) a corporal; (2) a pilot; (3) a press writer (because "press writing is glamorous").

But Harley is out of the office most of the time running despatches to news agencies and Ministries (there are lots of them). We know he's out most of the time, because the most oft-heard question about the department is, "Where's Cunningham?" Or the most oft-heard question could be asked when the grinning, helmeted head of a D.R. peers around the door of WINGS ABROAD and asks "Pardon me, is this Stars and Stripes?"

TURNBULL GAINS IMMEDIATE D.F.C.

For destroying five enemy aircraft and taking part in many night operations F/O John H. Turnbull, St. Thomas, Ont., has been awarded an immediate D.F.C. His English observer won an immediate D.F.M. They are cited for a skill and tenacity worthy of high praise.

Non-immediate D.H.C.s were awarded to F/O William M. French, Waterhole, Alta., and F/O Thomas R. Jones, Fort William, Ont. French was captain of a Sunderland which made an attack on a damaged submarine lying on the surface of the water. The U-boat was sunk. The attack was made in the face of intense opposing fire, and the success achieved reflects great credit to F/O French.

F/O Jones has served with an RAF squadron ever since it was formed and has done much to raise the skill of its personnel to a high standard of efficiency. He has rendered valuable service in air-sea rescue work, and on two occasions has rescued the crews of aircraft forced down in the sea.

OFFICER TRAVELLED BY COVERED WAGON

A former schoolteacher, P/O Henry Tashe, East End, Sask., has just completed a three-day tour by covered wagon of remote hamlets on the west coast of Scotland.

In charge of a caravan exhibition in aid of Wings for Victory, Tashe, who serves with an RAF squadron of Coastal Command, visited most of the schools in the district—many of them barely accessible.

On display in the wagon were a dinghy, an assortment of bombs, guns and Verey signals, Mae Wests, flame floats, emergency rations, a parachute and flying clothes.

Many of the children knew no English, and Tashe admitted that Gaelic was beyond him, but through the teachers—fluent in both languages—he was able to speak to the youngsters.

MAY USE NEW WIDS TO STAFF STATION

Since the recruiting drive for Canadian nationals resident in Britain the Women's Division of the RCAF has enlisted nearly 200 girls. Recruiting is still continuing.

It is hoped to help staff a new Canadian heavy bomber station from the ranks of these new recruits. Trades open for the girls include: armament assistants, flight mechanics, electricians, radio telephone operators, photographers, cinema projectionists and aircraft hands.

In most trades the pay of the W.D.s is from two to three pounds a week. An English girl, married to a Canadian airman or soldier, does not lose her allowance by joining the Women's Division.

COMMISSIONED

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

- Pilots—J. R. P. Markowski, Montreal; J. W. Evans, Richlea, Sask.; A. C. Lewis, Wats, Toronto; R. D. Guild, St. John, N.B.; E. W. Scroggs, Victoria, B.C.; C. C. Fletcher, Thornhill, Man.; D. A. Montgomery, Weyburn, Sask.; W. M. Barnett, Wetaskiwin, Alta.; P. C. Joyce, Longueuil, Que.; K. B. Woodhouse, Prince Albert, Alta.; L. S. Plunkett, Smith Falls, Ont.; W. J. A. Buckles, Whitelake, Ont.; N. B. Dixon, Sudbury, Ont.; P. T. Park, Simcoe, Ont.; J. P. Jamin, Cornwall, Ont.; J. Z. Zabeck, Hamilton; J. A. Johnson, Edmonton; J. A. Wilson, Hamilton; G. M. Shoubridge, Chesley, Ont.; R. M. Davenport, Russellville, Ont.; W. S. Pullar, Delta, Alta.; L. S. Plunkett, Smith Falls, Ont.; W. J. A. McAuley, Toronto; J. R. Ashworth, Invermore, B.C.; A. D. Blackman, Fort William, Ont.; B. C. Oliver, Saskatoon; H. B. Dale, Sarnia, Ont. Navigators—R. L. Wilson, Toronto; H. B. Parker, Winnipeg; J. P. O'Leary, Clayburg, Sask.; A. Garalick, Toronto; W. E. MacCauley, Alberton, P.E.I.; A. Nicholl, Leamington, Ont.; C. D. Wall, Shelburne, Ont.; H. H. G. Woodside, Windsor, Ont. "B"—R. W. McBurney, Woodstock, Ont.; H. B. Hunt, Kintistoun, Sask.

W.O.A.C.G.s—J. A. Boone, North Devon, N.B.; H. L. Gillis, New Westminster, B.C.; L. H. Morgan, Windsor, Ont.; F. Sturges, Toronto; D. H. McKay, Toronto. Fair-Weather—T. H. N. Emerson, Moose Jaw; J. D. B. Hunter, Vancouver; A. W. Fear, Cochrane, Ont.; E. R. Foster, Brantford, Ont.

THUNDERBIRDS IN LANCASTERS NOW

The "Thunderbirds" have become the first RCAF squadron to be equipped with Lancaster bombers. They are led by W/C L. Crooks, D.S.O., D.F.C.

The squadron received its name from a former C.O., W/C S. S. Blanchard, of Brandon and Edmonton, who was reported missing in February. Their motto is "On Wings Afire."

To win his D.S.O., W/C Crooks had to solve the problem of landing his aircraft with no undercarriage and with several tons of high explosive in the bomb bays which were certain to explode on impact.

In a raid on Essen last April his bomber was shot up by a night fighter. He brought the aircraft back to base and four members of the crew baled out as ordered. He then set course for a practice bombing range, with the wireless off, F/L Pete Marsh, still with him, and on reaching it he and Marsh took their chutes.

F/L Marsh and the navigator, F/O Don Simpson, both received the D.F.C. for their part in bringing the aircraft back to England.

Previously W/C Crooks had been awarded the D.F.C. for an operation on a Whitley in which he successfully landed a battered and riddled aircraft after all other crew members had baled out.

CANADA'S ACES MATCH EXPLOITS OF LAST WAR

Roundup Shows 17 Pilots Have Destroyed 210 Enemy Kites

From the dark days of Dunkirk, through the Battle of Britain to the Sicilian campaign, Canadian fighter pilots have earned the right to take their place with the aces of the 1914-18 war. Seventeen Canadian fighter aces of the present war have accounted for more than 210 enemy aircraft. Between them they have won at least 34 decorations for gallantry.

P/O W. L. McKnight, D.F.C. and Bar, score 161, was first and one of the greatest of them all. He flew with the "all-Canadian" squadron led by S/L (now W/C) Douglas Bader, D.S.O., D.F.C. He shot down most of his score of enemy aircraft at Dunkirk and in the Battle of Britain. He was reported missing in 1941, a few months after the Battle of Britain ended.

S/L P. Stanley Turner, D.F.C. and Bar, Toronto, score 14, is another Battle of Britain veteran. A Canadian in the RAF he leads the City of Windsor Spitfire squadron of the RCAF, now operating from a Sicilian base. He was a flight commander in the "all-Canadian" squadron when Bader was in command. Three enemy aircraft fell before his guns in one day over Dunkirk. During the North African campaign, he led an RAF fighter-bomber squadron for six months.

S/L E. F. J. Charles, D.F.C. and Bar, Lashburn, Sask., score 13, is still flying on operations, leading an RAF Spitfire squadron. He knocked down six German aircraft in 1941.

F/O G. F. Beurling, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, Verdun, Que., score 23, is the leader of the Malta aces who stayed off the Luftwaffe onslaught before the North African victories.

S/L R. C. "Moose" Fumerton, D.F.C. and Bar, Fort Coulonge, Que., score 13, has a remarkable record in that all of his kills were made during the hours of darkness. Some were destroyed over Egypt, the rest over Malta. Four were destroyed within two nights.

W/C Mark Brown, D.F.C. and Bar, Glenora, Man. His score is more than 20. He had 18 enemy machines to his credit when he was awarded his Bar. He destroyed several more before he was killed in action in Africa early last year.

S/L R. W. "Buck" McNair,

D.F.C. and Bar, North Battleford, Sask., score 12, is the commander of the RCAF "Red Indian" Spitfire squadron, in Britain. He got eight Nazi aircraft over Malta and the other four in Northern France since his return to operations, following a rest in Canada.

F/L Henry Wallace McLeod, D.F.C. and Bar, Regina, score 13, was the most successful RCAF Spitfire pilot over Malta.

F/L F. E. Jones, D.F.C., Cloverdale, B.C., score seven, led Malta at the same time as his friend, McLeod. He flew with Beurling's squadron, frequently accompanying "Screwball" on operational sorties.

F/L L. C. Gosling, D.F.C., Battleford, Sask., score 10, began piling up his score towards the end of the African campaign. He is flying in Sicily with the Tactical Air Force.

S/L V. C. Woodward, D.F.C. and Bar, Victoria, B.C., score 20, joined the RAF in 1938. He commands an RAF fighter squadron in the Mediterranean.

S/L George Hill, D.F.C. and Bar, Picton, N.S., score 13, leads an RAF fighter squadron in Sicily. He has brought down his entire score of German machines in the Mediterranean area. His guns have been working overtime in the past few weeks so that his total score may now be considerably higher than the last reported figure.

W/C James E. Walker, D.F.C. and two Bars, Edmonton, score 101, is the only member of the RCAF who has been awarded the D.F.C. three times. F/L J. F. Edwards, D.F.C., D.F.M., Battleford, Sask., score 8, was described as "a superbly gallant fighter pilot," in the citation for his D.F.M. He was promoted from flight sergeant to flight lieutenant and won his two awards within a fortnight.

S/L Hugh Godefroy, D.F.C., Toronto, score six, is leader of the RCAF Wolf squadron, operating from Britain.

F/L H. D. MacDonald, D.F.C., Toronto, score eight, has over 130 sweeps in his log-book. He was until recently a flight commander with the Wolves but is now on rest from operations.

F/L Don Morrison, D.F.C., D.F.M., Toronto, whose citation gives his score as five, was awarded his D.F.M. in July of this year, several months after he had been shot down over France. He has lost a leg, and is still recovering in a German hospital from burns and other injuries received at the time of his crash.

CASUALTIES

KILLED IN ACTION.

F. T. Dingwall, P/O, Asquith, Sask.; C. D. G. Morrison, Sgt., Ottawa; W. A. B. Stokes, Sgt., Morden, Man.; N. Kennedy, P/S, Prince George, B.C.; W. D. Frost, P/O, Ladysmith, B.C.; J. W. James, F/O, London, Ont.

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

J. G. Clements, F/S, Toronto; F. W. Jennette, Sgt., Bedford, Ind.; W. Jackson, Sgt., Toronto; J. J. Labossiere, Sgt., Somerset, Man.; J. McGartney, Sgt., Edmonton; G. A. Sherman, Sgt., Sgt. Saskatchewan, Alta.; J. R. F. Soutar, Sgt., Redville, Sask.; J. J. W. Adams, Sgt., Maryberry, Alta.; A. E. Caton, Sgt., London, Ont.; G. A. Holm, P/O, New Glasgow, N.S.; M. C. Low, Sgt., Elbow, Sask.; J. R. Morrow, Sgt., Woodville, Ont.; L. G. Scotton, Sgt., Winnipeg; P. K. Zaparyuk, Sgt., Slawa, Alta.; H. J. F. F/S, New York; L. F. McElae, F/O, Westlock, Alta.; A. Roy, Sgt., Port Colborne, Ont.

PREVIOUSLY REPORTED MISSING, NOW PRESUMED KILLED IN ACTION.

C. H. J. Byrd, Sgt., Montreal; D. J. Calderwood, F/S, Redcliffe, Alta.; J. S. Coulter, F/L, Montreal; J. P. Doyle, Sgt., London, Ont.; K. Ferguson, P/O, Victoria, B.C.; W. M. Garside, Sgt., Toronto; W. G. Gittings, Sgt., Hamilton; L. T. Goodfellow, P/S, Perdue, Sask.; W. A. McMurchy, F/O, Glenside, Sask.; T. E. Oliver, P/O, Toronto; D. R. Smith, Sgt., Sussex, N.B.; J. Tate, Sgt., Toronto; W. H. Thomas, F/O, Toronto; H. R. Watson, Sgt., Chatham, Ont.; E. B. Willoughby, Sgt., North Bay, Ont.; A. B. Cameron, F/S, Montreal; R. B. Clements, F/S, Goldswale, Tex.; E. E. Gervais, P/O, New Pass, Ont.; H. Harrison, F/S, Marly, Ind.; J. Jemmett, F/S, Montreal; G. W. Jewell, Sgt., Montreal; H. R. Kedwell, Sgt., Petrolia, Ont.; V. J. L. Lebaron, Sgt., Cornwall, Ont.; J. R. Metivier, Sgt., Ottawa; T. H. Miller, Sgt., P.E.I.; C. C. Nugent, Sgt., Hampton, N.B.; J. Ott, F/S, Orono, Sask.; G. W. Patford, P/O, St. Thomas, Ont.; S. M. Rankin, Sgt., Onward, Sask.; C. S. Ratcliffe, F/O, Essex, Ont.; S. Ross, Sgt., Winnipeg; P. J. G. Saxe, P/O, Montreal; S. D. Turner, P/O, A/W/O, Windsor, Ont.; W. M. Webb, P/O, Broadview, P/O, Wolstenholme, Sgt., Ingersoll, Ont.; C. H. Chalken, Sgt., St. Thomas, Ont.; P. R. Eakins, P/O, Minnesota, Man.; R. C. Fitzgerald, F/S, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; J. E. Gardiner, P/O, Lemer, Sask.; J. W. Hutchinson, F/S, Toronto; N. Monchier, P/O, Dartmouth, N.S.; W. A. R. Moule, Sgt., Westboro, Ont.; K. T. Pellett, P/O, Semans, Sask.; S. R. Pettit, F/S, Lebrun, Man.; L. A. Walker, P/O, Norwich, Ont.; R. J. Williams, F/S, Montreal; S. D. Banks, Sgt., Poplar Grove, P.E.I.; B. A. Boyd, F/S, Markham, Ont.; F. R. Carruthers, Sgt., Ottawa; T. A. Drew, Sgt., London, Ont.; J. A. Duffield, F/S, Fort William, Ont.; W. V. Emerson, Sgt., Portage La Prairie, Man.; S. Gregory, Sgt., St. Thomas, Ont.; G. E. Miller, Sgt., Ontario; H. H. Morgan, F/S, Regina, Sask.; F. R. Scott, Sgt., Toronto; H. H. Scott, Sgt., Cobalt, Ont.; W. A. Senz, F/S, Montreal; C. A. L. Southerby, Sgt., Regina.

WOUNDED OR INJURED IN ACTION.

J. D. E. Lachapelle, Sgt., Montreal; W. G. McQueen, Sgt., Oak Lane, Man.

DIED OF WOUNDS OR INJURIES RECEIVED IN ACTION.

L. E. Blight, F/L, Ridgetown, Ont.

MISSING, BELIEVED KILLED IN ACTION.

W. L. Chatfield, Sgt., Woodstock, Ont.; A. Cook, Sgt., Winnipeg; E. B. Stevenson, Sgt., Toronto; R. H. Van Camp, Sgt., Blackstock, Ont.; L. A. Doherty, F/O, Toronto; E. Holbrook, F/O, Montreal; E. S. Rheume, Sgt., Ottawa; L. Spring, F/S, North Battleford, Sask.; H. A. Trind, W/O, Sarnia, Ont.; K. B. Davidson, Sgt., Ohio.

MISSING.

J. R. Bickerton, P/O, Toronto; R. W. Billing, Sgt., Mezzano, Que.; D. C. Bird, Lt., Ontario; Ohio; D. S. Brown, P/O, Leaside, Ont.; A. B. Clegg, P/O, Oak Point, Man.; C. K. Crumney, F/O, Grande

DIED OF WOUNDS OR INJURIES RECEIVED ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

J. C. Greenwood, P/O, Toronto.

KILLED ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

R. J. C. Duprez, P/O, White Rock, B.C.; T. W. Adams, P/O, Edmonton; R. E. G. Findley, Ohio; M. H. Cornish, Sgt., Los Angeles, Calif.; W. C. Kent, Sgt., Quabec, City, Sask.; J. G. Kent, Sgt., Quabec, City, Sask.; R. J. Hunter, P/O, Woodstock, Ont.; E. H. Palava, Sgt., Buffalo, N.Y.; C. L. Pudney, Sgt., Buffalo, N.Y.; D. Williams, LAC, Kings Co, Ont.; E. J. Dockendorf, Fort William, Ont.; E. H. Hodges, Sgt., Glendon, Alta.

PREVIOUSLY REPORTED MISSING, NOW PRESUMED KILLED ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

E. T. O'Neil, Sgt., Hamilton, Ont.; G. R. Wright, P/O, Petta Piece, Man.; C. B. Los Angeles, Calif.

WOUNDED OR INJURED ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

R. J. Pilon, LAC, Noranda, Que.

RCAF OFFICERS' UNIFORMS MADE TO MEASURE IN TWO DAYS Hadaway's LTD ABOVE MIDLAND BANK 133 REGENT ST LONDON, W.I. REGENT 3430 ALSO STOCK UNIFORMS

SHORT SQUADRON FLASHES

WILLOW TREE BLUES

By ARTHUR "PETE" LESSARD

EVERYBODY'S right up on the bit these days at the station commanded by G/C J. L. Plant. Amongst social events of the past week must be mentioned W. N. "Flash" Martelle's (Sarnia, Ont.) guitar recital before a select audience in Hut 35 last Saturday night. He added insult to injury by "cleaning up" afterwards at African dominoes; we're staying away in the future.

A certain N.C.O. in Roaring Lion Squad lays claim to the RCAF championship for large feet. His size—14, and he challenges allcomers. Entries must be in before September 15.

James P. "Stinky" Miller, Kenora, Ont., former Canadian amateur boxing heavyweight champion, has resumed training after a strenuous Scottish leave. Our genial P.T.I. friend is being entered for an important bout next month and will carry with him the best wishes of his numerous friends. Details of the bout will follow in due course.

Invitations have been issued for the next christening of the nightfighter N.C.O. It is understood that our local creek water has mineral properties guaranteed to turn the sternest heart to kindness.

News from airman's mess battle front continues good; one can now definitely identify the morning beverage as coffee. Good work, cooks, keep it up.

McLeod Stars

Sparked by the brilliant three hit hurling of "Mac" McLeod our ball team came from behind last Thursday to knock "Porky" Dumart's team out of the district elimination tournament by a score of 6-2. Under inspired coaching our ball team showed by its smart ball (four double-plays) that it will be the threat at the coming tournament in London. Friday night the team defeated S/L F. S. Taylor's boys by a score of 5-4. The line-up: J. M. McLeod, Winnipeg, and M. Perreault, Montreal, pitchers; Nick Plyska, Portage la Prairie, Man., C.; A. E. Zadow, Pembroke, Ont., 1b; Matt Gordon, Welland, Ont., 2b; Fred Rowell, Hamilton, 3b; Tom Scott, Corunna, Ont., ss; R. H. Richardson, Kingston, Ont., lf; J. "Red" Weir, Toronto rf; and D. A. Ogilvie, Montreal, cf.

The "Y" reopened this week. Talk about your scrumptious and luxurious surroundings—there's everything there to supply the proper atmosphere for those heart to heart talks with our good-looking and intelligent WAAFs. Just like the Chateau Laurier in Ottawa and the best in England.

Andy O'Brien, war correspondent for the Montreal Standard, was a visitor this week. He was greatly impressed by everything he saw on our station, and described the latter as "tops."

Henry Desalle, Equipment Stores received the sad news this week of his father's death in Vancouver. Our sympathy goes out to you, Hank.

Our station orchestra gave two top-notch recitals of chamber and popular music in the airman's mess this week. This innovation is greatly appreciated by everybody.

Cpl. Camille Brindamour, Montreal, told us the latest Navy story he picked up whilst on his recent leave in Glasgow. It concerns an able-bodied seaman who broke his leg in the bath tub whilst trying to ride a wave.



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 6jd. packets (incl. tax).



Not satisfied with their jobs on the ground, these five Ontario men have remustered as air-gunners. Left to right: AC2 A. O. McCarthy, Ottawa, who came overseas as a firefighter; Cpl. J. W. Kerr, Windsor, an armourer; LAC R. Beaudette, Martintown, a radio man; LAC T. E. McDermott, Kirkland Lake; and LAC A. C. Pepperall, Niagara Falls, a clerk. (Official RCAF Photograph.)



AN Me.210, latest gen job of the Luftwaffe, which fell to the guns of a Lancaster mid-upper turret, speaks plenty for the Lanc. and still more for the gunner. F/S AG Chester "Dave" Davis, St. Paul, Alta., was doing his first op. when he crossed tracers with the Me.210. The usual amount of flak floated by them as they flew the Dutch coast on their way to Mulheim. It was a bright night and the pilot, rear-gunner and Dave spotted the Me.210 all at once and it was firing then. Dave got in three long bursts at the kite as it attacked and dived under the Lanc. When the rear-gunner got in a burst the Me. was flaming. The engineer, bomb-aimer and pilot saw it explode in mid-air. Dave was credited with a destroyed.

The remainder of Dave's seven ops. have been as rear-gunner in the Winco's Lanc. Besides some shows over Milan and Hamburg, Dave was on a job that carried him from England to North Africa. On their way over they dropped a load on Italy. Dave is the only Canadian in the Lanc's crew. F/S Bomb-Aimer Jack Hayward, Pittsburgh, Penn., is now at an RAF Con. Unit, converting to Lancaster. Jack was down in London last week to take his medical for the USAAF. If he gets it Jack will wear a Yank uniform, get Yank pay, but will do a tour with an RAF Lanc. squadron. Jack came up to Canada and enlisted in the RCAF in September, 1941.

Boon Companions

"I haven't been shot up, shot down, or coned by searchlights in 17 ops," says Sgt. AG Ralph Bullivant, Okotoks, Alta. He's tail-gunner in an RAF Stirling. In the same squadron with Ralph is his side-kick and boon companion, Sgt. AG Nolan Butts, Glace Bay, Cape Breton Island. The boys met on the boat, finished O.T.U. together and are still together. Nolan has eight ops. as tail-gunner in Stirlings. They came to London to beef about promotion and take pictures.

The boys would like it made known that F/S "Junior" Lloyd Brandgeest, Vegreville, Alta., is doing all right these days. "Junior," just 20, trained with Ralph and Nolan at O.T.U. "Junior" has a Junkers 88 destroyed and a F.W.190 probable.

The F.W. probable came on "Junior's" third op. over Essen. Out of 10/10ths cloud, the F.W.190 came up at their Halifax, but couldn't get in a burst because the Halifax wouldn't just sit still. As the enemy curved around to try a rear angle shot, "Junior" in the rear turret tried a rear angle shot himself and saw hits on the F.W.'s wing and fuselage. The enemy buried itself in the clouds, a "probable."

The Junkers came on the eleventh op. on the way to Cologne. It was a June night and the horizon wasn't dark. "Junior" saw the horizon okay and also a Junkers sitting in the middle of it. The Ju. came in on their tail, guns firing. "Junior" got in a series of bursts. By the time the Ju. was 200 yards out he was wobbling, and finally he dropped. The skipper saw the Junkers blow up in flames. "Junior" is the only Canadian in the crew and has done 22 ops. with an RAF Halifax squadron.

Gerry the Fitz

Sgt. AG Gerald Fitzsimmons Godsley, Alta., rear-gunner with an RAF Halifax squadron, drew

down the biggest raid of the war for his first op. He flies with a democratic all-sergeant crew of RAF lads. On that first raid they collected just one flak hole. Gerry has done six ops. now, four on Hamburg and the rest on Essen and Mannheim. "On the Hamburg raids," says Gerry, "the flak remained constant, but the searchlights increased." Sgt. Pilot Joe Gallicano, Nelson, B.C., is on a staff job now. He's flying WOP/AGs around at an RAF training unit. Joe would love to fly a tank buster. He's been at this station a month now.

Other staff pilots on Joe's station include "Red" Hunter, Toronto; Don Souter, Calgary; "Buck" Sayeau, Southern Alberta; and W/O Hodge, Trail, B.C.

"Montreal's a big place." "Yar not kidding," said Sgt. Bomb-Aimer Harry Beaton, Montreal. But it didn't seem so big when out of a million and a quarter people it plunked an old school chum of Harry's right at the same table in the Beaver Club. They didn't recognise each other immediately, but when they did there followed the usual amount of back slapping, arm pumping and "remember whens?"

Harry has finished training at a Wimpy O.T.U. and is crewed up with Sgt. Pilot Leo Couthreau, North Sydney, N.S.; P/O Navigator Frank O'Connor, Toronto; and W/O Wireless Op. Leo Langlois, Gaspé Peninsula.

W/O2 WOP/AG Nell "Pee Wee" Redman, London, Ont., is reporting to an RAF O.T.U. for training. "Pee Wee" has built up about 500 hours instructing at a Navigating and Air Bombing School in Canada. With him and also reporting to the O.T.U. are W/O2 WOP/AGs Paul Davies, Vancouver; Bert Gauley, Goderich, Ont.; Clary Hay, Montreal; Bob Whyte, Toronto; Al Morris, Calgary; and Ray Tarling, Vancouver.

Here are a few boys who have completed training at a Torpedo Training Unit; F/S WOP/AGs Bob Laidlaw, Betwell, Sask.; Roy Landry, Moncton, N.B.; Don McCrae, Regina; Don Deakin, North Dakota; Ralph Johnston, Digby, N.S.; Roy Jollicœur, Ottawa; and Hugh McDonald, Vancouver; Pilots F/O D. B. Douglas, Montreal; P/O Charlie, Dunham, New York; O'Connor, New Westminster, B.C.; and Ken McKay, Amherst, N.B.

CANADIAN OFFICERS WITH RAF SOLDIERS

Two RCAF officers are now wearing khaki battle-dress. They are the only two RCAF officers commissioned with the RAF Regiment, P/O J. P. McAughy, North Bay, Ont., and P/O Ken Sawyer, Toronto.

The unit, prepared for airborne defence during the invasion threat, has been used to take over enemy airdromes in the Sicilian campaign. Both Canadians are stationed in England. P/O Sawyer commands a detachment.

"Our men have to be jacks-of-all-trades," says P/O McAughy, who was a disciplinarian at No. 1 Manning Depot, Toronto, and at Trenton before coming overseas. "They must be versatile enough to handle every type of small arms such as Bren, Sten, Lewis, Browning and other machine-guns. They must operate ack-ack equipment. They've really got to know their stuff."

FROM ONE CAMP

By LAC GOLDBERG

MANY of the boys head for London, and what they do there is strictly their own business. So we thought it would be fun to poke around camp and see what goes around the squadron.

For instance, any morning about 6 o'clock you can meet the drowsy-eyed airman yawning to the Tannoy voice of "It is now six hundred hours... six hundred hours," and the lads turn over to toast the other side... and in between then and 5 o'clock it is every man for himself versus work, corporals and anything else that gets in the way.

There are many shakes at the Shaky-Do. In fact, suffering from a slight case of shakes were F/S Willie Wye, Larry Mainwaring, Barney Sulis and Al Davidson. Why else did they make a Z-line for the door? And as they mounted their bicycles, what feats of prancing did they commit on the road that it took them three hours to travel eight miles home; and why should they want to kiss the S.P. Corporal good-night?

It seems that friendship knows no bounds. Some nights ago over by the Echelon hangar F/S Danny Yorke was seen conversing with two M.T. drivers. Could he have been giving them some driving lessons so late at night? We wonder.

Speaking of the M.T. Section we hear Bobby Long is about to be married. Save us a piece of the cake.

Two of our Pilot Officers were recently awarded the D.F.C. Too bad they are not still with us. We'll always be flying with you, P/Os Morton and Craft! And speaking of decorations, did you see that spiffy moustache of S/L Dick Bennell's in the paper a few weeks ago. Yes, to see him acting nurse-maid to wacky A.T.C. lads, you'd never think he won the American Air Medal for leading a number of U.S. kites thru a "pea-souper." Yes, he got them thru all right.

"Fluffie" Luff

We are sorry to say goodbye to some of our N.C.O. air crew. Leaving us very shortly are F/Ss Jimmy Kingsbury, George Yerby, Ball, Bennie Walsh, and Sgts. Bill Gunn, Junior Blinch, "Fluffie" Luff, Ted Rainbow, and Osborne. Happy hunting in your new undertaking!

About to leave us soon is F/L Spencer. "Spence" has completed his tour, and is heading homewards to take up instructional duties.

Best wishes to LACs Moynham and "Moose" Leone (King of the Post Office)! That's two more English Waafs (their newly acquired wives) that are looking forward to a glimpse of that place known as Canada.

The backyard even without bleachers makes quite a good ball park. You can see them out there any evening. A flight air crew, B flight air crew, Headquarters, Echelon, A flight and B flight ground crew. The tension is increasing, and the competition is tough.

Some good pitching was done by W/C Paul Davoud, F/O Johnnie Johnson, and F/O "six foot three, almost over the plate" Jim Gibbons. Playing a good all round game, and banging the ball all over the lot were "Moose" Rellinger, Jim Williams, Larry Kilgour, F/L Harold Lison has been playing well for B flight air crew, and Cpl. Armstrong has put up a good showing on behalf of A flight ground crew.

SURPRISE! SURPRISE!

BY "PREB."

DURING the past week the squadron has had two pieces of good news. S/L Jeff Northcott received the D.F.C. for outstanding ability as a fighter pilot and a leader during his three years of front line service in England and Malta. He received the decoration with the wholehearted support and approval of his squadron.

The second surprise concerns F/L "Bub" Fuller, who, having completed well over his quota of operations, is directed to Canada for a well earned rest. (We don't think you'll find much rest at an O.T.U., "Bub.")

"Bub" takes with him the best wishes of his squadron and we hope to see him back in the near future.

F/L Howie Simpson, "B" flight commander gave us an expert demonstration of how to out manoeuvre an enemy aircraft. Good shooting, Howie.

Speaking of shooting the boys have now decided to take lessons in aircraft recognition from Bud Lawrence as he's got a few "new" angles on the subject.

P/Os Mitchener and Innes are the star "spikers" of the local volleyball team, with F/L de Niverville running interference.



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BAS(E)IC NEWS

By JIMMY GUNN

SQUADRON LEADER "HALF DAY" FORSTER has managed to wangle a course in London lasting four days. Rumour has it he intends to study health conditions at the Brasserie Universelle and Oddeno's.

To attend to the physical and spiritual welfare of the Base a number of "pulse takers" and "sky pilots" have arrived in our midst, including F/Ls C. O. Baker, J. M. Waddell, W. K. F. Russell and C. G. Wilson, medics, and H/F/Ls A. T. Littlewood, L. C. Scott and C. P. McMahon, padres. Also joining our happy family and helping to keep F/S "Leather" Leatherbarrow straight is F/L R. P. Bales, engineering expert extraordinary.

Musical note: That strange tune LAC Jim Mathison is humming these days is his own original composition "Getting Hep to Hepper." The words are not complete as yet and the inspiration has gone on leave, leaving an auburn substitute.

Before proceeding northward to give the Scottish lassies a treat LAC "Pearly" Perchaluk offered his spare soap coupon to Cpl. "Gord" Arscott, only to be informed that the slight smudge on the upper lip was an embryo moustache. Also sporting some almost invisible fuzz these days is Cpl. George Renton. Brantford Beau Brummell, who is very happy at having received a birthday parcel from the girl back home. He states he is getting his "duster" on the "shadow roster." After a valiant two-day attempt to produce some "follage" Cpl. Jack Stokes decided that the clean-shaven mode best suited his particular type of masculine beauty.

The Saskatoon Sheik

Moving up in the world: F/O Ev Dutton now sports a second ring, while Clare Neithercut, the Saskatoon Sheik, is receiving his mail in the sergeants' mess. Congratulations are in order and make mine a triple rum.

The influx of Canadian Wids on this Base has caused a noticeable smartening up on the part of hopeful Romeos. Dressed fit to kill W/O Ken Jordan, who learned his technique in Winnipeg, was seen strolling into a well-known local "lounge" the other day with a blonde lovely on each arm. W/O Norm Zaccour also favours blondes, but is giving his attention to the mother country. Joyce, take a bow.

Sgt. Dave Cassils has left for an "extended" visit to London, leaving F/S Doug Skinner to add to the confusion in his orderly room. F/S "Baldy" Staples and Sgts. "Mac" Waters and "Headquarters" Mallin have things in their neck of the woods sufficiently confused that their applications for leave evoked the retort: "You've 'ad it." G/C "Buzz" Gordon is in the same predicament, so we suggest they get together and sponsor a "holidays at home" week.

Good Record

The week's record: This Base has undoubtedly the best conversion flight in the entire RCAF. Anyone doubting that statement is referred to S/L Frank Parker and F/L J. L. O. M. Labruere (who has wistful memories of Mother Martin's, Canada). With only a fraction of its establishment staff, this unit during the past several months has practically doubled its scheduled output of "converts"—a record which will take some beating. Incidentally, if this item should come within the roving glance of Records, S/L Parker will be glad to discuss personnel requirements any day.

The week's mystery: W/O "Frenchy" Labelle is carrying his right arm in a sling these days. He tells some weird tale about deferring to a lady in a bus, but the foot rail in a well-known local pub figures prominently in the more widely accepted version.

HE'S FLOWN BEFORE

Sgt. Pilot Ralph Green, Vanguard, Sask., has 20 ops. hours in a Beaufighter of a Canadian squadron. In his Air Force career he has flown Oxford's, Bothas, Magisters, Masters, Blenheims, Beaus and Mossies.

SWORDFISH STUFF

LACs CEC WOLFF and DOUG. HAROLD

COMPENSATING for the loss of F/S W. C. B. McCaghren, an armourer from Ottawa, who was drawn away temporarily from his bombs and guns by the powerful commission magnet, the East and West join together in sending us "one of their boys" to keep up the more or less steady stream of arrivals at the Swordfish Squadron. A sign-nalman, LAC Barney Herrod, Hudson's Bay Junction, Sask., defends the West in arguments (we hope), while Sgt. Fred Ladd from Brantford, Ont., rightly calls himself an Easterner. Draw up a chair, guys, and make yourself comfortable in your new surroundings while we extend best wishes and bid adieu to W.C.B.

Promotions also continue to come through for the fortunate individuals concerned who this week are the former F/S W. E. MacCausland, a native of Summerside, P.E.I., now holding on high the King's commish, and F/O Henry Pinckes, of Brooklyn, N.Y., upped to his present rank during the past seven days. Great stuff, men.

One game only was played by the Swordfish softball team last week, and it went for a 4-3 loss to a squad of Canadian firefighters. A drizzle that set in underneath a cloudy sky, threatened to call a halt to the proceedings at the end of seven innings. However, it was scheduled for nine frames, and the full time it went, but not before "time" was called by the ump when the rain started to come down in earnest with half an innings left to go. The encounter, in addition to cutting short our three-game win streak, marked the induction of acting manager Mel Tate into the line-up, and the return from the injured list of pitcher Jack Sullivan, who hurled steady six hit ball, but failed to receive the necessary support to carry him through. Costly errors, equally distributed amongst the infield and outfield, proved to be the deciding factor of the game for our side.

WIMPY O.T.U. GRADS

The following airman have completed their course at an RAF Wimpy O.T.U. Sgt. Bomb-Aimers Murray Cardno, Hamilton, and Paul Clancy, Toronto; Sgt. Pilots Ralph Herbert, Kelowna, B.C., and Don McLean, Winnipeg.

TEA REVIVES YOU!

IN THE AIR OR ON THE GROUND

AND DON'T FORGET TO BUY YOUR VICTORY BOND

PAY TABLE CRUMBS

ZOOM! Once again Dan Cupid crashes the headlines at U.K.B.A.U. The Unit's second W.D. wedding changed Sgt. Ward's surname on Saturday after a hectic preparation. Heartiest congrats to Lieutenant and Mrs. Reneman from one and all.

The second arrow hit another W.D. All the very best, Faye, on your recent "Bravington."

Confucius say: LAW Brooker will be chanting Chinese after "chop-sticking", at Maxime's of late. Who's in on leave, "My Gal Sal"? Talking about leaves, recent-returners were LAW Iverson, from Cornwall, while Cpl. Smith, LAWs Sim and Henry "burr-led" home from Bonnie Scotland, the latter being the lost Babe in the Woods. Tell your friends to take the "A" train next time, Tiny!

Marge Murray is having ye olde family reunion since Brother Ralph's arrival overseas. Bren Mayson also had a family reunion of a slightly different nature. Last week brought personal greetings from the folks at home over the wireless.

Our new recruit Mac McCormack has the poor boys suffering from high blood-pressure in Airmen's Pay! She'll be needing a personal steno to keep that fan-mail answered.

Gee-Gee is just dying to unload some highlights and low shadows of late, so here he is:-

Gee-Gee Takes Over

Once again, thanks Terry, here's the latest. Two new arrivals this past week, F/L H. T. Butler, Montreal, an ex-Adj. of a Canadian fighter squadron, and F/S Earl McCarthy, who is our new N.C.O. i.e. Orderly Room. Rumour has it that the Equipment Section is having a special desk built down to Earl's level. We all hope you both like it here. Posted out was Cpl. MacLeod, from Central Registry. Best luck, Mac, and we trust you don't have to settle down to P.A.ing up there.

B.A.U. held its first Church Parade on August 15th. The turn out far surpassed our expectations, and Major Sulker is to be credited for the fine appearance of the lads and lasses. Bouquets also to the choir, composed entirely of our own personnel. G/C Lightbourne and W/C Willan were the officiating padres, and our own C.O., W/C Knight, read the lesson.

July 26th saw LAC George Channing's marriage to Miss Marjorie Wicks. Mrs. Channing is living in Bournemouth, and George came back with glowing descriptions of the beauties of that town. The very best of luck to you both.

Last Tuesday night Bridges trimmed Knights for the score 10 to 3. Bridges played a no error game, and "Doc" Davis, Moulton, and Balson were the highlights of the game. A newcomer, LAC Sullivan, from St. Timothee, Que., did his stuff in fine style also. However, on Thursday tables were turned, Knights defeating Bridges for the score of 22 to 8. This eliminated Bridges, and sets the scene for game to decide the Group Winner, between Knights and Camps. The bright spot as far as Bridges was concerned was the swell left fielding of "Doc" Davis, and as for Knights—well, the Terrible Two, Walt and Cliff, were really "hep," consequently the score. And that's all for this week.

FLITS IN SPITS

F/S Bud Bowker, Granby, Que., has been flitting around in Canadian Spitfires for about a year and a-half. For 48 hours last week he was operating with some of the boys in London. They are Spit pilots Sgts. Freddie Murray, St. John, N.E.; Harry Heacock, Alberta; Johnnie Zabek, London, Ont.; and Jasmin, Cornwall, Ont.

BLACK BULL BOYS

By DALE

THIS the first venture into the land of literature for this home away from home (adv.) commanded by popular Air Commodore B. F. Johnson, ably deputised by genial G/C F. A. Sampson. With pride, we say that few, if any, stations can surpass our Alma Mater in the matter of entertainment. We are very happy at being able not only to boost the morale of our own personnel but also that of our A.T.C. visitors and neighbouring military units, no need for anyone to spend a dull evening, thanks to our go-ahead, hard-working entertainment committee. While we are on the subject, orchids to the ever-smiling S/L Rooome, back from a well-deserved leave, and his P.S.I. followers on the installation of a new sound system in the station cinema. The management are now able to advertise, without fear of libel, that the picture may be clearly heard above the sound of the ever-humorous-thunder of collapsing benches.

Strength increase, born to Mrs. Tom Cat, father unknown (not even suspected) in station orderly room, six bundles for Britain. Strength decrease, unfortunately we are unable to insert the usual blissful commentary "mother and babies doing well." With tears in our eyes we are forced to admit that though mother, who exhibited great recuperative powers, is still at large, said infants have gone for a Burton; take a bow, Service Police.

Another blessed event of extreme importance, at least to Christopher (one "r") MacDonald English, was Records acknowledgement of his superior mentality, in the shape of a "B" Group and LAC intertwined. Chris has now acquired the usual tired business man look as he struggles to convert this windfall into pounds and pence. Congratulations, and may we advise the public that the queue forms on the right in the "local," time to be announced later (pending receipt of back pay). Rumour has it Mrs. English had advance information. Confidence is a beautiful thing, is it not, Montreal?

"Gentleman Jim"

Via the lease-lend, we now have Sgt. "Gentleman Jim" Rogan holding temporary sway in the Base Orderly Room. Don't look so worried, Jimmy, it's not so hard. All you have to do is to assume that wise superior look, and to all queries mumble A.M.O. thingamebob or, falling satisfaction, A.P. whatdoyoucallit. You'll get by... ask the flight. "When the cat's away the mice will play." On leave this week two of our senior N.C.O.'s, super man Flight McGillivray and super-gen woman Sgt. Rhodes. Also enjoying a spot of freedom Flo ("I want my mother") Beckley, P.O.R. clerk extraordinary, and Joyce ("Lady") Owen, local transportation queen. The gals are enjoying the night life of Manchester. London bound on furlough, Don ("The Brain") Watt and LAC ("Blondie") Henderson. Be careful, boys, those tubes are amazing but confounding.

Tied notes: Cpl. Marjorie Warwick, nee Porritt, to Sgt. John Warwick, R.A.S.C. Best wishes from all the gang, Margie. By the by, you haven't used our lamp yet, have you?

Passing comment: Who said pulling teeth was hard; ever try to get a C.R. file back in 48 hours? We train our C.R. clerks here by having them practise taking bones away from large and ferocious bull dogs.

Post-war security solution: Learn to cut grass, the hard way, afternoon and evening classes arranged, apply WO1 Campbell, Cpl. "Romeo" Brown, of the Nissen Hut Wall Street Browns, commuting to a nearby town. Beautiful spot, that, but then, too, Washington, D.C., has its advantages, eh, what, Brownie.



The rumour that these two hire out as housemaids on week-ends in order to meet the high cost of living in London is absolutely unfounded. Nevertheless Cpl. Frank Busted, Vancouver, in the foreground, and F/S Max Webster, Windsor, are quite handy in their bachelor kitchen. Frank slaves in Medical Stats and Max—well, he's a flight sergeant—is at Base Accounts.



VISITING FIREMEN

MOST radio "maniacs" claim they're going to sell shoe-laces after the war. Well, fellows, meet your boss, LAC Ian Wright, Govan, Sask. Ian's the boy who is going to organise the industry. Who said a shoe-lace salesman couldn't have big ideas?

Wright is stationed in one of the lesser British Isles. The islanders figure all Canadians are crazy. The boys out there tried to teach them softball. It just didn't work.

Ian Wright met two other R/Ms from his home town, LAC Jack Bennett and LAC Rog Hamilton. They used to go to school together at Govan, "the biggest little town out west." None of the boys were in radio before the war. Rog was a school teacher.

"An R/M on the documents," but nevertheless still an R/M, is Cpl. Ed. Bellisle, Saskatoon. Bill's under canvas with an RAF unit, and chums around with Cpl. Bill Webster, Fort William.

Cpl. Archie Campbell, Virden, Man., was down in London last week for a Beaver Club reunion of Virden boys. Arch has been over here two years now, and has covered a fair amount of territory in that time. He likes radio and plans to stick.

LAC Geoff. Peach, Verdun, Que., comes from a station in Northern Scotland, where there are no practical jokers, the boys never shoot craps and have no time for poker. Haw; The R/Ms out there with the tight halos are LAC Guy Tyndall, Wlarton, Ont., Cpl. Pat Prete, Peterborough, Ont.; LAC Bill Blair, Toronto; LAC Vic Wickstead, Toronto; LAC Jimmie Finley, Easterner.

YORKSHIRE DOINGS

By Moe Aspler

BILL BRIGHAM, Vancouver, seen sweltering somewhere in London during a recent heat wave, was heard to mutter something that sounded like: "These (censored) uniforms are a (censored) nuisance in the summertime."

Dave Cohen and Allen (ever faithful) Marcus, both of Montreal, have spent their leave somewhere in Zomerzet and Dorset.

Roy Kirby, Hawkesbury, Ont., and Montreal, is visiting London. His primary object isn't the inspection of cultural and historical monuments either. The principal subject, or object, of his trip is somewhere in the neighbourhood of nineteen years old and answers to the name of Darling.

Sleepy Dan'l Cunningham and poker-faced Gordie Carr are staunch Maritimers. These two hall from New Brunswick, and many is the time they've stood up to the sneers and slurs emanating from that part of Canada where steak and not codfish is the staple diet.

Ed Hatley, that tall jovial Westerner, has finally parted with that master of dry humour, "Mac" McCallum, Edmonton, and incidentally has snaffled himself a couple of tapes.

SOUTH WALES M.U.

By Cpl. Goldsmith

LATEST to join our exclusive circle is LAC Bill Jones, another Clintonite, late of Cornwall. Bill is going to resume his leave, which was interrupted by the sudden posting. London should get a thorough-going over for four days.

Cpls. Wood McInnes and your scribe have returned from leave in the big city where we met an old friend, Tom Henry, in one of those well-known West End spots. Tom was in a spritely (correct) mood, and quite the life of the party.

Then there's the case of Tommy Fry, feverishly sewing his regimental number, on articles of kit. Cause for Tommy's gloom? You've guessed it—a discip. course.

His friend Clearhill has promised to take care of things while Tom's away. Good old Maurice!

How about an "A" group trade test for our colony of contract bridge addicts? With so much practice they should make the grade in a breeze. Tubby must stop drawing those deuces though.

Cpl. Clearhill has had a great influx of help recently. It has its advantages for besides being able to shoot an unlimited line, he and his satellite Bailey can do a spot of joy riding. We would be the last to deride that sort of pastime.

From the wilds of North Africa comes a note from an ex-compatriot, Lyle Wilson, the lawyer with the passion for adverbs. We've been trying to persuade your pal Dohoo to write, Lyle, old man. Let us know if he does.

NORTH ENGLAND

By Hank Forbes

CPL "Sandy" Sanderson, a sleep-murderer extraordinary, was seen waving an amazing sheaf of notes on pay day, representing a year's back "A" grouping pay. Later on the "local" resounded with merriment as his notorious boozin' companions celebrated at his expense.

Herbie Thompson took time off from a month's leave in Toronto, to write to his former buddy, and his letter has set all our whiteflahfs wallahs a flatterin' expectantly. Hank Tuero, day-offing in town, saw a young lady faint as he passed. After helping to revive her, Hank demanded, "Why on earth should she faint just as I come (Continued on page 5, col. 1)

HARRISS WINS D.F.C.

By CPL. M. J. SEELEY

SQUADRON LEADER BAYLIS E. HARRISS, Tucson, Arizona, twenty-eight-year-old Goose Squadron veteran, has just been awarded the D.F.C.

S/L Harriss has completed his first tour of operations with the squadron, and expects to don the khaki of a USAAF captain soon and return to America on instructional duties. He has been over here for over two years now, and, though regretting to leave the squadron and his many friends here, is keenly looking forward to seeing his wife and six-year-old son again.

Prior to enlisting in the RAF in September, 1941, S/L Harriss was a commercial pilot with the Gilpin Airlines. After O.T.U. training he came to England to join Coastal Command and flew for some months on Blenheims, only to leave that "dull" job for a six-months' tour of duty at an instructors' school, where he was on the teaching staff. He realised his ambition in December last when, as a flying officer, he was posted to the Halifax bomber squadron commanded by W/C "Tiny" Ferris, D.F.C. Since that time he has won a place in the esteem of the squadron held by few.

We recommend F/L Jim Hanson and F/L Paddy Reynolds, D.F.M., D.F.C., as excellent "husband" material. They have both reached that ideal state of domesticity where scrubbing the floors on their hands and knees holds no terror for them. Hurry, hurry, girls! Careful, though, they are both pretty adept at the brush, too!

One of the most killing sights of the week was the evening Fred Robinson spent an hour arguing with himself as to whether he'd go out or not. Said he, as he passed by our window later, "Hurray, Max, I won!" Either way you'd win, old man.

Ask Jim Innis, of Moncton, about the big do in the "Hockey" city some weeks ago.

The Winco took WAAF's Joan and Marjorie for an eventful ride recently. The burning question among the rest of the girls was, "What have they got that I haven't?"

Fine Old Tradition

Ask McKillop, McQuarrie and Cormier about the excellent way they upheld the squadron tradition while on a "gen" course a while back. We hear that the day after they left the publicans went into mourning for twenty-four hours!

Hooper, the armourer from Ceylon, Sask., can't explain why Fred King had to see him home from town last week. What a situation THAT was!

McDerby, the cherub of the O.R., was in a bad way on the eve and morn of certain secret doings. At 9.30 some of his pals had to take over. Johnny Cole washed him, Andy Hindmarsh shaved him, Jim Sharkey scrubbed his teeth, Fred Robinson polished and shined tunic and shoes and brushed his hair, the "Adj." inspected the finished product and proclaimed him to be "The well-dressed, clean-cut type of fellow I like having around me!"

The station softball team, starring Squadmen Stritland, Jones and Hooper, scored two resounding victories last week over a satellite drome and over Group H.Q. Respective scores were 16-3 and 33-0. In the first game Kelly Jones smacked two homers and in the second Bob Stritland pitched 23 strike-outs and bagged a homer. Keep up the good work, boys!

Things We Can Do With

Beer and chocolate in the NAAFI. There is no reason why both these items should be conspicuous by their absence at this Canadian Base Station.

Two cinema programmes each evening. One performance a night means many have to be turned away. Surely ENSA could do here what they do elsewhere—and have no disappointed patrons!

This week we'd like to present our medical orderlies—now sadly reduced in numbers. Cpl. "The Great" Adderley leads the aggregation and hails from Nassas, Bahamas. The two Joe boys are Gaston Carey, Sherbrooke, Que., and Frank Stagger, from the City of Churches—Toronto. The boys wish to be quoted as follows: "My, what a strange world in which we live!" Having lost our old M.O.s, we've been unable to present the new ones here this week due to press of activities elsewhere.

RECORDS OFFICE

G1 (CAN)

By SGT. "MEM" AITKEN

AFTER waiting a couple of weeks until our flitting senior N.C.O.s came back to roost, we can now give you the "thumb-nail gen" on them. Starting with:

Sgt. Pat Kavanagh—we just hear tell of him as a youngster peering into the intrigues of "political polytechnics" back in '21 in the too, too political town of Ottawa. Being fed nothing but this type of propaganda throughout his school life, Pat, after leaving St. Pat's College, naturally became a small cog in the great Civil Service machine. In August, 1940, he became a member of the RCAF, and still being "loyal" to the Government let them keep him at D.A.P.S. In October, '41, the judges-to-be decided he'd be better overseas, and so it was and is that Pat, after a small stay elsewhere, has since spent all his time here. Pat confides to me that he's dickering for the purchase of a local pub after the war, which he hopes to add to some Canadian trimmings—barker, peanut vendors, juke boxes and such.

Sgt. "Patsy" Kavanagh, LACs Ken Drage, Frankie Glinz and "Kit" Francis returned from their "gruelling" (?) courses, each looking fitter and taller than before. "Wonderful time" by all was the unanimous chorus. This week sees Cpl. Harry Sloan and Carl Walstrom taking their fling at "bitten shining a la mode." This week also finds W/O "Dusty" Miller having his first really big fling at "H.Q. Leave Centre" London! "Dusty" is to return early from his holiday to play for us in a sudden death play-off game against some rival Canucks from 218 M.U. I hear that "Big Bill" Calthness just found that WINGS ABROAD sometimes reaches Canada—and home! He, therefore, is going to sue me for slander or be a good boy. LAC "Scatterbrain" McEvoy and Sol (the sun shines Nellie) Milstein are back with us after sojourns in ye olde hospital. Sol did all right even though incapacitated, eh, Cpl. Cooper? "Mac" claims Basingstoke is O.K. and is quite proud of his noodle! "It Floats," says "Mac"!

A2 (CAN)

By LAC WALLINGTON

THE silence last week was because of a week of leave. London town still looks the same (I think). On leave this week are: Sgt. Art Toomey, Cpl. Doughty, LACs Gord Horrostein, Charlie Meder, Bill Harrison, "Irish" Booth and Jim MacKenzie. Art had that look in his eye again when he headed for the north. London will be rocking from the beating that Cliff, Gord and Charlie intend to give it. The hospital also claims a couple of our staff—LACs Art Bale and Mike Guina are having a well-earned rest. LAC Al Pope came out of sick quarters and stayed an hour before going on a spot of sick leave.

LAC Freddie Bodaly pulled up his stakes and headed for a Canuck station up in the north country. The best of all goes with you, lad—you will be missed. We are wondering what the lassie with the "taffy talk" will do now.

W/O Ted Miller, of G.1 (CAN), practically had to get Scotland Yard out to find his pen for him. Seems he met a redhead just after leaving it in a shop and the chase killed all memory of where the shop was. W/O "Mac" MacGillivray wasn't much help!

Welcome to the sanctum of our shrine this week were LACs Baxter and Al Conliffe. Baxter hails from the thriving metropolis (that will cost one shilling, please) of Montreal and Conliffe from Cornwall. Welcome, lads, we hope your stay will be enjoyable. The staff would like to say "Thanks a million" to the Canadian Red Cross. The comforts received are very much appreciated by all.

Noticed: F/L Russ Davey's marked absence (it's legitimate leave this time); W/O Cliff Neill building up for a big leave next week; LAC Ken Longrigg making just use of the solitude of a train compartment; LAC "Slippery" Eilam going grey from worrying about promoting his Wids; Cpl. "Sonnie" Nattress selling off his surplus belongings.



Some of his squadron mates out in Ceylon look a bit dubious as Sgt. Gordon L. Swain, of St. James, Man., tells about the Gold-Eye he once caught while holidaying at Lake Winnipeg. (Official RCAF Photograph.)

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CANUCK VETS LEAVE ORIENT ON WAY HOME

Some Fifty Bid Ceylon Farewell, Singing "White Christmas"

Canada's Catalina squadron in Ceylon has said good-bye to its first large batch of "time-expired" men. Some 50 N.C.O.s and airmen have been posted back to the U.K. for repatriation.

Among them were veterans of "Old 110," the first Canadian squadron overseas, and others who were former members of the City of Winnipeg Squadron and Number One Fighter Squadron.

In Britain for two years before they were assigned to the flying boat squadron, these men arrived in Ceylon a year ago last spring. To mark their departure those Canadians who were staying behind arranged a farewell banquet.

Before they went the lads adopted a theme song. Under the palm trees with a moving-picture surf beating on the beach nearby, they put their hearts into "White Christmas" Their names:—F/S W. E. Durrell, Vancouver; Sgt. A. R. Archambault, Montreal; Sgt. N. McLeish, Oak Lake, Man.; Sgt. J. H. Rioux, Temiscouata County, Que.; Sgt. N. R. Bailey, Winnipeg; Sgt. J. A. Roy, Dorchester County, Que.; Sgt. D. S. Gray, Regina; Sgt. W. J. Marr, Calgary; Sgt. B. J. Tully, Perth, Ont.; Cpl. L. Dion, Montreal; Cpl. R. G. Pearson, West Kildonan, Man.; Cpl. G. Trudeau, Montreal; Cpl. G. F. Baker, Winnipeg; Cpl. W. J. Malcolm, Toronto; Cpl. J. Phillips, Red Lake, Ont.; Cpl. G. D. McGauren, Toronto; Cpl. W. C. Padley, St. James, Man.; Cpl. D. C. McLean, St. John County, N.B.; Cpl. R. G. Parker, Lisle, Ont.; Cpl. C. C. Fortune, St. John, N.B.; Cpl. J. A. Brosseau, Quebec; Cpl. G. L. McLaughlin, Annapolis County, N.S.; Cpl. H. Kapinsky, Ottawa; Cpl. G. B. Carter, Victoria, B.C.; Cpl. P. Ferland, Verulamville, Que.; Cpl. W. Houston, Grahamdale, Man.; Cpl. D. A. Reeves, Vancouver; Cpl. R. Giovanazzo, Fort Erie, Ont.; Cpl. F. A. Theberge, St. Brieux, Sask.; LAC R. K. M. Brown, Rosemount, Que.; LAC D. C. Story, Verdun, Que.; LAC P. W. Proud, York, P.E.I.; A. C. A. P. J. Christoferson, Three Rivers, Que.; LAC J. M. Gibson, Prince Albert, Sask.; LAC G. S. Schurman, Verdun, Que.; LAC J. Bradley, Brantford, Ont.; Sgt. P. A. Lyons, Montreal; Sgt. C. Partridge, Toronto; F/S W. C. Fraser, Montreal; Sgt. C. G. C. Kensit, London, Ont.; Cpl. H. W. Webb, Milestone, Sask.



Sgt. Bill Norquay, Selkirk, Man., is wireless operator air-gunner in an RCAF Hampden torpedo bomber which brought a German U-boat to a standstill while on anti-submarine patrol over the Bay of Biscay. The U-boat was subsequently destroyed by a Liberator of Coastal Command sent out in response to the Hampden's signals.

(Official RCAF Photograph.)

RCAF DROPS 2,100 TONS DURING SICILY BATTLES

Wellingtons Work Nearly Every Night From North Africa

In less than two months RCAF Wellington squadrons based in North Africa dropped more than 2,100 tons of bombs in the Sicilian campaign. The squadron operated practically every night, softening up the island.

Two weeks before the landings the two-motored bombers were hammering aerodromes, communications and cities. One of their busiest evenings was July 9, the night the invasion was launched.

During the weeks of the advance across the island they bombed ahead of Allied troops and assisted in the tremendous task of tearing open a path for the ground forces.

The feature of the entire campaign for the RCAF air crews was the period during which they were in direct co-operation with the Canadian troops. They were operating over Central Sicily and led the way for their own countrymen in the capture of Enna.

In the last two weeks of the campaign the RCAF squadrons attacked the beaches and communications on both sides of the Messina Straits, hampering the escape of the enemy retreating to Italy.

The intensive operations placed a heavy strain on the ground crews. They worked through the burning heat of the day servicing aircraft for the evening take-off.

Good Maintenance

One senior Air Force officer, visiting the RCAF squadron, said they had the best maintenance units he had seen anywhere in the Middle East or North Africa.

Early in the campaign a scorching hot dry wind of the desert, blew steadily for a week over the base area. The temperature was up to 120 degrees in the shade during the afternoons. Through this heat wave the armourers stayed with their job, working under the hot sun wearing only khaki shorts.

The sorties of the Wellingtons were highly effective. When the Monte Corvina aerodrome, south-east of Salerno, Italy, was attacked photographs showed more than 40 enemy aircraft destroyed on the ground.

The Wellington squadrons did a job which won the approbation of Major-General "Jimmy" Doolittle and General Montgomery.

GODIN BAGGED TRIO OF TOP SIGNATURES

LAC Roger Godin, Montreal, claimant to the title of the RCAF's air autograph hound, scored a twin victory recently when H.R.H. the Princess Royal officially opened the new YMCA leave centre at Harrogate.

Besides receiving the autograph of the Princess Royal, two other members of the party also signed — Right Honourable Vincent Massey, Canadian High Commissioner to the United Kingdom, and Air Marshal Harold Edwards, C.B., A.O.C.-in-C. RCAF Overseas.

Another who bagged autographs of the party was AW2 Kathleen Scott, Parry Sound, Ont., a switchboard operator at the headquarters of Canadian Bomber Group.

BOOTS GET AROUND

When a man's flying boots go AWOL he'll usually rant and rail in no mood to forgive. And it was much that way with Sgt. C. A. "Chick" Windsor, of Westmount, Que., whose prized boots turned up missing many months ago at an O.T.U.

It was much that way until Chick had a note from the International Red Cross that his boots had turned up—in Germany. Seems someone had found a pair of boots with Chick's name and number on the tongues, but the wearer had vanished.

"That probably means just one thing," says Windsor. "The wearer is on the loose. And more power to him."

BOMB AIMER FLEW PLANE WITHOUT AID

F/S Larden Took Bomber From Alps to Africa And Landed Safely

F/S A. W. J. Larden, bomb aimer from North Bay, Ont., pulled off a stretch of piloting last week, of which even a seasoned pilot might have been proud. Never before at the controls for longer than a few minutes, Larden flew a four-engine bomber from the Alps to North Africa, and made a perfect belly-landing with a full load of bombs in the racks.

Flying with a RAF squadron bound from Turin, Larden took over when an enemy night-fighter, attacking from astern, killed the navigator and wounded the pilot so seriously that he had to be lifted from his seat.

The enemy on his tail and three of the motors hit by gunfire, Larden went into a screaming 3,000 foot dive and shook off the fighter. There seemed little chance of getting back to England, and finding Turin without a navigator was equally hard. So Larden decided to jettison his payload and make for the North African coast.

At Spezia they came over the sea and prepared to dump their bombs, but the release mechanism had been hit and the bombs wouldn't budge.

Chances of landing safely seemed slight. Larden had never landed a plane on his home air-drome, let alone a strange desert strip in North Africa.

For nearly five hours he had been at the controls. They were flying low over the Mediterranean when the wireless operator shouted through the intercom that he'd been able to contact a North African air base. Soon the African coast rose clear and bright out of the moonlit sea.

Larden distinguished a town, picked landing lights and drome, circled the runway, and put her down to a perfect belly-landing—with the bombs still in their racks.

SIGMA AND THETA DELTA CHI FRATS

Members of Sigma Chi fraternity are invited to attend a dinner at No. 3 Grosvenor Square Club, Saturday evening, September 4, at 7 o'clock. Brothers serving in the RCAF who will be able to attend are asked to advise Lt. Comdr. H. M. Gilmore, 20 Grosvenor Square, telephone Regent 8484, ext. 538.

Members of Theta Delta Chi fraternity who have not been advised about plans for October 30, are asked to write BM/EES, London, W.C.1.

TALK OF THE FOX

By THE THREE STOOGES

IN spite of a 48 spent in London by the C.O. and the Adj. we are still W/C McKay's Fox Men, and as the earwig said when he fell off the wall, "Earwig-o again."

About that London trip we understand that the Adj. came home in state. Fact is, he had his own (small but well-furnished) compartment. The Head Fox Men enjoyed their return trip and say they had difficulty tearing themselves away from their fellow travellers. Could be.

Speaking of returns, early ones this time, "Dannie-Boy" Boone, our genial E.O. (and Constant Speed Wallah), made one from leave. He did not repeat nor experience difficulty with his Constant Speed Unit.

Your Correspondents received a letter this week! The writer, apparently as a result of many years in the backwoods, speaks plain wholesome and unvarnished truth, so we reprint his letter as received.

Imperishable Prose

"Dear Wings Abroad. "I would like you to see wot the Willow Tree Mob sed about us last week. They was b— (binding or beelng) about us, their 'satellite station rivals', beating them in the district eliminations in softball. In fact they wrote ninety words alibi wot was purty week stuff. Seems to me, they couldn't do more than beat their gums. Yors truly.

(Signed) Elmer Entwistle, (from High River, Alta.)

Thank you, AC Entwistle, there is little we can add, but must say, modestly, that our softball team is as good as any around this way. The boys are doing very well and we wish them lots of luck.

The dance in the Airmen's Mess on the 16th was a pippin. By the way, the Station Concert Party (always a rehearsal but never a show) are commencing to function. An "air test" on the 23rd at the expense of the sergeants of a nearby Base marked their first public appearance. Audiences at future performances are requested to refrain from throwing vegetables or eggs (if any).

More odds and ends. Sgt. Pay and Crew have recently tried abandoning by dinghy, thinking it safer when attempted near home. Sgt. Meaden and Crew have returned from leave! Cpl. Jobin, of Winnipeg, has awarded himself the odd extra guard duty; appears to be some confusion between Jobin and Tobin. A bit of a bind out in the Flights is W/O Carrie, of Winnipeg, demanding A1 priority for his plumbers. Suggesting that the Educational Officer be sent on a course, is the pride of Lemburg, Sask., Mike Bosco. Crikey, we nearly forgot to mention S/L Sinton's beautiful gong. Congrats from the boys. Time, gentlemen, please.

ARISTOCRATIC SPITFIRE LEADS RCAF FIGHTERS

PARTY GOT ROUGH

It happens to many a nice girl, and Sgt. Dick Harrison's Piccadilly Princess is no exception.

When the Vancouver pilot, on his first op, took his shiny new plane to Germany the other night ack-ack defences were pretty sharp, and the kite got mugged up slightly.

Now the Princess looks like the end of a London season.

A SHAPELY WENCH

By BUD JAMES

TO say that interest displayed in the painting on the nose of S for Sierra Sue Sugar is exceptional would be putting it mildly. One of the boys who looks after Sue's welfare while she is on the ground tells us he has never seen so many new faces on the dispersal. He attributes their presence to "a morbid interest in anatomy." It's a bit hard to understand how he arrives at the morbid angle, but he's dead right about the anatomy.

Sierra Sue is a shapely wench. Painted in natural colours and clad in a pair of bedroom slippers she looks as if she might have just stepped from a shower bath. In her hand she holds a bomb. This was added as an afterthought by the artist, Harry Echenberg, a B Flight armorer. Harry, who used to be a commercial artist for the Robert E. Simpson Co., of Montreal, hails from Sherbrooke, Que. This was the first time he had attempted anything on such a large scale, and although he painted Sue without the aid of a squared plan he agrees with general opinion that Sue turned out pretty proportional.

Another fine bit of artistry, a winged lion with a bomb clenched in its teeth, has been executed by Bill Newcombe on L for London. Bill a tall gunner, is at present in hospital recovering from injuries received when he was qualifying for membership in the Caterpillar Club the other night. On Civvie Street in Vancouver he was a commercial artist and a mighty good one if the job he did on L is indicative. Another artist, Bill Roberts, who is also a gunner on the squadron and whose cartoons have been appearing in Wings Abroad lately has done some good work decorating A for Apple and Y for Yorker. Six Gongs were awarded six of

It is Unscratched After 100 Sweeps Over Enemy Soil

Canada's first fighter wing will be flying without its shiny tall-man while W/C "Johnny" Johnson's pace-setting Spitfire gets a thorough check-up and possibly a new Merlin engine after 240 operational hours in the air.

Unscratched by flak or enemy bullets Johnson's kite has led more than 100 sweeps over enemy territory. In the five months since W/C Johnson took command its two cannon and four machine-guns have shot down 16 enemy aircraft, probably destroyed or badly damaged a dozen others, and safely escorted thousands of Allied bombers on daylight raids.

F/L Ian Keltie, D.F.C., Edmonton, Alta., took his first half-dozen sweeps in the new Spit before she became Johnson's baby. Other pilots have flown ten sweeps in her, among them S/L R. W. "Buck" McNair, North Battleford, Sask., who bagged one of his 12 Jerry kites from her cockpit.

This aristocrat among fighter planes has never developed engine trouble during operations and never been late for a rendezvous with bombers or other fighters.

The High Signs

Both the Winco and his six-months-old Spitfire are regarded as omens for good by the men who fly behind.

"When we hear Johnny's voice over the R.T.," says one pilot, "we know everything is all right, no matter how bad a fix we may be in over there."

A lone Englishman among Canadians, Johnson was forewarned about the "wild Indians" he'd have to curb in his new job. But Canada's fighter pilots cottoned to their new chief, and he to them.

After a couple of months the Winco put up Canada flashes on his battle dress blouse.

the better-known Lions last week. P/Os Van Vandekerckhove, E. F. Flanagan, and George Crossman, the latter two now on training units, were the Canadians receiving the coveted decoration. S/L C. H. Earthroll and P/O's Pete Dornand and Davey Ross were the English members of the squadron who won the award.

The stars after whom our crews have named their kites took their pens in hand and wrote some very nice letters to the boys. Greer Garson has sent her crew a small St. Christopher medallion to carry in the aircraft for good luck.

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WITH RADIO MECHS

(Continued from page 4) along?" But even his best friend won't tell him.

Seen by a roving reporter: Cpl. "Nick" Nicoll and LAC "Jeff" McDowell, scampering away for a course at some distant Gen Mill; Paul Quinn, "Steiny" Steinman and Jim Steele, dining like Shadow Group Captains on Shadow Corporals' pay; Steinman again, impersonating the Wild Man from Borneo at a local dance.

Fun and games department: A certain popular indoor pastime was chosen as the scale by which Easterners and Westerners should be measured, and the Waafs present in the pub were elected to referee the argument. The contest was very close, we hear, with the East family winning by a neck.

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FALL OF LEAVES

By ARKAYBEE

F/L T. A. B. "Art" Crawford, Toronto, our genial "Adj.," has grabbed himself a spot of leave and is heading into the hinterlands of Scotland in search (it is alleged) of trout and grouse. The reason for taking a large shovel and a funnel was not explained; our guess is that he's in search of some of those caches of "Scotch" that are supposed to have been hidden away up there.

F/O C. H. "Parkie" Parker, Winnipeg, arrived back at the old homestead full of "gen," after completing a course in higher navigation; he's away now having another leave.

F/S B. V. "Sandy" Saunders, Granville Ferry, N.S., who has long been plying "Moose-missies" right bang on the target, hath packed his kit and is away—going "instructin'" for a while. "Good luck, Sandy!"

Great gleaming new stripes on the biceps of Cpl. Archie Campbell of Moose Creek, Ont., and Andy Susko of Windsor, Ont.—and they may be seen putting on the "feed bag" at the sergeant's mess these days. "Good goin', fellas!"

S/L J. D. "Pat" Pattison, Toronto, has taken leave of the Moosegang for the second time—he's a "Wingco" in his own right now and is leading his own gang—"Lookin' for big things from your gang, Pat!"

Much clanking and banging of things around in that usually tranquil (?) sanctum entitled "The Orderly Room" (our Hecklers call it the "Disorderly Room," the dogs!) the other day as a great "mouse hunt" was in progress. "I'll bet that's the one that ate my discharge papers; there's nothing else worth eating in here," quoth AC (acting LAC) Ernie Stuart of Guelph, Ont., as he missed the

SPITS' WORK WAS SHORT AND SWEET

Just one day before the Germans pulled out of Sicily a pair of Spitfire pilots—one Canadian, the other British—were stooging along over the sea off Augusta when they spotted four Me109's and immediately went in to attack.

In two minutes the engagement was over. Two Germans were in the sea, the third damaged and the fourth tearing for home.

The Canadian, F/L William Whitside, Simcoe, Ont., and his British mate, fly with the squadron commanded by S/L Lance Wade, leading desert ace of the African campaign. Whitside is formerly of the City of Windsor squadron.

clusive rodent three times in succession with an inkwell.

W/C M. M. Fleming (our "Wingco") approved the final design for the squadron crest the other day, and after the design has been registered and so on it will be formally presented to the Moosemen. The crest depicts the moose in a "charging" attitude, and the motto is "Moosa Aswayita" (no, I didn't know what it meant at first, either, as I haven't any Cree ancestors) which is Cree language for "Beware of the Moose." So it shouldn't be long before we get it, and take it from me, it's a darned smart-looking crest.

Local Characters

"Moochin' Around the Moosemen" recently we saw Cpl. "Lefty" Lefler of Vancouver with a huge smile on his face as, after moaning that he only had "eight quids" with which to go on leave, he was handed a "deferred pay" cheque for "four more quids" that had come in five minutes before. Sgt. Jack Morgan of Hamilton leaning over what looked to our tired eyes like "thousands of quids" as he balanced his budget preparatory to "gittin' hitched." F/S Al Carlton, of Edmonton, says (quote) "She's a swell gal!" (end of quote), and as we feel that "Our Alvin" is quite a connoisseur when it comes to women, we say, "All the best, Jack!"; LAC Gordie Powell, of Ottawa, also counting quids prior to proceeding on some "privilege leave" (say, this column sounds like a page from the "Financial Post"); LAC Eddie Rosicki "booking in" again on return from a week in hospital—this marriage business seems to be hard on the guy!

WOMEN'S DIVISION

GUESS we'd better get this hot stuff off our chests first, otherwise it will burn the rest of the column right up. Anyone with half an eye open last Saturday morning would notice a bit of extra "flapping" at Headquarters. The explanation is simple and one incident amusing. Capt. Clark Gable, of the U.S.A.A.C., with other U.S. officials, visited Headquarters. A certain W.D., determined to get a glimpse of this officer chose one of the decontamination rooms as a hide-out. Imagining her embarrassment when this visitor was shown round the building, yes, even the decontamination rooms. Quick, like a bunny, she turned on the light and made a very speedy exit, with a complexion ruddier than usual!

LAW Jeannie Ingalls, Stratford, Ont., is wearing a lovely thick coat of tan these days, as well as a handsome smile. She's just come back off leave, and George informs us that her husband got his leave at the same time, so they saw the sea together. Ain't love grand, eh?

Did you hear about the Stevenson sisters, Vera and Margaret, who came over from Windsor, Ont., five years ago and took up residence in Bristol, England? In one of their first morning parades, after joining the W.D., they were stopped by a big disciplinarian who said they were late. The girls maintained they were a minute early, but he insisted on taking their names, anyway. The rookies marched away, quite flustered, and saluted a startled sergeant-major! Chins up, girls, we've all made that faux pas at least once in our service careers.

You know the old but reliable story about best uniforms and all that sort of thing on C.O.'s parade. It appears that LAW Jarvie, a conscientious little Wid who works in Records, spilled



F/S Allan Potruff, of Hamilton, presses the quick release on his parachute harness after an operational flip. He flies in a Hurricane of an RAF squadron in Ceylon. (Official RCAF Photograph.)

jam on her "No. 1 Blue." We haven't heard whether or not the excuse was accepted, but Jarvie has our sympathy—and how she needs it!

Then there is the corporal who is so wrapped up in her work that she automatically stands to attention when she comes to her own desk. And there is another who is simply scared to death of mice—no, not rats, mice! Ho Hum!

The dance scheduled for the third is gradually gaining momentum, and we think by the time that night rolls around everybody will be set for a lot of excitement.

HEADQUARTERS

AS Personnel predicted earlier in the season, Personnel are in the finals. They are lined up against Knights, who made the grade by defeating Camps 12-7 on Monday night in a semi-final bout. By this time next week, say Personnel, we will be on hand to collect the trophy. Incidentally, this column is guffing about the Headquarters softball league. And in the International League, Headquarters will be playing the Canadian Army Postal Corps at Hyde Park, 2.15 p.m., on Sunday. Out of the crowded courtroom this week came Cpl. Tom Stones, Security Guard, who dreamed his way out of a great big rap. He was half an hour late on parade and subsequently, of course, appeared before F/O Roy. "Well, there I was in bed," said Tom. "I was dreaming that F/O Roy was congratulating me on the shine on my buttons. Next thing I knew it was ten after nine." The corporal didn't get commended on the actual state of his buttons but he did beat the rap.

The whoops of joy on a Headquarters pay day always seem to herald an M.T. dance—for that's what happened. The Jalopy Jockeys gathered at a local track on Saturday and had much good fun. Among those seen filling their radiators were McConnell, Fogg, Burridge, Searle and many others. There was a nice crowd, but the filling station went dry.

H.Q. Casanovas glowered; Wid's hearts fluttered; "Rudolph Vassellino" Dolgy's pride is hurt. Clark Gable dropped in for a few hours last week. Ho hum! The place won't be the same any more.

A mighty eye-shade shuffled around I. & R. section. On it, inscribed in mighty blue letters, were those tender words, "Joe Boy." Somewhere under the shade was LAC Andy Hunter. The Joe Boy claims the right to wear it because "he wrapped and shipped a clap of thunder." The men are coming to pad the walls some time next week.

Ted Hockeridge will remember Monday. He sang before King Peter of Yugoslavia, Air Marshal Edwards and many other dignitaries. Congrats and nice going, Bub.

DESERT CANADIANS STILL GET MOVIES

"Would you like a nice cold bottle of beer, dear?" The moans that followed came from beer-parched Canucks who were parked about a mobile screen at a North African air-drome watching a film put on by Ken McAdam, Ottawa, of the Canadian Y.M.C.A.

The question was asked by Victor McLaglen's screen wife, and the answer came from the Canucks, who hadn't seen a cold beer since they landed in North Africa with the RCAF Wellington squadrons.

The picture which was showing probably would have formed part of a double feature back home, but out there it was first-class entertainment. They had gathered together on movie night, air and ground crews alike, squatting on the baked earth, on chairs, boxes, standing and bedecking the sides and tops of trucks parked about the mobile screen.

FILM LOG

"DEAR OCTOPUS" (Gaumont and Marble Arch Pavilion).

A long, fond toast to the family—that dear octopus from whose tentacles we can never quite escape.

All about a golden wedding anniversary and a family reunion that starts with fuss and tears, ends in quiet bliss. Margaret Lockwood in the central role is forthright and coy by turns, without getting too cute about it. Michael Wilding is the urbane playwright son who makes the right choice in the end.

Adapted from the Dodie Smith story—fittingly enough by Esther McCracken, whose "Quiet Wedding" and "Living Room" qualify her as something of an expert in this kind of business.

Lacks what adherents of the muscular school call action.

"ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC" (Warner and Regal).

Raw and rough as a North Atlantic gale, this is a painstaking effort about a tanker trip to Murmansk with Raymond Massey and Humphrey Bogart as the officers who bring her safely into port, submarines and dive-bombers notwithstanding.

Tight tribute to Uncle Sam's merchant marine done with a minimum of varnish.

"MASQUERADE" (Tatler)

Long on talk (and good talk it probably is in Russian), this film is based on a poem by Lermontov. Interest content is pretty thin for an English-speaking audience, though there are a few arresting scenes.

RCAF BOMBERS

(Continued from page 1)

went by with two bursts. I saw him catch fire, explode, and then hit the deck."

F/O Jim MacKay, Dodsland, Sask., reported heavy anti-aircraft fire and said the target itself was difficult to see because of clouds which hid it from view.

Dense cloud was also reported by the crews of the RCAF squadrons commanded by W/C D. W. M. Smith, D.F.C., and W/C M. Fleming, D.F.C.

Among the Canadians on the raid were: Sgts. Gordon Fortier, Elmsdale, N.S.; Andy Johnson, Indian Head, Sask.; John Lynk, Canning, N.S.; Leo Bates, Sydney, N.S.; Stuart Brown, Brandon, Man.; Bill Cameron, Sarnia, Ont.; Ken Sawyer, Windsor, Ont.; F/Os John Beaton, Harbor View, N.S.; "Red" Brown, Moosomin, Sask.; Hugh Dyer, Minnedosa, Man.; W/Os Alf Harrison, Sarnia, Ont.; F/Os "Blondy" Westell, Hamilton, Ont.; "Chuck" Carter, Lewisville, N.B.; H. M. MacDonald, West Vancouver; C. H. Johnson, Strone, Alta.; G. C. Dunkley, Armstrong, B.C.; J. H. Pratt, Winnipeg; F/Ss G. R. Bourdon, Ottawa; H. A. Moad, Clan William, Man.; F/O A. Novick, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.; F/LS A. J. Hughes, Hamilton; Pater-son, Ottawa.

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

THEATRES

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. Evgs. 5.40. Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.25. GEORGE BLACK tells THE LISBON STORY A Play with Music

PALACE. Ger. 6334. Evgs., 6.30. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. JACK HYLTON'S HI-de-HI with FLANAGAN and ALLEN

PALLADIUM. Ger. 7373. Twice Daily at 2.30 and 5.15.

VARIETY COMES BACK.

PRINCES. Tem. 6596. Evgs. 6.15. Thurs. & Sat., 2.30. FIFTH SHEPHERD'S New Musical Extravaganza MAGIC CARPET SYDNEY HOWARD, CYRIL FLETCHER. "The Best Revue in Town."—B. Pictorial.

PRINCE OF WALES. Whl. 6681. Twice daily at 2.40 and 5.30. Sid Field in GEORGE BLACK'S STRIKE A NEW NOTE.

SAVILLE. Tem. 4011. Evgs., 6.20. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. FIFTH SHEPHERD presents JUNIOR MISS "Riot of laughter... brilliantly acted... screamingly funny."—B. Dispatch.

STRAND. Tem. 2660. Evgs. 6.30. Thur. & Sat., 2.30. FIFTH SHEPHERD presents ARSENIC AND OLD LACE Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naumton Wayne, Frank Pettinelli, Edmund Willard

VICTORIA PALACE. Vic. 1217. Twice Daily 2.30 and 6.0. (Ex. Fri. Mat.) LUPINO LANE in a farcical musical LA-di-DA-di-DA "A laugh a minute."—Daily Express.

WINDMILL. Pic. Circus. 12th Yr. REVUEVILLE, 16th Edition. (3rd week) Continuous daily, 12.15—9.30 p.m. Last performance 7.30 p.m. A VIVIAN VAN DAMM PRODUCTION.

CINEMAS

DOMINION (G-B). Tottenham Court Rd. CRASH DIVE (Colour) (U) Redhead from Manhattan (U), News, &c. Weekdays: continuous 11.45 to 10. Sundays: continuous 3.30 to 9.

EMPIRE. Leicester Sq. Con. 10 to 9.30. THE FOUR FEATHERS (A) with Ralph Richardson, C. Aubrey Smith, John Clements, June Duprez.

GAUMONT. Haymarket. Whl. 6255. Margaret Lockwood and Michael Wilding DEAR OCTOPUS (A) Weekdays: continuous 11 to 9.50. Sundays: continuous from 3.30.

LEICESTER SQ. THEATRE. Whl. 5252/4. CLIVE BROOK in THE FLEMISH FARM (U) Perfs. at 11.40, 1.5, 3.10, 5.25, 7.40.

LONDON PAVILION. 2nd week. CARY GRANT in "MR. LUCKY" (A), with LARLAINE DAY.

MARBLE ARCH PAVILION. May. 5112. Margaret Lockwood and Michael Wilding DEAR OCTOPUS (A) Weekdays: continuous 10.55 to 10. Sundays: continuous 3.30 to 9.

NEW GALLERY. Regent St. Reg. 8080. DEANNA DURBIN & JOSEPH COTTEN in HERS TO HOLD (U) Weekdays: continuous 11 to 9.40. Sundays: continuous from 3.30.

NEW VICTORIA (G-B). Opp. Vic. Stn. CRASH DIVE (Colour) (U) Redhead from Manhattan (U), News, &c. Weekdays: continuous 12 to 9.50. Sundays: continuous 3.30 to 9.

ODEON. Leicester Square. Whl. 6111. BETTY GRABLE CESAR ROMERO in CONEY ISLAND (U) in Technicolor. Showing at 10.35, 12.55, 3.15, 5.35, 7.55.

PARAMOUNT. Tottenham Court Rd. CLIVE BROOK, CLIFFORD EVANS FLEMISH FARM (U) JACK BENNY, BETTY GRABLE MAN ABOUT TOWN (A)

REGAL. Marble Arch. Pad. 6011. Humphrey Bogart, Raymond Massey ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC (A) 12.0, 2.30, 5 and 7.30.

TATLER TH. (G-B). Charing Cross Rd. ANGLo-SovIET SEASON MASQUERADE (A) Brave Girl (U), Easter in Moscow 1943 (U)

TIVOLI. Strand. Tem. 5625. DEANNA DURBIN & JOSEPH COTTEN in HERS TO HOLD (U) Weekdays: continuous 10.45 to 9.40. Sundays: continuous from 3.30.

WARNER. Leicester Sq. Ger. 3423. HUMPHREY BOGART in ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC (A) with RAYMOND MASSEY, ALAN HALE, JULIE BISHOP and DANE CLARK. For times of showing see Daily Press.

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