



Nazis Trimmed in Week's Sky Battles

RCAF FIGHTERS HELP ESCORT DAY RAIDERS

Johnson's Total Goes to Twenty-Five Sending His Wing's Score To Even Hundred

BUCK McNAIR KNOCKS DOWN THREE MORE

THREE times in the past week German fighters have fallen before the guns of S/L R. W. "Buck" McNair, D.F.C. and Bar, North Battleford, Sask., as Canadian fighters knocked at least 10 Nazi machines down. They were numbers 13-15 inclusive for the leader of the Red Indian Squadron.

The 25th for W/C J. E. Johnson, D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C. and Bar, came when he scored on a grinning German pilot in an F.W.190 near Lille. It also marked the 100th Hun fighter destroyed over enemy territory by the fighter wing now under Johnson's command.

The latest kill for S/L McNair came on Monday over Beaumont Le Roger airfield in France. It was on his third trip of the day that he saw the enemy below and dived on his tail.

Later the same day, while covering an attack by Mitchell bombers on Abbeville marshalling yards, F/O H. J. Dowling, Sarnia, Ont., and F/L H. J. Southwood, Calgary, both knocked down F.W.190s.

Dal Russel, D.F.C., Montreal, was over France the same day, but no enemy planes were encountered.

Good Show

Hurricanes and Typhoons of Fighter Command staged a surprise raid on the Hansweert Canal, one of Holland's waterway links for sea-going shipping. They destroyed the lock gates at one end of the canal. P/O J. H. Ashton, Virden, Man., was one of the pilots who took part in the smashing attack.

The canal, several miles long, runs from north to south to link the east Schelde estuary with the west Schelde estuary. It enables ships to approach Antwerp without rounding Walcheren, where they would be exposed to air and naval attacks.

The aircraft flew through strong flak to reach the target, and scored direct hits. On their way they attacked enemy shipping in the neighbourhood, and damaged three tugs, one barge, a 400-ton coaster and a launch.

"The Hun splashed us with flak all the way from Ostend to Flushing and back home again," said P/O Ashton. "I flew between the trees, and was glad they ran in rows. We got to the lock gates, where I dropped a whole packet straight on the north gate of the inner lock. I had to fly through the debris."

German sentries standing near the lock gates were machine-gunned and seen to fall. The gates of the lock nearest to the estuary and those of the upper lock were destroyed.

Set Fire to Heinkel

F/L R. T. Hutchison, New Liskeard, Ont., with a string of 19 locomotives to his credit, got his first crack at an enemy fighter last week, setting fire to a Heinkel 111 during a low-level reconnaissance patrol over Belgium.

While skimming over the countryside, Hutchison spotted an airfield with aircraft dispersed in the open. He dived to attack a Heinkel, and as he roared over saw flames spurt from the engine.

A few minutes earlier Hutchison and F/L Reese Richards, Montreal, beat up another airfield and saw their cannon shells rip into a pair of Me.109s.

As they left the field where Hutchison set fire to the Heinkel, two FW190s tried to jump the Canadians, diving from above to attack, but both pilots gunned their Mustangs and pulled away in a hurry.

Hutchison and Richards fly with the RCAF Mustang squadron commanded by S/L H. P. Peters.

MET BROTHER HERE

Sgt. Al Henry, Windsor, Ont., observing with a Canadian Halifax squadron, met brother Harold, of the Canadian Railroad Corps, in London. P/O A/G Joe Ardis, San Diego, Calif., came down with Henry. Joe is not going to transfer to the USAAF. He doesn't want to break up the crew.

Four Raids Shake Germany



Left to right sit W/C Georges Roy, D.F.C., Montreal; G/C C. R. Dunlap, Sidney Mines, N.S., and Vancouver; the Sheik; the Sheik's corporal; W/C Dan McIntosh, D.F.C., Regina; and S/L Paul Henault, Montreal. Centre rear stands S/L Dan McCann, Ottawa.

(Official RCAF Photograph.)

BOMBERS HIT BERLIN TWICE IN FOUR DAYS

Mannheim and Mupich Get More Attention This Week

INTRUDERS ASSIST

BOMBER COMMAND sent four-engined aircraft over Germany four times in seven nights. They blasted Berlin twice and Mannheim and Munich once each. On all raids squadrons of RCAF Bomber Group were among the attacking force.

Lancasters and Halifax bombers of the RCAF played an important part in the heavy, concentrated attack on Munich on Monday night. There was some cloud over the target, making full observation difficult. RCAF intruders were out on raids during the main attack.

The two Berlin raids came within four nights of each other. Crews returning from Sunday night's Mannheim raid were impressed by the heavy explosions in the target area.

The Flare Parade

The Luftwaffe's nightfighters used an unprecedented number of "scarecrow" flares over Berlin to light up the attacking bombers, according to Sgt. George Andrew, Sarnia, Ont., a rear-gunner in the RCAF Lancaster "Thunderbird" squadron. "Few searchlights, no fighters and bags of fires," was the report of F/L Eric Hockey, Toronto, the pilot of a Halifax from W/C C. W. Harris's squadron.

Other Canadians who were over the German capital included:—Sgts. Jack Scott, Toronto; F/S Max Graham, Peterborough, Ont.; F/O Jack Ferguson, Regina; P/O Fred Lord, Toronto; P/O Ben Jones, Vancouver; P/O Dave Sinclair, Drumheller; F/O Tom McKay, Battleford, Sask.; Sgt. Ken Burns, Vancouver; Sgt. Fred Davis, Stratford; Sgt. Bob D'Ercorby, St. Lazare, Man.; Sgt. Basil O'Hara, Vancouver; F/O John Egan, Kinistino, Sask.; F/S Bob Charters, D.F.M., Brampton, Ont.; F/O Ernest Wheeler, Cornwall, Ont.; Sgts. Tom Davies, Kelwood, Man.; Bob Wallace, Toronto; John Desleyes, Winnipeg; Joe Barrett, Betherville, Que.; Bob Dixon, Edmonton.

Latest Berlin Raid

Clouds covered the heavy bombers of RAF and RCAF as they approached Berlin for the third time in ten nights, but over the target the sky was clear. "We could plainly see ground detail in the light of the fires," Sgt. H. B. Rhude, Halifax, N.S., reported. "The target was one big red blaze, and no wonder. The whole attacking force streamed over at once, and dropped their entire bomb loads within 20 minutes."

Nightfighters were active, according to F/S L. H. Geller, Hamilton, navigator in a Lancaster. "We were attacked four times on our way up to the target." One Lancaster went in on his bombing run with an Me.210 on his tail. F/O M. E. Morrison, Toronto, was the pilot who successfully completed his run while his rear-gunner, Sgt. K. P. Porter, Calgary, kept watch on the Nazi fighter.

"He was about 1,000 yards away when we started our run on the target," says Morrison. "There was no time to fool around, so we just kept on going. You can imagine we didn't waste a minute getting out of there after we dropped our bombs."

Mannheim

RCAF Bomber Group had both Halifaxes and Lancasters out for the Mannheim raid. The Lancasters were led by W/C (Continued on page 5, col. 4)

CANUCK-ARAB FRIENDSHIP IS BELCH-PROOF

Emily Post Wouldn't Go For Native Etiquette In Tunisia

EIGHT well-stuffed RCAF officers who couldn't muster a belch among them came perilously close to committing the gravest of social faux pas after dining with an Arab sheik at a native village near their bomber station.

In Tunisia it's good form—or so the guide books say—to signal enjoyment after dinner by burping audibly. The repast had been elaborate and the Canadians were eager to show their gratitude in the prescribed manner.

"Can't someone belch?" pleaded one of the senior officers. He looked around at his companions, but there was silence.

The sheik, perhaps because he had not read the guide book, showed no special concern, and giving a low baritone belch himself led the way into his sitting room.

There a lively conversation got under way about the relative behaviour of German and Allied occupying forces, while in the dining room the sheik's retainers finished off a large bowl of cous-cous and several other native dishes, heaps of which were left on the table.

The Canadians included G/C C. R. Dunlap, Vancouver, officer commanding the RAC Wellington squadrons in Tunisia; W/C George Roy, D.F.C., Montreal; W/C Dan McIntosh, D.F.C., Regina; S/L Paul Henault, Montreal; S/L Dan McCann, Ottawa; F/L Maurice LaPlante, padre, Montreal; F/O Ken Coleman, St. Thomas, Ont.; and P/O Ted Farah.

Conversation was four-sided. The sheik would speak in Arabic to his nephew, who would relay it in French to S/L Henault, and he in turn would translate into English for the group captain. Their host told how the Germans, on entering Tunisia, made revolutionary promises to win over the native masses. They gave assurances that the rich would be compelled to share their wealth with the poor, spread anti-French and anti-Allied propaganda and appropriated livestock and foodstuffs

ONE FOR THE BOOK

This is the story of a disillusioned navigator.

Before joining the Air Force he was a student at the University of Toronto, and had acquired a taste for medieval English architecture.

One evening he visited an ancient Northern town to study a famous old gate, a relic from Cromwell's time.

What the navigator saw shook him rigid. High on that time-hallowed gate hung the legend: "Gentlemen."

HIGH AWARDS WON BY RCAF FIGHTER MEN

Chadburn, MacDonald, and Godefroy Get Gongs This Week

Fighter pilots held sway in the latest list of decorations announced by the London Gazette. All awards went to men in the Canadian fighter wing.

W/C Lloyd Chadburn, D.F.C., was awarded a D.S.O., S/L Hugh Godefroy and F/L Deane MacDonald both won bars to their D.F.C.s.

Wince Chadburn has led formations on very many sorties during which 16 enemy aircraft have been destroyed, six of them by this officer. In addition, three E-boats have been successfully attacked. He has displayed exceptional leadership and great skill, while his fine fighting spirit has set a most inspiring example.

Since he was awarded the D.F.C. in May, S/L Godefroy has continued to display great courage and devotion to duty. He has recently been appointed to command his squadron which, under his leadership, has destroyed 10 enemy kites and damaged many others. This officer has destroyed six aircraft and assisted in the destruction of another. Four of these victories have been achieved since he won his D.F.C.

F/L MacDonald, deputy squadron commander in Chadburn's unit, has destroyed three enemy aircraft and damaged others since being awarded the D.F.C. He has led the squadron on 10 occasions, and the wing once, displaying fine leadership and gallantry. He has destroyed at least eight enemy aircraft.

W/C Joseph St. Pierre, St. Eustache-sur-le-Lac, Que., leader of the RCAF Alouette squadron for more than a year, has been awarded the American D.F.C. by Lt.-Gen. Carl Spaatz, General Commanding the North-West African Air Forces.

"His courageous example," reads the citation, "has been a high inspiration to all who have served under him, and reflects great credit upon himself and the armed forces of the United Nations."

LIGHTBOMBERS HIT AIRFIELDS

F/L J. R. MacDonald Leads Mitchell Formation Over France

Led by a former golf pro, F/L J. R. MacDonald, Edmonton, a strong formation of Mitchell bombers attacked several French airfields last Tuesday, sending their bombs down among the dispersals in perfect visibility.

MacDonald, who used to teach duffers at Edmonton's Highland Golf Club, has completed 15 operational sorties. Going out from their British bases, the Mitchells ran into a curtain of thick cloud, but the sky cleared as they neared their target, and the airfield loomed up clearly.

Three more Canadians took part in the raid. They were:—F/O Fred Carmichael, Sudbury, Ont.; F/S T. F. Rothery, Vancouver, and F/O J. C. Day, Galt, Ont.—all navigators.

On his return Day reported: "We had a bit of a shamble. Our Mitchell developed engine trouble, and as we couldn't keep formation we turned in closer than the rest and dropped our eggs on the edge of the perimeter. We could see the rest of the bombs going down in a good pattern."

at will. None of the promises were ever fulfilled, nor were the landowners paid for their stock.

Nazi officers would demand a certain number of sheep, chickens or cattle, the sheik said, and when they were delivered

(Continued on page 5, col. 3)

SHORT SQUADRON FLASHES

BAIN SHOOTS THE BULL IN "DEHYDRATED" AFRICA

Oh, Tunisia; oh, Tunisia, When we leave how we shall miss it. How we'll miss your sand and flies, Brassy sun and cloudless skies, Days of heat without relief, Endless meals of bully-beef, Desert-warmed Sirocco breezes, And your trio of diseases. Yes, we've had 'em; yes, all three, Jaundice, boils and dysentery. Oh, Tunisia; oh, Tunisia, ... aw, nuts.

MUTTERING something about "If Mary Livingstone can get away with it, why can't I?" Oscar, the Tunisian Tennyson, headed off to track down a frill in a veil. Since sub-letting its rights in the Black Bull and heading out for dehydrated North Africa, the squadron has seen strange sights in strange places, and under strange conditions. As Hope said, "It's a strange country." Bub; a strange country.

Jerry "Low Level" Leddy, the Scourge of Sicily (while it lasted), has taken to upstaging his old pals recently since he's become a deputy flight commander. The current Leddy line runs something like: "Your name is . . . er . . . uh . . . hmmm, the face is familiar. Can't quite place it, though." Hardly like the Leddy of old who'd do anything for a friend—particularly at the Strand. Hrrrrmph.

O.C.-ing "A" Flight these days is Claire Amies, who knew the squadron when it didn't have a witches' broomstick to fly, and who is currently wondering if he'll still be around to know it when time comes to convert to eight-engine stratosphere bombers. Another "original" moving up is Bernie Dugas, now deputy in what has at times and in just been known as the Gen Flight.

The move from England to Africa made no appreciable difference in the merits of the flight softball teams. With staggering regularity, "A" Flight continued to lose. Noteworthy contribution to the series was that of S/L W. C. Klassen (of the Lilac, Sask., Klassens, please) who played half of one inning then retired because someone stepped on his foot. As The Chit (F/L Chittenden F. J., sub!) said at the time: "That ain't the Weir I used to know."

P/O Al Grout's crew, including one P/O "Eyetic" Agrios, qualified for the Caterpillar Club when they turned paratroopers for a night. The Leddy might have been eligible for the Order of the Boot when he landed in the desert had he walked home instead of waiting to be salvaged. Unfortunately, though, the Led was so far off track he couldn't contact base with a tuppence ha'penny stamp.

Greatest undertaking in North Africa was the moustache raised by Larry Copenhagen, of Luca (you spell it). The Copenhagen fur-growing project stretched from ear to ear while it lasted. A moment of tension arose when S/L Bill Allison, who sports one

of the RAF's finest pieces of facial fuzz, commented to the Cope: "That's an odd-looking moustache you have there." And Copenhagen replied: "So look who's talking about odd moustaches."

Message to the outside world from F/L Jack McCrea: "I'm in the desert. I like it here. I won't leave if they post me. I won't, I won't, I won't." At this point he became hysterical and broke down.

Surviving the heat, sand, and flies in remarkably fine fashion is Buck Arnold's pooch, Wimpy. His master, when last seen, was sporting a rather becoming yellow complexion, with eyes to match, due to a spot of jaundice.

Getting Wimpy to Africa was a bit of a problem. All seemed to be lost, and tearful good-byes were said at the point of departure as the fur-bearing flea was willed to the station. Few minutes after arriving in Africa the Squadron found Wimpy cavorting around in his usual amiable, half-mad fashion. A conversation between skipper Claire Amies and gunner Buck Arnold followed.

Amies: How did that dog get here?
Arnold: Don't know.
Amies: Did he walk?
Arnold: Don't know.
Amies: Did he fly?
Arnold: Don't know.
Amies: You must have some idea how he got here?
Arnold: Can't imagine. Feel his fur; it may still be wet. Ho-hum.

BOYS ARE BUSY

By R. H. PREBBLE

BESIDE a considerable number of sweeps over France carried out with success by W/C Chadburn and S/L Northcott, we have other good news to offer.

Congrats. are in order for the recent promotion of P/O Mitchener to F/L and flight commander. Jack has repeatedly proved his worth against the Hun.

If you happen to visit our squadron and chance to hear a soft voice calling Kim-ee, Kim-ee, it is not a resurrected Kipling but F/O Graham in a motherly mood chasing his dog.

Strong Men at Bay

Someone asked us "What do the boys do when they're not on sweeps?" We led him to the door of the dispersal which we opened cautiously. Three tables of "knock rummy" were in full swing. Suddenly from the first table, "Your turkey!" snapped P/O Dodd. "You hopper-picker!" ejaculated Doc. Yates and with such encouraging remarks, the games went on.

W/O Shepherd was seen pitching hay the other evening, and seemed to be right in his element. Rumour has it that Sgt. Wilson is interested in platinum, and that Sgt. McCabe visits his aunt quite regularly. Boy, we'd like an aunt like that, too!



Crew of the Wellington bomber "Blues in the Nite"; P/O Jim Leigh, navigator, Toronto; F/S "Scotty" MacKay, WOP/AG, La Fleche, Sask.; Sgt. Stewart Blackert, air-gunner, Lethbridge, Alta.; F/S Ferdinand Le Dressay, bomb-aimer, Kennedy, Sask.; and P/O Court Spooner, pilot, Edmonton. (Official RCAF Photograph.)



YOUNG Anthony Connolly, Montreal, was the first of the Connollys to enlist. He joined the Air Force as an equipment assistant. There followed a wave of enlistings in the Connolly family until the whole outfit was working for the Crown. The Connollys are in this war a hundred per cent. "Yeah, even the ol' man is working for Ferry Command," said Jimmy, who is a sergeant gunner over here. "Harold is in the Provost Corps in this country—some-where," added older brother Leo, also a sergeant gunner over here. Both boys have just completed training at different O.T.U.s, and are preparing to go on operations. Both boys are mid-upper men. "Three of us used to work for the C.N.R.," said Jimmy. "That is, until Anthony joined up. He's remustered to air crew now, and is training at E.F.T.S. Well, I joined up, and Leo quit the railroad a week after. We trained together in Canada, and I beat him overseas by a week. We're now trying to locate soldier brother Harold."

Jimmy is crewed up with F/O Pilot Lou Burnan, P/O Bomb-aimer Nick Nichols, and P/O Navigator "Tiny" Tynan, and they're all from Ontario. Leo is crewed up with Sgt. George Meadows, Manitoba. "Gunner, Goody, Hoofch, Shooter and Nick" are a few of the boys who have finished training at a Hurricane O.T.U. Sorted out they are Sgt. Pilot "Gunner" Gunnarson; Ivor, Man.; Nick Gray, Toronto; "Goody" Richard Goodrick, Toronto; F/S "Hootch" McConkey, Grande City, Miss.; and P/O "Shooter" Burnett, New Jersey. "The Yank boys will be staying with us," said "Gunner." "We might be going on Spits or Typhoons, and they don't want to miss that."

The "Burrhead"

From the sprays kicked up by low-flying Beaufruits at T.T.U. comes news of the "Burrhead," Jimmy Smith and "Gib" Streeton. These boys have now completed their training and are ready to go. Streeton is a F/S WOP/AG and hails from Plunkett, Sask. Others who took their course at T.T.U. were P/O Pilot Norm Ramsay, Toronto, and Sgt. WOP/AG Cliff Taylor, Carlisle, Sask. "At T.T.U.," said "Burrhead," "we never flew very high. I mean Smith never flew high. I was in the rear turret on one of these jaunts when a Barracuda dive-bomber screamed past the turret. The pilot's eyes were blue and he has a gold filling in one tooth. That's how close he was."

Five Canucks who did their training in the British West Indies are now with RAF Coastal Command and have done two trips in VLR Liberators. They are Sgt. WOP/AG Jerry Wallace, Nelson, B.C.; Sgt. WOP/AG George Gerring, Brandon, Man.; Sgt. Pilot Jim Seaver, Oshawa, Ont.; Sgt. WOP/AG Jack Primeau, Peterborough, Ont.; and Sgt. Art Drohan, Chatham, Ont. "Doing our training in the Bahamas while other boys flew in below zero weather in Canada wasn't hard to take," said Jerry Wallace.

Page Toronto

LAC Sammy Howe, Toronto, is now training at an RAF school. He's taking a course on "How to be a fitter-armourer." Sammy worked for the CBC in Canada before the war and enlisted as a general armourer. He's worked on Beaus, Blenheims and Halifaxes. Also at the school is LAC Tommy Hurn, Toronto. Mal Hughes, Toronto, is a sergeant in the X-ray department at the armament school, reports Sam.

Junior football in Calgary will miss Hugh Morrison this year. Hughie has just finished training at a Wimpy O.T.U. and is crewed up with Sgt. Bomb-Aimer Art Schoentahler, Winnipeg; P/O Navigator Al Shank, Markham, Ont.; and Sgt. Gunner Yvon Lamontagne, Montreal. "Junior football is going great guns in Calgary," said Hugh. "St. Mary's High boys carried the ball when and where it counted."

Hugh reports that local prodigy Harold Cush is a P/O now and is flying Spit. nines. Another Calgaryan, Joe Lyons, is also over here in the Air Force.

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THE FOG HOGS

By SGT. LACY

THE Fog Hogs are most certainly a very security-minded crowd (F/O Monty please note). At least that is the impression your reporter gets; trying to wheedle newsworthy bits from this squadron is like tempting a tear from Hitler. For a nationality, who have the reputation for being outspoken, these boys are the most laconic crowd a newshawk ever ran to earth.

Without the baseball scores we should be sunk, so here goes. The Sergeants played Airmen A two games this week and lost both. The final turned into a night game with everybody eating vitamin C pills in order to see the ball. The final score?—twenty-two to one. Yes, that was the score, not the time. Tonight it was a little different story. The Airmen won a close and fast game, three to two. The liquid sunshine of the past week made conditions rather difficult. The ground was wet and the ball slippery. Both pitchers threw a good game, however. Everybody was unanimous in their opinion of the umpire, he stank—who was it?—just me. On Tuesday evening the Officers continued their winning streak by trouncing Airmen B fourteen to ten in a heads up ball game. These officers just won't be stopped.

Yorkshire is bellowing, and three men this week have answered the call. First to go was LAC Art Burnell, of Stores, and now awaiting transfer is our chiefie, F/S Staples, and also Sgt. Parker. No more boat allocations to worry about, boys. You may be interested to know that your former news reporter, Ed Cancilla, is back home. Officially he is giving them the gen on the latest radio equipment. Incidentally, Ed says he would give anything to be back here with the boys. C'est tout.

The recent discip. course provided many an amusing episode. F/S Young says he takes a dim view of a certain airman on "jankers" riding to and from the guard room on a bicycle with full pack. He also pointed out to "Sockless Sam" that four pairs of that foot covering are issued to each airman. Very shortly you swing fans can expect a resumption of the Rhythm Club sessions. The matter was brought up at the Central Committee meeting this week and is being taken in hand. If any of you have any complaints or suggestions on any subject, let your representative know and it will receive the most immediate attention.

Older News

The liquid sunshine of the past week put a damper on the softball schedule. However, a couple of games were managed. On Tuesday the officers continued with their winning ways by trouncing Airmen B fourteen to ten. These Officers seem to be the team to beat, they always seem to come through in the pinches. Wednesday evening the Sergeants and Airmen A were scheduled to play. The Sergeants were hopelessly crippled by having two-thirds of their stars either flying or on leave, and it was decided to play a non-official game. I believe the Airmen won by a handy margin, though I think nobody kept a close track of the score. It turned into something of a burlesque after the first couple of innings. The feud between six foot two "Tiny" Wright, of the Airmen, and the four foot eleven package of dynamite who was playing for the Sergeants brought more laughs than most Emsa concerts.

The stream of healthy curses that hit the WOP/AG's ears from the pilot's pit was the result of the WOP/AG asking the pilot to fly straight and level to he could take a loop bearing. "Seems that the skipper was already straight and level," grinned F/O Ron Hodgson, Montreal. This happened at an RAF Wimpy O.T.U.

Some of the boys who completed their training with Ron are Sgt. AG Claude Lemieux, Montreal; Sgt. Pilot Al Nicol, Toronto, Ont.; Sgt. Pilot Ray Hukee, Seemans, Sask.; Sgt. AG John Warren, Murray Bay, Que.; Sgt. Air Bomber Earl Smith, Star City, Sask.

Some of the boys down on leave in the beg boom town were from a brand-new Canuck Bomber Squadron. They are Sgt. Bomb-Aimer Ken Reid, Winnipeg; Sgt. AG Ray Ledgett, Brooklyn, Ont.; Sgt. AG Bill Vanzant, Newmarket, Ont.; Sgt. "Mac" MacLean, Regina; and Sgt. Soume, Montreal.

WITH NEW UNIT

Also adding to the excitement of the local social scene is F/S Jim Reilly, former Toronto skeleton-key king and ardent exponent of the commemoration of the Battle of the Boyne. I/O Introduction Another Canadian W.D. officer has arrived in our midst, this time all the way from Manitoulin Island. The name is V. E. Trotter, and anyone desiring an introduction must first pass muster with S/L C. O. King, who dispenses equipment airmen for the use of about as freely as Eaton's on bargain day. All the way from Kincaid, Saskatchewan, near Canada, comes Pilot Officer Bill Harper to "electrify" us, while other new arrivals with "flat hats" include F/O Bob McCartney, Victoria, B.C., and P/O "Mac" McGregor, from Seemans, Saskatchewan. Bob helps to keep Norm Zaccour on his toes in base orderly room while "Mac" goes around with a perpetually mysterious expression quietly muttering world-shaking radio formulae. It is noted at this base that our neighbouring competitor, with aspirations of coming to our high standard of perfection, is also going literary via WINGS ABROAD. The scribe signs himself "Dale," full particulars being Cpl. Jack Dale, who hopes to get back to Winnipeg when the war is over if the police don't catch him at the station. "Pudgy" Pennylegion has returned from leave to London with visions of an early posting to headquarters. It appears that W/C Roger Irwin gave him fairy tale No. 13, which made its debut in the Toronto Daily Star many moons ago. An interpreter was required the other night when F/S Joe Joyal, from Lower Canada, tried to date up a buxom and comely local lass. Joe refuses to reveal what method he finally used to get his point across, but when last seen was definitely in there. Jim Mathison, the "three timing" lover, is spending his spare time at the hospital these days. He reports that "Hepper" looks lovely even in issue pyjamas. Friends of Joe Tumilty will be glad to know that he has now acquired a genuine English title and wants his mail in future addressed to Squire Tumilty. Joe has taken quarters in a local manor house, where his apartment is said to be the scene of parties that make the "Arabian Nights" tame reading.

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GOLDBERG MAKES FREE WITH "ONE CAMP'S" GEN

PICTURE a working day out at the Flights. Everyone is busy. Kites have their cowlings off, and the parts of an engine look helplessly on as some aero-engine mech wipes greasy hands on a pair of well-worn overalls. But one day recently all the kites were assembled, noses pointing to the drome and air-men, Joes and Erks paraded up and down the Dispersal as if they were waiting for F/S Proudfoot to serve them tea on the lawn, buttons shined, trousers knifed all the way down the front and shoes a bright ebony. These airmen sure were airmen!

Perhaps it was only a coincidence the squadron expected officers weighed down with braid, but F/L Beveridge paid respects. "The boys sure looked smart."

LAC Millyard has been through the rigours of war! Only posted three weeks ago as an R.T.O., he had to drag three bags of luggage to a new station. After Signals called for help and the fact he was awaiting his aircrew call, he returned minus all his kit, and has been conferring with the LNER for quite some time. Seems he checked his baggage to London. . . . And only a fortnight ago returning from a night out he banged his nose so it looks like a W. C. Fields' understudy, and now he is scheduled to return to Canada as air crew vintage. Let's drink to him.

A Glance at the Dance

The Squadron turned out en masse at the recent dance, and everyone aptly held his own. Except the stretch of floor leading from the dance floor to the bar. It will soon do with a new patch of linoleum.

Up and down the floor watchful observers might have seen LAC Gord Halliburton and LAC Deline sneak in skilfully a bit of the hot old Jive strictly from Harlem. Also on the square to be noticed, LAC Kilgour of the Armaments Section ran interference to Winco Davoud as he muscled in on a dignified dance.

What We Want to Know

If it is true that F/O Alcorn is having trouble with his milk and is really seeing green every time? We mean green carpets!

Also if F/S Scharples is really living "out"? Are Middleton and Milton-on-Sea really rest centres? The name of the pretty little dark-haired corporal adorning the arm of LAC Howard of the Orderly Room?

And who was that LAC tripping the light fantastic with a WAAF Officer, only to have his little bit of Heaven interfered with by what unsteady Flying Officer? And why wouldn't he be convinced there hadn't been an earthquake in England for oodles of years?

The Old Ball Game

The old ball league is still progressing favourably. During the past week three games have been played. The B Flight ground crew took Echelon to the cleaners. Headquarters lost a tough one to "B" air crew, six to one till the last inning, then "B" rallied and won seven-six. "A" Flight won over Echelon. And Headquarters licked "A" Flight air crew.

There has been some first-rate ball played in the league. F/O Doug. Alcorn, the main spark of "A" Flight air crew, played a good game. "B" Flight air crew

has a galaxy of stars and is leading the league. S/L Moran seemed to have a bit of trouble connecting in the last game. F/O Jimmy Gibbons, the home-run king, kept "B" Flight's score well up. LAC Howard is Headquarters' new find in assisting Johnny Lansdale in the pitching duties. F/O Ted Wildgoose has been playing a bang-up game, at first for Headquarters. "A. K." Hill, of "A" Flight ground crew, was the heavy-hitter against Echelon. LAC Elmer Pring has been playing well for "A" Flight.

There is one institution in the Air Force the lads do not mind. Loth as we are to queues and all that, when it entails the queue for pay it is a different matter. Especially when the Sally Ann comes around of a morning. And so the changing of Pay Parade from Thursday to Friday is going to put a crimp on many an airman. In fact, LAC Wardle is considering the display of three golden balls over his bed. Then our Casanova Scott is staying in of late. Is he feeling low—financially?

Over in "A" Flight there was a to-do because a lad going on ops. was delayed. It seems he stopped for a footwash in dope. Who was the lad who recently had a haircut and now has a head like a new-born babe? Up and down the flights or rather down the road to town you can see "Lucky" Mineault cycling with a beautiful WAAF. "Lucky" won't give her name. Afraid of competition? Another dark secret comes from an airman who receives mail at least once a day from Hounslow. He claims it isn't serious. The secret is he thinks we believe him. Cpl. Lunnon, on the other hand, is fearing snoops, won't say where he went and what he did, but he also has that certain gleam in his eye. Cpl. Schroeder returning from London, tries to appear nonchalant, but every time he speaks you hear wedding bells. A good case of marriage-reveries is Bobby. She is marrying one of our own former observers, F/S Maddock. Was she dreaming of him when she drove over the bicycle out at the flights? A certain hotel at a short time ago was nobly represented by the squadron. Officers could be seen all over the place. F/O F. L. "Micky" Cochrane was being married to Miss Judy. . . . W/O Aitken gave the bride away, and F/O Reynolds was best man. S/L Bruce Miller officiated.

In a more advanced state of marriage was special signals Cpl. Paul Ruest and F/L Macdonald. Evidently the stork is still faster than the Mosquito. Cpl. Ruest tore out of the building at a rate that would make "Dagwood" seem an old man. And so the Ruests are blessed with a baby girl. Good luck, Mrs. and Miss Ruest. F/L Macdonald's happy event is a boy. Congratulations.

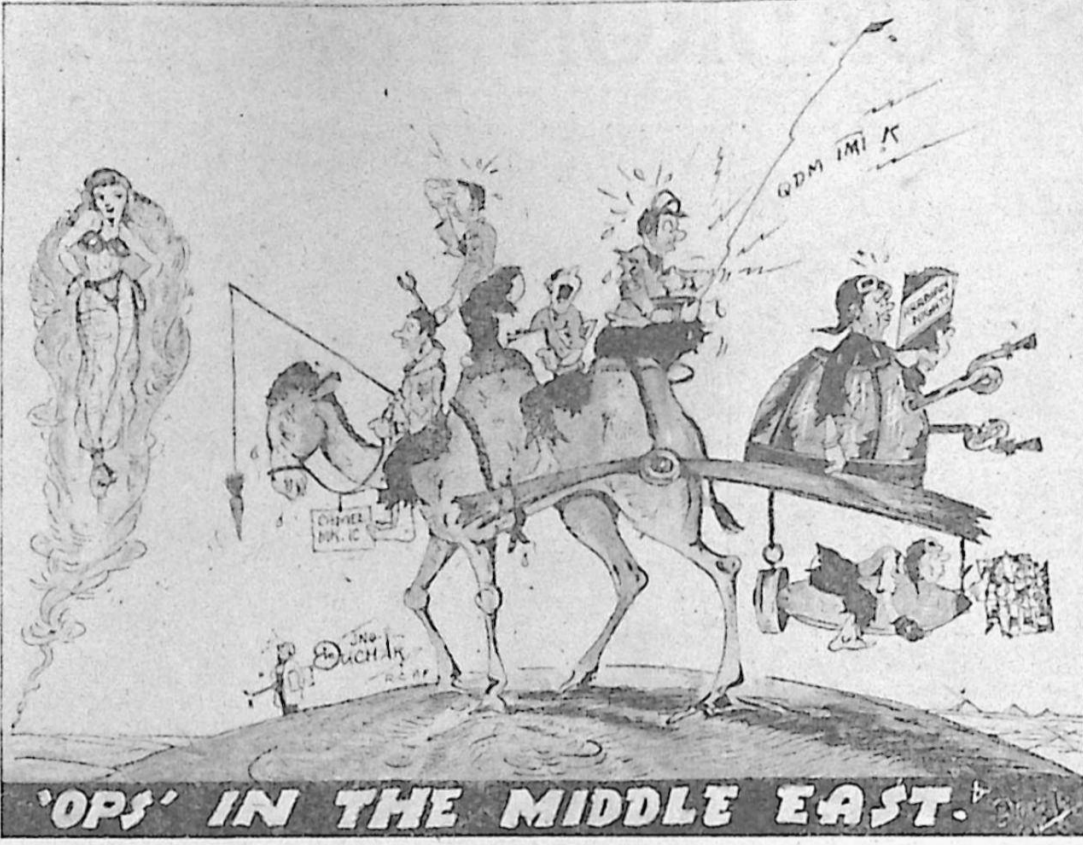
G/C Threthewey paid the Squadron a visit. And another guest was Sir Archibald Sinclair. Cpl. J. L. Jones and LAC Hill are willing to give out the gen. on the purpose of the visit. Yes, sir, they've had their picture taken with the busy gentleman.

The Newton Siding Kid

Headquarters have lost two good men with the posting of LAC Cottingham and LAC Falkner. So have Signals in LAC Anderson. The armourers will have to do without H. R. Ross. He's scheduled for a six months' armament course. The Newton Siding Kid will sure be missed, and who will be more lonesome than a pretty little she down Middleton way? What we want to know is why did the Deacon spend a week-end in a nearby town? Who is Cpl. Vines escorting? Also why has Sgt. Berge turned in his overalls and tool kit? Who is the pretty WAAF F/S Yorke is taking in hand? Why Moose, the boost-kid, is doing so much low flying? Why F/S Baakelund hurt his ankle playing tennis? Did he have his eye on the ball? Moose, the Niagara Falls Kid, has left the Post Office and is more active these days. He has been promoted to a Despatch Rider at the Orderly Room. He sure raises dust on his iron steed.

F/O Norcott winged a bird over France a short while ago. It has been confirmed. Only he wonders what kind of bird would be flying at night.

The baseball games have been going fast and furious. "B" Flight ground crew lost a hard-fought game to Headquarters. Lyle Nelson was pitching at the end inning. Barney Hill, the man from Thirty-Told and told sure is using his Bronx baseball training. He has a ball like a 3.7 Ack-Ack. Headquarters has discovered a new pitcher in LAC Howard. LAC Cecil Jones, the Squadron store basher, has finally hit the headlines. It's not every day a third base-man hits a single with the bases loaded to bring in the tying run. Thanks, Cece, Headquarters needed that win.



VISITING FIREMEN

I WAS buying one on the instalment plan—that's all I knew about radio before the war," confessed LAC Gerry Butler, Toronto. Gerry left Kent in 1928 and went to Canada to work for Eaton's. He's now radio meching with an RAF Wellington O.T.U. with other Canuck radio men. Here's Gerry's report on their station.

"The jumping piano in the 'Wimpy Arms jumps to the stomps and boms of LAC Smoky Archibald, Canuck member of the unit's jive orch. LAC Buchwald, LAC Anderson and LAC Bill Ellis can also be seen in the 'Wimpy Arms,' but not playing the piano.

"Bill Ellis, bike builder, is still haunting scrap metal heaps for parts to keep a flourishing business going. Butler's bike built by Bill, his first effort, is still running.

"Sgt. Danny O'Neil, Ellis, Archibald Anderson and Keith, got their A Grouping recently. Anderson has married an English girl, who is learning Canadian cookery rapidly. She is already dishing up stacks of wheat cakes.

"The radio joes on our station are Sgt. Danny O'Neil, Toronto, LAC Buck Buchwald, Calgary, LAC Smoky Archibald, Regina; LAC Bill Ellis, Sault Ste. Marie; LAC W. G. Anderson, Winnipeg; LAC H. R. Keith, Rouleau, Sask.

"LAC 'Hec' Horty was stationed here, but he's left for air crew training. We'll miss the gallop of the Horty dominoes."

Here's a dribble from a southern station where Cpl. "Lang" Diamond, Pincher Creek, and LAC "By" Crawford from near Winnipeg, were stationed. Well, they're not stationed there any more. They're left for air crew training.

WILTSHIRE M.U.

By LAC Louis Ziff

UR amiable shadow sergeant, Joe May, returned from Bournemouth to get the good news of his phantom promotion. Joe spent a slaphappy day figuring up all the extra mazuma he'll be getting.

Potential pilots and positive visitors to Canada is the future prophesied for Cpl. Jack Gillespie and LAC Johnny Strain, who successfully passed their medicals, selection boards and intelligence tests. LAC Stan Siwak, who has just returned from a 48 in London to see his brother Art, may join them in the long voyage home.

LACs Miller, Toman and R. O. Smith have rushed back (?) from leave along with Don Wilson. Don, by the way, has joined the elite "A" group.

The local WAAC extended an official welcome on behalf of Wiltshire's Canadian contingent to three veterans of the Battle of Britain—Cpls. Sid Goldsmith and Robert Wood and LAC Don Norris.

Cpl. Goldsmith, or "Goldy," is a native of Toronto, who puttered around at odd jobs and studied commercial art before he was lured into the RCAF. Now a shadow sergeant, he's been here since November, 1941. He was W.A. correspondent for South Wales M.U. and sympathises with the difficulties of his fellow correspondents.

Cpl. Robert Wood, better known as "Woody," has endured

the dews of sunny England for 19 months now. Back in Vancouver he worked in a lumber mill, then went through U.E.C. and Clinton. "Woody" is noted for his addiction to bridge and politics, and modestly admits that he is another sergeant masquerading as a two-striper.

LAC Don Norris, Nanaimo, B.C., is a schoolboy turned radio fanatic, who jumped in at the very first when Clinton was still a cow pasture. Don is standing by for that selection board, too.

The other day the WAAC met LAC Howard Simms, Toronto, now on a neighbouring squadron. With him are LACs Art Hodges, V. R. Renwick, "Red" Murray and Cpl. Cecil Hughes, Montreal.

SOUTH WALES M.U.

By Love

A BINDING week has just ended for N.C.O.s Franklin, Gallagher and Erks Reid, Irvine, Devito and Love. Having concluded a tabloid course they are now prepared for any emergency. Although they weren't taught a new approach they can employ such methods as encirclement and pinching movements.

LACs Hunter and Brooks are having another go at it. They are again on leave in London. "Think you'll get away this time, fellows?"

To Al Smith, goodbye and good luck. His air crew call has come through.

LACs Hendricks has just returned from London and Glasgow.

Our Casanova is covering a large area these days, having just returned from London where he was seen wearing a CWAC on his arm.

Our club photographer, "Kloppy" Kloppenburg is holding hands with nurses while undergoing a knee operation. We hope he is with us again as soon as possible.

We hope the Wilts R.M.s will treat our missionaries with the respect due all "gen" men of this station.

YORKSHIRE DOINGS

By Moe Aspler

DIMINUTIVE Ray Phillips, Toronto, and rangy Don Vagt, Edmonton, make quite a contrast as they work together these days. Ray is about five foot two, while Don measures six foot four in stockinged feet.

Talking about big things, Joe Maybin's feet form a topic for discussion. This husky Torontonian is five foot nine, but takes size thirteen boots!

"See Yorkshire First" seems to be the motto of Arnold Berthot, Big Valley, Alta., Charlie Burke, Toronto, and Dugal Drummond, Wadena, Sask. Their recent move to another station makes it about their unemptiness in England's largest county.

Jack "Curley" Fox, Vancouver, has always wanted to fly. Aside from the fact that he's practically blind, he's perfectly fit. Somehow, nearly every medical examiner in the Air Force can't see eye to eye with Foxle in his efforts to make air crew.

Willie "Moneybags" Wilburn is said to have paid for one of Britain's latest battleships through his purchase of War Bonds.

(Continued on page 5, col. 2.)

CANADIANS STILL ON ARMY-BUILT STATION

F/L R. A. Patterson, of Lindsay, Ont., former adjutant of RCAF torpedo bomber squadron, has now taken over the post of adjutant on a station built by the Canadian Engineers in record time and handed over to the RCAF in November of last year. Commanding officer of his new station is W/O H. J. Burden, D.S.O., D.F.C., of Toronto.

Although RAF squadrons are now operating from this station many Canadian personnel are still there, including F/L O. J. Dutton, of Regina, flying control officer.

Among the police are: Sgt. D. Ian MacKenzie, Truro, N.S., and Cpl. J. K. Robinson, Fredericton, N.B. Sgt. C. E. Perry, Montreal, is in charge of the orderly room; AC1 F. A. Blackburn, Hull, Que., is an M.T. fitter; LAC G. H. Noble, Sudbury, is a fire fighter; Sgt. W. A. Dunn, Regina, is a Link training instructor; Cpl. J. R. Vigneau, Three River, Que., is the P.T.I.; and AC2 W. E. Arbuckle, Montreal, is an M.T. driver.

TRAIN BUSTERS WIN

By COLLINGWOOD and TOON

FLYING OFFICER "Lefty" MacDonald, of Ottawa, matted and pitched Winco Jack Godfrey's Train Busters to a 9 to 5 victory over Winco Ernie Moncrieff's Mustangs in an exhibition softball game last Sunday afternoon.

MacDonnell batted out two home runs connecting for his first in the fifth inning, and his second in the sixth frame with two men on bases putting the Train Busters out in front for the first time of the game. He let the Mustangs down with only eight hits, and struck out 10 batters and passed two.

The Mustangs grabbed off a five run lead in the first three innings, showing two runs across in the first canto, and added three more in the third canto. In the innings Campbell clouted a circuit hit with a mate on board.

LAC Sammy Rothwell, of Winnipeg, started on the mound for the Mustangs, and gave way to Pte. McDonald, of Toronto, in the sixth after the Train Busters had staged a five run rally to take a 7 to 5 lead. McDonald held the train busters to two runs, the remainder of the game.

F/S "Alex" Alexander, of Toronto, had two hits in four trips to the plate for the winners, including a home run coming in the fifth frame to score the Train Busters' first counter. LAC Neeson for the Mustangs was the leader with the willow, getting three hits in five trips to the plate.

Double Play

LAC Friedlansky, of Montreal, played a great game for the Mustangs at short, handling many difficult chances; in the eighth innings he robbed LAC Barrie of a hit when he grabbed his drive. He started the play for the only double play of the game.

The line-ups: Train Busters: LAC Cy. Barrie, AC1 Dave Munro, F/O "Tip" Tummson, F/L Alexander, LAC Bulmer, AC Toon, Cpl. Young, F/S Alexander, F/O MacDonald.

Mustangs: LAC Neeson, LAC Campbell, LAC Schoff, Cpl. Svendsen, LAC Friedlansky, Sgt. Lannigan, Cpl. Anderson, LAC Sinclair, LAC Abbott, LAC Rothwell, Pte. McDonald. Umpires: F/O "Joe" McGraw, Cliff McLelland.

RECORDS OFFICE

G1 (CAN)

By W/O "DUSTY" MILLER

THIS week it is CAN.R79820 Sgt. Robert Memess Aitken's (see where the "Mem" comes from?) to have his biography aired (pew!) to readers and purchasers of WINGS ABROAD.

The following vital statistics regarding "Mem" have been gleaned by dint of much digging and entreaty (who am I kidding?). The blessed (?) event took place in Regina 22 years ago. He attended school there, graduating with a senior Matric. at Regina Central in 1938. At that school he starred on the track and field team. He also took part in school dramatics. After a year's business course at Commercial High, he set out to make his way in the world. "Mem" toiled for Dunn and Bradstreet until joining up in November, 1940 (anything to get out of the West). He was stationed at Command H.Q., Winnipeg, prior to coming overseas in June, 1941. Has done all his overseas time in Record Office, which makes him the only "original" left here. Still takes part in station sports, both track and field, and softball. Can he pitch woo? Woo!

Another Planner

Post-war ambition is to join D. and B. (Personnel manager please note.) His opinion of England—just loves London—especially Bedford Park, eh, "Mem"?

Noted in passing: I'm told that Ben Turpin is something of a Fred Astaire. Personally, all I have seen him do is the Palais Glide, after 22.00 hours. Monty Axler must know the train-men between here and London by their first names. After seeing a snapshot, I don't blame him! A hearty welcome to Tom Boydell, of Montreal (ah, memories!), and Len Hawkins, of Regina, two new arrivals here. Next week we lose Roy Roper, who hails from Saskatoon. Good luck in your new work, Roy—at the same time, I had better look around for a new catcher to take his place on the ball team.

So ends my first attempt in the "realms of the fourth estate."

A2 (CAN)

By LAC WALLINGTON

WITH the return of Cpl. Willie Myers to the fold, A2 (Can.) will start operating on normal lines again. Willie tired of scrounging at Blackpool and decided it was time to do some here. The tales of wine, women and song he brought back are gathering colour and momentum every day. Quotation "a la Willie," "The joint was covered in diamonds and fur coats." We gather he will frequent the place more often in the future.

Several months ago, Cpl. Bill Nattress, not satisfied with his job of promoting air crew, decided he should get some of those promotions himself. He has now left here and is going to be sent back to Canada for training. Lots of luck, "Sonnie," we all hope to see you back on this side of the pond some day. Perhaps we will be able to promote him instead of him doing all the promoting.

Leave returners are: W/O Cliff Neill, Sgt. "Dough" Spalding, LACs Cliff Crawford, Don Udy, MacTaggart and Conliffe. About his stay in the Lake District, W/O Neill has no comments to make. Cliff Crawford went on another of his famed tours and in the nine days covered most of the towns in the south of England. Cliff is wondering whether he should open a travel bureau after the war. On leave this week are LACs Johnson and Trudeau—destinations unknown.

"B" Groupitis

The yen for "B" Groups has made bookworms out of a few of the lads. The lust for knowledge (and the extra two bits) has got Jack Anderson, Marty Starr, "Irish" Booth and Don Udy avidly studying précis and attending lectures. The lectures presided over by W/Os Cliff Neill and "Dusty" Miller are getting a large attendance. We're pitching for you, fellows, and hope to see those props again.

Noticed: F/L Russ Davey here for another week-end; Jack Anderson ginning up for an air crew test; Sgt. "Rep" Spalding worrying about our leaves; Marty Starr and Al Pope cussing at the lack of mail from Canada.

LANC CONVERTS

The following bomb-aimers have finished converting to Lancaster:—

Sgts: Leo Brenton, North Battleford; Bill Bobenic, Toronto; Bill Doak, Oregon; F/S Roger LaBell, Ottawa; George Cotteney, Lachine, Que.; Norm Loose, Toronto; and Jim Bateman, Timmins, Ont.



INDIGESTION?
-no thank you!

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

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RCAF GUNNERS BUTCHER GERMAN NIGHTFIGHTERS

Jerries Traded Punches With Canucks Once Too Often

Hitler has been throwing in more night fighters in an attempt to stave off inevitable destruction of his industries by Bomber Command's growing air power, but RCAF gunners have taken heavy toll of German night fighters in recent raids.

Shooting down a Ju.88 right over Berlin was described as "exciting" by Sgt. Carl Clark, Toronto, who handles the rear guns of an RAF Stirling.

The Stirling had just made its bombing run when a Ju.88 came up from behind, on the starboard side and slightly above. Three times it crossed over to the port side and put several holes in the big bomber, according to the crew.

"Well, he came across once too often. He was about 200 yards away when his kite burst into flames, went into a spiral and then crashed down," says Clark.

Catching a German night fighter in their sights as it came in to rake their Halifax bomber for the fourth time, a Winnipeg air-gunner and his British mate sent it crashing to the ground during the last raid in Nuremberg.

The Canadian, Sgt. Alan Macenzie, Winnipeg, who flies with the squadron commanded by W/C Don Smith, Preston, Ont., reported that a Ju.88 came at them from the starboard quarter. There was no exchange of fire on the first attack, but the second time he could see his tracers bouncing off the fighter's engines. On the third attack the mid-upper gunner, Sgt. Harry Shinwell, Talby, Doncaster, joined in and they caught the German in 700 rounds of crossfire. As the Junker came back for his fourth thrust both gunners opened fire at the same time, and suddenly the fighter's guns went silent.

The rest of the crew saw the Nazi lunge upwards, fall over on his back and explode on hitting the deck.

Munchen-Gladbach
Moose Squadron tail-gunners destroyed two enemy fighters during last week's raid on Munchen-Gladbach.

Sgt. "Woody" Potter, Warwick, Ont., bagged an F.W.190 as it looped up from behind to attack the Halifax. Potter fired at 100 yards range and saw the fighter blow up in the air. Before going down the Nazi riddled the bomber's undercarriage, flaps, bomb bay and port tyre, as well as holing the port inner engine and knocking it out. The skipper, Sgt. Hank Bullis, Kingston, Ont., brought his mauled Halifax down to a perfect ash landing.

The second German fighter, Ju.88, fell to Sgt. Bruce Mount, Evanston, Ill. Without giving him a chance to shoot, he poured 200 rounds into him and the German drifted away in flames. Blount saw him hit the deck and explode.

Ex-RCAF Fliers
A Thunderbird squadron Lancaster, piloted by 2/Lt. S. Gaunt, RAAF, of Pascoag, R.I., probably accounted for a German nightfighter during the recent raid on Nuremberg.

Manned by an Anglo-American crew, the Lanc. was attacked by a fighter carrying a brilliant spotlight as it went into its bombing run. The mid-upper gunner, Sgt. T. H. Hastings, Bedford, Middlesex, opened fire and the attacker zoomed sharply down into a cloud bank.

"I banked over and we looked

YOU'VE 'AD IT!

Some 50 time-expired N.C.O.s and airmen were reported recently to be on their way from Canada's Catalina squadron in Ceylon to the United Kingdom and repatriation.

It has since been learned that these airmen are returning to Great Britain and in most cases will be taking up duties with RCAF formations in this country.

down," said Gaunt. "A moment later there was a brilliant flash that lit up the clouds. It looked as if it was the enemy aircraft exploding."

Hastings was credited with a probable, 2/Lt. Gaunt and ATE McCormick, navigator, Fairbanks, Alaska, have both transferred to the USAAF, but will round out their tour before moving to the American group.

On their first operational raid in a Halifax bomber an all-Canadian crew bagged a German night fighter and then limped home on three motors.

Sgt. P. A. Dubois, Arcola, Sask., was tail-gunner of the machine. Of his shooting, F/O K. A. "Solly" Solmundson, Riverton, Man., navigator, says, "Just as we started the evasive rear-gunner gave two long bursts and at the conclusion of the second burst the Jerry fell away with sparks coming from his port engine. He tumbled through cloud for about 3,000 feet and then exploded, lighting up the whole sky."

Beat Off 12 Attacks

Sgt. Joe. Cadeau, Hamilton, rear-gunner in a Halifax of the squadron commanded by W/C Don Smith, D.F.C., Preston, beat off 12 attacks made by an Me.109 and a Ju.88 on a Berlin raid. He shot down the Me. in flames.

They had just started their bombing run when the mid-upper man saw a Ju.88 coming in on the port bow. As soon as they started evasive action flak tore a huge hole in the wing and they lost a lot of gas. The wing caught fire, but blew out as they dived. After they had dropped about 3,000 an Me.109 joined in to help the Junkers.

Altogether they made a dozen attacks, and on the Me.'s last try only one of Cadeau's guns was working. He came into 150 yards dead astern and Cadeau kept blasting until he turned up and fell—a ball of flame. They managed to evade the Ju.88.

Sgt. W. H. "Junior" Barnes, of Sundridge, Ont., has established himself as one of the Dead-eye Dicks of gunnery in Canada's Bomber Group by bagging his second fighter during a raid on Nuremberg. He got his first, a Ju.88, on a trip to Bochum.

Describing Junior's second effort, F/O Bill Hendry, of McAuley, Man., a navigator with 22 ops, to his credit, said the gunner gave the enemy five medium long bursts and caused him to break into flames with his second burst. As the Jerry was going down Barnes gave him three more blasts.

WITH RADIO MECHS

(Continued from page 4.)

NORTH ENGLAND

By LAC George Maybee

ONCE more from this corner of England we greet you with anecdotes from the lives of the Radio Mechs. One night recently Cpl. Sandy Sanderson, Roody Pickerock and Vic Swirzon were seen in the middle of the floor in a grotesque huddle attempting favourite wrestling tactics. Out of the melee of waving arms and legs emerged Vic with two fractured ribs.

We wish every success to Cpl. Nick Nichol and "Jeff" McDowell, who are away on course.

With the proverbial bit of pub crawling we bid farewell to Stan Crisp and Jerry Locke, who are returning home for air crew training. Later, from the stygian darkness of the billet in the early hours of the morning could be heard the raucous voice of Mike Melkejohn demanding a piece of cake from sleepy George Syers, while Mac MacMillan, Mac Macdonald and Reg Jackson groped from bed to bed trying to sell a rusty logging chain for one pound, nine and ten.

Gord Burniston returned from leave in London with barked shins. Black-out trouble, Gord? Congratulations to Hank Forbes, who left us recently, Hank became a shadow corporal and a shadow sergeant all the same day.



More than 250 couples gathered at a concert and dance sponsored by the Canadian Salvation Army War Services in Training Command recently. Air crew and ground crew alike are seen partaking of refreshments during the intermission.

HOLED TWICE IN OPS. TOUR

Publican's Medicine Cabinet Did Much to Restore Shattered Nerves

A veteran of 37 operational flights, F/L Walter F. Parks, D.F.C., Verwood, Sask., says the most exciting moments of his flying career have been in routine trips over England.

There was the time, shortly after he arrived in England, when Parks force-landed an Anson while at O.T.U. "A snow-storm forced us to land in a field about two o'clock in the afternoon," he said. "So we made immediate tracks for the village pub to restore our shattered nerves, even though it was out of hours. Luck was with us because it turned out that they thought we were Jerries, and their nerves were shattered too. So we talked them into opening up for medicinal purposes, and we had quite a party going by the time the van came to get us."

Only twice has Parks' bomber been holed by flak. The first time on July 2 last year, when he was coned by searchlights over Bremen. For ten minutes he was trapped in the shafts of light while the enemy pumped flak at the weaving bomber.

"We finally did a heck of a steep turn, and that was that," said Parks. "We got plenty of holes, but no one was hurt."



F/L Walt Parks, D.F.C.

The second time they were hit by some lucky shots at Hamburg. But their toughest trip, says Parks, was to Mainz. The kite was shot at and got off the course, winding up at Cologne. They were late at the target, and flak and lights chased them off the course on their way back. At the French coast there were only 50 gallons of petrol left in the tanks. It was daylight by now, and seven fighters were sent out to escort the bomber home.

"It looked touch and go," said Parks, "but we finally landed with about seven gallons in one tank and five in the other after more than eight hours in the air."

Parks flies with an RAF crew, the only other Canadian being Sgt. Lloyd M. Bailie, WOP/AG, of Windsor, Ont.

ARAB FRIENDS

(Continued from page 1.)

they would say to the owner in French, "Are you satisfied?" The native, noting that the Nazis carried machine-guns and automatic rifles, would meekly reply, "Oui, je suis content." When the time came for the officers to leave the sheik presented them with a live lamb.

"ERKSOME"

By CPL D. HILLEN

"WALLY" WALPOLE from Sarna is still banging the ivories and "Smiggy" McLaren is beating the skins and we have a new member to the orchestra—Bill Hodgkinson from Windsor, Ont., who toots a torrid trumpet. Jim Bewick, who hails from Brantford, Ont., just breezed back from a day off, sheered and shorn. Oh! what a hair-cut!

LAC "Sandy" Sanderson, from Knitnat, B.C. (ever heard of it?), just came back from a course with a learned look in his eyes. Congrats on the top grading you obtained. LAC "O.K." O'Connor, Ottawa, seemed to do all right at the local "pub" in the community sing-song the other night.

Rumour has it that some of the erks are planning to start a tobacco plantation next to overcome the cigarette shortage.

LAC (Bomber Command) Roy made the 15 draw this week. The boys are anticipating the regulation round from the winner. Question: Will he cooperate?

Then there was the sad, sad story of a certain flight sergeant who took a strenuous day off that he was unable to go back to work the next day. Too bad, Robbie.

Postmen, Do Not Tarry

LAC Hass, Vancouver, ACI Anger, Toronto, LAC Baumler, Three Rivers, Que., LAC Marcoix, Hull, Que., run our efficient Post Office on the camp. Thanks, boys, and keep the mail a-coming.

LAC Cook (Mk. I), the Arden Kid, is reducing his railway expenditures as his "sweety pie" is one station nearer.

LAC Cook (Mk. II), from Montreal, and LAC ("Tiny") Crealock, from Portage La Prairie, the "Dundee Kids," are waiting for the day when they can have bacon and eggs for breakfast in bed again.

A few canine eliminations and "Joskins" will reign supreme as a camp mascot.

BOMBERS HIT

(Continued from page 1.)

Bill Sweetman, D.F.C., Kapuskasing, Ont. "We got in about half-way through the raid," he said. "The target seemed to be pretty well enveloped in flame as we left."

Sgt. Roger Lachane, Quebec City, also told of a big burst of flame just as his plane got over the target. "Somebody hit a railway station and there was a big burst of flame. That was a block buster for sure."

The Bluezone Squadron of Halifax bombers were again led by W/C C. E. Harris, Annapolis Royal, N.B. His own kite had a dose of flak holes in it. Flying with Harris was S/L Bill Pessauce, Calgary. It was the first operational trip for the former Mount Hope, Ont., instructor.

Most satisfied lad of the evening was the bomb-aimer flying with P/O M. H. Thompson, Fort William, Ont., mid-upper gunner in a Lancaster. The gunners on that aircraft held their fire as an F.W.190 approached while they started their bombing run. To fire would have meant evasive action and the run would have been spoiled. "As it was we got our load home," said Thompson. "I thought the bomb-aimer would go nuts he was so pleased."

Among the Canadians taking part in the raid were: F/O Tom Kneale, Woodstock, Ont.; F/O Ted Ratcliffe, Kingston, Ont.; Sgt. Mal Summers, Moose Jaw, Sask.; Sgt. Al Davies, Mount Royal, Que.; Sgt. Gordon Fortier, Elmsdale, N.S.; Sgt. Gus Johnston, Souris, P.E.I.; Sgt. Bill Cooke, Hamilton, Ont.; Sgt. Harry Ridley, Oakville, Ont.; F/O Chet Popplewell, Dinsmore, Sask.; Sgt. Art Lewis, Lethbridge, Alta.; P/O Ted Kirk, Toronto; Sgt. W. G. "Ace" Bailey, Sask.; Sgt. A. D. Creighton, Saskatoon; F/O A. M. Scott, Winnipeg.

PAY TABLE CRUMBS

THE airmen and officers extend their congrats to the W.D.s for having completed their first year of "You'll get no Promotion" life. It goes without saying that we are mighty proud to have you with us, and those of us who were fortunate enough to be invited to the "Do" on Friday, really had a swell time. Surprise event was "Howie the Adj," knocking off the miles on that last swingeroo number. In passing we noted "Fay and Maxie" admiring the cake, "Mackie" and "Charlie" practising a new dance routine, and "War Horse Clem" Cavanaugh looking for glasses, full ones.

Two more of our airmen have left for a trip, and we all wish LACs Johnny Moulton and "Whitey" White the very best of luck. Currently in hospital are F/Ls Fraser and Sutherland and Sgt. Jack Heenan. We hate to break up your poker, but we would like to have you back as soon as is possible.

What Sgt. in Officers' Pay sacrifices a meal of roast pork and potatoes, creamed cauliflower, pancakes and coffee, gulps down bread, cheese and water merely to keep a date on time. Oh, that "Luv Bug" F/L Murray McGill recently returned from a fishing trip in Scotland, but except for a few oversized minnows, the fish in that lake were like the music in F/S Jimmy Morrisson's fiddle. There must be some in both, none having yet come out. A so-called unbiased report from "Derry and Toms" claims that your two reporters "T." and "G." were seen giggling over a show case of "Undikins." Comments, very terse, it's a lie. So now, Terry, it's all yours.

Slightly out of breath after that jive session, Gee-Gee, but here I come on the beam with the latest gossip off the "Wid Grid." Promotion of the week goes to Cpl. Smith. Congrats, on that third hook, Smitty. The first year's celebration of the "old Girls" (with apologies to Myrna and Mary) took place last Friday at the Connaught Rooms. "Thanks for a lovely evening" was the men's theme to the W.D.s. However, methinks "Yo Ho Ho and a Bottle of Rum" was more appropriate for a certain B.A.U. party of Mad Frinks. The first battle to liquidate so fast, yet not a drop down anyone's throat.

We noticed our popular Sgt. Major and drinking partner were really hep, who said "But not on the Dance Floor." In closing off said event may we say a lovely job of M.C.-ing, Mary Gary.

"Get-well wishes" are extended to our W.D. Officer, S. O. Reynolds. C'mon Joan, your few days were up long ago. We've got two sgts. to battle now you know, and we need some help. Marge Morgan is the latest recruit on Sir Sulker's "Buckaroo" parade. Could be you were playing nursemaid to a certain red-head of your domicile and forgot your polishing, Marge?

HURST BESTED A TOUGH JU.88

Sgt. R. N. Hurst, an air-gunner from Sahlam, Vancouver Island, came out on top in a running fight with a Ju.88 during the last raid on Hamburg.

Skipped by a Welshman, the Halifax in which Hurst was flying ran into bad weather on the way to the target, hemmed in by thick clouds at 17,000 feet. About 20 miles from the enemy coast the kite broke through the clouds, and Hurst spotted a Ju.88 coming in to attack at 500 yards.

The fighter closed in and opened fire from 100 yards range, but Hurst gave him a few bursts and the German broke off. The Halifax had been holed and the elevators shattered, so the bomb load was jettisoned since it was impossible to continue.

Suddenly the fighter began firing again from a position slightly below the bomber and 400 yards off. Hurst followed the Junker as it came in, and noticed that it was flaming inboard of both engines. Then all at once the fighter's guns stopped chattering, it spun out of control, and into a cloud mass 4,000 feet below. The last Hurst saw of it the flames had spread and were licking the fuselage.

Turning for base the bomber had a tough haul all the way. Elevators shot out it took infinite skill to keep it straight and level. As it came in to land with the port undercarriage smashed, the port tire burst and the Halifax ploughed off the runway, careered over rough ground and cracked up in a hedge. The crew was unhurt.

OSHAWA SOUNDS OFF

(Continued from page 2.)

Newly appointed F/L D. E. "Danny" Noonan, known as "Danny Boy." To supply the feminine touch and a few bright spots to these audacious winged-glamour boys, "Little Peggy," a diminutive ginger head, and "Ma," a corn colour haired damsel, both of the WAAF M.T. Section, are a good match for all comers.

Getting down to having a wander around, you can come across F/S Gordie Simons, i/c "B" Flight, just like a rolling stone that gathers no moss, and like a Little Tany blares forth and disturbs your peaceful sleep in the daytime.

To supply a little local gossip, Cpl. "Corny" Cornish keeps the boys in shape and passes the gen on what a night in town is like. Cpl. "Lummy" Lumsden, an A1 fitter, also fast becoming the Romeo of the M.T. Section, is taking a beating these days now that a 9.30 curfew has been placed on his fair one.

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FEUD'S ON

By Cpl. M. J. SEELEY

THE boys of the Goose Squadron read with interest the comments from the Base W. A. Correspondent two weeks ago, with regard to peak efficiency both in Base and R. & I. While taking a bow, the numerous Gen. Men of the Squadron at present scattered about getting things done, wish to reiterate that doing more than a fair share means, in Service lingo, being "Joe." . . . and everyone takes a dim view of one's good nature and efficiency being taken advantage of.

Ritchie, Boorman and Latham . . . now at I. & R., occupy a quiet little room in one of the married blocks. On a visit to their quarters recently we noted a sign posted by the door, which warned:

"To make your visit a pleasure, and for yourself esteem, We insist that at your leisure You use not words rude, obscene."

To add insult to injury, the sign adds, "Penalty for use thereof, one ha'penny per word. . . . No credit." We understand that already over five shillings have been collected . . . which means a ha'penny of a lot of profanity in any man's language! (120 words, no less).

A local sheet reports that Squadron Operations were begun in earnest by "yours truly" from the Armoury. "The Armoury opened the attack by shooting lines . . . Boy, what lines . . . to a new girl! So we're a lighter squadron now, eh? We gather that such being the case, expended

Aramo could have been used only by a Kitty-hawk!

Swordfish Cece Woolf and Doug, Harold fell into bad company in Llandudno two weeks ago, when Goosemen Robinson from the Post Office, Boosast, B. Ft. Fitter Sgt., and Molyneux and Hindmarsh from the Armoury led them astray into divers pubs in divers places. Woolf and Harold, Gen. men correspondents for WINGS ABROAD, alas, let Yea Olde Fourth Estate down badly!

Flight Sgt. Discip. Jim Tennent celebrated his freedom after a two weeks' hospitalisation period, by an evening in "The Blacksmith's Arms." The following day he made news, for on his right cheek he bore the unmistakable marks of a dainty (?) set of molars. Someone (maybe a WAAF) probably felt hungry.

"Craftiest WAAF of the week" title belongs to some unknown squadron lass who rolled into her billet very late, and scattered corn ears on other people's bed spaces in an effort to pass off convicting evidence.

All Wet

Another "first" for the much-travelled Goose Squadron is the acquisition of swimming pools on squadron offices—to say nothing of the Post Office. If any station or squadron receives any moist-looking letters from us, don't think we cried over the efforts required to write them. Dripping roofs are responsible. The boys of the O.R. and Post Office in particular have taken to wearing rubber boots to work. One bright air crew lad suggested the floor of the orderly room as the scene of the next Dinghy practice.

Congratulations to our former Adj. S/L Frank Moore, whom we understand has at long last "had his time," and been ushered to the altar. All good wishes, sir.

"Bubbles" Stan Jenkins has that worried look these days. Could be a triangular set up involving his girl friend. What is it this time? Pip, Pip, Pip?

"We pranged that place so well last time we were there, that there's no need for us to return to it," says P/O Jim Teskey, who hails from Kingston, Ont. We gather that the German town won't be welcoming F/O "Smitty" Smith's crew any more, if Bomb-Almer Jim's story is correct. He states that more details are available from his pilot, "Line Shoot."

HEADQUARTERS

EVERYBODY from the Air Commodore down will gather at a Personnel Party on Thursday night to honour the victorious Personnel team. H.Q. softball season is drawing to a close. The Overseas Softball Championships are yet to be played. It has been heard that Headquarters is still in the International League. My! My! The Sadie Hawkins. "You've been taking me—now I'll take you," affair on Friday night was an overwhelming success. Airmen breezed past the door with happy grins while Wids shelled the price of admission. Inside flashbulbs popped in profusion. Cute cakes with one candle apiece flickered on the tables. With the RCAF dance band there, things were much like home. Holy Cow, we gotta have more doos like that.

Glamorous Abe Ellis's war memoirs will certainly contain words about our mate Duthie. Returning from his Saturday night flights, Duthie will always sit down and write a letter to "Dear Duthie." Then there follows a detailed account of the night's operation. Could be just to prove that he was there or Duthie is weeping about the mail shortage.

"Doogy" in a Sandwich Board

The staff money box in the Headquarters canteen is giving ideas to Cpl. "Doogy" Duguid, pidgeon hole ace in the Post Office. He is seriously considering such a set-up for his department. Soon you might see a huge box labelled "Staff" in the P.O. with "Doogy" standing in a sandwich board labelled "No monya—no mail."

If you find it difficult to talk to LAC Roman Grenchuk these days, here's the reason why. Last week he was congratulated by an inspecting officer as being "the nicest-looking airman on parade." Oh, you kid!

"Whoops—I'm reluctant," sang Cpl. Jack Steffens on being released from the croakers at a Canadian hospital after three weeks there. "I left with much regret," he said. We don't feel so well. Where is this place?

The forest of arms bobbing down Newmans Row in the early hours will be our heroes, sweating it out in practise for gorknows what. Said one of the "Camp Commandos," "Our rifles weigh about 14.5 pounds. After a few times up the row the decimal points drops out."

A high-falutin' Oxford "Haw" has dropped out of the chatter of what sounds like fifty million Wids in the Records Office. Mayfair weeps. Park Lane is despondent. LAC Christopher, Savoy's canteen cowboy, has left the Piccadilly prairie for good.

THE MUSTANG MEN

By SLICH

REETINGS, everybody. Here we are again, the Mustang Men, having been divided, multiplied, added and subtracted until we don't really recognise ourselves. We, like the boys of the Eighth Army and their "Monty," have our own "Money" (pronounced as in "honk" not in "hank"). We are doing our best to wear down W/C E. H. Moncrieff, A.F.C., but so far he is holding his own nicely.

This business of camping out at the Government's expense isn't nearly so bad as we had feared. Like other things which we could mention, the first six years are the worst. If they'd only let us grow our beards. Our baseball house league has gotten away to a grand start, with Lannigan, Friedlansky, Scheff and Neeson playing a snappy ball. The first game of the season was a highlight when the H.Q. team beat the spots off the Officers. On a recent Sunday we played an exhibition game with one of our contemporaries. What an exhibition! And now our airfield paper is about to make its debut. Honours to our electrical section, whose article we deem worthy of WINGS ABROAD. Here 'tis.

"The word 'electrician' is often mistaken for 'magician,' probably because the lay mind cannot properly conceive our commodity. But the boys in the section have certainly waded through lots of blood, toil and sweat. Unfortunately their sleeping hours have been disturbed by nightmares of gremlins wailing, 'Fix a light in my tent' or 'Can I plug in a heater on your supply?'"

Only Dirty People Wash

Domestic life in tents hasn't been too bad. The provision of draught excluders, straw, Mk. 1, has removed the chief discomfort apart from leaky tents. By comparison, the supply of water for washing purposes has sometimes been rather scarce, but, after all, it's only dirty people who wash. Our laundry methods, too, may be unorthodox, but at least they are effective.

This week's gongs are awarded to Sgt. Rutley for sheer hard work; to AC Sequin for the welfare of the troops; and to LAC Holmes for education in the appreciation of the fair sex.

The drinks this week are on Sgt. Sanderson and F/S Hancock. Nice going, men! But the phenomenon of the week is Cpl. LeBrecque—had his drill test in the morning and his hooks were through at noon. How do you do it, pal?

WOMEN'S DIVISION

WELL, the Wids had a Birthday Ball—and what a ball! Everyone there agreed it was the most fun they had had ever—well, at least since they danced at one of our stations back home. The highlight of the evening was the presentation of a birthday cake, with a candle lit for each of the girls of the first contingent to come overseas, by Air Marshal H. Edwards, C.B., A.O.C.-in-C., to F/O Pat Griffin. The girls reciprocated with a song, and then other members of the Women's Division to come over later put on a brief but entertaining floor show. Our RCAF dance band supplied the music, and to them we would say "Thank you."

LAW Mary Gary, who hails from Dayton, Ohio, made an excellent M.C.—and to her goes much credit for the production of the "show." But she didn't sing, and we're disappointed because we think she can! Maybe another time, eh, Mary? Those dainty little place cards you saw on the tables are the brain child of Cpl. Vermander, who labours in D.A.S.

LAW Hollings had better take a bow as well, because it was she who arranged the tables and saw that these lovely little cakes and sandwiches were there for you to eat.

We're sorry one of our originals was unable to be present. Eileen Hassett, a Vancouverite, found herself packed off to hospital one day with a case of jaundice. You know, that horrible thing that earns for you the nickname of "Buttercup." Hope to see you back with us soon, Eileen.

But enough of that party. There was another—on Wednesday night—which our—two

FILM LOG

"HEAVEN CAN WAIT" (Gaumont (Haymarket) and Marble Arch Pavilion).

The spirit of this production is in the same category as the pungency of a fine Havana and the mellowness of aged Cognac. "Urbane" is the word for the film.

The story of Henry Van Cleve, who lived from 1872 to 1942 on "Jole de vivre," with some support from the family millions, isn't much as a story. The plot is thin. Mr. Lubitsch, through capable direction, and lavish production turned it into one of the year's best comedies.

Gene Tierney for the first time in her career displays the rudiments of acting ability. Don Ameche is suave in the role of Henry. Only in the later reels does he slip back into the pained anxiety common to his acting. The supporting artists are all more than competent.

officers, F/O Pat Griffin and S/O MacArthur—gave to us. After the consumption of great gobs of the most delicious food you've ever set eyes on, everybody sat round and talked over the past year and its many changes.

Say, you don't mean to tell me, George, that Cpl. Peggy Douglas, a Winnipegger, is going khaki on us! Tsk! Tsk! And we liked that two-tone colour combination of Australian and Canadian Air Force blue so well.

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ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

THEATRES	
HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272 Eves. 5.40, Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.25. GEORGE BLACK tells THE LISBON STORY A Play with Music	LEICESTER SQ. THEATRE. Whi. 5252. MARIA MONTEZ, SABU in WHITE CAPTIVE (A) Perfs. at 11.40, 2.10, 4.40, 7.10.
PALACE. Ger. 6834 Eves. 6.30, Wed. & Sat., 2.30. JACK HYLTON'S HI-de-HI with FLANAGAN and ALLEN	LONDON PAVILION. Starting Friday. ERIC PORTMAN, ANN DVORAK in ESCAPE TO DANGER (A)
PALLADIUM. Ger. 7373 Twice Daily at 2.30 and 5.15. VARIETY COMES BACK.	MARBLE ARCH PAVILION. May. 5112 ERNEST LUBITSCH'S HEAVEN CAN WAIT (A) (In Technicolor) Weekdays: continuous 11 to 10. Sundays: continuous 3.30 to 9.
PRINCES. Tem. 6596 Eves. 6.15, Thurs. & Sat., 2.30. FIRTH SHEPHERD'S New Musical Extraordinary MAGIC CARPET SYDNEY HOWARD, CYRIL FLETCHER. "The Best Revue in Town."—S. Pictorial.	NEW GALLERY. Regent St. Reg. 8080. DEANNA DURBIN & JOSEPH COTTEN in HERS TO HOLD (U) Weekdays: continuous 11.15 to 10. Sundays: continuous from 3.30. Sunday next: VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER
PRINCE OF WALES. Whi. 6681. Twice daily at 2.40 and 5.30. Sid Field in GEORGE BLACK'S STRIKE A NEW NOTE.	NEW VICTORIA (G-B). Opp. Vic. Stn. ROBERT TAYLOR in BATAAN (A) TAHITI HONEY (U), News, &c. Weekdays: continuous 11.45 to 9.45. Sundays: continuous 3.30 to 9.
SAVILLE. Tem. 4011 Eves. 6.20, Wed. & Sat., 2.30. FIRTH SHEPHERD presents JUNIOR MISS "Riot of laughter. . . brilliantly acted . . . screamingly funny."—S. Dispatch.	ODEON, Leicester Square. Whi. 6111. BETTY GRABLE CESAR ROMERO in CONY ISLAND (U) In Technicolor. Showing at 10.35, 12.55, 3.15, 5.35, 7.55.
STRAND. Tem. 2660. Eves. 6.10, Thurs. & Sat., 2.30. FIRTH SHEPHERD presents ARSENIC AND OLD LACE Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Frank Pettingell, Edmund Willard	PARAMOUNT. Tottenham Court Rd. BARBARA STANWYCK STRIPTEASE LADY (A) JOAN BENNETT MARGIN FOR ERROR (A) Sunday: THE RAINS COME (A)
VICTORIA PALACE. Vic. 1317. Twice Daily 2.30 and 6.0. (Ex. Fri. Mat.) LUPINO LANE in a farcical musical LA-di-JA-di-DA "A laugh a minute."—Daily Express.	REGAL, Marble Arch. Pad. 8011 BETTY DAVIS and PAUL LUKAS in WATCH ON THE RHINE (U) Commencing Friday. For times of showing see daily Press.
WINDMILL, Picc. Circus. 12th Yr. REVUEVILLE, 166th Edition. (6th week) Continues daily, 12.15—9.30 p.m. Last performance 7.30 p.m. A VIVIAN VAN DAMM PRODUCTION.	TATLER TH. (G-B). Charing Cross Rd. ANGLO-SOVIET SEASON MASQUERADE (A) Brave Girl (U), Easter in Moscow 1943 (U)
CINEMAS	TIVOLI, Strand. Tem. 5225. DEANNA DURBIN & JOSEPH COTTEN in HERS TO HOLD (U) Weekdays: continuous 11.30 to 10. Sundays: continuous from 3.30.
DOMINION (G-B). Tottenham Court Rd. ROBERT TAYLOR in BATAAN (A) TAHITI HONEY (U), News, &c. Weekdays: continuous 11.45 to 10. Sundays: continuous 3.30 to 9.	WARNER, Leicester Square. Ger. 3423. BETTY DAVIS, PAUL LUKAS in WATCH ON THE RHINE (U) With Geraldine Fitzgerald, Lucile Watson, Beulah Bondi, George Coulouris. For times of showing see Daily Press.
EMPIRE, Leicester Sq. Starting Friday. HITLER'S MADMAN (A) with Patricia Morison, John Carradine, Alan Curtis, Ralph Morgan.	Printed by St. Clements Press, Ltd., Portugal Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2, and published by ICAEW "Wings Abroad," 20, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

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