

Spitfires Cover Fifth Army Advance

BASED IN FRONT OF BIG GUN BATTERIES

Canadians Flying Clipped-Wing Version Spits in Reconnaissance Sorties Behind Enemy Lines

"HAP" KENNEDY NAMED FLIGHT COMMANDER

DOVETAILING their strategy to the needs of the land fighting, Allied air chiefs sent RAF Spitfire squadrons in which a number of Canadians are flying to operate from an airfield in advance of the Fifth Army's artillery positions a few days before the first seaborne assault south of Naples.

The squadron moved in and went to work at a newly-built landing strip a short distance from the beaches. The batteries were situated a quarter of a mile back from the billets, and the continuous roar and flash of the barrage kept the advance party awake the first night.

The Spitfires had flown in from Sicily that day and touched down safely without running into any German fighters during the trip. The same day pilots and ground crew came in by transport plane and ship, beaching close to the field and advancing past the thumping artillery to the landing strip.

Among the Canadians who arrived with the first squadrons were P/O Bruce Ingalls, Danville, Que., and F/S Tom Larlee, Woodstock, N.B., who serve in the same squadron and formerly flew together in the same squadron of a Canadian Fighter Wing in Britain. Another early arrival was F/O J. R. Woolgar, veteran Edmonton pilot, along with Sgt. D. J. Schmitz, Humboldt, Sask., and P/O L. E. Gregory, Saskatchewan.

With them was a recent arrival on the squadron, F/S Fred Halliday, Toronto, who has flown Spitfires, Wellingtons and Bombay hospital transports since winning his wings at Yorkton, Sask. Halliday sailed for Africa soon after landing in the U.K., and took advanced training in Egypt on Wellingtons before converting to Spits.

An Out-of-the-Way Job He got into the African campaign in an unusual role, flying big Bombay hospital and supply ships. "That came about the time of El Alamein," he recalled. "The Bombs were taking out wounded from the front and flying mail and supplies around the desert."

His work took him over a good bit of the Middle East, and he was much impressed with Tel-Aviv in Palestine while in that part of the world. Halliday joined his present squadron about the time of the Italian invasion, flying from Africa in a transport with other new pilots.

RCAF men have seen action since the start of the campaign in some of the hottest fighting that has developed there. A Toronto Spitfire pilot, P/O Bill Reid, was

INITIAL DO AS A FLIGHT LEADER IS A BIT SHAKY

Iroquois Plane is Dogged By Bad Luck But Does Job

On his first trip as a flight commander with the Iroquois Squadron of RCAF Bomber Group, S/L Bill Pleasance, Calgary, got more than his full quota of close shaves.

The target was shipping in enemy waters. The bomber had just taken off when a leak was discovered in the airframe. That meant no brakes for the landing when the job was finished.

"Then we lost one of our main navigational aids, and the navigator did a magnificent job to get us to our target," says S/L Pleasance.

After the task was completed the aircraft ran into bad icing conditions and Pleasance had difficulty in maintaining height.

Soon enemy nightfighters began to worry the big machine. Two attacked within a few minutes of each other. The mid-upper gunner, Sgt. Jack Tagg, Burlington, Ont., got in a

flying with a RAF squadron recently when they took on 12 F.W.190 fighter bombers over the Italian coast and shot three down. The Germans had loosed their bombs when the Spits dived down on them. Reid fired at two of the 190s but was unable to confirm a score.

"I got in a burst at the first one in a tight turn," he said, "but I could not actually see my fire striking home. A moment later I saw one going down in flames, but we couldn't confirm whether it was mine or not."

"Hap" Gets Boost

Sgt. J. C. Turcott, Sudbury, Ont., who used to fly with the Red Indian squadron in Britain, was one of the first Canadians to land in Italy. In the same squadron as Turcott, F/L I. F. "Hap" Kennedy, who has destroyed seven enemy aircraft, has been appointed a flight commander. Other Canadians in this outfit are Sgt. Bill Downer, Midland, Ont., and P/O Bill Hocky, Kentville, N.S.

More RCAF pilots have been doing vital tactical reconnaissance on the Naples front in a clipped-wing version of the Spitfire. Flying with a British Army co-operation squadron, these boys have been skimming over the battle lines gathering information which enables infantry and armoured units to be directed at important enemy strongpoints.

Among them are F/O Walter Locke, Victoria, B.C., F/O Dave McBride, Montreal, F/O Ian Caldwell and F/O Bruce Evans, both of Winnipeg, and F/O Kent Carlson, San Diego, Calif.

(Continued on page 5, col. 5)

burst on the first attacker. The second fighter came in fast, threw a few rounds at the Halifax and broke away sharply.

Smart Like a Rat

Later a third Nazi fighter trailed the bomber for 15 minutes, sitting out on the port quarter with its lights on to simulate a friendly aircraft. It attempted an attack, but did no damage.

Off the German coast a flak ship sprayed the air, hitting and knocking off the cowling of one engine. One motor quit for a moment and the gas gauges were knocked out. The flight engineer, Sgt. Morley McGill, Komewood, Man., got both the engine and the gauges going again.

It was questionable whether the Halifax would get back to its base with gas running low. When it did finally touch down there was hardly sufficient gas left in the tanks to taxi around to dispersal.

Other members of the crew included F/O Dave Tylor, Regina; F/S Eddie Ihde, Killam, Alta.; and F/O Lorne Retstein, Toronto.

Raiders Fan Out Over Reich

CONKED ENGINES DON'T STOP HIM

Sgt. John "Sharpy" Keene, Orono, Ont., is getting quite a reputation as a three-engine pilot about the flight rooms of the Bluenose squadron. For the second consecutive time Sharpy has brought back his Halifax with one engine dead. He was three days late after a bombing show over Frankfurt. Most of the time was spent waiting for the weather to clear after he had landed on a strange air-drome.

On the way to the target one of the engines went. With a dropping oil pressure, "Sharpy" continued, and after the bombing run shut it off. On the way back their bomber dropped down to 12,000 ft., and so Sharpy parked his kite at the closest air-drome.

On the previous raid, Bochum, an engine quit over the sea, and to add to the general discomfort, only one of the aircraft's guns was operating. Nevertheless, they completed the operation without event. A fighter shadowed them for five minutes, but Sharpy managed to lose him.

"Sharpy's" first raid was rather hectic. His aircraft, with a Hun nightfighter riding its tail, was coned for nine minutes over Hanover. In the same crew with "Sharpy" are F/O Bill Roberts, navigator, Salford, Ont., Sgt. Bill Kunkel, mid-upper Cargill, Ont., and Sgt. Glenn Rice, New Toronto, Ont.

FOUR AWARDS WON BY RCAF AIRCREW MEN

F/L Julian Sale Heads List of Gongs With D.S.O.

A D.S.O., two D.F.C.s and a D.F.M. went to Canadian airmen this week in the list of awards published by the London Gazette.

F/L Julian Sale, Toronto, was the D.S.O. winner. "In air operations," says the citation, "this officer has displayed great skill and achieved many successes against the enemy's most heavily defended objectives. His unconquerable spirit of determination, great gallantry and fortitude have set an example beyond praise."

For remaining at his set, though wounded by flak, F/S John F. Smith, wireless operator, Chatham, Ont., was awarded a D.F.M. F/S Smith was hit in the eye by shrapnel and he refused attention until the target had been bombed. During the return flight he continued to work at his wireless, executing his duties with skill and coolness. He is cited for courage and devotion worthy of high praise.

D.F.C.s were awarded to F/L Robert H. Cochrane, Montreal, and F/O Sander W. Wilhelmsen, Elbow, Sask. F/L Cochrane got his gong for determination and devotion to duty and particularly for a good job in an attack on Mannheim. His kite was hit near the target. Despite an extensively damaged port wing tip F/L Cochrane completed his bombing run and then flew safely back.

"As wireless operator air gunner," says Wilhelmsen's citation, "this officer has taken part in a large number of sorties and has displayed skill and devotion to duty of a high order. He is a most valuable member of his crew, whose work in recent operations has been worthy of high praise."

HELLO, BROTHER

LAC George Weir, Winnipeg, flew with a Canadian Conversion Unit, says brother Val, a Sergeant Navigator, has recently landed over here. They got together in London and celebrated the occasion appropriately.

PENGUINS GIVE THE EAGLES WINGS

The phrase may be stolen from a recruiting depot poster but the Moose squadron's ground crew "keeps 'em flying." With only an hour to go before the squadron was scheduled to take off for a raid on Frankfurt, "J" for Johnny was u.s. The entire tail oleo leg and a magneto had to be changed. Normally it would be a two hour task. It looked like the Halifax wasn't going to Frankfurt—this time.

An hour later F/O Harold "Brownie" Brown, D.F.C., skipper of "J" for Johnnie, watched the aero-engine mechanics working to the last minute on the magneto of one of his four motors. The riggers were putting the final touches on the remounted oleo leg.

Said F/L R. P. Bales, Montreal and Toronto, the squadron engineering officer, "It was a case of whether or not Frankfurt

would have a few thousand pounds more bombs to worry about, so the boys pitched in and did a marvelous job.

The ground crew boys are just as keen to get the kites into the air as the boys who do the flying," says the flight-lieutenant, who points out that often motors, tires and wheels are changed at the last minute so that the bombers can get airborne for visits to Germany.

Supervising this quick change artistry on "J" was F/S Fred Sinclair, Durban, Man. The riggers who worked on the tail included ACI Frank Korody, St. Catharines, Ont.; Sgt. Herb Ball, Windsor, Ont.; Cpl. Jim Lindsay, London, Ont.

The aero-engine mechanics who exchanged the magneto included ACI Don Herrett, Springhill, N.S., and LAC Ace Pratt, Ottawa.

RCAF LASH AT SOUTH BEFORE HITTING NORTH

Bremen and Hanover Were Twin Targets Friday Evening

STUTTGART SMASHED

Adopting spread-eagle tactics, the night bombers made two sweeps over Germany during the week. On Thursday night they fanned out over southern Germany with Stuttgart as the major objective. Friday evening a two-pronged attack was staged against Hanover and Bremen.

RCAF Bomber Group sent a heavier force to Hanover than any they have put in the air since the conversion to heavy bombers began earlier in the year. One Wellington squadron was included with the Lancasters and Halifaxes sent to Hanover by the RCAF.

More fires than during the previous raid on Hanover were reported by P/O I. H. Nicholson, Lakeview, Ont.

There was some night fighter opposition. Sgt. H. F. Blinder, Toronto, told of a brush his Lancaster had with a Ju.88. The enemy came in from the port quarter but evasive action shook him off.

Some of the Canadians on the Hanover attack were:—F/S T. H. Kimmitt, Calgary; F/S L. E. Goodkey, Bancroft, Ont.; F/S A. Delestus, Toronto; and F/S G. Cattiny, Lakeview, Ont.

A little more than 50 miles to the north Canadians in RAF Stirlings were over the Weser river punishing Bremen.

Among the Canadians over Bremen were:—F/L B. Day, D.F.C. Aylesford, N.S.; Sgt. P. Clippard, Windsor, Ont.; Sgt. Harry Spence, New York; Sgt. Ken Pollitt, Hamilton, Ont.; Sgt. Bud Spencer, Hamilton, Ont.; Sgt. Norman Gay, Toronto; Sgt. M. Lattimore, Winnipeg; Sgt. Dave Cantera, Winnipeg.

Stuttgart The Thunderbird and Goose squadrons of RCAF Bomber Group were out with RAF aircraft last Thursday night over southern Germany. Stuttgart and other targets in the area were bombed.

Most of the crews reported that things were quiet above, but that fires raged and explosions roared on the ground in the target area.

For P/O "Mac" Malcolm Shaw, Amherstberg, Ont., "There was no scenery," meaning flak.

There was good cloud cover over the target, according to F/S A. G. Hall, Leamington, Ont., who flies in an RAF Lancaster.

"We bombed right on the target, but apart from one very big explosion, which threw up a big cloud of black smoke, clouds prevented us from seeing the results," he says.

Other Canadians who flew to Stuttgart in RAF aircraft included F/S G. K. Thompson. (Continued on page 2, col. 4)



Fighter pilots at an RCAF advanced airfield in England swarm over a tank which has been brought to their drome for inspection. (Official RCAF Photograph.)

WALRUS MEN GET WET PEOPLE TO DRY LAND

Crew Helps All, Grateful American or Stiff Prussian

Whether it's an arrogant Prussian or a friendly American pilot, Sgt. Gordon Brown, Danville, Que., and his Walrus crew are only too pleased to haul folks out of the blue waters of the Mediterranean. The boys of the RAF Air-Sea Rescue Service ply their ponderous biplane amphibians around Italian coasts at a zippy 100 miles an hour pulling off rescues.

Sgt. Brown is one of the few Canadians engaged in this work in the Italian theatre. "The queerest case I've had since the Italian campaign began," says Brown, "was when we dragged a chap out of his rubber dinghy off Sicily."

When the crew got him aboard they discovered he was a German fighter pilot. "If he'd pulled his gun as soon as we got him aboard it might have been awkward," Brown says, "but he was too busy shaking hands with us. In his delight at being saved."

The Nature of the Beast

On the way back the Walrus had to force-land in a vineyard. The only thing to be done was to walk to the nearest military camp. The fighter pilot showed his Prussian nature by refusing to walk. He insisted on being taken in a vehicle. "He was a choice example of the Hun with the officer-complex," Brown says. Most genuinely appreciative

INCREDIBLE SPEED

An old letter written to the late Frank L. Packard said that "if a man went at 140 miles an hour he would be blown to pieces." F/O Frank Packard, of Montreal, son of the popular novelist, received the letter the other day. He himself has often flown his Spitfire at more than 600 miles an hour in dives over enemy territory where he bagged a Jerry recently.

The letter was written May 4, 1910, by the managing editor of "Popular Magazine," criticising a story written by Frank Packard, Sr., on the grounds that Packard's hero was performing improbable feats.

customer was an American pilot whom he fished out of the drink early in the Sicilian campaign. A few days later three others of his squadron were picked up. Soon the Americans sent along invitations to a special dinner party given by the American squadron to the rescue lads as a gesture of appreciation.

"After weeks of bully beef we could hardly wait for the big night," says Brown after describing the menu. "But," he adds, "as tough luck would have it, I had to go out on a job and missed the feed. "Anyhow, it was a nice thought."

LAST MINUTE NEWS

NEW DIRECTOR OF PERSONNEL

Air Commodore E. E. Middleton, formerly Deputy A.M.P., A.F.I.Q., Ottawa, has taken over the duties of Director of Personnel, RCAF Overseas. He succeeds Frank G. Walt, who has been Director of RCAF Overseas Personnel since August, 1942. Air Commodore Walt will assume new duties at RCAF Overseas Headquarters shortly.

"OLE CAMPAIGNER"

By "ARKAYBEE"

THAT "Ole Campaigner," F/L A. L. "Tiny" Parnall (alias "The Blinder"), of Peterborough, Ont., "took a powder" the other day and departed from this little oasis. "Tiny" was Navigation Leader for some time, and completed a tour with the Moosemen, and will be sorely missed. "Good luck, Tiny!"

New occupant of the "Nav. Leader" post is F/O Tom Judah, Edmonton, and he is now firmly ensconced in the chair which had to support "Tiny's" ample avoirdupois in days past. Tom has brushed the dandruff off the shoulder tabs of his aircrew suit where the insignia of a "Flight-Loole" will shortly appear. He'll have his hands full with such "Sextant Sharks" in the section as Sgt. Ed. Gargett, Medicine Hat. The tale has reached our eardrums that when Ed was being interrogated by the G/C as to his suitability to hold commissioned rank recently, the G/C inquired as to whether Ed did any "pub-crawling," to which Ed blandly replied in an injured tone, "Oh, no, sir; I just go to ONE pub and stay there till it closes!"

F/O R. J. "Waggy" Wagner, Spruce Grove, Alta., now sports the twin bars of a "Flight-Loole" also, and is official "Kingfish" in the Gunnery Section now. "Good shootin', Waggy!"

Rose Hip Hop

Many Moosemen meandered madly while music modulated melodiously the other night at the "Rose Hip Hop" held at the WAAF-ery. (This "Rose Hip" business has nothing to do with Gipsy Rose Lee (darn it—they're the berries that grow on rose bushes). A pound of these was the entrance fee, which accounted for the fact that F/S J. "Alibaba" Salaba, Willow Bunch, Sask., and F/S L. "Mac" McGaughey, Trenton, Ont., were thrashing around in hedges adjacent to the camp with a flashlight the night before. We thought they were just "off track," on the way home from a pub, but apparently such "spirituous" thoughts were unjustified. Sgt. G. "Shortstuff" Kane, of Montreal, was seen (and heard) as the seat of his trousers, Serge, Blue, (Stores ref. sect 22F, 468) made unexpected contact with a half-inch pool of beer on the floor when someone "borrowed" his chair just as he was descending on it. F/S "Abe" Abrams, Moncton, N.B., was seen clearing all before him like wheat before a binder as he did a little "rug-cuttin'." All in all, the gang had a good time.

The "W/O. AG" Section have inherited from no one knows where a puppy mascot of indeterminate gender; when it was first taken on ration strength it went by the name of "Bonzo," but after careful investigation, F/L W. G. "Pop" Rice, Hamilton, Ont., issued instructions to the effect that it was henceforth to be known as "Monica." (Authority Squadron Routine Order 51, page 1). P/O M. Wigelsworth, Edmonton, was detailed as "O.C. i/c Mopping-Up Operations" (this has nothing to do with Combined Operations, or has it?), and he further delegated this responsibility to W/O 2 F. Bill Billingsley, of Glenwood Villa, Alta., who carries out his duties conscientiously, if not happily.

RAF WHITLEY O.T.U.

The following chaps have completed training at an RAF Whitley O.T.U. P/O Pilot John Frampton, Regina; P/O Navigator Doug Clarke, Sedgewick, Alta.; P/O Bomb-Aimer George Reynolds, Toronto, and Sgt. Gunner Ken Smith, Winnipeg.

SHORT SQUADRON FLASHES



It's not all a carefree life on the open road for M.T. drivers. Here LAW Melody Willis-O'Connor, of Ottawa, searches for a spot of bother in an ROCAF car. (Official ROCAF Photograph.)



WHEN Schickelgruber put away his paste pot and worked up to taking pot shots at the Poles, a Greek ship was making its way through the Panama Canal. Down in the hold J. A. Lind, Vancouver, was stoking the tub with mighty heaves of coal. When Nick the Greek heard that shooting had started, he made a bee-line for Britain, not stopping until he ran aground at Lowestoft. Lind waded ashore and got a job in the Aldgate Meat Market—"an offal job," he said. Later he worked his way across to Canada, acting as nursemaid to a boatload of evacuee children. Still later he worked his way back to England, this time a pilot officer in the ROCAF. Sticking his head regularly inside a Boston power plant to see what made it tick didn't appeal to fitter "Johnny" Johnston, Ottawa, so he remustered to flight engineer. Johnny has finished his training now and is on Catalinas. He's crewed up with P/O Observer Fred Rigdon, Chatham, N.B. They've already had one flight to Canada—whoops! "On a job like this," says Fred, "a fella's likely to say good-bye to the little woman on a Wednesday and show up a week later after girdling the globe." These boys haven't got much time to get a girl in every (air)port.

F/S Pilot "Mac" McLellan, Timmins, Ont., is instructing prospective pilots at an RAF training school. Mac will shortly be going on ops. Also instructing at the school are F/O Harry Cave, Winnipeg, and F/O Ralph Birch, Winnipeg. They, too, will go on ops. soon. The three expect it will be Mosquitos. "We're okay," seems to describe adequately the two Ferry trips done by F/S WAG Jack Finiak, Grenfell, Sask. He's with an RAF Wimpy squadron. With Jack in the squadron are F/S

Howell Morris, Port Alberni, B.C., and F/S Arthur Engstrom, Winnipeg. Unlike the Ferry Command station that moved Frances Langford and Von Arnim, these boys have shifted no glamour or Jerries. "Just freight," said Jack. F/S Air Gunner L. A. W. "Hap" O'Donnell, Toronto, is with an RAF Mitchell daylight intruder squadron. He is the only Canadian in the crew. "Hap" has had four "pretty quiet" trips. In the same squadron with him is F/S A/G Jimmy Knighton, Toronto.

While being questioned about his career in the ROCAF, Sgt. Air Gunner H. H. Bell was wringing the English climate out of his scarf. Said Bell pointedly, "Hum. It's a lot drier at Spruce Lake, Saskatchewan." The interview was over.

Travels of a Man in a Spit F/S Paul Hurlubise, McEwan, Alta., has brought his Spit down in fields at North Africa, Malta and Sicily. Paul has recently arrived back in the U.K. after finishing a tour with an RAF fighter squadron in the above-mentioned spots. Paul took off on his first operational flight on Friday, October 13. From then on he was employed on escort jobs, ground strafing and providing cover for the First Army. On the 20th the airways got pretty hot, and it was then that Paul was shot down. Flying in a formation of seven, they were ambushed by about twenty Krauts. Neat round holes appeared in Paul's Spitfire and before he could get Jerry's number he landed with a bullet in the leg. For that he spent a month and a half in the hospital.

From then on things were quiet for Paul. He worked out his hours steadily, got a shot at a 110 in Sicily, and then his tour was over. In those times Jerries and Eyties were hard guys to get a shot at. They avoided action and whenever Allied aircraft appeared they'd dive for the deck and scam. Other chaps who came back from the squadron with Paul were P/O William Hockey, Kentville, N.S., and F/O Lloyd Hunt, Owen Sound, Ont.

The Pride of Pentagulshene P/O Phil Marchildon, Pentagulshene, Ont., former Philadelphia Athletics' pitcher, has just started training at a Wimpy O.T.U. as a bomb aimer.

P/O Harold "Mel" Melmas, Edmonton, six feet of operational twitch, has returned to this country after a tour of duty with an RAF Wellington squadron in the Middle East. Operational twitch goes something like this. You stretch your neck out about a mile, twist it to the right, then to the left, tear at your collar and make an agonising face. Could be a tight collar, but

BAS(E)IC NEWS

By JIMMY GUNN

THAT loud noise, reminiscent of a barnyard in the early hours and heard in this neighbourhood early in the week, was just the local sports fans crowding over the triumph of our softball team in the all-England finals in London. So sure of victory were the station commander, G/C Doug Edwards, A.F.U., and the base admin. officer, W/C "Ernie" Emond, that they planned their leave in advance and are now celebrating in the "posh" spots of London's West End and the Cornish coast respectively. The team did a pretty good job of celebrating themselves and are now safely home "resting" on their laurels. "Flash" Genga, particularly, found London so diverting that he is reported to have shaved on two successive mornings, thereby establishing a record. Local orchids are being handed to this column this week, as following quickly on last week's references to the elusive Base Accounts Form A.51, scores of them came through in the past few days, including, mirabile dictu, the writer's own. As a result, Sgt. Tommy Plunkett, with the "kick" well filled, has hied off for the land of the heather, while "Squire" Joe Tumilty is planning an early visit to relatives in Aberdeen. F/S "Hap" Meyer is also wearing a beaming smile, and no longer can F/S Jim Reilly cast sly digs at his rate of pay.

The Saskatchewan "Swirl" We are forced to amend our last week's report of the taming of "Chiefs" Wilson, the Saskatchewan "swirl." It appears that our remarks were somewhat premature, for Willie departed one day on leave, with Y.M.C.A., Glasgow, designated as his "home away from home" (Adv.). The next day a phone call was received from Glasgow to the effect that his leave pass had been found in that city, and the following day those lovely gentlemen in London who love their business to see that airmen don't forget to return to their units when their leave has expired called to inquire for details of the pass of the said Willie. The boy certainly seems to be getting around.

We have noticed with concern the disappearance of the fine literary efforts from the versatile pen of Ted Houston in the last issue of Wings Abroad. Can it be that the Thunderbird scribe is devoting too much time to the good food and "nectar" in a certain local hideaway where he was seen one evening recently in company with a glamorous titian-haired WAAF? It is reported that the party, which from all accounts was a jolly affair, was arranged through the "Scotty" Robertson-Bryans dating bureau, and that a certain warrant officer who specialises in triple runs was among the satisfied customers. If I met the girl, Freddie, I'll warn'er.

RAF Men Goned Congratulations are in order to two good lads, members of the RAF flying with two Halifax squadrons on this base, who have just been awarded immediate "gongs" by His Majesty. Good work, P/O Lionel John Harper, D.F.C., and Sgt. James Geddes, D.F.M.

W/O "Lofty" Horton, just back from a course, is now making plans to return to the same locality for his leave. "Lofty" says it's the weather that intrigues him, but no one here has ever heard of a female with a name like that.

Two old-timers on this base have departed to spread the gospel of Canadian efficiency in other units. Jack Natland, ex-Calgary scribe, having rendered us up on all the latest Records dope here, departed first, to be followed by Cpl. "Mac" MacDougall, who is acquiring quite a knowledge of Air Force law. "Mac" says there's no satisfactory substitute for experience.

Absent on temporary duty at Records are F/S "Chuck" Addison and AC "Mac" MacFadden. Their ostensible purpose is either to straighten out or get straightened out by Records. We seem to have read of the blind leading the lame somewhere before. If no other benefit accrues, however, they will undoubtedly learn the exact location of all the "pubs" in the neighbourhood under the expert tutelage of Sgt. "Patsy" Kavanagh.

after you watch Melmas it gets contagious. The operational twitch logged many local hours on his debarcation leave. After he left the Brewers' Association sighed with relief, and anticipated no more shortages in the London area. A week later he turned up again. Oh, Happy Holidays. Melmas can stand it, but can London?

"O-R CHATTER," YET

By CPL. M. J. SEELEY

OUR morning's tour of the Goose home located a new squadron publication—this time the "O-R Chatter"—published by boys of the Orderly Room, Vol. 1, No. 1, contained some excellent information about "How to Win Friends and be Popular with O.R. Boys."

Golden Rules One, Two and Three warn "Don't ask about your Roster Status; go to London—they don't know either. Hand out in a cheerful manner one cigarette each (before being asked) as soon as you enter the sacred precincts, even if it is your last Woodbine! If on occasion, when seeing an O.R. member in the local pub (which is highly improbable) treat them to a glass (miser!) of ye olde favourite beverage—and we don't mean tea!

Our most recent browbeating comes from our "Das blue" contemporary, the Editor-Publisher of "D.M.T." (Drivers Motor Transport), who implies that we have been guilty of "swiping ner copy" and ambiguously states "Copyright very much reserved. Hands off, Seeley." (That comma WAS in the paper, too!) Squadron bald-headed gentry must be quick about entering their applications (in triplicate) in the said-Heads Contest. The O.K. chief, Sgt. Eric Worth, the genial Photographic Sgt., "Mel" Melstead, both from Winnipeg, and Harold Jupp from Toronto, have already been acclaimed. We agree with Dusty that they couldn't muster a good hair-cut between the three of them!

The posting of F/L Paddy Reynolds, D.F.M., D.F.C., was the toughest news we've had for some time. Paddy's stay with the Goose Squadron had been a long and memorable one both as an aircrew WOP/AG and later, after winding up his operational career, as Signals Officer. He will be missed by his many friends, who all join in wishing him well.

Gruesome Twosomes

There is little "gruesome two-some" news this week, and even our efforts to find out just who was "Belle of the M.T. Brawl" have been of no avail. Now fellows, that was a party! Our fatherly Wing Commander "Tiny" Ferris, D.F.C., attended, as did W/C Sweetman, FAO Glasspool presided at an off-key piano, while F/L Connor spent the evening trying to attend to every whim and fancy of every last WAAF in attendance. The scene of the party was a nearby inn; food and giggle water were in abundant quantity; spirits were high (and well mixed) and Thunderbirds, Geese and S.H.Q. girls and boys had a really fine introductory party.

We understand that one of the chaperones tried to pose as an F/O by playing tricks with his tunic sleeve. Hunt, pardon me, mean Tuck, was the life of the party, and all now know why Frank is known as the flash from Moncton. His better half, WAAF Betty Vernon, had to beat her friends off, we hear.

KITE PLUMMETS AS ENGINES FAIL

Say to a bomber pilot suspected of shooting a line, "There I was, up 22,000 ft., and without any engines. . . ." and he will probably close up like a clam and head for the nearest exit. When F/O Frank Carter hears it he doesn't need to turn tail. To him it actually happened. The skipper and his Bluenose squadron bomber were headed back from Germany over the North Sea at about 22,000 when all four engines packed up and quit simultaneously. "Down we went, 8,000 feet, just like a rock," he says. The flight engineer, Sgt. Jerry Blanchard, Tignish, P.E.I., did some fast work, and got them turning over again before too late and the crew checked in safely.

The boys on the trip were Sgts. Spurgeon Jenkins, Mount Herbert, P.E.I.; Don Goodfellow, Codrington, Ont.; Wallie Rod, Windsor, Ont.; Jack Wheeler, Winnipeg.

FOYLE'S LONDON TOURS

Wm. Kent, Editor "Encyclopaedia of London," Author of "London for Every Man," "London for Every Woman," etc. is in attendance at FOYLE'S BOOK SHOP, 123, Charing Cross Road, on weekdays from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. and on Saturdays from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. to show "Blitz" pictures, maps and books relating to old London. Daily two hour tours, starting at 10.30 a.m. Programme on application. Mark envelope London Tours. Tickets 2/- each.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING

and permanently overcome that ceaseless craving for tobacco. Send stamp for booklet of world-famous method. The Stanley Institute Ltd. (Dept. 43), 265, Strand, London, W.C.2.

R.C.A.F. OFFICERS' UNIFORMS. MADE TO MEASURE IN TWO DAYS. Hadoway's 133 REGENT ST LONDON, W.I. REGENT 3453. ALSO STOCK UNIFORMS.

THE "BAR" REVIEW

By DOC DOHERTY

WE go to press this week with a very odd bit of news—no, not dirt, fellas, so don't get excited. This news oddity is the story of two young Canucks from Vancouver, twin brothers George and Bill Myers, both sergeant-pilots. They joined up together and have been together ever since. After taking an A.E.M. course they went to No. 10, S.F.T.S., Dauphin, as L.A.C.s. Then they were both made corporals at the same time. Later they remustered to pilots and eventually it came through. They took the course and graduated together, after which they came overseas. Of course, there had to be the O.T.U., but they managed that easily, and now they have completed their first "trip" together. It is a long road to travel together.

We have lots of "odd" news floating around, but I hardly think the censor would pass it, so perhaps it is just as well we skip it.

"Pranger" Sturgess he was known as in them days. Yes, airc, that's our S.W.O. You want to know how he acquired that handle? Well, a guy just can't go around knocking WAAFs off their bikes two nights in a row and not acquire some handle—can he?

Now our gaze turns towards the ever-popular Accounts section. It seems that "Chieffe" Sgt. Flanigan, of Coburg, Ont., has his hands full, and not of money, either. Recently the whole staff went out on a private party, and from all "accounts" the WAAFs had to look after the boys—my, my. Then there is the N.C.O. who had plans to "Middle-Aisle" it with a Scotch lassie, but the light went out and his pockets are still jingling. Anyway, he ain't talkin'.

Then, too, there is the case of the most popular N.C.O. who was asked to go home and have a shave. Tut, tut, corporal.

And now for a bit of news from the sporting world. The football game between Engineers of the British Army and the home team was the best yet, even though we did lose 6 to 2. LAC Weir and F/O Thompson scored our two goals. I am told that the score was very misleading, but I've got to see it.



For Extra Smartness the shoes of more & more officers are being polished with NUGGET MILITARY TAN SHOE POLISH.



Gillette is called up. No more deferments for the Blue and Thin Gillette or 7 o'clock blades. As stocks run out they must get into battledress as Gillette "Standard" Blades, but they'll still give you the finest shave you can buy. Gillette in battledress. Gillette "Standard" and "Standard Thin" Blades (plain steel) 2d each, including Purchase Tax. Fit all Gillette razors, old or new.

PAY TABLE CRUMBS

FROM the M.T. Section comes the echo of "School Belles Plus Wedding Bells." At least rumour has it that Ernie is on the downward path. Congrats to Faye and Maxie for by the end of the week Maxie will have placed the "Simple Simon on the lean and long" (i.e., you mugs, wedding ceremony. Pardon my Runyones).

W/O Wingate bears honourable scars these days. Whilst taking a taxi to keep a date he neglected to bank on a sharp corner, and was almost sued for destruction with intent to the jockey's upholstery.

Cpls. Jerry Hanson and Al Ling are weathering-in Scotland this week. Easy on the "five," boys, and belated thanks to Jerry for a swell job on the ivories at our Unit Dance.

Move of the week finds LAW Brooker and roommates in the abandoned dwelling of De Grassie and Davis. With the finishing feminine touches, the girls think it's quite the spot for long winter evenings.

Back to another session of pen-pushing are Cpl. Baker and LAW Hodgson after holidaying—Frieda took the high road to Scotland to collect heather, while Jean stuck with Cumberland and obviously had herself a time.

"Cadet" Smith sends word from her Officers' Training outfit which convinces us it must be cold—they have to undress on arising. Do you want a super-duxe heater from the Unit—Chrislie?

Girls, do you crave a real Canuck breakfast of hot cakes, syrup and coffee? "Cooky" Greer can be seen demonstrating the production of same any Sunday morning if you're interested!

Cpl. Good has returned feeling much better, but Mae McCormack will soon be filling the empty bed—to have one pair of tonsils (airwomen, for the use of) removed. Don't let a little throat-cutting get you down, Mae!

The "Knot-Jobs" are taking the limelight this month—Faye'n Maxie will have said their "I do's"—by the time this goes to press, and LAW Tynen's the following week—have a heart on our shattered nerves, gals—think of all the "Double Chins and Lines" we'll be adding to our constitutions thru' celebrating.

That's all for now, but will see you in church.

T.T.U. GRADUATES

These Sgt. WOP/AGs have completed training at a T.T.U. They are Bill Dennis, Toronto; George Ward, Collingwood, Ont.; "Steve" Stevens, Toronto; Joe Hoey, Winnipeg; "Squiff" Millar, Calgary; and Sgt. Pilot A. V. Ford, Shaunavon, Sask.

SALVAGE HAUL

By Cpl. J. F. CUTLER

SALVAGE seekers would be in for a field day if they were to wander and gander around the peloo's shack. Among the fugitives from the scrap pile known in these parts as automobiles are charlots belonging to P/O G. R. Patterson and P/O J. T. "Carrot Top" Wilson. Add to this the old iron run betwixt Campbell-Prentice and a few more and MacFadden's two-wheeled steed and you have a dandy haul for the salvage people.

Take a bow, Doug Seath, Aurora, Ont., a former sergeant-rigger, now an engineering officer. Among the many packing their bags these days is Sgt. Hank Allen, who expects to hook up with F/S Bob "Old Mother" Strling, at Bomber Command. Three lads heading for the port everyone sighs for are LAC's W. Skretkowitz, Hamilton, Ont., and W. D. Butt, and Cpl. W. Trimbee, all aircrew hopefuls.

The W/T section is being run by F/S Will Small, sometimes known as Chiefy Big, and bids fair to become a combined operations clearing house for the sale of radios, wardrobes, wooden suitcases and suchlike. F/L H. MacDonald, O.C. "A" Flight, marks fairs to his operational tour and heads from here to where? Nobody knows, but from this end there's a bagful of good luck and happy landings. LAC Hurley on his last visit to London invested in a map of the burgh and had to retire to the middle of the street to open his purchase and plot his location. Off to the Big Town again, now Hurley's first purchase will probably be a compass.

From the Mob

This is what we've been hearing from the mob:

Says one erk to another: "What's that green light out there on the wing tip?" Comes the answer: "That, goon, is the starboard navigation light." Fifteen minutes drag by. . . "What's the red light on the wing tip?" the bright one wants to know. "That," hisses the other, "is the port navigation light." "Oh, I see," says the first, "and we fly in between the two!"

F/L R. D. Booth, Vancouver, and F/L R. D. Forbes-Roberts, Toronto, and WO2 P. O. Thomas, Saskatchewan, leading the aircrew gang that blew for other parts. . . Among the earth-bound yokels that have recently swooshed we find: Sgt. H. Marshall, Virden, Man., Cpl. N. Wright, Saskatchewan, Cpl. M. Hunter, Peterborough, Ont., Cpl. C. E. Ferguson, Woodville, Ont., Cpl. L. A. Ramsden, Vancouver, and LAC's T. M. Young, Coburg, Ont., P. M. Toochuk, Toronto, L. W. E. Swift, Winnipeg, J. C. Richards, Cape Bald, N.B., W. Waddell, Alberta, O. G. Gilbert, Saskatchewan, J. J. Hogan, N.B., P. R. McGreevey, Montreal, G. Lemay, Sherbrooke, Que., J. A. Riddell, Montreal, N. G. and Mrs. P. M. Rowley, Calgary, J. Manson, Virden, Man., J. R. "Junior" Westwood, Montreal, W. G. "Drag" Phillips, River Valley, Ont., P. J. and Mrs. Marshall and family. . . s'nuff, no?



Sir James Grigg, Secretary of State for War, converses with W/C Monerleff, A.F.C., Winnipeg, C.O. of an RCAF airfield. Air Vice Marshal W. F. Dickson, C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E., A.F.C., has his back to the camera and Air Commodore A. J. W. Geddes, D.S.O., O.B.E., looks on. (Official RCAF Photograph.)



DUFF GEN

By Cpl. Gerry Butler

SGT. BILL McKIM is a radio mech. who has taken up cricket with enthusiasm and success. Last week he scored a century for Narkover against St. Chads and vows he will never go back to baseball, which he styles as "raucous, rowdy and a bit off-side, don'tcher know!" Bill is planning to introduce cricket to his native Niagara Falls. Sounds a wizard idea, Bill. Wish we'd been there when you were wetting your cricket after the match.

Bud James was made a prefect recently. Last week some bounder liberated his pet ferret in London, which is why the S.P.s were stopping all the Trafalgar Square pigeons for their passes. The ferret was found later in the guard's van of the Flying Scot devouring a hamper of tuck. However, the identity of the ring leaders is known, and the 'Ead' as a rod in pickle.

On his last 48 D.K. "Smokey" Archibald queued for three hours in a drizzling rain to hear a symphony concert at Queen's Hall. "Well worth it," he said.

Seen Here and There

J. "Torpedo" Cameron, poring over the blue-prints of the cottage he intends to settle down in after the war, deep in the heart of somewhere in England.

Sgt. Don Gillies was seen in the British Museum library asking for the latest copy of Black Mask. Don looked tanned and fit after a leave spent near the Eddystone lighthouse.

Cpl. Donny McKay purchased a washing machine and 2,000 yards of clothes-line.

Cpl. Harold Brunton left his solicitor's office wearing a satisfied smile. A WINGS ABROAD columnist stated that he hailed from Teeswater and Harold's libel action was settled out of court for thumping damages. The case of Teeswater City Fathers v. WINGS ABROAD arising out of the same item will be heard by Judge Binder sometime in the Michaelmas term.

Tom Upham winning the pie-eating contest at the Naafi centenary at Stratford-on-Avon. As Tom's jovial, ruddy countenance broke surface through his thirty-second pie he was heard to mumble, "Lush, mate!" Quite so.

You may rest assured, chaps, that these items follow truth as closely as the menu in the air-men's menu.

NORTH ENGLAND

By George Maybee

CONGRATULATIONS to three of our electron bashers, Jack Fenn, Jack Hurlbut and Doug Winfield, who have gone and got themselves flat hats after completing a stiff course.

When Johnny Walker, Bob Sizeland and Pete Melkjohn were asked if they had a good

leave down in London their answers were all the same, "Yup! But far too short."

Vic Swirzow recently left tube-bashing behind and took a flyer at philosophical discourse. While on leave in London he took exception to a statement made by a Hyde Park orator. In the resulting wager Vic came out on top and richer by one quid. Vic hails from Hamilton, and in civvy days was completing his degree in sociology at the University of Western Ontario. As the soap-box Demosthenes discovered, Vic knows whereof he speaks.

Bon voyage to a pair of "Mac's" MacMillan and MacDonald, who are setting out on the long voyage home for a crack at the flying business. Both are Down Easters, MacD. from Cape Breton and MacM. from Nova Scotia. The lads were given the usual send-off by a night's pub-crawling.

VISITING FIREMEN

TO F/L "Red" Skelton, Toronto, radio is just "another barrel on the gun." Red used to hobby in radio but "wasn't a ham." He enlisted as an erk radio mech. and has skyrocketed to end in the business.

"Red" is at present boss of a flock of radio fanatics, one of whom is LAC Harry Thomson, Oyama, B.C. It is Harry you see gazing wistfully out of this belt of corn. Harry has been a radio man for two years now, practically ever since he left fruit farming in the Okonagan valley. If the Okonagan is still there when he gets back Harry will probably go back to fruit farming.



LAC Harry Thomson

"Schlenkir, Medicine Hat. He was hammered down," said Harry, "and you could rib him about anything. Elmer used to get pretty hot about the Nazis."

LAC Gerry Butler, Toronto, crashes through with more stuff for this guff. Says Gerry, "LAC Bill Browning, formerly of the McGill Brains trust, has joined an exclusive social club in the West End of London. He misses the gen. sessions he used to have with his old pal Alec Badenoch, now back in Canada."

The Wimpy Arms

"No fire in the Wimpy Arms lately," he says, "as the chimney was having a mod. put on it. Only things that keep the cash customers warm were Smokey Archibald's red-hot rhythm, and (Continued on page 5, col. 4)"

RECORDS OFFICE

A2 (CAN)

By CPL. W. F. MYERS

IT is a well-known fact that certain airmen, on promotion to N.C.O. rank, are afflicted with that ailment known as "swelled-headedness," but the last person that we thought would succumb to this disease was Cpl. George Coupar. However, still waters run deep, and Coupar is certainly on the river bed. The reason for this—well, what would you fellows do with an N.C.O. who is not happy with just having hooks on his uniforms but has to go to the extent of having them sewn on his pyjamas. I'm not kidding, that's the cold sober truth, just ask anyone here. What the portent is of "Irish" (I'm a LAC) Booth having one stripe up on each pyjama is somewhat obscure.

If there is any difference in the style of this column from the usual manner, blame it on Wallington who got tired and decided to take seven days' leave in London. If he was tired before he left here, what will he be like when he returns? A great celebration was the outstanding event of this week's social activities when Sgt. "Rep" Spalding received his flight sergeant's crown for great and meritorious service. Henceforth he shall be known as flight-sergeant. "I buy 'em, you drink 'em," Spalding, formerly of Minnesota and Gladstone, Man. (He daren't go back after Thursday.) It must have been a rosey do, because he high-tailed it to Southampton immediately the effects had worn off the boys. Why am I always on leave the very time someone gets promoted around here?

"Pruneface"

Sgt. "Pruneface" Doughty had some time explaining just why his upper lip took on such large proportions over the weekend. He says it was the black-out, but he has been over here long enough now to be used to that. Could be the Demon Rum had something to do with it?

LAC Art Bale has at last returned from a somewhat prolonged absence, and he says that he is feeling better. Who wouldn't after being away that long? Anyway, Art, I hope that you will still feel the same after being back for a while.

A forewarning to Glasgow: W/O Cliff Neill is planning an invasion of you fair city sometime in the near future. He says it is going to be a quiet leave, but that is what he said when he went to the Lake District the last time. Oh, boy, if those lakes could only talk. And that marks "30" to this column for this week. Wally will be back for the next newscast.

G1 (CAN)

By SGT. "MEM" AITKEN

TEMPORARY duty does pay! Ask F/S "Chuck" Addison and AC "Mac" McFadden from a northern base who are visiting us here this week. And the boys here thought they knew how to run "pools" and "shoot sugar cubes." Ha! The "No Visitors" sign is now being prepared.

EQUIPMENT GETS CHOKED BY SAND

Not many years ago George Handford was playing around with a "ham" radio station at his home in Innisfail, Alta. Today, at 23, he is the officer in charge of signals on a bomber station in Tunisia.

Except for one W/T trailer F/L Handford's signals setup is all under canvas. Teleprinter, telephone switchboard, code and cypher section and offices are all in tents. Chief maintenance problem comes from the wind which sweeps across the barren plain, choking up the mechanism of the teleprinter with dust and sand, scattering documents all over the place.

"I suppose running a 'ham' station was good training for this," said Handford, who came up swiftly from the ranks after enlisting three years ago. "I was always running up against odd problems then, and we have a few odd ones from time to time out here."

"Junior" Calthness and Ken Franklin returned from "Show Town" this week. 'Tis said that "Junior" must have forgotten his bringing up taught him by the Air Force, as he has "volunteered" to work this week-end on account of said same manners!

It is with deep and very sad regret that we console Cpl. Stanley Cooper. Poor "Coop" was enlightened at a recent air crew selection board that he squints, and evidently that's what air crew aren't supposed to do. Tough luck, "Coop." Anyway, they can always use a good "squinting" compass adjuster!

Postponed launching of F/S "Patsy" Kavanagh's crown gets under way at the local "shipyard" next pay day. As Henry Kaiser has cornered all the champagne, Kav says only light ales are to be used. . . as if you can get anything else!

Those Rumours

'Tis rumoured round here that the Merry Macs are finished as a harmony group. All on account of Hank "Drummer Boy" Sauro's appearance into the musical world with his "Jump Daddy" foursome, consisting of Hank (Basso Profondo), Willie Watson (first bass), "Uncle Don" Bridgman (second bass) and Tommy Boydell (shortstop). Shades of Abbott and Costello!

Why did everyone at the weekly "hop" remark how graceful and "Swan-like" Lee Leeder was cavorting about the floor. Couldn't be anything to do with "Coals to Newcastle," could it, Lee?

Whether it's on account of "shipping shortage" or the final giving up of any attempt to re-win Deanna Durbin, Vaughan Paul is now known as the "man with the pipe."

Everytime someone praises "Winnie," Eddie Sturgeon appears to be around. At least just in time to hear the compliments about the Prime Minister! Then, with tears in his eyes, his shoulders sag, he mutters, "Anyway, it all goes for my Winnie, too!"

With this sad tale bringing the "kerchiefs" from your pockets—among other things—we leave this lovely paper, to return once again next week. We hope!



but when it comes to shaving—this is the course I steer!

- Full speed ahead—no brush and water to slow things up.
Comfort—Sport soothes the skin! So, after shaving, rub in what's left to protect the face against exposure to the weather.
Convenience—none of this brush and water business; that's a big advantage, especially in cold weather.
So, you see, shaving is all plain sailing if you never trust your chin to anything but—

Sport BRUSHLESS SHAVING CREAM for Speed and Comfort In Tubes and Jars

Advertisement for Gieves Limited, featuring the text 'Gieves LIMITED are prepared to outfit Officers of the Royal Canadian Air Force with Uniforms at the shortest notice.' It includes a royal warrant from King George VI and a list of branches across various cities like Portsmouth, Plymouth, and London.

LARRY NOBLE TO GO HOME

Completes First Ops Tour And Gets Holiday Before Second

His first tour of operations completed, F/O Larry Noble, Prince Albert, Sask., will shortly head home for a brief rest. Then he will return to England and undergo a second operation on his leg before tackling his second tour as a tail-gunner.

As a rear-gunner in a Moose Squadron Halifax, Larry saw flak breeze by both sides of his head as it smashed his turret on his final trip. He did not suffer a scratch.

In an earlier raid his leg was injured, and this led to an operation upon completion of his tour. Before he will be in tip-top shape again he has to face another operation once more.

Noble's skipper, F/O "Chick" MacIntosh, Winnipeg, was awarded the D.F.C. for bringing his bomber back from Essen after plastering the Krupps works with both inboard motors knocked out by enemy action.

On the same raid Noble had to deal with three separate attacks from a German nightfighter, which was finally driven away and possibly destroyed.

THUNDER FLASHES

By Ed Houston

THOSE buttons we notice lying about these days belong to the tunics of members of our worthy ball squad, now Overseas champs. Didn't we tell you so?

Principal casualty of the championship trek was Adj. Conner. He claims his pipes are gradually coming round to normal.

Amid great joy there is always interspersed a note of sadness. Our "Reg" Hunt has taken up his tent and walked. It's a promotion though, and we all join in wishing a swell fellow and a refreshing type of guy all the best.

F/L Mark Roach, D.F.M., will miss Reg in more ways than six. Some of the boys had a bit of a "do" for Reg the other evening. S/Ls Hughes and Millward, D.F.C., with their "chief," Winco Sweetman, D.F.C., were tripping the light fantastic in fine style. Our Winco seemed to enjoy the company of one little lady. No names, but Jimmie Green often mentions her to Ed George.

Yankee Doodles

F/O Maxwell is now a second lieutenant in the U.S.A.F. F/O Ayer is one "Yank in the RCAF" who still wears the blue.

Hal Hurley is spending a stay-at-home leave, figuring that the Johnny Canuck boys may as well set a good example to the natives. The rest of the crew of "Shuff" along with Don Berry's Wildcats, are spread out from London to Edinburgh.

F/S Joyal finally broke down and took a spot of rest. Doug Helman is looking after all Joe's tasks in royal style.

W/O Warren and Sgt. Salisbury, members of Second-Lieut. Stan Gaunt's crew, have climbed the ladder a spot. They now own their own "zoot suits."

"Squire" Tomally expects to finish his first tour of ops. before long. He says Jack always presses home his attack, at least so the boys tell me.

GOING TO O.T.U.

S/Ps Sam Huston, Toronto, and Bill Corbett, Vancouver, have finished their training at A.F.U. and will be going to a Wimpy O.T.U.

WE 'SPECIALIZE in those extra touches CANADIANS DEMAND in their OFFICERS' UNIFORMS

Located within 200 yards of R.C.A.F. HEADQUARTERS

Our 50 Years of Tailoring Experience is at your disposal.

W. T. KING TAILOR, 105, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.1. Phone: CHA 7784.

DRAFT OF OFFICERS ARRIVES OVER HERE

Virtually all provinces of Canada were represented in a recent RCAF draft of ground trade officers arriving overseas. The officers have been assigned duties in Administration, Signals, Intelligence, Padre and Public Relations branches.

Included in the group were F/O A. F. Booth and F/L C. R. Welfley, Winnipeg; F/O O. H. Clearwater, The Pas, Man.; F/Ls L. J. Doucet and J. A. Ferguson, Vancouver; F/Ls C. W. Johnson and J. P. Simand, F/Os H. B. Skelton and J. Knott; and P/O S. G. Helleur, all of Montreal.

F/L L. B. Long and F/O J. W. Mayo, Edmonton; F/L N. J. Gallagher, Swift Current, Sask.; F/O R. A. Murray and F/L C. W. Thompson, of Saskatoon; F/O J. F. Rankin, London, Ont.; F/L E. P. Seon, Toronto; and F/O J. Stanley, Kingston, Ont.

THE FOX TROTS

By THE THREE STOOGES

HAVING allowed WINGS Abroad three weeks in which to rebuild its circulation, the Fox Squadron (W/C W. A. McKay, Managing Director) again trots out of oblivion—wherever that was. Due to our golden silence we have many things to report about the ladies and gentlemen (?) of our happy band, but first here is a poem written by S/O "Mickey" Lister, which we sincerely appreciate.

Lament on the Loss of Our Squadron

I'm at a loss just what to say On this grim and rainy day, For the news I've heard is hard and sad,

My heart is anything but glad. Oh, Squadron Fox, why must you go, Our S.H.Q. just loves you so! We know it isn't of your choosing,

We hate to think of all we're losing. So oft we've heard your Winco say, It's a dinger—makes you think, eh?

Oh, not a glimmer, not a clue— Don't know what I'll do with you. We'll miss the Adj.; the dear old chap, His favourite saying—Put on that cap!

Then there's Danny—Old Rum Boon After a binge gets up at noon, There's Don Rae ever record playing, With his snake hips always swaying;

S/L Sinton smiling Of his lady-love beguiling. A host of others young and old Many a curious tale to be told— There are four who "Bridge" forever

Despite whatever kind of weather, Bill Strachan, he just plays horse-shoes— Rare case indeed if he should lose. While Darcy true, we seldom see,

Always is town on the spree. Then there's Hess and Bing and Pat, We've lost our "Belcher" but still have Gaff,

There's Andy, Guy, Holmes and Sinc, Remember him, once in the drink. Poems must end but memories never

They will linger for aye and ever, Of hangovers many—may you have them still Remember that Castle on Hang-over Hill.

The discip. dept. got off the beam during the absence, with leave of F/S Salway. First of all, Cpl. Larry Gravel, of Chambord, Que., almost put a Sgt. S.P. on the peg. The report of the backfire was heard for miles and miles. About the same time, Cpl. Harvey Gilbert, Katrime, Man., speculated at a wedding down London way. It went off without a hitch, so Harvey figures he wasn't best man after all. So much for discip., bless 'em all.

Brightest saying of the week came 't'other night from Algernon LeFoy, of Ypsilanti, Mich., the chapple who passes out the cash every second Friday. Says he, "It's a great life when you don't weaken, but sometimes it's nice when you do."

The many friends in the squadron of LAC Matthews, of Maintenance, note with regret his recent posting. His diversified talents will be missed by all.

Business is so bad over at S.S.Q. that Hospital Assistant "Happy" Carson spent a few days there as a patient. Probably getting some of his own back, or possibly resting up before going on leave.

We welcome our new nav. officer, F/O Kemley, and at the same time congratulate all the same time congratulate all the new air crew W/Os and F/Ss now in our midst. Pay adjustments, gentlemen, will be coming through shortly, we hope.



Three of the ground crew pose with the air crew of "The Turtle" who took old "Slow but Sure," as it was also known, on 15 of its 46 sorties. Ground crew in front, left to right: Cpl. Andre Lupien, LAC La Tortue, Que.; LAC Eric Merry, Vancouver; LAC Yvon Monette, Montreal. Air crew in back: W/O Stanley McPhadden, WOP/AG, Bounty, Sask. Sgt. Donald Ouellette, AG, Windsor; P/O Hewitt Elliott, pilot, Hamilton; P/O Keith Hermitage, bomb-aimer Minneola, Man. (he gave "The Turtle" its name), and Sgt. Ken Cairne, navigator, Toronto.

NAMELESS

By F/L BARNEY RAWSON

YES, that's what we are, the nameless squadron of the far-famed Canadian Bomber Group. Now you must admit, that's a pretty awful state of affairs chaps, so let's do something about it. The stage is all set for some suggestions.

In our last effort we neglected to include the mention of one of the most important members of the whole outfit. That person is none other than Sgt. "Stan" Stanley, maestro of our Orderly Room. Stan came to the squadron as an LAC, and has achieved his present state by fine work.

Whenever you want to know anything about practically anything, just look him up!

Our newest additions include F/S "Ferdy" Fernandez and crew, F/S Hollingworth and his boys, and yet another Smith, also complete with crew. You know, maybe we ought to call this squadron the second Smithsonian Institute!

As we were gathering the names of the new skippers there was a navigator by the name of F/O J. Brown hanging about, and he was heard to blurt, we quote, "Nobody put my name in any paper when I arrived on the squadron." Of course, we replied that we only note the more happy events in this column, so you can easily see what happened in his case.

The other night when the braver types went to the mess to get their hard-earned post-ops meal, there was amongst them F/S Bill Byers. Now, as you probably know, "Bill" is one of the identical twins who is causing us to doubt our trusty eyes these days. So Bill strode up to the waitress and requested his hen-fruit, whereupon he was immediately refused with a curt, "Oh, no you don't, you were here about an hour ago!" When Bill told her that he was a twin the waitress got really annoyed and muttered something about "old tricks," and stood her ground and refused the food once more! Finally the combined efforts of about half a dozen chaps, whose honesty could not for a moment be doubted—yours truly was there—served to convince the WAAF that the poor starving airman should be fed. It is reported that now the Byers wait and go in to eat together.

Our own local Gestapo informs us that S/L "Ho-got-it-on-the-Road" Chipling, is striving desperately to make a Rolls-Royce out of an Austin Seven. It appears that F/L Jim Loomis, our hard-worked engineer, has put armed guards on all his kites because the S/L was observed veering a Merlin fondly the other day.

Passionate Posting

There is a new occupant of the hallowed confines of the adjutant's office this week in the person of F/L Jimmy Carruthers. Everyone was very sorry to see F/L Eric Strathdee leave us. There is a rumour, in which the name Strensall appears, that

WITH RADIO MECHS

(Continued from page 4.)

Bill Ellis' informal discussion group.

LAC Bob Ewart, Winnipeg, saw more aunts and uncles with cousins attached, in six days leave in Belfast than he has ever seen during his life. He was born there, and anybody who is born any place is likely to have uncles and aunts hanging around. He's a radar mech, stationed in Northern Ireland. Bob came over to England for a few days of his leave, bringing with him enough kit to supply the B.E.F.

LAC "Smoky" Norbert Rowe, Dundas, Ont., brings news of his chums on his station. First of all, there's LAC R. A. "Buzz" Round, Toronto, who has had that nick-name for ever. Then there's LAC Keith "Tubby" Johnston, Lucknow, Ont., shut-eye expert of their happy group. Tubby's early morning vocabulary consists of the phrase "Go away" when his chums urge him to "rise and shine." More than once The Tub has been dumped out of his little white downy, only to remain in the wreckage, slumbering soundly. Now there's a radar mech.

For news of the boys on his station, LAC "Hysterical" Ed McKinlay comes through like so, "Here's the Griff."

Cpl. (brand new) "Casanova" Bob Monk and Cpl. "Gen-man Hoppy" Dunbar have left to start aircrew training. Best of luck, boys. What's the M.T. section going to do without our Bob?

Mac MacMillan has had a WAAF sew on his new Cpl.'s hooks "for devotion to duty in face of great odds."

Strath's was something of a Passionate Posting!

Just about the best of our current lines was shot in the mess to-day by F/O "Jack" Bowen, our local Lothario-cum-Casanova. In conversation with another officer, the talk began to get a bit on the lighish side, whereat he stated, "All right, you fellows shoot the lines and I'll do the work!"

We regretted to see the posting this week of F/O Bob Irwin, F/S Sweatman, WOI Wakely, and that happy AG, Sgt. Poppa. All the best in your new spot, fellows. Congratulations are in order for P/O "Ed" Edmonds, one of our RAF types, on the successful completion of his second tour of operations. We hear that "Ed," who is at present a WOP, intends to take a pilot's course, and take another crack at the Reich. More power to you "Ed," some fellows never seem to think they have earned a long rest.

A short while ago the squadron suffered a great loss when F/L Claire Dilworth left us to become a Group wallah. Ever since he joined us as Navigation Leader last spring, his efforts have been untiring to help the boys of his section alone in any way, and also the whole squadron.

"SLOW BUT SURE" WIMPY GONGED FOR GALLANTRY

"The Turtle," a bomber with a soul, has gone out of the lives of those on the Alouette Squadron who knew and loved her best. This Wellington, bearing the mark of a winged turtle, had set a record among the RCAF squadrons in North Africa by going out on 48 consecutive sorties and never turning back once.

She did it in a way that amazed everyone, for when she arrived on the station, all sleek and new, she immediately acquired a reputation for being slow. She was then known only as "X for X-Ray."

That was in June, before the Sicilian campaign. As she went out night after night, often late returning but always coming back, never going temperamental, always dependable, the air crews began to feel a condescending confidence in her.

RCAF IN ITALY

(Continued from page 1.)

As the campaign on land and in the air has been stepped up continually since the Allied invasion of Italy, so the number of Canadians serving with RAF fighter squadrons in that country has correspondingly increased.

Spitfire pilots of the RCAF were among the first squadrons to land shortly after the assault, and Canada has been well represented in every subsequent arrival of fighter formations.

Some of the latest arrivals at Italian bases are S/L Duke Arthur, of Winnipeg, a Canadian member of the RAF; F/L William Olmsted, Hamilton; P/O Bill Dutton, Winnipeg; F/O John Stock, Ottawa; and F/L Ronald Bell, Toronto.

Spitfire Type

Typical of the many Canadians flying with the RAF from airfields in Italy is P/O Bill Reid, Toronto, a Spitfire pilot who has logged 230 operational hours since joining his first squadron in Britain.

Reid landed in Italy a few days after the invasion and went into action almost at once. Already he's been mixed up in several dogfights and has flown in ground strafing sorties against the enemy lines.

On one of these raids Reid's squadron shot up a number of enemy aircraft and gliders, parked on an airfield just off the landing strip.

The day before he was in on a scramble during which squadron mates destroyed three F.W.190s and damaged another. Reid himself fired on two and later saw an enemy machine go down in flames, but was unable to confirm it as his own.

WEDDINGS

WOODS — BILLINGTON. — Cpl. Robert James Woods, RCAF, son of Mrs. Lenore Kampton, Summit, N.J., married Margaret Irene Billington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Billington, Neath, Glamorgan, last Saturday. The ceremony took place at Holy Trinity Church, Holborn, and S/L Rev. J. Jolley, RCAF, officiated.

"With all those ops," said a squadron leader, "you should give her the D.F.C."

So they painted the striped ribbon of the D.F.C. on "The Turtle." And nobody seemed to mind that the ribbon was upside down. A gallant kite had been suitably decorated.



Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. If you feel a filmy coating, change to Pepsodent to-day and see how quickly Irium—the super-cleanser used in Pepsodent—flushes the film away, polishes teeth shiny-smooth. Pepsodent will make your teeth make your smile a ray of sunshine.

7/2, 1/3, 2/2 Including Tax. PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE 1/3 & 2/3 Including Tax.



Supplies are lean BUT I'm a KLEEN! Use me with care and I will serve you well.

KLEEN-EX BLADES Supplied to Wholesalers only. W. R. SWANN & Co. Ltd - Peas Works - Sheffield

THE GRIZZLY BEAR

By WOODIE HOGG and RED HILLEN.

FIVE new pilots are welcomed to the den of the Grizzly Bears. They are F/L Gibson and four O.T.U. types, Sgt. K. A. Kerr and P/Os R. R. Lindquist, C. E. Thorpe and C. F. Armstrong. The glad hand is extended to one and all. More bodies to do the readiness. We wish them every success, and hope that they will help to keep it the best squadron on the station.

The old liberty runs continue to be a popular feature, and we all wish to extend our thanks to that tall, curly-haired M.T. Officer, Jock Wyper, whose co-operation makes these runs possible. Congratulations, hearty and sincere, are extended on the recent addition to his family.

Some of the better types taking advantage of the liberty runs are "Stack Jack" Givens, "Cam" McDougall and "Rus" Orr. The Saturday night run seems to be the most popular with Russ, while the other two, being true democrats, go in every night.

Welcomed back from a week's leave in the big smoke are LAC "Commando" Cullen and P/O Tommy Wheeler. It was a strenuous seven for Cull, who lost four pounds.

There is a dirty rumour going around that F/L Joe McFarlane is about to get himself hitched. However, we all think it a fine opportunity to imbibe freely in the better grades of Kentish Bitter. Cheers, actually!

We welcome the new Boss to the Bow and Arrow outfit and congratulate him on his promotion. We all know that the bath water situation in this camp is pretty grim, but we didn't expect him to go to such extremes to get a bath. However, he can now wear the Irvin "Worm" on his tie and the Goldfish on his lapel.

Our former skipper is doing quite nicely in hospital. The cast is off the ailing knee and it is expected that he will be round and about in a few weeks. Good luck from everyone here.

Red Deer, Where's That?

Well, that seems to be all there is for the present time. Ashfield and MacLaren are still blinding about overwork and Phil Wallace still does most of his fighting on his back, and Red Deer, Alberta, is the best damn town in Canada, so guess who was Joe'd for this job.

Everything has been running smoothly around dispersal this week. Some of the boys even committed laundry on their overalls in anticipation of the return of F/S "Come on, Fellows" Roberts. Hope you had a good time, Robble. A good many of the boys have been taking driving instructions through highways and byways of this section of the country. The boys are beginning to question the activities of Cpl. Bob Condon during the evening hours. Cherchez la femme, eh, Bob?

A couple of the lads are going around lately with a dreamy look in their eyes, with the not-

FROM ONE CAMP

By LAC GOLDBERG

WITH autumn here and winter not far behind, people are planning their amusements. Besides discussions and shows, many Acey-Doucles have made interesting contacts at Aymer's, and judging by the amount of letters certain LACs are sending throughout Britain they mean to extend their activities.

F/O Doug Miller, from Vancouver, has changed from baseball to golf. If he swings a golf club as well as a bat, he should be doing astounding things. Another F/O, "Lefty" Miller (not related), from Edmonton, is happy for a different reason. He and the Mrs. are proud of their son Jimmy... yes, he's one month old.

Despite black-out, walking back from the station you could see the glow of happiness in the eyes of Bobby Long, nay, rather Mrs. Peter Maddock. They were down at Torquay honeymooning. Though late, we extend our congratulations, Bobby. You too, Pete, you lucky stiff.

F/O Rowlands, the Maritime man, has been promoted to flight lieutenant, and F/L Beveridge, from Westmount, the suburb of beautiful parks, and at one time free from taxes, is now a squadron leader.

Sgt. Joe Cassidy, Prince Albert, Sask., has just returned from a week-end in London. He looks surprisingly fit, and another wonder is Cpl. Kenworthy. Ben came in at ten-fifteen one night. What happened?

The O'Goldbergs

Cliff Boland, of Montreal, and "Tubby" Norwood, of Toronto, are going on a machine-gun course. We hear Goldberg is spending his leave in Dublin, Eire. To see his relatives the O'Goldbergs, no doubt. Wally Fields has been visited by his brother, Pte. Bert Fields. This is the second brother to visit the camp. All told there are four Fields on active service. Two are in Italy.

Why do the air crew take so much interest in the "Art Gallery" at the wireless shop? Why didn't Sgt. Gunn's lady friend understand the "Slapper-down-pappy" joke? Why did F/S Proudfoot in his interview come out with, "I have nothing to say"?

We are pleased to admit to our happy family three new crews. They are F/L G. W. Thompson from Vancouver, P/O Johnnie Caine from Edmonton, "Duke" Abelson from Ottawa, F/O Hague from Ottawa, "Red" Stewart from Toronto, and F/S Earl Boal from Regina. We wish them all the best of luck.

Too-distant sound of wedding bells in their ears. Cook-Mk.1 LAC Watson and LAC Tims from the armoury section. Congratulations to an ex-member of our section, LAC McKellar, who casts his freedom to the four winds on the ninth. Belles and Wedding Bells, it seems to get them all. And that reminds me, who's the new love, McMillan?

Here's a coincidence. It's driving the NCOs mad trying to trace the instrument bashers by their initials. They are LAC R. Musson, LAC R. Miller and LAC R. Merridew. LAC Stan Mathews holds the exclusive rights for a super-streamlined suitcase job which he expects shortly to be adopted by Air Ministry, unless he is sued by the local Carpenters Union in the meantime.

The boys are all wondering what is in that bag that one sees constantly in tow of Saul (Brains Trust) Sharo. "Early Morning" Ostlund, the boy with a girl's bicycle, claims that S.O.P.s are superfluous. We see what you mean, Osty.

THE MUSTANG MEN

By SLICH

WELL, we went to London, we played some darned good ball, we came home, but we didn't bring the championship. Anyhow, we're proud of our team, who took two straight games, then went into the final game to fight every inch of the way. Despite the fact that they played a losing game, our fellows sure put across some playing that would be hard to beat anywhere, and we're not bragging. The fellows tell us that they were so tired after three games in a row, that they were all back at the hotel and in bed by eleven-thirty. Oh, well, it's an ill wind...

Some of our pigeons have been piling up promotions this week. F/Os Jack Watts, Morden, Man, and Dick Manser, Sault Ste. Marie, have stopped their binding and put up the second ring. The same goes for F/L "Tailor" Seaman, of Moncton. Over in Maintenance, "Murph" Murphy has replaced the faded thin line with a wide bright blue one. Congrats, Men.

Meandering through the latest edition of our "Mustang Muse" we note that the "Major" (WO1 Adams to you) is having some VERY interesting correspondence these days. And speaking of correspondence, who's the guy in the orderly room who gets it by the handful, then says, "Well, you can't expect her to write TWICE a day." F/O "Beat-em-off-with-a-club" Bell-Bivlar is still making nightly sorties into the local town with P/O "Joe" Chavette running a close second. Isn't it disgraceful the way these F/Os lead the P/Os astray.

Then there's the bit about the blonde sergeant from Winnipeg (Llevenase is the name) who stood so gracefully at the back of the landing barge with his pants in one hand and his boots in the other. What a delightful sight for the Itys. And we find Cpl. "Wep" Weppier, Montreal, being constantly harassed by fair young English cyclists, but we still can't figure out why F/L Belton (S.S.Q.) of Toronto, blushed so beautifully when talking to the receptionist at a local hospital the other day.



The rubber shortage is explained as AC Aaron Wolinsky, Winnipeg, inspects the tires on a Lancaster of RCAF Bomber Group. (Official RCAF Photograph.)

The photo bashers get such a laugh when P/O Moody answers the phone with, "Moody here," and the erk replies, "Sorry, Sir, but I'm quite happy."

These fellows, too, are striving to ascertain whether M.T. is a trade or a fact. It makes you wonder. Our wireless wits pride themselves on talking like "hams." Well... and after all, what can you expect with WO1 "Brownie" running around in a pilot's jacket, looking as though he's about to take off at any moment; F/S "Benny" Kritlis off on a 48 which is liable to be anything from a 49 to a 67; and Sgt. Frank Ward, from Ottawa, dashing into town every other night... for a bath. He says, "But there should be at least one steady influence in the section, now that Cpl. Hogg is back with the knot safely tied and all the doings over. So we leave you this week, still wondering why the erk called a new RAF uniform, a Woodbine Zoot Suit.

WOMEN'S DIVISION

WE finally learn which name to attach to which face, and then one of the girls has to complicate matters by changing her name—that's just what LAW Mary Iscove did last Saturday afternoon when she became the bride of Pte. Ray Wolfe, Canadian Army, also of Toronto. The ceremony took place in Shepherd's Bush synagogue, and the newly-married couple are spending their honeymoon at Edinburgh. Best wishes for continued happiness, say all the Wids.

A W.D. movement has been on foot for some time, which, we think, is worthy of mention. The originator was LAW Eileen Hassett, of Vancouver, who came forth with the bright idea that maybe Canadian service personnel in hospital would appreciate some Sunday visitors to break the monotony. The movement started in a small way. The girls in the service women's ward and men of RCAF HQ in No. 10 Can. Gen., were the first to benefit. Auxiliary services co-operated by supplying a huge parcel of eggs, candy and tinned goods to be distributed among the girls and boys. The idea was quite a success, and LAW Hassett drummed up a bigger and better one, suggesting that the boys out in the famed plastic surgery hospital were, above all others, deserving of some Canadian visitors and Canadian parcels. So, every Sunday, for the past two months, several Wids trek out. And we might add that not only the Canadian boys there, but also the American and English lads look forward to these visits. The girls enjoy them, too. They say the cheerfulness of the patients there, despite their various misfortunes and long hospitalisation, make them (the Wids) wonder what in heck they have to beef about. (Note: They still beef.)

And about a week ago the movement became contagious, when five of the newly recruited Wids, all Canadian born, AW2 Kay Lewis, her sister AW2 Dorothy Lewis, Sarnia, Ont.; AW2 Joanne Crofts, Calgary; AW2 Jean Roberts, Toronto; and AW2 Jean Smith, Montreal, set out on a large-scale visit to No. 10 Can. Gen. AW2 Kay Lewis was surprised when, from out the ward full of strangers, a voice hailed her. It turned out to be a chap she had gone to Sarnia Collegiate with and had not seen since leaving Canada. They talked to some of the boys who had been wounded in action in Sicily. These boys were unanimous in their expression of extreme satisfaction at having been in action over there. The RCAF boys complained that they did not receive enough copies of Wings ABROAD. The five girls didn't stop at just visiting patients. They were even taken on a tour through the dispensary. And so the Wids Visit Warriors Weekly now.

PLEASE - somebody get married, or court-martialled, or something for next week, AND TELL US ABOUT IT. (Amendment: Any bit of news to be submitted now to LAW Pennefather (Notorious Nano), third floor, No. 20).

Another Headquarters type was seen passing down these hallowed halls recently—it was wheeling a hand truck. Not on its two wheels but on one.

The publicity that has been given to Sgt. Dolgy lately is getting good results. He's even getting his mail redirected to the London Zoo. "Speaking candidly, mind you," the great star said at a Press conference, "I'm a little worried."

Ever since Cpl. Handford laid legal tender at the wickets of the local dog track he has had the courage of his own convictions. It was on that day that Handford gave his girl friend a system on how to play the pooches. So she played the Handford way, and came out with a king size fistful of school certificates. Handford demurred and didn't play the Handford way. He came out with one lonely quid.

FILM LOG

"MY FRIEND FLICKA" (Tivoli)

The Goose Bar Ranch is the setting for some beautiful Technicolor photography and acres of sentiment. Young Ken McLaughlin (Roddy McDowall), high strung and sensitive, is misunderstood by his pop (Preston Foster). The kid neglects his schooling and ranch chores for a burning desire to have a horse of his very own. Pop finally gives him one and finds that it arouses a sense of responsibility in the kid and he smartens up. It's touching, tender and fearful. If any of you guys in the Air Force are inclined that way, you'll like it. It gets away from this war.

HEADQUARTERS

LAC OZAD, formerly a clerk at Headquarters, was a visitor here last week. That hammered down hunk of a man was seen slouched in a canteen corner in a suit that was definitely zoot. Ozad's glory was dimmed only when "Melancholy" Moscovitch appeared on the scene in a pretty, oversize set of hospital blues—a zoot suit with a miss fit, a slouch crouch and a high tie.

The most puzzled frowns on the faces of the sequestered M.T. boys appear noon hourly at the Canadian Legion Club. For instance, it was Cpl. Jeffries and Cpl. Searle who were puzzling over the checker game one day last week. Even Cpl. Harry Davis, an onlooker, was puzzled. After the game was over their pans relaxed into that blank, happy stare.

Pre-parade antics took a new turn when F/S Ferdie Fredetta and Sgt. Gord Duff exchanged words on the question of who had a harder time at Headquarters. To back up their claim both pointed out the fact that they were growing through their hair. After much waving of arms and demonstration the argument reached a stalemate. A count by Statistics of each individual's fading mop might prove the case.

Another Headquarters type was seen passing down these hallowed halls recently—it was wheeling a hand truck. Not on its two wheels but on one.

The publicity that has been given to Sgt. Dolgy lately is getting good results. He's even getting his mail redirected to the London Zoo. "Speaking candidly, mind you," the great star said at a Press conference, "I'm a little worried."

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

Table with columns for Theatre Name, Address, Showtimes, and Description. Includes theatres like Hippodrome, Palladium, Prince of Wales, Savoy, Strand, Victoria Palace, Windmill, Dominion, Empire, and Stage Door Canteen.

DONAT IS AMAZING,

as Mr. Paul Tabori has pointed out in the "Daily Mail."

So, indeed, are M.-G.-M.-British Studios, who have now followed up their unique trio of triumphs, "A Yank at Oxford", "The Citadel" and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips", with another which, so far at the Empire, has beaten them all... and this in wartime, with shorter hours and fewer performances!

Large advertisement for the film "Adventures of Tartu" featuring Robert Donat. Includes showtimes (10.25, 12.50, 3.15, 5.40, 8.5) and the name of the theatre, Empire.

Advertisement for Stage Door Canteen at Odeon Leicester Square. Features a list of stars including Cheryll Walker, Merle Oberon, George Raft, Paul Muni, Gracie Fields, Tallulah Bankhead, William Terry, Yehudi Menuhin, and Katharine Hepburn. Also mentions 6 famous bands and a 4th week performance.

Advertisement for Keith Prowse, a ticket agent for all theatres. Located at 159, New Bond Street, W.1. Tel. REGent 6000-16 lines. Includes a list of member theatres.

Printed by St. Clements Press, Ltd., Portland Street, Kingway, London, W.C.2. and published by RCAF "Wings Abroad," 20 Lincoln's Inn Fields.