

WINGS ABROAD

THE OFFICIAL



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AIR MARSHAL BREADNER GREET'S RCAF OVERSEAS

Wishes "Happy Christmas" And "Good Hunting" To All Ranks

This season it is my privilege to send, from England, this greeting to all ranks of the men and women of the Royal Canadian Air Force Overseas, through the medium of "Wings Abroad."

The whole world is happier this Christmas in the knowledge that the defeat of the Axis is in sight. It is my wish for you that the job may be done before next Christmas. However, tough fighting is still ahead.

We cannot ease off until the battle is won. So Merry Christmas, Good Hunting and may God be with you.

L. S. BREADNER,
Air Marshal,
Chief of the Air Staff.



Air Marshal Breadner

A/V/M ANDERSON

This will be the fourth Christmas Greeting many of you will have received over here. I am tempted to hope that it will be the last. But last in a collective sense only. I would like to feel that I could send greetings to each of you personally in the peaceful Christmas Seasons that are to come.

You men have captured the affections of your countrymen and have won the freedom of your native land through your repeated mastery of the enemy. "Wings Abroad" has given me the chance to say what thousands of other Canadians would say—A Merry Christmas to You, Good Luck and God Speed the Victory.

N. R. ANDERSON,
Air Vice-Marshal.

DAVOUD'S MEN TO CELEBRATE

Village Kids to Take Part In Big Celebration By Intruders

An RCAF Intruder squadron is planning a Christmas party that, in the words of W/C Paul Davoud, D.F.C., Montreal, "will be heard about the length and breadth of England." It's to be a combined affair, celebrating Christmas, the squadron's second anniversary, and the third year overseas for many of the personnel.

As their guests the Intruder boys have invited about 300 children from a village near the station and the kids will be well looked after. Each week the Canucks have been turning over their sweet rations to F/O Al Browne, Winnipeg, who is saving them for the youngsters. The boys are buying small gifts to go with the candy. It's just possible there will be a Christmas tree, too. And if a costume can be found, it is suggested that the adjutant, F/L Bob Johnson, Barrie, Ont., play Santa. According to F/L Gordon Thompson, Vancouver pilot, Johnson has all the other requirements.

The grand finale to the Intruders' celebration will be a costume dance, slated for December 27.

ITALY AIRMEN MAKE YULE PREPARATIONS

It looks now as if there will be no sleighbells in the snow for Canadian airmen who spend Christmas in Italy this year, but the boys are determined to make it their best Christmas since leaving home.

For weeks now they have been putting aside NAAFI sweet rations, and by the 24th most of the squadrons will have enough extras saved up to make a party. Some enterprising outfits have bought turkeys or chickens, and kept them around the camp, fattening up on scraps from the messes. One mess jumped the gun by killing the favourite gobbler about six weeks ago, but in most cases majority opinion keeps the mess on bully beef, granting the birds a reprieve until Christmas week.

At one sergeants' mess the boys decided to have a Christmas pudding, war or no war. Cooks put their heads together, drew up a list of the ingredients needed, and each sergeant wrote home for part of the makings. When the parcels arrive the whole issue will go into the pudding. Chief worry now is whether the stuff will turn up in time.

Christmas Message From Air Minister

TO you, men and women of the Royal Canadian Air Force Overseas, some of you celebrating your fifth Christmas far from your loved ones, I send, through WINGS ABROAD, my warmest and most cordial season's greetings.

You men who have fought the enemy aloft, and you men and women who have worked on the ground that those men might fly, have done magnificently. You have earned the undying gratitude of us all at home and you have made the name of Canada feared wherever it is heard in the territories of our enemies.

Those of you who must spend Christmas in enemy prison camps are particularly in our thoughts. Know that we are striving, every one of us, in uniform or otherwise, to try to make this the last Yuletide you must spend as prisoners of war.

And so, at this Christmas which symbolises the peace you are fighting to restore to the world, I say a Happy Christmas, Good Luck and God Bless You All.

C. G. POWER,
Minister of National Defence for Air.

AIR MARSHAL H. EDWARDS GIVES WORDS OF CHEER

Greets Thousands Serving In Distant Outposts Of Hemisphere



Air Marshal Edwards

A/V/M CURTIS

This Christmas marks the end of the two years during which I have had the honour to serve with the Royal Canadian Air Force Overseas, and as a result any message which I can send to the thousands of you who have carried the Canada flag to theatres of war throughout the world must be in some sense in the form of a farewell.

At this time, which has become a season of deep and moving significance in the social life of our young nation, I can think of nothing more fitting to say to you except the greeting which has been used by Christian peoples for two thousand years, and to hope that the empty chairs which will be at the Christmas dinner tables of your homes in Canada awaiting your return will be filled by the time next Christmas comes around. Merry Christmas to all of you in the service, and may God speed the Victory.

W. A. CURTIS,
Air Vice-Marshal.

To all men and women of the Royal Canadian Air Force in the United Kingdom, and to those steadily increasing thousands who are serving in the distant outposts of this hemisphere, I send the warmest of greetings in this the fifth Christmas of the war.

I join with you in our common hope that the next Yuletide will again see peace on earth and good will among men. Meanwhile, you have the heartening knowledge that your contribution towards victory in the air had been instrumental in creating the high hopes that distinguish this Christmas from the wartime ones which have preceded it. I need hardly add that the continuance and acceleration of these efforts will reduce still further the anxious months which will elapse between this day and your return to your homes.

With the New Year, our association ends, and in wishing you the crowning happiness of victory during 1944 I would like to assure you that my regret at leaving is tempered by the lasting satisfaction of having served with you.

May you continue to add glory to Canada's name.
H. EDWARDS,
Air Marshal
A.O.C.-in-C., RCAF Overseas.

EDITORIAL

JOYEUX NOËL

J'AI lu quelque part que les ancients lançaient le cri de: Noël! à l'occasion de tout événement heureux. Est-il un événement plus heureux à commémorer que la naissance du Christ qui apporte la "Paix sur la terre aux hommes de bonne volonté"?

Les hommes de bonne volonté ce sont tous ceux qui se sont unis pour combattre les forces du mal et rétablir la paix dans le monde! Et cette année nous pourrions lancer le cri de "Noël" avec une vigueur nouvelle parce que l'heure de la délivrance est proche!

En faisant un retour en arrière nous considérons les Noël passés et malgré la gravité de la situation alors, nous constatons que tous nous avons su donner à ce grand jour une note gale. Nous constatons aussi l'énorme progrès que nous avons fait et c'est une raison de plus pour nous réjouir davantage cette année et redoubler d'ardeur afin que Noël prochain se passe dans nos familles!

Dans quelques jours nous entrerons dans une nouvelle année, grâce à nos efforts de 1943 nous pouvons entrevoir un horizon plus clair, le tournant à notre avantage se précise. Certes il y aura encore des heures sombres, mais nous les accepterons parce que nous savons notre cause juste et comme tout bon chrétien nous n'avons jamais douté du triomphe de la justice.

Nous célébrons cette année le cinquième Noël de la guerre, plusieurs aviateurs en sont au quatrième loin du foyer. Cette année encore il y aura messe de minuit sur toutes les stations et après la cérémonie religieuse; fête intime dans les "mess", merveilleuse atmosphère de famille où le commandant fraternise avec tous ses hommes, les aviateurs ont atteint l'idéal de la vie en commun! Mais il y aura quelque chose de plus cette année, les figures seront animées d'une joie nouvelle, on lira sur chaque visage une confiance raffermie! Les aviateurs n'ont jamais perdu espoir, mais sensibles, ils ne cachent, pas leur inquiétude dans les circonstances pénibles, aujourd'hui cette inquiétude se change en une détermination plus manifeste encore, c'est: "La certitude de la victoire prochaine!"

Tous les Canadiens de langue française et "Wings Abroad" s'écrit avec vigueur: "Joyeux Noël, Bonne et Heureuse Année."

MACKENZIE WINS FRIENDS

When America's 8th Air Force first arrived in Britain, RAF and RCAF flying control officers were loaned to American stations. Among these was F/L R. A. Mackenzie, Toronto. Though American officers have now been trained in this work, Mackenzie is so popular on his station that the Yanks are blocking every effort to return him to the RCAF. Mackenzie doesn't mind a bit, says he hopes to be with the Americans when they operate from European airfields.

BELLS SOUND CHRISTIANITY'S A CHALLENGE PAUSE IN WAR

Senior Protestant Padre Sends Christmas Message

The bells of Christmas will ring this year after four war Christmas of silence. May this be a good omen. Let the bells of Christmas ring in rejoicing that victory seems to be in sight. A year ago our Allies were hard pressed on the Eastern Front, the enemy was at the gates of Egypt and we heard frequent rumors of heavy losses at sea as a result of the depredations of the U-boat. Today the scene has changed. The Russians have almost driven the invader from their land; our armies, instead of defending Egypt, are attacking Rome; victory is being achieved over the menace of the deep; and enemy strongholds are being blasted from the air. We all wish one another a "Merry Christmas."



G/C the Rev. G. O. Lightbourn

Let the bells ring in thankfulness to God for the valour and self-sacrifice of those of our comrades who, counting not their lives dear unto them, have died that freedom and justice may not perish from the earth. We remember them and those at home whose Christmas is overclouded by a sense of loss. We rejoice that those who have fought so valiantly and have departed from our midst have gone, not out into the darkness, but in the providence of God to a higher and more glorious service.

Let the bells peal forth also a promise—the promise that the child who was born on Christmas Day is destined to reign in justice and truth. Only when Christ holds sway in the hearts of men will righteousness and peace be established in the earth. So let the pealings of the bells be to each of us not only a promise but also a challenge, the challenge both now and when the armed conflict is over, to do our part to bring in the coming day of equity and good will.

NIGHT INTRUDERS

Three Edmonton boys, F/O Johnny Cain, F/O "Lefty" Miller and F/L Hal Lissen, are flying with an RCAF night intruder squadron.

Also from Edmonton and on the same station is F. W. "Kaycee" Coffey, Knights of Columbus district supervisor. Before joining up as an auxiliary service officer, "Kaycee" taught school at St. Joseph's High.

Senior Catholic Chaplain Marks Significance Of Holy Day

Across the margin of the skies of a war-torn world will flash on Christmas Day this triumphant message: "A Child is born to us, a Son is given to us, a King, a Prince of Peace, who shall be called Wonderful, God the Mighty and Father of the world to come. He shall reign and execute judgment and justice in the earth." It is only too tragically true that this glorious message this year, as in the past four, will be heralded by the dropping of bombs and the thunder of gunfire and the moans of the dead and dying. This terrible anomaly can only be explained in the all-too-true indictment of Men and Nations: "He came unto His own and His own received Him not." Yet in the midst of this titanic



G/C the Rev. W. V. McCarthy

struggle, Christians throughout the whole world will pause a moment to greet this Child, this King, this Prince of Peace, and whilst paying Him their homage and adoration, will pray at the same time that His reign may soon come and extend itself over the hearts of all men so that Divine Judgment and Justice may prevail.

It is in this really Christian spirit, I am sure, that we Canadian men and women of the RCAF overseas will pass this beautiful feast of Christmas, so that though separated again this year by space from those we love—mothers, wives and families—we may yet be united with them at the feet of the Christ Child, the Prince of Peace.

There, may you and they receive the fullest measure of Joy and Peace and Grace and Happiness.

Though War grimly dares hold revel at this Sacred Season, commemorative of Divine Love and Divine Peace, signs are definitely appearing proclaiming War's reign to be slowly passing. True it is, a pall still hangs heavily over Earth's devastated areas and Man's desolated heart. The sky this year, however, is obviously brighter, and the commemoration of the birth of the King of Victory, "Who will execute judgment and justice," and of the Prince of Peace, is more highly significant for us who are battling the forces of paganism and injustice and who are struggling for a Christly peace. Though not daring to predict the future, it seems reasonable to state that 1944 will be an eventful year in the history of the

RCAF GUESTS GO TO DINNER

British Legion Are Hosts To City of Vancouver Squadron

Sixty veteran members of the City of Vancouver Squadron were guests recently at a unique Christmas dinner, given in their honor by the local village branch of the British Legion.

There was turkey with all the trimmings, wine and carols and thoughts of home. And from the blackened beams of several ancient barns, which had been united and transformed into cosy club rooms by the RAF Regiment, hung flags, holly, mistletoe.

Sgt. "Jock" Rose, of Glasgow, proposed a silent toast to "The Absent Friends" at the suggestion of G/C Johnny Fauquier, D.S.O., D.F.C., the commanding officer. The big Scotsman rose to his feet with glass in hand and stood for a full minute, with the smile fading from his face, shook his head wordlessly and lifted his glass. Then all the assembled rose and drank in silence.

Exchange Thanks

G/C Fauquier, of Ottawa, thanked the Legion and expressed his pleasure at the close kinship between the squadron and the village. Mr. F. Tongue, Legion president, replied for the hosts. "This dinner," said he, "is only a small token of the gratitude we hold for you all and for the splendid work you are doing in this great struggle."

Following the toasts, LAC Ted Hockridge, Vancouver, led the assembled in community singing, while a movie camera recorded the event.

world and will see a definite turn for the better in the fortunes of the Allied Nations.

Peace has its responsibilities no less than War. Canada will have need of high Ideals, Courage and Strong Character in her children so that she may take her rightful place amongst the nations of the world. On you young men and women, Canada will depend for that future. It is well to remember that shattered ideals and blighted characters will be but a liability and no asset. Whilst girding ourselves, therefore, for the Final Effort, let us enter the New Year with Faith and Hope and Confidence, clinging close to our high principles and preserving the heritage received from our Christian traditions.

In sending this message to all overseas RCAF personnel, it is my heartfelt prayer that God may give them every good gift this Christmas tide and guide and protect them through 1944.

EDITORIAL

SINCERE GREETINGS

ONCE more it is Christmas, and once more the customary greetings are being exchanged by Christian peoples everywhere. In normal years it is a time when families are re-united around the dinner tables and old affections are renewed. It would be idle to suppose that this can be a normal Christmas. More members of the RCAF than ever before will be spending this Christmas in remote and often lonely places, separated by vast oceans from the homes which all Canadians love so well. Nevertheless it will be a happier Christmas than those other wartime Christmases which have gone before; victory is one year closer. Great and wise men have expressed their hope that this will be the last Christmas of the war against Germany. It would be dangerous to count on this because the dividing line between earnest and intense hope for victory and complacency about the final outcome is perilously thin. At the moment when hope ceases to be a driving force in the national effort and becomes an excuse to slacken efforts because the end is glibly held to be certain, then the future of freedom is endangered in a manner beyond imagination.

Christmas has come to symbolise the spacious and gentle character of the life which we are fighting to preserve. It is the symbol of all that is best in Christian civilisation. In past Christmases, in the kind of Christmas that Dickens immortalised, it has been a time when meanness and greed have for a short while been forgotten and when good men everywhere have opened their hearts to their neighbours. To-day it means more. There is scarcely a man or woman in the Royal Canadian Air Force Overseas who does not wish to be home among the familiar faces and familiar scenes which once constituted practically the whole of his or her life. And at Christmas time this pardonable nostalgia is more intense than at any other time of the year. Memories of past Christmases are always sharply embedded in the mind, and the desire to recapture those former pleasures is very acute by reason of those memories.

So then WINGS ABROAD, celebrating its second Christmas as the newspaper of the Royal Canadian Air Force Overseas, sends its most sincere Christmas greetings to those who read it in near and distant places.

PLANNED AHEAD FOR CHRISTMAS DINNER

A bunch of long-sighted Canadian flyers with coastal units in North Africa started thinking about their Christmas dinner a long time before U.K. squadrons did. As early as November they grabbed airtight options on edibles in their area.

W/C Jimmie Thompson, D.F.C., Listowel, Ont., commanding an RAF Bisley squadron, lined up 30 turkeys and knows where there's a small pig. "There will be turkey, plenty of turkey, for everyone," said the Winco.

F/O Claude Bourque, Ensign, Alta., reports that their Australian squadron has part of their Christmas dinner oinking in a pen at a prudent distance from the camp.

Allied Air Fleets Cover Push on Rome

MORE DOGFIGHTS ON FRONT-LINE SWEEPS

P/O Bill Reid Bags Third Messerschmitt; Spits Escort Invaders; Kittyhawks In Blitz on Transport

F/O WHITNEY VISITS ROME, FINDS IT QUIET

BOTH Allied armies pushing up the Italian peninsula toward Rome are getting complete and effective air cover from a mighty composite air force made up of British, American and Dominion squadrons. Until recently German fighters were none too anxious to mix it up, and cruising Spitfires flew repeated and unopposed patrols over the battle lines. In the last few days, however, Canadian flyers—most of whom are fighting with RAF squadrons—have reported a sharp change in Luftwaffe tactics and a new willingness to tangle when assured of numerical superiority.

Going into the last 50 hours of his first operational tour, P/O Bill Reid, Toronto, destroyed his third enemy aircraft during a dogfight behind enemy lines on the Fifth Army front recently.

Set upon by four Me.109s while on patrol with his squadron, Reid pulled into a tight turn and got in a couple of bursts at one of them. Though two of the Me.109s were firing at him from behind, neither of them put a single bullet in his Spitfire. Meanwhile Reid gave his victim the business, one burst scoring strikes on the cockpit and the second tearing most of the Messerschmitt's right wing off. With that the Jerry hit the deck. Reid scouted around for the others, but they had reached cloud cover and beat it.

All three of the Toronto pilot's victims have been Messerschmitt 109s. Overseas since the summer of 1941, he has flown Hurricane nightfighters, Hurricane bombers, and Hurricanes on daylight interception in Britain. Later he put in a short hitch ferrying between Gibraltar and Algiers, moved to an Army Co-op. outfit, and eventually to his present Spitfire squadron.

Reg. Gray, another Toronto Spitfire pilot flying with the RAF in Italy, has been promoted from F/S to W/O.

Fighters Escort Yanks

Invader and Kittyhawk fighter bombers, with Spitfire escorts, have carried out sharp and effective attacks on locomotives, railway junctions, airfields and other strategic targets behind the German lines in Italy.

Together with middleweight Mitchells, Bostons, and Baltimores, the fighter bombers have made a serious dent in the enemy's front-line transport set-up. Onus of protecting the raiders from lurking F.W.190s and Me.109s has fallen mainly on the Spitfire squadrons, in which most Canadian pilots in this area are concentrated.

On a recent raid, F/O Don Rogers, Amherstburg, Ont., flew one of the Spits escorting a formation of Invaders as they shot up an airfield and a train. (Invader is the fighter-bomber version of the North American Mustang.)

The Spitfires hovered above as Invaders peeled off and planted their bombs on a railway bridge and on the track ahead of the

HE HAD A SLIGHT CASE OF DEATH

A young pilot walked into RCAF District Headquarters, North Africa, and slumped into a chair.

"I've been officially reported dead," he said tonelessly.

The administrative officer, S/L Alan Carscallen, Calgary, scrutinised him from behind his glasses and said, "Now, I suppose, you want to be resurrected."

The pilot had gone from his Wellington squadron to hospital, and his kit, which was to have followed him, had been misdirected. In the devious way of officialdom, wheels had been set in motion and led to his posting as a casualty.

P.S.—He was resurrected.

locomotives. "They went in low for the attack," said Rogers. "From where we were they seemed to pull out right on the deck. I guess they were well below 1,000 feet."

Escort pilots reported not seeing a single enemy kite during the sweep.

From the cockpit of a Spitfire, 19,000 feet high, Rome looked like a small village to F/O Ross Whitney, Chapleau, Ont. "I'd been looking out for it, but for a moment didn't recognise the place," he added. "It didn't seem to cover nearly as great an area as, say, Naples. You could hardly pick out any features from that height."

It was the first time Whitney's squadron had penetrated as far as the Italian capital on a sweep. There was no flak from ground defences, though some pilots were shot at along the course of their sweep.

FINISHED O.T.U.

W/O Al Britts, Winnipeg, who was a popular WAG instructor at Portage La Prairie for a year and a half, has finished his O.T.U. course.

PLAYERS?—NO THANKS, SHE PREFERS CANADIANS



So this is what it's like in Colombo! F/O R. G. Ogilvie, Pense, Sask., is enjoying—and we do mean enjoying—his seven days' leave to which he is entitled after three months in the jungle. Yeah, she's dated up for all seven days. (Official RCAF Photograph.)

FOUR TONS OF CHRISTMAS "CHEER" FOR GERMANY



Despite war-time restrictions on air mail, the Bomber Group boys are going through with the delivery of this air mail special. Hitler will be surprised to find this hanging in his stocking. Wrapping up the gift are F/L Shorty Sawyer, Windsor, and P/O Milt Warren, Geraldton, Ont. (Official RCAF Photograph.)

GETS HUNS AT AVERAGE COST OF 15 ROUNDS

S/L Houle, D.F.C., Knocks Off Two Me.109s At That Rate

HIS SCORE IS SEVEN

Pace-setter for the City of Windsor Spitfire squadron in Italy, S/L Albert Houle, D.F.C., Massey, Ont., shot down two Me.109s recently, and had a go at a third, for a total expenditure of 10 rounds per cannon.

Leading two other SCAF Spits, beyond the Sangro River, Houle attacked seven Messerschmitts as they were about to bomb British troops. The Germans turned tail, despite strong numerical advantage, but Houle led his mates in pursuit. A short burst sent the first Jerry into a vertical dive; he exploded on hitting the deck. Without hesitation the veteran desert pilot swung sights on another Me.109, blew its tail off with another brief squirt, and sent it crashing in flames. Before returning to base Houle aimed a long-range burst at another Me. with no apparent result.

When his guns were checked it was seen that he had fired only 40 rounds from each cannon. Allowing 10 rounds for the long squirt at the third Me. an RAF armament officer estimated Houle had bagged his brace with just 15 rounds per cannon per Hun. This brings his score to seven enemy aircraft destroyed.

BEANED BY BOMB BUT NOT BLASTED

There can be few people who can claim a 500-pound bomb has fallen on them and they've escaped alive. But an RCAF armorer can make the boast. He is Cpl. Henry "Hank" How, of Moncton, N.E.

How joined the RCAF in October, 1940, and after working on several stations crossed to Britain in March, 1943, going out to the Middle East a couple of months later servicing an RCAF Wellington bomber squadron. It was while in the Middle East that a bomb which was being hoisted into a Wellington's belly fell off, breaking his leg in two places but failing to explode. Now he is back in England recuperating and will shortly go back to his work on an RCAF bomber station.

"Oh, it wasn't anything to talk about," How says of his accident. "It was just one of those things, and now my leg is nearly better I'll be glad to get back to work. I'm certainly glad to be back in England."

ANY COMPLAINTS?

Occasional tea dances held by the City of Toronto squadron have proved so popular with the ladies that one gal showed up a week early for the last one.

The Mustang men made her welcome and everyone had a fine time except the guy who'd invited her. He was orderly officer that day, and as the wolves howled, he made his melancholy rounds muttering! "Any complaints?... Yes!"

LAST-MINUTE NEWS

BUSY YOUNG MAN.

After starring in a hockey game Sunday afternoon, F/O Bob Pentland, Calgary, took off for France in his Spitfire with P/O Claude Weaver, D.F.M., Oklahoma City, and shot up a German transport park, setting fire to a number of oil drums. Pentland was on the threshold of a professional career with New York Rangers when he enlisted.

DOUBLE JUMP.

Karl Linton, Spitfire pilot from Plaster Rock, N.B., has made a steep double jump, from P/O to F/L, and is now a flight commander with the Red Indian squadron, led by S/L Jimmy Lambert, Winnipeg. Linton will turn 21 in February. He is credited with three and a half German kites.

BOMBERS BATTER BERLIN IN WEEK'S LONE ATTACK

Canadian Squadrons Help Wreck Germany's "Whitehall"

A mighty force of Lancasters pounded Berlin once again Thursday night, concentrating the bulk of its bomb tonnage on the "Whitehall" section, seat of the Reich's government offices. Canada's Goose, Leaside and Thunderbird squadrons took part, as did a large number of Canadian flyers in RAF formations.

Pathfinders had marked the target area clearly when the RCAF heavy bombers swept in. "I was able to drop our load on the Pathfinders' markers," said P/O George V. Daymond, Edmonton. "There was a dull red glow over the target, but it was difficult to see anything else through the heavy overcast." The Lanc in which Daymond flew as bomb aimer was attacked by a German nightfighter before reaching Berlin. One engine was knocked out, the starboard wing and petrol tank holed by gunfire. The skipper, F/S J. A. R. Coulombe, Montmagny, Que., carried on to the aiming point, one wing flap partially down, the rubber dinghy hanging from its stowage inflated, and the entire starboard side of the kite—wing, nose and fuselage—riddled by cannon shells.

"I returned fire, shooting more than 1,000 rounds at him," said the rear-gunner, F/S Joe Jankum, Ottawa. "Several hits were scored before he disappeared."

It was Coulombe's seventh jaunt to Berlin, and he brought his damaged kite back to base with all hands safe.

A rear-gunner also on his seventh Berlin raid, F/S J. Przybylski, Arborg, Man., of the Goose squadron, badly damaged an F.W.190 which attacked the Canadian Lanc 100 miles before it reached the city.

Luftwaffe nightfighters dropped flares which lit a path for 25 miles along the way to Berlin, according to F/S D. R. Waddell, Sperling, Man., a bomb-aimer of the Thunderbird squadron.

Other Thunderbird flyers in the raid were F/S G. S. Milne, pilot, Edmonton, F/S S. J. Halvorsen, bomb aimer, Vancouver, and Sgt. H. W. Godden, St. John, Newfoundland.

"If the markers were right—and judging from the bright red glow they were, as usual—we gave Berlin another good pasting," said P/O K. A. Decker, Kitchener, Ont., a Goose squadron bomb aimer. In the same crew were F/L Tommy McDougall, D.F.C., North Bay, Ont., the squadron's navigation leader, and the engineering leader, F/L Eric Mulligan, D.F.C., Sudbury, Ont.

P/O W. R. Smith, Toronto, told of a Ju.88 attacking his Lancaster. The tall gunner, F/S C. O. Draper, Elgin, Man., added: "I returned fire and he disappeared."

P/O Jimmy Bell, Drew, Ont., Leaside squadron navigator on his 12th trip, said: "I stayed right in my cubbyhole and let the other boys tell me what was going on. In all my trips I've looked at only one target; that was when the skipper dared me to come up front and look down." In the same crew and making his first trip as second

MUSTANG DIALOGUE

What do fighter pilots talk about way up blue and yonder? Well, here's a terse sample of dialogue between F/O Malcolm Robb, London, Ont., and F/L Ken Morham, St. Lambert, Que., while on a Mustang sweep over France.

Calling over the R.T., Robb asked Morham's position, and Ken replied: "See that pile of flak about two o'clock from you?"

"Yes," answered Robb.

"Well, I'm in the middle of it."

HUN FIGHTERS GO FOR HALLY

A Moose squadron Halifax, skippered by P/O J. R. Morrison, Montreal West, Que., had planted its bomb load on Frankfurt recently, and turned to leave, when four nightfighters attacked from behind.

The Hally was flying high when fighter number one, a Ju.88, was sighted on the starboard quarter at 350 feet. The rear-gunner, Sgt. J. C. Lynk, Canning, N.S., ordered evasive action. The heavy bomber began to weave, but the Jerry held on, throttled back, and came in dead astern just as another Ju.88 showed up on the starboard quarter. Lynk opened fire, saw his tracer bullets enter the Junker's cockpit, and saw it dive steeply away to port, seemingly out of control.

The first fighter continued to attack, closed in, and opened fire at 100 yards, Lynk replying with only one of his guns as the others were u.s. due to link stoppages. The skipper was still corkscrewing, and eventually lost the fighter in a cloud mass. He had just resumed course when another Ju. attacked from starboard. By this time all the guns were useless, but again Morrison's violent evasive action shook the fighter off.

The fourth Ju.88 attacked again from starboard at about 400 yards range. The skipper caught him in his slipstream and pulled away into cloud cover without an exchange of fire.

Other RCAF men in the crew were: F/O M. C. Andrews, Toronto; F/O E. A. Highland, North Vancouver; F/S W. R. Touchie, Fairview, Alta.; F/S J. C. McNary, Windsor, Ont.; and Sgt. A. E. Johnson, Seattle, Wash.

dickie was Sgt. Walter Ferbyhough, Victoria, B.C.

"Heavy clouds made it difficult to assess with accuracy," said F/L Rod Dunphy, Winnipeg. Thunderbird navigation leader, "but judging from the glow our bombs must have done great damage." Others in the raid were P/O George Andrew, Sarnia, Ont., W/O Ron McEwen, Verdun, Que., P/O P. C. O'Connor, New York, F/O C. E. Ridgers, Hamilton, Ont., P/O Tom Splink, Vancouver,

CANADIAN IN RAF COASTAL PLANE'S KILL

Co-Pilot Gives Details of Liberator's Duel With U-Boat

Another German U-boat, discovered prowling around the North Atlantic near an Allied convoy bound for Canada, has been sent to the bottom by an RAF Liberator with which F/S H. E. Miskiman, Vancouver, flies as second pilot. A few minutes after the enemy sub. had been blown to pieces, the crew of the Liberator counted 35 Nazi survivors struggling in the water below them. The Lib spotted the wake of the 740-ton U-boat when it was 16 miles away from the aircraft. Two attacks were immediately carried out and the sub during these encounters, remained on the surface and elected to shoot it out.

F/S Miskiman, a 22-year-old pilot, had 200 operational flying hours to his credit and had previously flown on 13 anti-sub patrols but this was his first fight with the enemy. He was the only Canadian in the Liberator crew.

"They kept firing away at us all the time and heavy flak was coming up all around our kite," he reported when he got back to his squadron. "Due to evasive action and the good piloting of our captain, we were never hit."

Lib. Flew Low

The Liberator, during both attacks, dropped to within 50 feet of the sub's conning tower before releasing its depth charges. The U-boat stopped and remained stationary for five minutes after the first attack, but then started to proceed again, apparently under control. When hits were scored on the conning tower during the second run over the target, the guns on the bridge of the U-boat were silenced. Depth charges straddled the sub at the same time and its bows slowly became awash. Then it sank.

The aircraft circled the area for an hour and a quarter after the sub disappeared. Twelve Nazi sailors were clinging to one life raft, 18 others were counted struggling in the ocean some distance away.

"By this time it was getting dark and we couldn't remain any longer," Miskiman said. "We dropped flame floats and gave the convoy the position of the survivors."



With plenty of Christmas for a background, LAC "Curley" Wilson, Moose Jaw, cables greetings home from the "Y" hut at a Canadian Bomber Station.

"ADJ." MUST KEEP EVERYBODY HAPPY IF HIS CAREER IS TO BE SUCCESSFUL

Adjutant has a specific meaning, according to Webster, but when it's applied practically it can mean anything from nurse, father and mother to worry-wart and buck-catcher de luxe, and there are a lot of adjutants serving overseas with the RCAF who can be quoted. They might even be called the "happiness boys," for that's their job—to keep the boys happy and keep them in their punching, so the squadrons are functioning smoothly and everybody is happy all around.

There is always one of these long suffering, patient and knowing individuals on the various training and operational stations. He's the gent that the boys go to when they're thinking they're not getting the breaks when it comes to promotion; or when they don't like the trade and want to remuster; or when something at home is worrying them and they need someone to talk it over with; or when they're in trouble.

There's the crusader side, too, when the Adj. figures one of the boys has been playing ball. That's when he goes after a "gong" or a promotion and thumps the table in the right places to see that the airman gets it.

One Adj. is F/L H. G. "Phil" Phillips, of Montreal, attached to the "Leaside" Squadron, RCAF Bomber Group, England. "Phil" has a grown-up daughter at home and a 22-year old son in the Army. In the last war he served with the McGill Battery in Canada; he was in the advertising business.



F/L Phillips

"Phil" is a shrewd judge of human nature, and he's a very satisfactory substitute for a boy's "Old Man" at home. Every night before take-off he's out to the "kites" with cigarettes and chocolate for the "kids," and it's got to be the point where many wouldn't think of taking off without a final bit of banter with the Adj. His door is open to all ranks on the station, and his kindly, sometimes pointed, advice has got many a young man straightened out after he had become a bit muddled in his thinking.

Entirely different and more of the sophisticated "big brother" type is F/L J. "Chas" Chasanoff, former adjutant of the "Lion" Squadron of the same bomber group. A lawyer from Selkirk, Man., Adj. Chasanoff is one of the boys and has earned their respect, because, among other things, he can lick them at any game they

RCAF Squadrons Blessed With Some Good Men For the Job

care to name from draw poker to English billiards. "Chas" knows all the answers to everything, and many a crafty young sergeant, who has spent hours dreaming up a fancy excuse for failing to carry out an assignment, has quailed when "Chas" merely looked at him and asked: "Who are you kidding?"

On the other hand, any time anybody gets in a jam of any kind and wants some help, you may be sure "Chas" will be in immediate demand. He can think of more reasons why a guy should be let off than any other ten men. His office is more like a Hollywood conception of a harassed city editor's desk.



F/L Chasanoff

The phone is ringing all the time; dozens of people are standing about having heated arguments; people rush madly in and out and through it all, "Chas" sits serene and undisturbed.

You can't fool the kids on these bomber squadrons. Sooner or later they get your number, and if you don't measure up, you've had it. They "love" Adj. Chasanoff and his good-humoured, high-pressure "Hollywood" manner and flamboyant ideas, because they know that when the time comes that they need someone to run interference for them he's right there to figure out an answer.

F/L Reg. Bond of the "Goose" Squadron is from Winnipeg. He calls himself the "Old Adj." and bemoans bitterly the fact that the Adj. is Joe for everything that has to be done.

But, if you make the trouble to look down through the mass of papers that covers his desk, you find that most of them are in connection with efforts he's putting up or various men on his squadron. When the boys of the "Goose" Squadron walk in and ask Adj. Bond a straight question, they get a straight

answer, which may partially explain why Reg is one of the most popular in the business. Another Adj. of the "Bond" type is F/L John H. Conner, of Dauphin, Man., who did one of the better jobs in England as the original adjutant of the "Thunderbird" Squadron before being posted to another unit.

There are other types like F/L George "Suds" Sutherland, of the "Bluenose" Squadron, and F/L Tommy Walker, of the "Iroquois" tribe. "Suds," who formerly lived in Toronto, is a pleasant, stout little man who worries so much about his "boys" that there is a squadron saying that he'll never get through his "tour of ops." F/L Walker, also of Toronto, is the swimming coach who tutored George Young to his famous victory in the Catalina swim of a few years back.

Among the other adjutants who are looking after the boys in this theatre of war are men like F/L R. G. "Dick" Bowron, of Biggar, Sask., a former municipal secretary. Dick is about five-feet two, but not a bit awed by the biggest pilot in the squadron. "I got that way because they made the beds too short," he claims.

F/L A. B. Crawford, Toronto, who was born in Sutherlandshire, Scotland, is adjutant of the "Moose" Squadron. He has retained enough dry Scotch wit and plain common sense to rate the respect and confidence of all the "Moosemen."

Young, 26-year-old Bob McCartney, of Vancouver, is adjutant of the "Thunderbird" Squadron now. What Bob lacks in years he makes up for in ability and knowledge and one of his claims to fame is that he knows more about "K.R.-Air" than the men who wrote it. That's not his own claim, of course, but it is noticeable that he can always find a clause in the rule book to justify any "breaks" he can wrangle for the men on his squadron.

These men and others like them on all the RCAF squadrons, both bomber and fighter, have a big responsibility in acting as "The Old Man" for these Canadian boys. It is one of the most thankless jobs in the air force. The adjutant is sort of in the middle. If the higher-ups have a nasty problem, they usually wind up by letting the adjutant worry about it. When the smaller fry have problems, they immediately seek a sympathetic ear in the person of the Old Adj.

THE MAIL BAG

By SGT. C. L. GAGNON

SAD Story: Campbell and McGrew, partners in crime, had been late several times on parade. Imagine the surprise on the parade square one day lately when up rolls a taxi and the two incorruptible mean incorrigibles—fall out—for once on time.

Flash (happy): Lucky Wid Jessiman's Buggsy has arrived over here in time for Christmas.

On the bit: Since AC Gagnon has remustered from the bag room to the parcel section he is always "right on the bit," and reserves night time for sleeping.

Off the bit: Sgt. Harvey, the Adonis of the orderly room, sleeping during the church parade sermon.

Two scenes: both in the much-in-the-news life of "Purl-one" Barton, "Add-a-cup" Gamey and "Sweep-in-the-Corner" Keep—all good house-keeping corporals tried and true.

"Sweep-in-the-Corner"

Scene I: "Sweep-in-the-Corner" answers the insistent doorbell to three little girls, one of whom pipes up "May we sing carols for you, Sir?" Not being in his department, he calls Barton to take over. "Purl-one," mystified at carol-

POSTAL CLERK BLUES

By LAC Mel Wylie

'Twas the week before Christmas And all through the Base Each posty was toiling With a smile on his face (1). The mail was incoming So heavy and fast, It would seem that we'd be snowed under at last.

But we just kept on working And remembering too— This can't last forever And the mail MUST go through! Both Meads and McLennan, An industrious pair, Were ever so busy,

'Cause the boys mustn't spare. The corporals (God bless 'em) About every place; You could tell at a glance 'Twas a terrible pace.

But we posties can take it And that—in our stride— So you boys round the country May enjoy Christmastide.

singing, and thinking the girls literature peddlers, dismisses them sternly with "Away with you, and don't bring any more pamphlets around here!"

Scene II: "Add-a-cup" Gamey, in self-conscious mood, remonstrating with LAW Parks to carry his celery and other shopping along the street. P.S.—You were awfully easily led into that, Juanita.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—to all fellow-Canadians and English friends here and overseas, and the same to all wives, sweethearts, families and friends back home from the personnel of the RCAF Branch, Base Post Office overseas.

G/C BRYANS GIVEN STATION COMMAND

Member of the Permanent Force in the RCAF, G/C J. G. Bryans has taken over command of the station comprising the "Lion" and "Bison" Squadrons in the RCAF Bomber Group in England. He succeeds G/C J. L. Plant, Victoria, B.C., who has returned to Canada.

This marks the second trip overseas for the new C.O. of the station before taking over his new command. He had charge of another bomber station in the same group. He joined the RCAF in 1929, won his wings at Camp Borden. For many years he was a resident of Saskatoon, where he was graduated from the University of Saskatchewan.

During the tag dance Cpl. Lyle Shillington, Saskatoon, and LAC Jimmy O'Meara, Ottawa again, rivalled Sarkissian and LAC Jim Wilkinson for the hand of a certain Red Cross hostess, Miss Dorothy McGinn, New York. F/O Bill Fader, Regina, was seen in a corner very much intrigued by a little French girl, Pat Souden, another Red Cross lovely, divided her attention between LAC Joe Cowie, Brandon, and LAC Art Gallant, Charlottetown.

S/L Alan Carscallen, Calgary, jived with a ravishing nurse from Brooklyn, while Capt. Owen Crumme, Stellarton, N.S., guarded a glamorous darl from envious eyes.

THIS LIFE WE LEAD

CHRISTMAS DREAM



SPORTS MEETING

By LAC HORSEY

A MEETING held in the interests of sports and entertainment for the coming winter went over well enough to suit some.

The Chairman is A/S/O Douglas, the secretary Cpl. Bath, of the W.D.s. In attendance were F/L Izzard, D.F.M., formerly of the Lion Squadron, and Mr. Chisholm, of the YMCA, and both proved invaluable with their ideas and suggestions.

A sports committee was formed and F/O McAughey, Sgt. Reid, Cpl. Powers, LAC Rabinovitch and LAWs Lindsay and Dickson found themselves elected to this committee.

The creation of a Badminton court was discussed, but was settled by Sgt. Reid, who undertook to prepare it. Dave Rabinovitch had his about the badminton court in his home town. According to Dave, the court covers as much ground as the town itself.

The formation of an orchestra was affected, and here F/L Izzard handles the reins. LAC McBain, who plays a sax, says he is a non-unionist, and will not play with such. He was assured of no troubles in that respect. This "Grand Council" also looked for singers, but didn't know that in their midst sat one who had toured part of Canada with a combined Army, Navy and Air Force show, impersonating Bing Crosby. Some are anxious to learn the name of the new band.

Forward Off It?

Speaking of dances, etc., we heard LAW Dickson voicing the opinion that men of this unit are too backward on the dance floor. What does she expect? Refreshments were served and that treat was on F/L Izzard. The volunteer waiters were LACs Gawne, McBain and Raymond. Also present was petite AW2 Lewis, who will always be found attending any station do.

Other events of note that will take place before this year is through is the party for local children near Christmas, and also the party planned by Senior N.C.O.s near the New Year.

WINS PROMOTION AND WAAF WIFE

James Fielden Lambert, of Winnipeg, has returned to an RCAF airfield in England as a squadron leader from the honeymoon on which he had started as a flight lieutenant. He married a corporal in the WAAF, Miss Peggy Mabel Carpenter, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Carpenter, Newport, Monmouthshire.

S/L Lambert, 26, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Lambert, was posted as an F/O to the "Wolf" Squadron in a Canadian fighter wing after outstanding work in Malta, where he temporarily was leader of a section in a Spitfire fighter squadron. A few months after joining the "Wolf" squadron, he was appointed as a flight lieutenant.

Groomsman at the wedding was his close friend of Malta days, F/O Thorne "Tommy" Parks, of Oshawa, a member of the "Red Indian" fighter squadron to which S/L Lambert has been appointed as commanding officer. F/O Parks, who was shot down at Malta by guns as he chased a German bomber toward a battery of anti-aircraft guns, was married 15 months ago to an English girl.

We welcome back Lillian Simons, who now receives her mail at the officers' mess. She left as a corporal, and it really seems as though she were not absent a long time.

Newcomers to the unit, who also gained commissions, are A/S/O Douglas and A/S/O "Kenny" Kendall. Peggy Douglas hails from the Gateway to the West.

"Kenny" is a Toronto lass. They all speak well of the course they undertook, and praised the WAAF students for the help and considerations shown them.

We say "congratulations," and wish you the best of everything. Congrats. also to F/C McAughey on his promotion.

WEDDINGS

LAW Dorothea "Mickey" McCoy, Toronto, was married on Thursday, December 9, to Lieut. Haakon Riverdal, USAAF, Mason City, Iowa, and a former member of the RCAF.

The bride, an M.T. driver at Bomber Group headquarters, was given in marriage by S/L Frank Stanley, Toronto. The Rev. Newall and S/L W. B. Jennings, RCAF chaplain, officiated.

LAW Sally Brooker, of Base Accounts, was bridesmaid, and S/L Bob Miller best man. Among the guests was G/C F. A. Sampson, Ottawa.

AFRICAN "LONELY HEARTS" HAVING WONDERFUL TIME

Nipping in under the wire as the presses begin to roll is this moving item from a WINGS ABROAD correspondent at District Headquarters in North Africa. It seems alarm and despondency were rampant at D.H.Q. when four days before the big dance Sgt. George Mills, Ottawa, who'd done most of the arranging, was posted to Italy. Next thing some of the invited ladies found out they couldn't come and the orchestra had its saxophone stolen.

However, the dance got under way at 8.30 on the evening of November 27, the Lonely Hearts

(Canadian Division), by kind permission of W/C George Ault, Ottawa, playing hosts to 25 assorted French mademoiselles and seven American nurses and Red Cross hostesses. Locale was the spacious headquarters villa, and music was provided by Bomber Group orchestra, with vocalist Bill Strickland. Cpl. "Sarky" Sarkissian, Regina, rattled the ivories of the grand piano in the lounge, while Sgt. "Red" Campbell, Ottawa (clannish little bunch, aren't they?) wore his most flashing Pepsodent smile in his official capacity of host. A conga line followed a Paul Jones and then a spot waltz was announced. Winners were F/S Bill Harrison, Hamilton, and Miss Millicent Murray, Logan, Iowa. Bill was awarded a hundred Sweet Caps (he doesn't smoke) and Milly's reward was a jar of candy and two handkerchiefs purchased in Sicily.

Buffet luncheon was served at 11.00 hours, though some guests preferred the bar, which was capably managed by F/S Jack Wrightson, Calgary. At 11.30 hours the band took up the theme again, and some returned to the dance floor while others (ornery, aren't they?) preferred the soft moonlight silvering the



Greetings to the

R. C. A. F.

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Canada's Wings Abroad

A Wing Commander moves a red marker from England to North Africa on a wall map of the war fronts of the world. By that simple move RCAF personnel have been transferred to a new front. From Iceland to Burma the map is dotted with markers, telling, in cold facts the story of the growth of Canada's Wings in four years of war. Through the heat of the tropical jungles Canadian airmen fly to bomb Japanese troop concentrations in Burma . . . away out over the grey Atlantic an RCAF Sunderland of Coastal Command patrols, on the look out for U-boats . . . ground crews in Italy slosh out to the muddy dispersal area to D.I. the Spitfires . . . at a lonely outpost a radio mechanic prepares to come off the night watch . . . the duty pilot at a Canadian Bomber station in Northern England lays down his Aldis lamp and relaxes, the last of the big kites is safely from Germany . . . in Ceylon, Canucks play baseball while waiting for the big "Cats" to return from patrol . . . a squadron of RCAF Spitfires hum over the south coast on their way to a rendezvous with Flying Forts on a daylight raid on targets in France . . . that's what takes place every day in the RCAF . . . that's just part of the story told by a war map and markers . . . since war began "Canada" wings and flashes have spread to nearly every fighting front in the world, and wherever the enemy can be found. It is a picture of progress of which Canadians from erk to Air Marshal can justly be proud.





MOST of us on this tight little isle came ashore at various points of disembarkation...

Sam has just finished his O.T.U. course with a RAF outfit and expects a posting in the New Year.

In London, Sam bumped into home-towner, F/L Cam Judd, who is just back from a stay in India.

Another pal Sam saw in London was F/S John Monohan, a Smith Falls, Ont., lad. He's a bomb aimer who has been around the Middle East for the past little while.

The navigator in Sam's crew, F/S Sandy Rutherford, Colbourne, Ont., is spending his current leave in Aberdeen.

More people who have just finished a session at a RAF O.T.U. were having lunch together last week.

"What's the binding about?" chipped in Sgt. Jeff Moore, Bois-sevain (I'll spell that for you), Man.

"Sea-Level" Sergeant

They call Sgt. Wayne Dufton, Burlington, Ont., "Sea-level." He's not tall. "Sea-level" has had no fewer than four close shaves during his brief career as an air-gunner.

Wayne was taking a spot of tea the other day with fellow-townsmen LAC Dare Peer, and Cpl. Mac Hall, Burford, Ont. They are both radio mechs.

Four more Canucks, knocking about on leave, are Sgt. Hank Nunziato, a gunner from Hamilton, Ont.; and Sgt. Frank Bogle, also a gunner, from Britannia Beach, B.C.

After a session at A.F.U. flying Oxforas, two Canucks are now ready for their first op. Awaiting posting to a business unit are: F/S Frank Elliott, Amhurst N.B., and Sgt. Reg. Orgill, Toronto.



R.A.F. Pathfinder

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



IN BLACK, & DARK BROWN.

WITH THE R.A.F.

Two Winnipeg boys, Sgt. Ralph Kelly and Sgt. Ed. Natuk, are in town over the holiday season with the rest of their all-Canadian crew...

Skipper of the crew, F/S Ken MacDonald, was seen in another part of the metropolis with F/S John "Smitty" Smith, Toronto.

Bomb aimer for the crew is Sgt. Jack Bray and the wireless op, Sgt. Carl Eady, an Ottawa boy.

Tornado Trouble

WOIC Dave Reid, Montreal, is now an O.T.U. instructor pending his return to operational duties. Dave's ops career was interrupted by a crash in Dec., 1942.

The rest of the crew escaped unharmed. Only other Canadian in the crew was P/O Earle Reid, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Dave Reid would like to extend the season's best to W/O Al McDougall and W/O Al Richardson, both in India, and to W/O "Chips" Mailman, who is with an RCAF torpedo bomber squadron.

Speaking of Wing Commanders, Sinton and McKay are reported to have enjoyed a reunion recently, each heading a delegation of his own backer-uppers.

Since last reporting this Squadron has tapped the jackpot and congrats are extended to S/L Bob "Precious" Hess and F/O "Darkie" Dark (William to you) on their awards of D.F.C.s.

The Squadron regret to announce the loss of F/L 'C.S.U.' Boone (rhymes with "Prune"). Fortunately he is not far away and can keep up his motor-cycling lessons in our neighbourhood.

This notice is published for the information and guidance of all concerned. Another recent change hereabouts is the riot of colour presented to the discerning eye by the interior of the Sergeants' Mess.

Another recent change hereabouts is the riot of colour presented to the discerning eye by the interior of the Sergeants' Mess. The artistic effort is that of Sgt. Jackson (i.e., Sgt. Brown, Sgt. Spall and cohorts).

LAC Chorner, of Toronto, is now serving King and Country by the side of his True Love in the Sergeants' Mess.

It is hoped that these few words will bring to mind once more the existence of the "Fox-Men" and at the same time introduce the "Leaside Squadron."

P.S.: The Winco had a car but the wheels came off.

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GOOSE SQUADRON TYPES AND TALKS

By CPL. M. J. SEELEY

Merry Christmas, gals and guys of the Goose Squadron and station, and with it our New Year's wish that Christmas, 1944, will be celebrated at home.

The prettiest Wid sisters on the station are Betty and Edna, and we record their affairs with that Lonesome Stranger, Buck, and the tall corporal they delight to call "Fuzz."

Whenever we bump into Al Byers we are sure of a story. He's been on leave again with "Moose" Fulton, and this time they had to return to camp for more money after their first night out.

F/L Jim Hanson, Montreal, after a long period of hospitalization is back again with us, looking trim. He has been acting adj. for a while, and from all reports from the mess has been taking an awful beating about his approaching parenthood.

F/S "Mac" McLeod, Alberta, was with a gang of us in a London restaurant last week, and surprised the head waiter, numerous of his satellite stiff-shirts and many patrons by insisting on lemonade with his dinner.

The cosy YMCA lounge is proving a boon to squadron WAAFS (and others). Among those seen enjoying tête-a-têtes there were Joan and Norman, Margaret and Sandy, Phyllis and Bill, Margaret and Lloyd and Kitty and "Shep."

The station hockey team (four wins, one draw, one loss) has benefited magnificently by the generosity of station personnel in their recent drive for funds with which to pay the LNER (adv.).

Seen in the YMCA last week were Dusty Millar, up from the South for a few days with his old mates... Eric Worth and Mel Melstead drinking Pepsis.

Andy Hindmarsh with his aircrew brother up spending a few days' leave... "Robby" Robinson (our Montrealer Postmaster) looking jolly because of his recent reverses with the galloping dominoes.

Several WAAF and Wid officers letting their hair down over an exciting game of Chinese checkers... the new Station Commander, G/C Jones, chatting with a lot of the boys and enjoying the atmosphere of the club.

The following men about to celebrate their fourth Christmas overseas: F/S George Davis, Edmonton, Sgt. Jack Knight, Caledonia, Ont., and Cpl. George Goodwin, Verdun, Que.

About to celebrate their third Noel in Blighty are Bernard Poitras, Montreal, Marcel Deschambeault, Ottawa, Donald Weeks, St. Stephen, Arthur Guiton, Toronto, Wally Weslawski, Brownvale, Alta., and Lawrence Mitchell, Prince Albert, B. C.

Second are Montrealers Thomas Cooper, Bill Reuter, George Gauthier and Torontonians Harold Shillinglaw and Burn Davis. (George Gauthier, by the way, has just put up his hooks and is the Joe-boy and helping hand in the "Y").

A chat with F/O Abrahams, and "Mac" McMillan after last Sunday evening's musicale, was especially interesting, for "Mac," who has just returned from the Middle East, is the son of Canada's premier conductor, Toronto Symphony's famed Sir Ernest MacMillan.

Wid driver Melody Wilson O'Connor, Ottawa, set the pace to Goose Squadron Armourers on a recent afternoon excavation job. Boy, can she shovel!

P/O "Porky" Dumart is the new sport officer hereabouts. He will play for the Goose, Thunderbird, and H.Q. team which now holds second place in the Northern Hockey League.

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FATHER CHRISTMAS JUMPS THE GUN



A beardless Santa Claus in battledress, F/O Gordon Morrison, Guelph, Ont., does his stuff at an RCAF airfield in Britain, just a few days before Yuletide.

(Official RCAF Photograph.)

GOOSEPOOL GOSSIP

By W/O "TED" HUESTIS

THIS column is being written under rather adverse circumstances as your correspondent is sitting in the "W.A." office using a strange machine which probably does not spell properly.

Last week the Signals section held a drink, dine and dance party at a certain well-known Spa in the vicinity. It was noticed that at the bottom of their tickets it said Pass In, and at the other extremity it said Pass Out.

One night last week the members of the three Messes (Staff) organised a pre-Christmas dance and light refreshment do in the Naaf.

The station piggery is going to donate some fresh pork. This week we welcome to SHQ S/L Hugh McKibbin of Toronto who is taking over as S-AD-O.

This week we welcome to SHQ S/L Hugh McKibbin of Toronto who is taking over as S-AD-O. Hugh is a grand chap and we welcome him cordially.

Loud crashing, the smell of paint and an entire change is to be seen these days when entering the Sergeants' Mess.

Backstreet gossip: Where did Sgt. "I Slay 'Em" Hanowski acquire that beautiful purple and green nose? He claims hockey.

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THUNDERMEN GET SET FOR BIG DAY

By TED HOUSTON

HERE on our Thunderbird Squadron it is slightly difficult to duplicate a Canadian Christmas-like setting, but the powers that be have made it their endeavour to do all that is possible to make Christmas merry and bright.

Spiritual matters come first at a time such as this. Our two popular and energetic padres, to wit, S/Ls Roney and Butcher, have therefore prepared for the occasion. Through the courtesy of G/C Jones, S/L Roney will celebrate Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve.

S/L Butcher has planned a late Christmas Eve service, together with his special Communion Service for Christmas Day. As usual, such hymns as "O Come All Ye Faithful" will take all and sundry back to their own church services.

Yeh, Yeh, Yeh

It is anticipated that the officers' parties will be models of decorum and sobriety as is usually the case. What with the addition of such sober types as Al Davies, "Willie" Wilson, Don Berry and Hal Hurley, to mention a few, it would be heresy to suggest otherwise.

As for the sergeants' end, F/S Joyal and colleagues have planned an ambitious programme. Christmas Eve a dance will be held at which our base orchestra will supply the sharps and flats.

Christmas night there will be a station dance, which it is reported will be a very "pukka" affair. Many Thunderbird Squadron crews have fallen in with the idea of "adopting" two or three orphan children for Christmas.

The "Y" supervisor is planning to have the first dance and Christmas party at his new centre on Christmas Eve. Besides dancing there will be community singing, carol singing, plenty of games, and to finish with, free Pepsi Cola and refreshments.

This station recently welcomed a brand-new commanding officer in the person of G/C Jones. Since his arrival, G/C Jones has become quite acquainted with many of the personnel.

Rumour has it that 2nd Lieut. Stan Gaunt, D.F.M., will not soon forget his farewell party with the Thunderbird boys. In fact, in the course of the evening some of the boys thought it was a coming-out party.

On leave this week are Sgt. Sparks, LAC Carnahan, LAC Young, Sgt. LePage, LAC Marshall.

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ELMS' TEAM TAKES HODSON'S BY 7 TO 0

The big social attraction on W/C Elms' Squadron is the dance on the 22nd. There will be plenty of nice girls, food and drink—all for free.

The team is hitting on all cylinders and right now we're all hoping we don't get moved right out of the league before the schedule winds up.

The squadron football team lost a game since we last went to Press. However, the game was not without a smattering of glory since we lost out 1-0 to a team of former Desert Rats.

The goal was scored on a penalty shot. In a previous game Cpl. Ferguson and "Doe" Bellamy scored five goals between them, sparking out squad in an 8-1 victory.

Leaving the aircrew last week were F/Ss Beal, Smith and "Superman" Burden—the gang wishes them all the best of luck.

Through some good efforts of our Discip. F/S Flowers, LAC Harrold managed to get his kid brother posted to this Unit. We are glad to have you with us, Harrold II. Better be careful, Chik, he might write mother about you.

Congratulations to Corporal "Lummy" Lumsden on his recent promotion to Sgt. The "B" Flight boys are hoping he won't be as tough as "Gable" Chamberlain.

One of the old-timers to leave us last week was LAC "Scotty" McNamara. Good luck, Scotty, and don't forget to tell all your Scottish pals how much you like the Canadians.

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Christmas Greetings GOOD WISHES-GOOD LUCK AND A SAFE RETURN TO ALL OUR FRIENDS EVERYWHERE Cuticura SOAP OINTMENT TALCUM



WITH THE RADIO MECHS.

NORTH ENGLAND

By Geo. Maybee

AT the N.A.A.F.I. all-ranks dance this week, old faithful Vic Swirzon was out talent scouting for our forthcoming show; Johnny Walker was flashing his newly-acquired sprogs tapes; "Shorty" Burniston was observed sitting out and not alone; Gill Miller was dazzling a WAAF with his smile; Jack Scarelliff was making a play for Maurice Kopelow's girl friend.

Our Canadianised English lad, LAC Terry, is back from an enjoyable nine days' leave at his home in London.

All the best to Cpl. Doug. Hogg, who has been posted. It is a coincidence that his WAAF corporal friend has also been posted, but unfortunately they go different ways.

Attached to our unit for a brief time was P/O Smith-Bower, once a jeep-pusher like the rest of us. He has done a bit of travelling on this side of the Atlantic recently, having returned from India. Our latest increase in strength is Cpl. Graham Boyce, a real gen man and a right guy. A sincere welcome.

More Greetings

All the fellows on this unit extend the season's greetings to all our ex-jeep pushers and electron tamers wherever they may be. Cpl. Graham Boyce says Merry Christmas to "Stu" Plastow, somewhere overseas. Maurice Kopelow sends greetings to W/O Joe Hechter, who has recently arrived in this country, and to any other Winnipegers over here. Johnny Walker, "Nick" Nicholl, Gill Miller and "Sandy" Sanderson join in wishing the best of all that's good during the coming year to Tommy Lindsay, "Nip" Twells, George Marrs, Bill Sexton and Beecher Watson, all overseas. Your reporter sends greetings to "Butch" Dorward, somewhere down south. Vic Swirzon would like to be remembered to Rudy Picherak, Jeff McDowell and to Andy Laprade, who are on a pre-commission course.

At the recent signals Christmas dance, Cpl. "Pat" Patmore was observed introducing new and ingenious steps with a WAAF officer. The genial "Sandy" Sanderson was in fine fettle. In the mix-up of a novelty dance, Maurice Kopelow, dancing with Gill Miller's girl friend, lost his tie.

WILTSHIRE M.U.

By LAC Louis Ziff

IT seems only yesterday that the Wiltshire Canadians celebrated their first Christmas in England, and now we are preparing to celebrate our second one. We are all thinking of our families, sweethearts, wives and friends at home, and looking forward to the time when we can celebrate with them once more. We are thinking, too, of our fellow Canadians in the Services. "Happy" Ken Somers sends his best wishes to Cpl. Don Winer in India and to Cpl. Howard Stobbs in Iceland.

Cpl. Joe May sends his best to LAC E. Irwin somewhere on the war front, and to LAC Trev Goodman, whom he last heard of in Iceland. Ken and Joe also send their regards to all those Canadians at S.W.M.U., now in Canada; to Bob Hamilton, Jerry Gale, George Smiley, "Staffa" Drake, Ken West, Art Jonson, Ian Innis and Harold Murry. All of us send regards to Jake Galusha and Jack Gillespie. LAC Samson sends the sea-

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RECORDS OFFICE

G1 (CAN)

By THE THREE WISE MEN F/S "Mem" Aitken Sgt. Harry Sloan Cpl. Don Bridgman

HERE'S your snowed in (with work) Records Staff bringing you our yearly Yuletide gen on the men behind the men. A flash just comes from the 543 "Dead End" kids under the eagle eye of F/S "Patsy" Kavanagh that "Moses" Thau has picked up some points in sweeping this past week... punctuality, my boy, or as "Kav" would say: "Get hep to the step, kid!"

Our "gen" boy, Gunner Carlson, is seriously considering talking up farming in the vicinity of Aberdeen. We are not sure whether he is a genuine lover of farming, or whether the WLA is involved—if so, a word of warning from a man who knows. Earl Leeder is still suffering from his last encounter with the Land Army. These nettles do sting.

Sol Milstein, our "LAC i/c" typing pool, is back after spending a week's leave in Little Toronto (more commonly known as London) with his constant side kick from P.O.R. Control, "Monty" Axler! We naturally assume that Sol spent this week's "Privilege" at such places as Mme. Tussaud's, the Art Gallery, the Museum, etc.—with a bottle of giggle juice cosily tucked away in the hip pocket and a luscious member of the female species dangling from each arm!

Speaking bottles, our No 1 "Joe" Boy, Jack (Watson, give me a pipeful) Morris, left Saturday for the "Big City" with an unnamed WAAF from these hyar parts, as well as a bottle of delectable Italian "Red Ink." As to whether Jack will have a good time—well, 'nuff said!

"Woody" Woods, who has been doing an awful lot of airmail letter writing lately, tries to tell us they are all to his mother. Well, you never know, they may be mothers some day! Well, enough of this dilly-dallying around, it's time to get back to that work. So the three of us will close in wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy (Hic) New Year.

A2 (CAN)

By LAC A. G. WALLINGTON

TO one and all in the RCAF Overseas the personnel of Record Office wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. From plans made and those overheard it appears there will be a lot of fun and swell affairs around here over the festive day. If resounding crashes are heard from this direction it shall probably be Cpl. Willie Myers and LAC Al Pope making merry in their own inimitable style.

Our Chiefie, Doug Spalding, will don a waiter's cap and apron for the day to look after the likes and dislikes of the airmen in the airmen's mess.

Sgt. Cliff Doughty has been working on his stock of mistletoe and will be right in there when the time comes to use it to the best advantage. Cliff has a yen to get in more hours like those at last year's party.

LACs Al Pope and Vern Johnston are going to entertain about half a dozen fellows at their billet and it sounds as if it will be a bang-up affair. Al has plans for a jam-session after, so the gentler sex will be there.

"Christmas Tree" Horstein

When asked what he was going to do at Christmas, Cpl. Gord Horstein just grinned and said, "I'll be visible for miles." That elucidates itself. As long as the wardens don't arrest him for breaking the blackout regulations he will be happy.

The eminent actor, R. J. "Ginsberg" Helser, broke down and told me that he intended to spend a restful time to recuperate from his successes in front of the footlights.

After nursing a bottle of liquid sunshine for ages, LAC Jim Ballantyne, will reap the harvest of his willpower. No amount of cajoling on the part of LAC Jim McKenzie would make him break the seal.

Cpl. George "Pyjama" Coupar has plans of remustering to u/t discip for the day and staying on camp to look after his less willful proteges. George also wants to be in charge of refreshments. Dampish sort of ambition, but it has a promising note to it.

LAC Vince Trudeau, with his Pepsodent smile, will be endeavouring to cause a bit of levity in our little metropolis, along with LACs Mike Guina and Don Udy who have plans of staying here.

Jack Harsch and Rolly Vail-court will be spending their first Christmas away from home and they are still wondering what they should do.

The thought of what he will feel like the day after Christmas is worrying LAC Jim McKenzie already. We have always said that you worry too much, Mac.



GEE EDDIE DIDJA EVER SEE ANYTHING SO REPULSIVE IN ALL YER LIFE?"

Sgt. WILSON THOMSON RCAF

MONCY'S MUSTANG MEN MAIL MERRY MESSAGE

PAY TABLE CRUMBS

PHREW—they called an early dead-line this edition, but "I dood it!" Gee-Gee is a busy man this week (tell more later) so his Wid goes to press on her own.

"Good-byes" were in order to S/L Wynn last week as he left for a new posting. A small "do" took place at the local, where airmen's pay heralded best wishes to the S/L. It is with regret that we lose one of our senior accountant officers who has been with us since the opening of Base Accounts, but we do wish you every success in your new posting, sir.

A lot of us were lucky enough to see the first showing of "Blackouts" in London and general opinion was a refreshing and fast moving hit. Another fast moving hit was the Equip. boys frolicking at the expense of Cpl. Barker. With the aid of red crepe paper, a waste basket and light, they convinced "Barky" a real fire was in session, which he proceeded to extinguish in professional style.

Back from leave recently are Sgt. Ward, LAW Vincent and LAC Le Clair. Vince and Sparky went north to enjoy their annuals, but Mary was in the donkey-buying business in Dublin.

Did I say Gee-Gee was busy—well both he and his entertainment committee and several artists around the unit are very busy—right up to their ears in corncoops. I mean rehearsals for a Christmas concert to be held... (watch your bulletin boards). There's rumor that a varied show with an all-star cast is in the making for a happy night at the Unit. Give it your undivided attention, peoples.

Talking about Christmas may we, your column representatives, wish you all a Merry Christmas.

OUR CARTOONISTS

The editor and staff of "Wings Abroad" would like to extend their thanks to the cartoonists whose efforts grace the pages of this Christmas issue. WO2 Bill Roberts, of Vancouver, drew the rehabilitation and turkey-spam cartoons; Sgt. Wilson Thomson did the "repulsive" job; Sgt. Johnny Duchak came through with the greeting on the back page; and Mr. "Tubby" Hodson, of Goldfish Club Headquarters, illustrated the Goldfish Club feature. AW Pearl McLennan gave her assistance to whatever little touching-up was required.

Our A.L.O. section... the brown jobs, you know... seem to be worried about what's in their Christmas parcels. Seems the first thing each one of them does on receipt of a parcel is to shake it gently and listen for a gurgle. Bdr. Doherty did same the other day, and sure enough... "gurgle, gurgle." Was he ever popular... for the next five minutes. Anyway, it was a good brand of tomato juice.

A very merry Christmas to all—to the guy who has a day off to recuperate, and to the one who has to work all day. May your Christmas be merry, and may next Christmas see us all back around our own Christmas trees, telling tales of what we did last year.

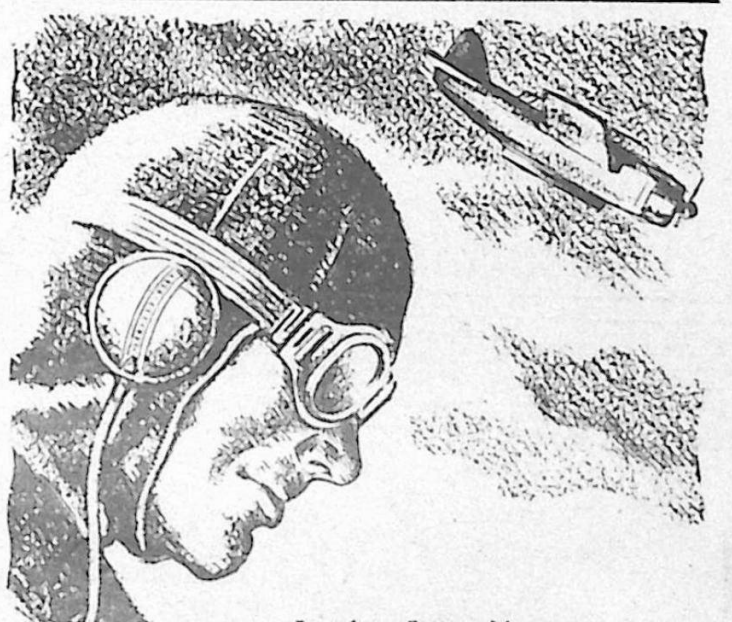
Thanks Posties

Next comes a greeting from our old WO1, Harry Adams, who is still chasing the guys up in Yorks. Same to you, Harry. When are you coming down to see us? We also have a page from our Post Office bashers, Jack Bland, Jack Ryan, and Paul Lefebvre. Fancy playing Santa Claus to so many hundred men. But they are doing a noble job, despite the fact that many of the fellows can't understand why those thousand fags and that parcel that was posted weeks ago haven't arrived yet. We sure appreciate the work you do and the way you look after our mail.

From the Wireless Section we see that the boss, F/L Mac, has sworn sobriety over the festive season. Ripley ought to hear about that. The boys hope to meet everyone on the airfield under various tables for Christmas greetings, and they solemnly swear to haunt the old year out under said tables. Their final wish is that this may be the last Christmas and Noo Year that we have to call the war off for.

I see, too, that No. One Servicing has changed its name to No. One Matrimonial Agency. Apparently all the boys are getting the bug. Sgt. Vogey Vogwill was the last victim, and they tell me that all the fellows who went up to town to see it done, came home again with that look in their eyes—guess we'll have to start digging down some more.

It seems the pilots of one squadron and some of the erks in their servicing echelon are trying to outdo each other with a chorus of carol singers. LACs Bongard, Blakney, Coulson, Durkin, Skinner and Col. Ross make up the Erks sextet. I haven't heard them, but from the look of the list I think I shall satisfy my curiosity with hearsay.



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BEAVER BASE

By JIMMY GUNN

PLANS under way at this base will provide a program of entertainment that will do much to banish any thoughts of loneliness during this festive season. There will be something doing every leisure moment from Christmas Eve until New Year's Day. In addition the arrival of quite a number of members of the Women's Division, many of them recently from Canada has provided a welcome homelike touch which is causing more than one Canadian lad to take a personal interest in the social events planned during the festive season.

On Christmas Day the traditional alrmen's dinner will be held with a plentiful supply of fowl and liquid refreshments to wash it down. The officers are even now studying the technique of the waitresses in their messes so that they will not make too much of a "botch" of their duties on that occasion. On Christmas Day the Senior N.C.O.s will leave their calling cards at the officers' messes, with the calls being returned on New Year's Day.

A series of Mess and station dances and social evenings has been planned that will outdo the best that Toronto and Montreal can do, not to mention Winnipeg, Vancouver and other satellite communities. In this work the Y.M.C.A. Supervisors are working overtime in close co-operation with Station Entertainment Officers and Committees, and a feature of the week will be the social evenings at the new "Y" Social Centre recently opened at the Base Station. Details are not available at the moment, but the mysterious glint in Larry Moyses' eye makes the prospects look very good.

Please, Santa

"Hap" Hurley (recently inducted into the "flat hats") would like a bottle of beer at Mother Martin's while Norm Zacour is holding out for a long cool drink of Lake Winnipeg water, suitably diluted, of course. In similar vein, S/L A. C. Tufts wants a steak dinner at the Green Lantern, W/O Stan Whitehead is asking for a ticket to the Toronto Policemen's Ball and permission to attend, W/C Ernie Emond wants a date with one of Ottawa's lovelies at the Canadian Grill, W/O Bill Ard would like an invitation from Squire Joe Tumilty to dinner at the General Brock, AW Dot Sidaway wants to meet the one and only for a dance at Regina's famed Oriental, W/C C. O. King asks for a full course dinner in Eaton's Round Room, LAC Dickie Coffey wants a Christmas breakfast of home-grown and cured bacon and fresh laid eggs, served in bed on a certain farm not far from Toronto and Elliott Branch would settle for a snack in the Eastern Air Command canteen.



Above are members of one of the two recognised RAF Choirs in the U.K. It belongs to a Canadian Reception Centre and has assisted the K. of C. Auxillary Service with their station shows as well as giving its services for churches and station shows in the vicinity.

(Official RCAF Photograph.)

THE MAD ADJ.

By BUD JAMES

OLE CHAS has been posted. The most colorful, the most dynamic and the best adjutant the Lion squadron ever had, the man who put the fix on more unwanted postings than any other was taken by surprise when his own came along. But there's a possibility of promotion for the old organizer and if that's so it'll be deserved. He came to the squadron when it was still a struggling youngster and he wasted no time setting it on its feet. His flair for disregarding red tape and getting things done soon became apparent.

Not long ago at a meeting at which the squadron was being reshuffled there was talk of posting a lot of the boys to a new formation. When Chas heard of this he moaned, "They're taking all my boys. They can't do this to me."

During his tenure of adjuting for the Lions he picked up the title of "The Mad Adj" and his wackiness infused the squadron with something of the same spirit.

He was a damn good adjutant and the squadron's sorry he's gone. All the best, Chas.

Among the more practically minded gentry are F/L Nick Carrie whose taste runs to good Havana Cigars, F/S Doug Skinner, just back from a siege of London with an admiration for those little books of "Jane," Eddie George who would be satisfied with a date with a certain redhead, "Mac" McDonald who would prefer a date for a bottle party, A/S/O Verral Day, ruefully rubbing numerous bruises and asking for a course in cycling, Tommy Plunkett who could do with a special course from Dale Carnegie, and Ted Kozachenko who dreams nightly of finding in his stocking a set of "African Dominoes" that will be ever obedient to his invocations.

THE BAR REVIEW

By DOC DOHERTY

MERRY CHRISTMAS to all you Canuck lads and lassies from G/C Bryans and all his lads, along with the season's best wishes. We hope that your holiday season will be as full as ours promises to be, a whole week full of fun, dances, parties, concerts, and a menu that would make Jerry turn hand springs. All this was not achieved without a lot of planning and hard work—so how about a hand for those who made it possible. They are G/C Bryans, our genial C.O., S/L Janin, our Admin. Officer, Major Rosling of the RAF regiment, F/L Raine, the Chief Messing Officer, along with a host of workers.

The gala season starts with a huge Christmas dinner in the airmen's mess to which the WAAFs, Land Army girls and NAAFI girls are invited. The station band is to be in attendance and, as is the usual custom, the officers will wait on the erks. The menu starts off with turkey, chicken, pork, apple sauce, onion stuffing, roast and mashed potatoes, brussel sprouts, plum pudding, mince pies, apples, and ends with beer, minerals and cigarettes. The Christmas cake is being held as a surprise, but the inside "gen" has it that it is really going to be something.

On Christmas night, for all those who are able, there is the airmen's dance with the twelve-piece RCAF dance band in attendance.

The officers' dinner will be held at 1400 hours and the sergeants' dinner will be held at 1700, 1800 and 1900 hours. We expect that some of them will have recuperated sufficiently to crash the airmen's dance.

The station concert party are to make their first public appearance on Boxing Day, and according to professional prophecies it will bring to the military stage something entirely new and glamorous in the way of musical concerts.

All Ranks Dance

Monday night should prove to be one of those nights when everyone rubs shoulders with everyone else—in the way of an all ranks dance. We are wondering if the officers will bring their own refreshments, or join the glug-glug kings in Naafi beer.

MOOSE CLUB

By "ARKAYBEE"

THERE is a concentrated movement afoot to form a "Moose Club," the nucleus of this august organisation to be members of the gang who have been air-crewing or ground-crewing 'neath the horns of the Moose since prior to July, 1942. It is proposed to include all of the gang as members of the club, but the executive will be, at first, chosen from among the "Old Boys."

Much haggling and bartering goes on these days as the fellas try to gather together enough liquors, spirituous, malt or what-have-you, to celebrate the coming festive season with a bang.

F/O H. T. "Pretty Boy" Brown, D.F.C., Biggar, Sask., has been appointed (reluctantly) as "O.C. i/c Gal-Gettin'" for the officers' mess dance at Christmas, and he has been scouring the countryside for gals even remotely (and some of them are pretty remote) resembling Hedy Lamarr. Brownie has been the subject of much heckling at the mess due to receiving so many telephone calls from these gals, and it is feared that his neck will remain permanently a crimson colour.

Navigator "Kokomo Joe" Hart, Wichita, Kansas, after having had innumerable postings scrubbed was finally stuck with one, and departed a short time ago. Joe completed a tour with the gang, and remained with us for a while as assistant to the assistant navigation leader.

Pilot ex-W/O "Moe" Morrison, Montreal, one of our second tour boys, was recently upped to P/O and there was much gurgling of malt liquor in the mess that eve. Wireless O/F/S Bill Touchie, New Brunswick, while sojourning on leave in London, was galvanised into action by a message he heard over the grapevine, and departed hastily for the home stamping grounds, pausing only long enough to procure a zoot suit with a ring on the cuff.

F/L Don (11 months from LAC to F/L) Hall, of Sundridge, Ont., our genial flight engineer leader, departed reluctantly on a course a few days ago—seems he's likely to miss the gathering of the herd at Christmas and isn't too happy about it.

CONGRATULATIONS

By SGT. CHICK CHEVRIER

JUST a few words from a bomber station that used to be better known than it is, in the days when the S.W.O., also known as "The Night Fighter," spread our good name far and wide.

Congrats are in order for the new C.O., G/C L. E. Wray, who should be passing cigars around right soon.

S/L W. S. Taylor is capably handling administrative matters, and "Smiling Harry" Adams, the S.W.O.

Gordon "The Kid" Patrick, the YMCA man, keeps our dances running.

Cpl. "Honest Nick" Pliszka, the hockey coach, and Cpl. Tiny Brennan, soccer supervisor, are doing great work.

Final bouquet goes to Cpl. MacDonald, P.T.I., who whipped up a team with 12 hours' notice and snaffled the Borden Ball championship.

A Wee Message To Wish

All Our Friends In The R.C.A.F.

A Happy Christmas.

The Gift Shop, Edinburgh.

Up 7 Steps.

FRESH and Fantasy

- ★ CHARLES BOYER
- ★ BARBARA STANWYCK
- ★ EDWARD G. ROBINSON
- ★ BETTY FIELD
- ★ ROBERT CUMMINGS
- ★ ROBERT BENCHLEY

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★ ORSON WELLES
★ JOAN FONTAINE
in CHARLOTTE BRONTE'S
Jane Eyre
Margaret O'Brien
Peggy Ann Garner · John Sutton
Directed by ROBERT STEVENSON

The screen's greatest emotional stars bring you the emotional experience of a lifetime.

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

THEATRES

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. No Performances this week. Re-opening Boxing Day at 2.25 and 5.40.

THE LISBON STORY

PALLADIUM. Ger. 7373. Last Two Parts. **LOOK WHO'S HERE** Re-opening Boxing Day Twice Daily at 2.30 and 5.20.

ALL STAR VARIETY, MAX MILLER, etc.

PRINCE OF WALES. Whi. 8981. **STRIKE A NEW NOTE** No Performances this week. Re-opening Boxing Day. Twice Daily at 2.40 and 5.30.

PRINCES. Tem. 6596. Eves. 6.30. Thurs. Sat. & Dec. 27, 2.30. **FIRTH SHEPARD presents HALFWAY TO HEAVEN** Bobby HOWES and Sydney HOWARD. "One long glorious laugh."—Eve. Standard

SAVILLE. Tem. 4011. Eves. 6.15. Mats. Wed., Thurs. Sat. and Dec. 27, 2.30. **FIRTH SHEPARD presents JUNIOR MISS** "Brilliantly acted... screamingly funny."—S. Dispatch.

SAVOY. Tem. 8888. Eves., 6.30. Wed., Sat. & Dec. 27, 2.30. **FIRTH SHEPARD presents MY SISTER EILEEN** Sally Gray, Coral Browne, Max Bacon. A "Hot... intensely funny."—Star.

STRAND. Tem. 2600. 2nd YEAR. Eves., 6.30. Thur. & Sat. & Dec. 27, 2.30. **FIRTH SHEPARD presents ARSENIC AND OLD LACE** Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Frank Pettingell, Edmund Willard

WINDMILL. Picc. Circus. 12th Year. **REVUEVILLE, 16th Edition (4th week)** Continuous daily, 12.15—9.30 p.m. Last performance 7.60. A VIVIAN VAN DAMM PRODUCTION.

CINEMAS

DOMINION (G-B). Tottenham Court Rd. **GIRL CRAZY (U)** **GOOD MORNING, JUDGE (U)** (Weekdays only) Weekdays: continuous 11.45 to 10. Sundays: continuous 3.30 to 9.

EMPIRE, Leicester Sq. Ger. 1234. Continuous 10 a.m. to 9.50 p.m. **BEST FOOT FORWARD (U)** with Lucille Ball, Harry James and his Music Makers.

GAUMONT, Haymarket. Whi. 6655. **HUMPHREY BOGART in SAHARA (A)** Weekdays: continuous 11 to 10. Sundays: continuous from 3.30.

LEICESTER SQ. THEATRE. Whi. 5252-4. **CHARLES BOYER, BARBARA STANWYCK, EDWARD G. ROBINSON, RBT. CUMMINGS in FLESH AND FANTASY (A)** Programmes begin 11.50, 2.15, 4.45 and 7.10. Christmas Day and Sunday, 3.30 and 6.0

LONDON PAVILION. Ger. 2982. Continuous 10 a.m. to 9.40 p.m. Samuel Goldwyn's greatest picture of these years.

NORTH STAR (A)

MARBLE ARCH PAVILION. May. 5112. **HUMPHREY BOGART in SAHARA (A)** Weekdays: continuous 11 to 10. Sundays: continuous 3.30 to 9.

NEW GALLERY, Regent St. Reg. 8080. Commencing Christmas Eve

WALT DISNEY'S SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (U) (In Technicolor)

NEW VICTORIA (G-B), opp Vic. Stn. **FLESH AND FANTASY (A)** **JOURNEY INTO FEAR (A) (Wkdays. only.)** Weekdays: continuous 12 to 9.45. Sundays: continuous 3.30 to 9.

ODEON, Leicester Square. Whi. 6111. Last Two Days

DOROTHY McGUIRE, ROBERT YOUNG

CLAUDIA (A)

Showing at 10.40, 1.0, 3.20, 5.40, 8.0.

PARAMOUNT. Tottenham Court Rd. **BOB HOPE, BETTY HUTTON LET'S FACE IT (U)** Also **ALASKAN HIGHWAY (U)** Next week: **CLAUDIA (A)**

REGAL, Marble Arch. Pad. 8011. **NORTH STAR (A)** The greatest film of these years. Daily at 1, 3.20, 5.35, 7.55.

TATLER TH. (G-B). Charing Cross Rd. **ANGLO-SOVIET SEASON** **THE CHILDHOOD OF MAXIM GORKI (A)** Based on the autobiography of Maxim Gorki.

TIVOLI, Strand. Tem. 5625. **GEORGE SANDERS, PHILIP DORN, BRENDA MARSHALL THE NIGHT IS ENDING (A)** **GALS INCORPORATED (U).** News, etc. Weekdays: continuous 11.30 to 9.50. Sundays: continuous from 3.30.

WARNER, Leicester Square. Ger. 3423. 20 Great Warner Stars 12 Scorching Song Hits **The Century's Magical Musical THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS (U)** For times of showing see Daily Press.

WHAT, NO XMAS PRESENTS?

Here's one from the Lion himself!

YOUTH, BEAUTY, RHYTHM & LAUGHTER — ALL UNLIMITED — AND ALL IN SUPERB TECHNICOLOR... New York's greatest musical comedy success for years filmed as only

M. - G. - M. could have done it!



BEST FOOT FORWARD

with LUCILLE BALL William Gaxton, Virginia Weidler, great New York stage cast, and HARRY JAMES and his Music Makers

Starting FRIDAY

GER 1234 **EMPIRE** LEIC SQ

Rehabilitation Plans Under Way

CANADA PREPARING FOR RETURN OF SERVICE MEN

Hon. Ian Mackenzie Outlines Program And B.C. Government Offers Farms For Veterans

HOW long this war is going to last no one knows, but at least it has got to the stage where a lot of people are wondering what's going to be done with the boys and girls when they change into civvies. The daily press in Canada contains much material on the subject of rehabilitation. Some of this has been forwarded to WINGS ABROAD from Ottawa, more of it is expected, and as it arrives we will pass it on through our columns.

Walter S. Woods, Associate Deputy Minister of the Department of Pensions and National Health, was concerned with this subject when he visited the U.K. last fall. On his return to Canada he got right to the point when he announced:

"I talked to a lot of the boys. The main thing they want is a job and the right to settle down at a decent wage."

Information about rehabilitation will be disseminated in booklet form.

Addressing the Canadian Legion at Orangeville, the Hon. Ian Mackenzie spoke of Canada's provision for her returned men. To cover the time between discharge and finding a new job, Canada already provides a rehabilitation grant of one month's pay and dependants' allowances, followed up by out-of-work benefit if, within that time, work has not been found.

A discharged man who enters employment of a kind which brings him under the Unemployment Insurance Act is credited with the time of his military service since July 1, 1941, so that his benefits will be based on the assumption that this time was spent in insured employment. The Dominion pays the back fees on his behalf.

In Canada's civil service, says Mr. Mackenzie, there is a pledge of preference to returned men, and a clause in defence contracts contains a similar provision.

Five Points

The post-discharge re-establishment order contains five main conditions, which were outlined by Mr. Mackenzie:

1. If welfare officers and the government employment agencies are unable to find work for a discharged man, he may be paid an out-of-work allowance until a job is found.

2. If a man is physically unfit to work he may receive the allowance while he recuperates. In most of these cases the man will receive medical aid also. If this is given in hospital the hospital allowances will replace the post-discharge benefits.

3. If the man has the inclination and aptitude for a course of vocational training which will help him to obtain a job or a better job, he may be paid vocational training benefits to

support him and his family while he is taking the course.

4. If within 15 months after his discharge a man is qualified to enter university or to enter upon or resume a recognised course of professional training as a doctor, lawyer, dentist, engineer, or any of the learned professions, he may receive the allowances while pursuing his studies.

5. If the discharged man enters upon some enterprise or business of his own, and has to wait for a time for cash returns, such as a farmer awaiting his first crop, he can be paid allowances under this order to help him live in the meantime.

It is pointed out in the news story on Mr. Mackenzie's speech that No. 5 is particularly interesting as it will assist some returned men to graduate from being employees to having a business of their own. Provision is also made for men who wish to settle on farms. The settler will be required to make a down-payment of one-tenth of the price, and he will assume an obligation to repay the balance within 20 years in annual instalments on an amortization basis. The rate of interest will be only 3 per cent.

If after 10 years the settler has made good on his farm, and is on his way to success, the government will make him a free grant of the remaining value of the enterprise. The government's grant, depending upon the relevant value of stock, equipment, buildings and land, may range from approximately one-third to almost one-half of the total value of the project.

B.C. Makes a Start

In British Columbia they have gone past the point where they are speculating what should be done for rehabilitated service men and have gone into production.

Any veteran of the Second Great War who has \$360 in his pocket, two years' farming experience, and a desire to go farming is eligible to participate in B.C.'s gift of 1,000,000 acres of soil-surveyed land.

(Continued on page 12, col. 3.)

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?



CALCUTTA IS GREAT PLACE TO SPEND JUNGLE SAVINGS

Hotels Are Crowded, Liquor Expensive, Girls Rare, Cows Holy

FAVORITE leave spot for RCAF lads in eastern India is Calcutta, the Empire's second largest city weighing in at some two and a half million people, including environs.

Prices are high, but Johnny Canuck probably has money to spend after a couple of months in the jungle. His hotel costs him the equivalent of \$4 a day. At that he may have to sleep in a dormitory with four or five others: meals included, though. But it's worth staying in a hotel you are lucky to get a bucket of cold water to bathe in.

The airman who steps into the street is immediately beset by scores of shoe-shine boys and vendors of razor blades, newspapers, maps, shoe laces, cigarettes, handkerchiefs, flutes, socks and other items.

The cows get in the way too. Cows are sacred to many Indians, and you can't walk far without getting out of a cow's way or walking around a sleeping one.

The dinner-plate size brown discs on the sides of trees and walls are cow dung, placed there to dry for fuel. Women with baskets hang about the places

Ho, Hum

Prices? Rather unpalatable Indian rum costs about a dollar a drink, Scotch whisky sells at a price equal to anything up to \$30 a bottle. Second-hand cameras won't cost more than brand new ones at home. Film is practically unobtainable. A second-hand car worth \$500 back home will cost \$1,200 here. Travel by rickshaw costs about 15-20 cents a half-hour. Taxis are plentiful and fairly expensive. A 15-cent tube of toothpaste sets Johnny Canuck back a dollar, Indian money, a two-cell flashlight \$5, a pair of Canadian silk stockings \$12.

Many of the goods in the surprisingly well-stocked bazaars are Canadian, especially canned foodstuffs.

There are some good movie houses, often air-conditioned, and you may smoke. Cafe and bars are attached to each one. Usually there are as many as three newsreels in each show, one Indian, one British, and often the official American one, which is the most popular. The loges are the best seats at about \$1.25; the cheap seats, front downstairs, cost about 40 cents.

There are one or two pseudo night clubs, and dances at the city's two principal hotels, but there's generally no one to take. The doughboys have an iron-clad monopoly on the dozen unattached white women in town, and there are not half enough Indian or Anglo-Indian girls to go round.

Deluxe Daisies a Dime Each

But if you can get a girl, you can buy her an orchid for a dime. In the jungles you can pick armfuls from the vines.

Calcutta has a blackout of sorts; no lights on theater marquees, dimmed street lights and auto headlights.

Local newspapers print little about Canada. A provincial election is not mentioned, but, worst of all, Canada's offer to supply wheat to starving Bengal gets a buried four lines in some papers, and at that the details are garbled.

You buy an American magazine from a street vendor at the equivalent of a half dollar, read it and sell it back for 35 cents. It cost you seven cents in the land of the Maple, and 1941 and 1942 issues are commoner than this year's.

No Canadian in India has yet seen the rope trick. A few lucky ones have been shown a harem.

INTRUDER BOYS YEARNING FOR SUNLIGHT, SUNDAES

Daddy Wants Ticket Home, Offers to Wash Tubful Of Son's Dydies

It's getting pretty close to Christmas, and there's a Canadian Intruder squadron in England that has its stockings hung out already. Some of its members have spent two Christmases in England, some are looking forward to their first. All of them are thinking of the good old Canadian Yuletide, and here's what a few of the boys want for Christmas.

LAC Ron Seaman, Westmount, Que., Radio Mech.—I'd be happy as a lark with a supply of good old Canadian grub. Or, to be more explicit, canned fruit and enough Canadian chocolates to get a really good taste of them.

F/O Al Browne, Winnipeg, Observer.—I'm easily satisfied. Just a couple of hamburgers and a coke from Jack's on the Pembina Highway and I ask nothing else.

Cpl. Carl Schroeder, Cobden, Ont., Clerk.—If I could be sure of a good feed of turkey and cranberry sauce, I'd be happy. But, failing that, I'll settle for a steak.

LAC Vern McMartin, Edmonton, Radio Mech.—Santa, I'm being tough and hard to satisfy. I don't think I could really consider my stocking filled unless it was with a one-way ticket to the Gateway to the North, Edmonton.

S/L Massey Beveridge, D.F.C., Westmount, Que., Pilot.—I'll take my Christmas gift any time that it could be a good long swim and a sun bath in the Laurentian lakes.

Cpl. Bert Plastow, Calgary, Clerk.—Pardon me, Santa, but do you think you could possibly find a couple of pints of Calgary pale ale?

F/L Tommy Thompson, Saskatoon, Assistant Adjutant.—This shouldn't cause you too much work, Santa. A few Christmas cards and a bunch of letters from home will do the trick.

W/O2 Lloyd Jenkins, Didsbury, Alta., Observer.—Make mine a pre-Christmas gift, Santa. A chance to get in that one required trip to complete my tour of ops, so that I get a leave to go home for Christmas.

F/O Doug Miller, Vancouver, Observer.—Just a sight of the mountains of Vancouver Harbour on Christmas Day would do, but that's impossible, unless you can arrange to put them in an envelope and send them over.

HOCKEY STAR SAYS BULLS PLAYS ROUGH

After several years of thrilling the crowds in the arenas of Montreal and Toronto, Don Maher, Westmount, Que., has taken to the seats himself, in the Azores. Back home all he had to do was bust open opposition defence combinations when he played for Victoria and Verdun juniors and Toronto's Marlboros in the senior O.H.A.

But in the Azores, to be a crowd-pleaser in the arena, nimble feet and an eye that's quicker than a bull's charge, are prime requisites.

"Not for me," says Maher, "I've seen some of these chaps nearly killed even if they pad the bull's horns, and take other precautions. Under Portuguese regulations it is illegal to kill the animals at bull fights. I'll stick to softball around these parts."

Maher handles the guns in a turret of a Coastal Command Fortress.

F/O "Diamond" Jim Franklin, Saskatoon, Observer.—Just a typewriter and a maraschino sundae for me, Santa. Principally the sundae, with lots of cherries.

F/O "Lefty" Miller, Edmonton, Pilot.—Just transplant me for the day in order to be around for Little Jimmy's first Christmas tree. For the privilege I'll even change and wash a tub o' dydies.

LAC Ed "Smoky" Love, Rothersey, N.B., Telephone Op.—An ample supply of smokes and a few Canadian delicacies will take care of me until Christmas, 1944.

Lieut. Lou Luma, Helena, Montana.—I just need one thing to make this Christmas a wowzer. All I can eat of Mom's hot cakes and maple syrup.

LAC Lawrence Murray, Carman, Man., Postal Clerk.—Christmas already? No wonder I've been so busy. Guess I'll just stay busy, helping you with your job, Santa, and start thinking about Christmas next year.

And there you have it, Santa, the Christmas requests from the Intruders.

BOMBER GROUP HAYSEEDS RAISE CHRISTMAS DINNER

There's an RCAF bomber station in the North Country that has solved the problem of finding useful work for the bad boys on jankers. They're handed a hoe or a rake and sent out to work on the station farm.

It all started last May with an initial investment of £50 from the station funds. The farm is now worth £5,000, has declared a profit of £1,900 to date, and pays back something like £450 each month to the station fund.

The wizard behind this financial ledger is RAF Cpl. Joseph Eildin, who's been farming in the district since way back but was not following his trade in the Air Force. They pulled a string or two, had Joe transferred into RCAF Bomber Group, and posted to the station commanded by G/C F. A. Samson, Ottawa.

With the initial investment Joe bought half a dozen Berkshire pigs and broke ground.

To-day the 130-acre farm, dug into spare ground around the station's concrete runways and tarmac dispersals, has 240 pigs, 21 chickens, 15 ducks, 15 geese,

six cows, two horses, and 30 acres devoted to growing potatoes, carrots, turnips, parsnips and corn. The farm is doing so well that Joe is getting 500 more pigs this year, plans to extend the farming rights, and plant an acre of rhubarb. The farming Yorkshireman kills eight pigs each week for the station messes, supplies milk to the air crew mess and hospital, sells pigs to neighbouring farmers, sends 26 porkers to the bacon factory every two months.

Says Joe: "We breed our own pigs here and every Sunday the boys have pork." What's more, Joe plans to kill a dozen pigs and a slew of chickens to celebrate Christmas in traditional Canadian fashion. The 37-year-old farmer has a staff of nine to work his fruitful acres. Two of them, LAC Richard Graham, Unity, Sask., and LAC Alfred Kaulback, Colchester, N.S., farmed in Canada before the war; then there are five Land Army girls and an R.A.F. airman. And there's so much to do that Joe expects to add six more land girls soon.

OH, MR. MIDDLEMISS, ARE THOSE TURKEYS YOURS?

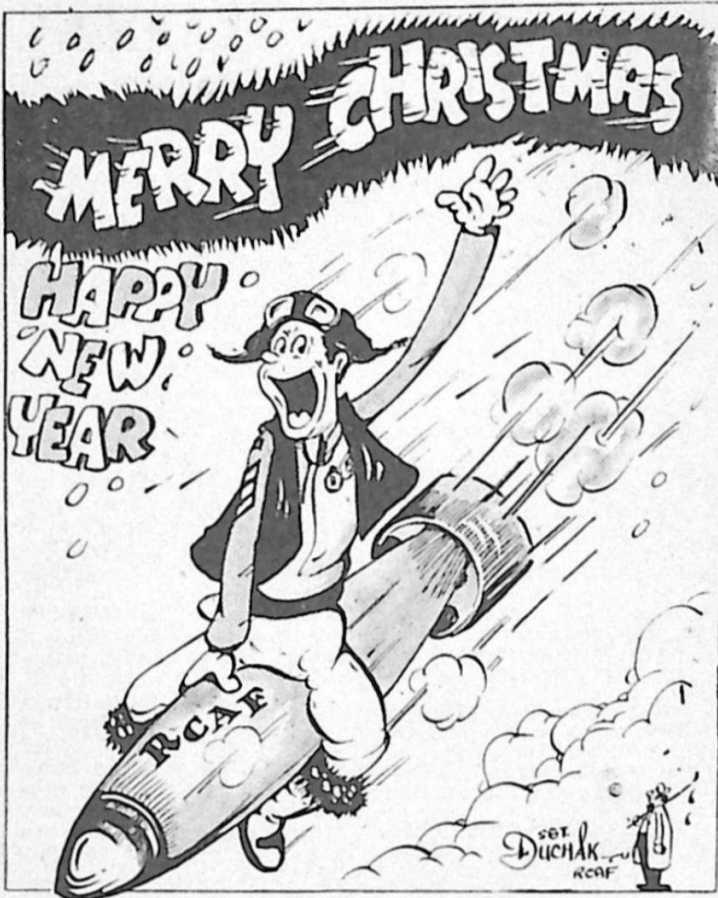
Maybe the fighter boys haven't got a farm, but they've got ideas and prospects. These birds haven't got a very brilliant future. Anyway, it's a good cause. By this time they've probably lost these feathers and that jaunty look. Next move will be to a roasting pan, but by that time their worries will be over. From then on the fighter pilots and ground staff will be in perfect control of the situation. They've got the green light as far as Christmas dinner is concerned, thanks to the reconnaissance effort of F/L Middlemiss as depicted here. How he discovered this flock of lovelies is a closely guarded secret. Needless to say, many people, both in and out of the Service, would give plenty to solve the mystery of his obvious success. Now those drum sticks will be as bare as a collection-box on a Scotchman's flag day.

(Official RCAF Photograph.)



These geese now grace the Christmas dinner table of the boys at RCAF Bomber Group. Keeper of the birds is LAC Richard Graham, Unity, Sask.

(Official RCAF Photograph.)



EUROPE-WISE BRITISHER INTRIGUED BY CANUCKS

RAF Intelligence Officer Is Attached to RCAF Unit

A working knowledge of six languages and a close association with pre-war Europe, particularly France, are among the accomplishments of a 24-year-old Intelligence Officer with an RCAF Mosquito Intruder squadron.

Born in England, he spent the greater part of his life in France and other European countries. For obvious reasons his name cannot be divulged.

He left Paris just a few hours ahead of the entry of the Germans, and his intimate knowledge of the European scene is an invaluable aid to his work in the Air Force. Perhaps even of greater assistance in his association with the RCAF is his intense interest in Canada and all things Canadian. He is anxious to see this war finished so that he may visit the Dominion.

In his own straightforward manner the I.O. tells of his introduction to the Canadian squadron and expresses his opinion of Canadians and Canada. He says:

"We were sipping pink gin in the bar when George, the mess newspaperman rushed in and exclaimed in excited tones, 'The Canadians are coming.'

"Our first reactions were varied. George immediately bought half a dozen bottles of whisky, apparently reckoning that the future demand would certainly exceed the meagre supply.

"Peter thought it was an excellent thing, for now we would have some real lumberjacks to cut down the trees at the end of the runway. The rest of the company's reactions were a little dulled by the pink ladies and not worth recording.

"Personally I had never come in contact with a Canadian squadron before, although I had known individual Canadians for some time on English squadrons. However, they had always tended to become Anglicised, and so it was with interest that I looked forward to meeting a crowd of people who would have retained their native wit and outlook.

"Lunch time was approaching, so I strolled down to the mess and the first person of the new squadron that I met was the doctor—we have been firm friends ever since. He has a quality that I can find no words to express, except that he is

ON THE AIR

Wed., Dec. 22.—Greetings from Home, 1.15 p.m. Forces.

Thurs., Dec. 23.—Canadian News Roundup, 9.55 p.m. Forces.

Fri., Dec. 24.—Bells Across the Sea (Carillon from Ottawa), 10.15 p.m. Home.

Sun., Dec. 26.—Hockey from Maple Leaf Gardens, 2.15 p.m. Forces. Johnny Canuck's Revue, 2.30 p.m. Forces. Transatlantic Call, 5.30 p.m. Forces.

Mon., Dec. 27.—Canadian Calendar, 6.30 p.m. Forces.

Be sure to take in Command Performance on Christmas Day, 9.50, Forces. Here's why: Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Nelson Eddy, Dinah Shore, Kay Kyser and orchestra with Ginny Sims.

Canadian, F/L Frank Lundy, Winnipeg, is his name. He is a source of inspiration to the squadron, and although he appears to revel in gory reminiscences, he is never without an interested audience, especially when he drags out his guitar and a real old Canadian sing-song develops in a hurry.

Maple Leaf Types

"Time has passed; it is almost a year since the squadron arrived and I have found many friends, all willing to talk and talk of the wonders of their Canada. I have lost Canadian friends, too, for there are some whose funerals I have attended, and there are others whose marriages I have dubiously graced. Our English girls who have married Canadians have a great treat in store for them, getting acquainted with Canada.

"These young Canadians have left their mark on England. They are kind, are extremely popular, are unselfish and have a severity of purpose that leaves nothing to be desired. Above all, they love Canada, and in so doing it and expressing their love in tangible fashion, have influenced many of my countrymen and women, and certainly myself, into loving it, too. I'll never be satisfied until I see it for myself."

REHABILITATION

(Continued from page 11.)

The million-acre packet comes from the B.C. government, and the Dominion government will spend nearly \$25,000,000 on the project. Premier Hart reports that already there are approximately 5,000 men who have enlisted in B.C. who are qualified as to farming experience and who have expressed a wish to settle on the land after demobilisation.

Under the plan the veteran will be advanced the sum of \$3,600 for land and buildings and \$1,200 for equipment and livestock, and will be required to make a down payment of \$360 or 10 per cent. of the cost of land and buildings.

He will then be given an agreement calling for payment of \$2,400 at 3½ per cent. per annum, the payments to be made on a monthly basis, and to take care of principal and interest over a period not exceeding 25 years.

This means that of the total investment \$2,040 will be written off in advance; but credit will not be given for the amount until the veteran has carried out his contract for a period of at least 10 years.

Until the veteran farmer has harvested his first crop he will receive the same benefits provided for returned men before they obtain employment. If a veteran who has not had farming experience wishes to settle on the land, the director of the department supervising the Land Act will arrange to have the applicant placed on a farm for instruction. After serving for a two-year period he will then be eligible to take up farming under the settlement scheme.

In Ontario reports of rehabilitation work are to date of a more local nature, but those which have come to hand bode well for the future.

The London Free Press reports that several veterans of this war have applied for and are securing small lots and homes near the city. These men have been discharged mostly for physical disabilities incurred during service. Financial help will be given them by the Department of Mines and Resources at Ottawa, under which the Veterans' Land Act is administered. There have been only a few inquiries for assistance in securing farms. However, officials are continually securing land in the district to be used for settlement of overseas veterans.

The Ottawa "Evening Citizen" announces that it has been informed that 250 acres of land in the Billings Bridge area has been expropriated by the federal government for the establishment of a rehabilitation, health and occupation centre for returned men and women of the three armed services. "The fact that but five such centres are planned in Canada at the moment to accommodate the numbers of such armed services personnel who have been returned from duty indicates that each individual project will be an immense one," says the "Citizen."

The Rehabilitation Committee, Military District No. 4, Montreal, announces that nearly 100 per cent. of returned soldiers applying for jobs in the month of October have been placed. Over 7,000 men have been placed in jobs since the first of the war.

SEE HERE, AIR COMMODORE McEWEN



Albert Hall leaves the kids at a Canadian Bomber Group Christmas Party held for war orphans, to discuss more serious problems with a senior base commander of the Group.

The war has claimed Albert's father and mother and he's the man of the family now with a sister and brother to look after.

WINTER-BOUND CANUCKS RIDE HOBBY HORSES

When Boys Keep to Camp They Spend Evenings Making Things

Britain's long black winter nights when every post-box and trash-bin becomes a hazard, have left many Canadian airmen with time on their hands and no place to go. So in the dubious warmth of tin-roofed huts there has flowered a new interest in hobbies and handicrafts.

LAC A. B. Salmixen, Calgary, has turned his hobby to practical account. "Pop," as he is known to fellow M.T. drivers, has always been at his happiest making trinkets, even in Civvy Street. Nowadays he follows the popular hobby of making jewellery from bits of broken perspex and metal scraps salvaged from damaged aircraft. So well turned out are Salmixen's products that they have a ready market among other airmen.

"It's easy when you know how," said Pop, as he polished

a delicate transparent heart, with the photograph of an airman's sweet heart miraculously suspended in its depths. "All you need is some perspex and a little acetone. You soften the surface of the pieces of perspex with acetone, place the picture between and press them together. From then on it's just one piece, and simply a matter of shaping and polishing."

The result is a beautiful piece of costume jewellery—and several extra shillings are in "Pop's" pocket.

F/L E. A. "Denny" de Niverville, Ottawa, fighter pilot son of the new Air Member for Training, is an aircraft model enthusiast. Right now he's working on a replica of a friend's kite, carved to 1/72 of its actual size. The lilliputian fighter is correct in every detail, even has a tiny mirror mounted over the cockpit.

"He's getting married to a WAAF officer next week and I thought it would make a good wedding present," de Niverville explained.

He's getting married to a WAAF officer next week and I thought it would make a good wedding present," de Niverville explained.

BOMBER STATION ADOPTS HULL'S BLITZ ORPHANS

Goose and Thunderbird Squadrons Are Foster Daddies to Waifs

Canadian flyers who have been bombing Berlin as members of the Goose and Thunderbird Squadrons of the RCAF, have been spending their spare time between raids acting as foster-fathers to children who have been among Britain's worst sufferers from the Luftwaffe blitz.

They are the sailor-suited children in one of the Port of Hull Society's sailors' orphan homes. Some lost their fathers along the sea lanes; others lost their mothers in raids on Hull.

The airmen undertook the job of being the men around the home on Christmas Day, 1942. The adoption business all started when a concert party from a Canadian station played a War Saving concert in an English town. While it was there, they were requested to play a show for some "evacuee children" and they agreed to a short performance.

The short show expanded by act into a long one, and wound up with the Canadians so completely charmed by the grave, round-eyed audience that they stayed right there and combed pockets and village stores frantically for Christmas presents. In the words of a sergeant who is long on accuracy in a gun turret, but short on vocabulary: "Them kids didn't have nothing!"

He was right, and what went right to the Canadian hearts was that "them kids" asked nothing but "piggy backs," and the flyers left the house of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hartley, who opened their home for the kiddies as one after another lost their

parents, vowing that they would do something for these little men. The Hartleys, and the kindly Mrs. E. Hensman, who is in charge of the kiddies billeted in that district, are responsible for these once-shattered lives whose young minds are healing from the memories of noise and fire. It is to fill the gap of the missing fathers that the Canadians are such regular visitors to the home; and they became part of it in less time than it takes to say "Bombs Gone" and were laughing, wrestling and shouting with the kids.

The originals in this adoption by the orphans were Larry Moyse, Kingston, a YMCA supervisor; Cpl. Joe Greaves, an RAF entertainer; LAC Sam "Fatsy" Herman, RAF; and Ray Dedels, another YMCA worker from Kitchener. The next Canadian to become a regular was Air Commodore C. M. "Black Mike" McEwen, M.C., D.F.C. and Bar, of Montreal.

As the news got around, more and more of Canada's airmen started coming. The latest word is that the entire mess of the Thunderbird and Goose are going to donate their entire month's ration of chocolate and oranges so that their "kids" can have a real Christmas.

MEDITERRANEAN OPS

Among Coastal Command Canucks who've helped sweep the Med clean are W/O Tom McGlade, Smith Falls, Ont., navigator; W/O Bob Winterson, Montreal, WOP/AG, F/S Bob Thacker, Montreal, WOP/AG, F/O Fred Schmidt, Arthur, Ont., WOP/AG, F/S Jim Grewar, Toronto, WOP/AG, F/O John C. Reed, Toronto, navigator; F/O Jerry Bland, Highland Creek, Ont., WOP/AG and F/O Merv Tallonquist, Belleville, Ont., pilot.

"What is the odds so long as the fire of souls is lighted at the taper of conviviality, and the wing of friendship never moults a feather?"

DICKENS
Old Curiosity Shop

It has been a privilege to plain untravelled British folk to meet the sons of Canada and call them friend. And so this Christmastide the good wishes of the whole Country go out to them for a triumphant issue out of their endeavours and a safe and speedy return to their loved ones over the water.

from the Chairman, Directors and Personnel of

Gillette Industries Limited

Gillette Corner, Great West Rd., Isleworth, Middlesex

Maybe—not a SPARKLING WHITE Xmas—but we wish you a happy one. Remember SPARKLING WHITE teeth are yours with the aid of KOLYNOS