



Vol. 1, No. 1.

TORBAY

September 15, 1942

THE COMMANDING OFFICER COMMENDS AND ADVISES "WINGS"—

Men,—

I sincerely hope that "Wings Overseas" meets with every success, and that it will be the means of:

Spurring us on to greater effort;

Increasing our knowledge, both service and general;

All ranks getting more fun out of life;

and, last but not least, That our relations and friends outside the service will enjoy reading our station paper.

I certainly commend you on this noble work. I know what it entails; but I also know that you are equal to it. So at the outset let me say to you:—**MAKE GOOD.** Do the thing we all expect of you. Come to the point—don't waste time in giving reasons why you didn't, or couldn't, or wouldn't, or shouldn't!

If I hire you to do a job for me—I expect results—I want results.

So also do you. If you come to me to do a job of writing by the fifteenth of the month you do not want me to show up on that day with a moving picture story describing how I couldn't do what I was paid for. You want the writing, and you



want it first class, all wool and a yard wide.

We have all received our "talents," five, two and one, respectively — we must give account soon. The parable tells us that the first two doubled theirs, and the third accomplished absolutely nothing, but he made a full report in 42 words, three times as long as the other reports.

There you have it. The less you do, the more you explain.

Efficiency! Learn that word by heart. Get to saying it in your sleep.

Of all the joys in this world, there is none quite so satisfying and so one hundred percentish as **MAKING GOOD!** Aim high in your publication.

Do your work a little better than anyone else could do it —that is the margin of success. Making good needs no footnotes. Failure requires 42 words.

My hope for you in this enterprise then, is that you make good—succeed—that is the Torbay motto — Alcock and Brown established it here. Remember, you have my whole-hearted support. The very best.

G/C GRANDY.

Lords of the Air

JUNE 14th, 1919

At 1.40 o'clock, just after the sun had reached the highest point for June 14th, 1919, a sleek-looking bomber became airborne from Lester's Field, and the sixteen hours which followed were destined to become an important part of modern history.

CAPT. JOHN ALCOCK AND LIEUT. A. W. BROWN

This was the day and the hour that Captain John Alcock and Lieut. Arthur W. Brown took to the air in a Vickers-Vimy-Rolls and started on their not too uneventful trip across the North Atlantic to become the first to accomplish this feat by air, thus establishing a new link between North America and England.

FOR EUROPE

There was a thirty mile per hour gale blowing from the north-west, and only by excellent manoeuvring on Captain Alcock's part was this bomber able to start its course and set out for Europe as planned.

OFF

At approximately 1.55 they had gained enough altitude to clear Cabot Tower on Signal Hill by one hundred feet, and then, piercing a fog-bank, they disappeared from sight.

WIRELESS OFF

When they were but a few miles out, the wireless propellor blew off, and this left them with no means of radio communication for the balance of the journey. But this was only one of the handicaps. They had to jettison their landing gear, a burden which otherwise might have brought disaster, owing to the excess fuel that they carried. Also they ploughed through fog and heavy drizzle the entire flight.

16 HOURS LATER

At 8.40 GMT under the direction of some surprisingly accurate navigation on the part of Brown, they landed at Clifden, Ireland—just sixteen hours and twelve minutes after they had taken off from Newfoundland.

LANDED

They struck the ground very heavily, the fuselage ripping up the sod as it settled. Neither Captain Alcock nor Lieutenant Brown was hurt.

LONDON

The plane was left there for repairs, and those two brave flyers departed for London by train.

NERVE AND SKILL

This was a deed which required plenty of nerve, skill and daring, and those two aviators displayed all three. By so doing they showed the world what was to become the most important method of communication.

* * * * *

PERPETUATE HEROES

To revive the spirit of Alcock and Brown is what we are attempting to do here. Theirs was an accomplishment which was to have great significance in influencing the modern Lords of the Air, who have a job to do which requires all the qualities displayed by those two heroes. The policy of this paper, fellow airmen, is to keep this memorable flight before you at all times, and be an inspiration to you.

ALCOCK AND BROWN! LORDS OF THE AIR!

Above Average

FLT. LT. MACIVER—PADRE, SAYS:—

So we have a paper! That is important and very encouraging. But more important still is, what kind of a paper will it be, below average, average, or above average? Surely we are not even concerned about the first two classes, they are "A dime a dozen." I am confident that the mark toward which we will aim will be, "The Above Average." A paper of that standard is not manufactured out of thin air or out of "Hot Air" either. It demands thought, work and faith both in the paper and in ourselves. The paper will be an expression of thought and ideals. Thought and ideals are expressions of ourselves. Let them be good and above all, high. Let us then be jealously proud of our paper. Proud of the part it will play in our station life. It will be going into our homes telling of our life here, let it be such that we shall never hesitate to send it and claim it as our own. Therefore as we launch it on its way let us be mindful of its future and be heartened by our determination that it shall truly be, "ABOVE AVERAGE."

High Flight

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. *Hov'ring there,*
I've chased the shouting wind along and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace,
Where never lark, or even eagle, flew;
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

(The author aged 19, an American volunteer with the Royal Canadian Air Force, was killed in action Dec. 11, 1941.)

In Memoriam

"Sammy" or "The Baron" as he was known to his pals, died in line of duty on Thursday last. On the records, "Sammy" bore the official name and number, R106228 Douglas Bruce Ruggles of Kenora, Ontario. A graduate of No. 10 S.F.T.S., Dauphin, Manitoba, and a Sergeant Pilot of a fighter squadron with past experience in bomber reconnaissance, he was a typical pilot of the great Empire Training Scheme.

When others would grow downhearted "Sammy" always had a smile and a pep talk handy. "It's all part of the big show" was one of his favourite sayings. Brought up in full faith of England's traditions, and an unshaken belief in church and honour and discipline—no finer pilot ever volunteered to serve the King.

Our sincerest sympathy to his good father and mother. They may well be proud of their lad, who lived and died a hero,—a true Christian.

Lizzie Chatter

Before I begin this column, we would like to wish F/O H. D. Bertrand the best of luck as O. C. of this Detachment. He succeeds F/Lt. D. A. Gillis who has been posted, "Good Luck, sir."

And now we dip down into the bag and see what news there is to offer. Here we go.

Wandering by the Wireless Section, we are startled by a very loud discussion and poking our nose in, we find that they are laying down the rules to a contest. Each man who is going with a young lady has a picture taken of her and on the last day of October, three chaps from other squadrons who are wholly neutral, are ushered in and choose the best. Of course this is very secret and the winner and his lady friend are not made known. However, the boy wins the award of one dollar (cash) and the young lady is acclaimed "Miss CAC of 1942." All contributions are to be submitted to Cpl. Townsend.

In from the Flight shack, we see the Wags skipping a rope. Everyone thinks that they are crazy but they tell us that they are getting into condition and going to remuster to Commandos . . . this we think is the laugh of the month!

Our highly esteemed Commando "Digger" Grinham is not only a fighting man but also a poet of great renown. One of his epics runs as follows:

"You may roar about your peaches on the beaches,
You may rave about your daisies in the dell,
But my Orrinoco Lily has them all beat,
She's my Sweet Patootie, she's my Bell."

"Digger" is also a song writer of long standing but as yet he is not ready to have his classics published.

From corney poetry, we quickly go to cornier sayings.

As Gil Gilbert ("Red" to his intimates) a fugitive from the "Dust-Bowl" emerged from the hospital, he was quoted as saying, "The hospital is O.K. I guess, and the nursing sisters are swell to you, but everyone in there is sick." Very subtle, says we.

One saying we would not like to hear is Bob Lute's continually saying "Eh?" Every sentence usually brought to an ending by the same word.

Well we must switch-off for this time and until we pull the chokes for another flight into the realms of gossip, this is your scribe saying, "So long for now."

D. J. B.

Appreciation

I wish to thank the airmen for their splendid co-operation in producing this paper, to be known henceforth as "Wings-Over-Seas", and to congratulate these same gentlemen on the results obtained. This, I assure you, was done by sheer hard work on the part of the lads, and let me mention specially Flight Sergeant Woodman, who assumes the duties of Editor-in-Chief. The response he received from the boys bespeaks volumes in his favour.

Now we want the help and support of the whole station. The novelty of the first issue will wear off—and first fervor is apt to die down. It will not be an easy task to keep going; but, it will be doubly hard and next to impossible—and I might add, useless—to try, if you refuse to co-operate.

So let's have your little items from week to week—keep ahead of the game—the extra article will be like money in the bank—always something to draw on.

My best wishes for the continued success of "Wings."

S/L S. J. MACNEIL,
Padre.

Slip Stream

Introducing our "Skipper," Squadron Leader Norris, who has seen action in England, and the enemy is hoping his posting here remains permanent.

Flying Officer Pattinson, the senior Flight Commander and "Chief of the Rumble Club," is an old timer in the Service and the Squadron benefits by his experience.

Pilot Officer Parsons is at home here in his native land. If he is not tearing the skies apart with an aircraft, he is ripping roads apart with "Tangerine."

Pilot Officer Stevenson is a new addition to the Squadron and from all accounts is a GOOD YANKEE.

Flight Sergeant Mott has seen service in many Squadrons and at present is taking pills to increase his stature.

Sergeant Lundberg, the Swedish Ace, has an American Goose, confirmed.

Sergeant MacDonald, or "Crash" to his pals, is at present basking in sunny Toronto, but will be back in action soon.

Sergeant Kusiak, the "Mad Russian," is also on leave and promises to return with a Harem.

Sergeant Gilmartin is as yet almost hairless, but anyone wishing to see this interesting individual in that state had better hurry as a salesman selling hair tonic has made a sale.

Sergeant Hayes, the sleeping beauty, alias "horizontal", is still alive and well.

Sergeant Gerwing, Casanova of the West, is unlucky in cards and lucky in love.

Sergeant Mackenzie is the beauty of the Squadron and can exist for days solely on a diet of peaches and cream.

Sergeant Dean, the Professor, is a native of the west, and is the only married Non-Com. in the outfit—and is he married!

Sergeant Brunton, a newcomer to the Squadron, hails from New Jersey, and has passed the initiation with flying colours.

We hope that this proves a satisfactory introduction to the pilots. More news next issue.

Chit - Chat

Well, boys, we're launched at long last and if we all get behind this we can make it a real success. Squadron Leader MacNeil can't do it alone, even if his tremendous enthusiasm does banish that lack-lustre look momentarily from our eyes. So let's go.

Anything you get on the other guy, let's have.

Our strength has been increased recently, but until we know the boys better, we can't dig up any gossip. Flight Sergeant Laister, wireless, and Corporal Rogers, rigger, are on leave as this goes to press, and we know they are enjoying a well-earned furlough.

Corporal Mason found another awaiting him on his return. Congrats, Sarge!

Smoke period means table tennis to our squadron, and some of the boys are really a "whiz" at it. Sgt. MacLean will play you for your 24 hour pass against his any time you like, while Pilot Officer (Ace) Parsons will take on anyone on any terms. He's game, anyway, we'll say that, eh boys?

Flight Sergeant Goodwin, while enroute to our station from leave, found an occupant (female) in his berth when he sleepily made his way to bed. Imagine his embarrassment!!!

Why does Corporal Dave Kenay go into a trance when he hears "Dark Eyes"?

Rumour has it that a certain squadron pushes its a/c more miles than it flies them.

Our genial (don't be fooled, he CAN be tough) Flight Sergeant Painter has turned in his three and crown for one crown. Less weight to carry, or more, Major?

That thoughtful look on the boys' faces may be caused by an idea for a squadron crest trying to break thru.

Per Ardu Ad Dementia

I am going to attempt to discuss one of the lesser known forms of plant life. I refer to that delectable little fruit the gander berry. There are some who deny its existence, but we may dismiss their scepticism as due to lack of knowledge on the subject.

HALLUCINATIONS

Before this war there had been reports of this phenomenon of nature, but the world of science had been inclined to dismiss the whole matter as due to hallucinations. In the past few years, however, there have been large bodies of men stationed in more or less isolated outposts where this fruit grows luxuriantly and there has been excellent opportunities for observation. The name itself derives from a station where they were first studied in a scientific manner.

PECULIAR

Perhaps the most peculiar of the many peculiar features of this plant is the fact that unless some time has been spent in an isolated spot or in one devoid of amusement, the entire plant is invisible. Newcomers to these stations are considerably startled at first to see the other men out gathering the fruit and are usually inclined to think that there are screwballs loose. In a few months, however, they too will be seen with the rest gaily swinging their little tin pails as they go forth to the harvest.

PURPLE STREAKS

The plant itself is very much like a grape vine except that the fruit grows singly instead of in bunches. The leaves resemble those of a maple, being a little deeper cut and having purple streaks running along the veins. The plant grows profusely along the edges of runways, climbing up and entwining itself around a sky hook. Sometimes it will take root on a barracks floor and grow with amazing rapidity over a bunk, giving the fortunate owner a degree of privacy to say nothing of a constant supply of fruit.

YELLOWISH GREEN

The climate, season or soil apparently has little effect on the vine. It will continue to bear fruit all year round and no variation in quantity or quality is observed. Strangely enough it has no visible flower of any kind. The fruit when unripe has a yellowish green color. There are apparently several species as the ripe fruit may be either orange, pink or blue. Three rare specimens of a purple shade are kept under glass at Torbay where some fine specimens have been observed despite the proximity to town.

EXTREME CARE

A species of worm, totally invisible except under ultra-violet light, inhabits these berries. Extreme care must be exercised in order to avoid the inhabited berries. The worm leaves a little white spot on the surface of the berry where it enters and this is the only means of detecting its presence. The worm imparts a particularly nauseating and bitter taste to the berry. This flavor tends to remain in the mouth for days, afterwards causing loss of appetite.

GREAT DELICACY

The berry may be eaten in various ways. Some prefer it with sugar and cream; others prefer to eat as they pick. They are considered a great delicacy for breakfast. It has also been maintained that they are far superior to pretzels as an accompaniment to beer. In short they are a very versatile fruit. Unfortunately they lose their flavor entirely when cooked, frozen,

Discipline Generally

WO. 2 JAMES, F. A.—No. 10 Air Observers' School

WHAT DO WE DO ?

The writer has been requested to contribute an article on Discipline. At once you will say "What do we want with discipline in this paper, don't we get enough of it when we are on parade?" My answer is yes, on parade, but how about when you are off parade? That is where the rub comes.

FIVE O'CLOCK

The average airman thinks that when five o'clock rolls around he can do and behave as he sees fit. That is where he is wrong. The same standard of discipline must be maintained off parade as on parade if he wants to be a credit to the Service, and after all it is the Service first and foremost.

PUNISHMENT

Some airmen are of the opinion that the word discipline means punishment. They are wrong. It is only when breaches of discipline occur that punishment enters. Discipline is evident in all walks of life. It would be impossible for our railways, steamship lines, etc., to function as smoothly as they do if discipline was not maintained.

DRESS

There are two subjects I would like to touch on regarding discipline, they are dress and paying compliments. Uniformity in dress is a prime requisite of discipline. Do not deviate from standard patterns, if you do you are masquerading. Neatly dressed airmen give an air of efficiency. Slovently dressed airmen, an air of delinquency. Brass, like Joseph's coat, has many colours when unshone, unpolished boots are an abomination unto a Unit. A lazy airman who is continually dodging the column does not realize that he is working hard and at the same time throwing extra work on a comrade.

COMPLIMENTS

Now we come to the matter of saluting. What is difficult about it? How much energy do you expend by raising the right hand smartly up to the forehead. I will tell you: not a hundredth part of what you use when shaking the dice in a game of African golf. Did you ever think of it that way. An Officer salutes on an average thirty times to your one. I could go on enumerating do's and don't's but as you have all attended lectures on this subject it should not be necessary. A good airman seeking promotion must learn to discipline himself before trying to discipline others. Beware of the chronic "moaner." He is the airman who spends so much time moaning that he is without time to do his work efficiently, thus he gets nowhere fast.

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

Discipline in armed forces is not the same the world over. Japanese discipline is founded on faith and sacrifice. French discipline depends much more than our own on punishment. Germany and Russia employ the machine system. Our own discipline pre-supposes a high sense of personal honour. Intelligence and dogged determination, its aim is collectivism as opposed to individualism. We are all in this for one object—to defeat Hitlerism and it is only by hard work, efficiency and discipline that we can attain victory.

canned, or after being picked for any length of time. At present, therefore, it is not possible to commercialize on their many excellent qualities, but research is being carried out along these lines. If things continue as they are, we may confidently look forward to the day when those in the midst of civilization may pick gander berries in their own back yards.

Our Elmer

One day Bob Low was approached by Elmer Skinner who wanted a job in his new show.

"What can you do?" Low asked.

"I can dive headfirst from a 500-foot ladder into a barrel of sawdust," said Elmer.

"I'd like to see you do that," said Low.

Elmer performed the stunt.

"You're hired," Low told him excitedly. "I'll pay you \$250 a week."

"Oh, no," said Elmer.

"Then I'll pay you \$1,000 a week—but that's my top price."

"Oh, no," said Elmer.

"Why not?" asked Bob.

"You see," said Elmer, "that was the first time I ever did that trick—and I don't like it!"

Sports - Dope

By "JOE" DINELEY

Well fellows at last our Recreation Hall is opened and we can get down to business in the conditioning of some of our athletes. We are badly in need of boxers. The Lincoln and Welland Regiment are having boxing shows every two weeks and they want some representatives from the R.C.A.F. to enter. I know a couple of good men on this station and there must be more. We have a (so he says) Golden Gloves man in the person of that "Terrible Tornado" F|Sgt. Nickle, and is willing to take on all 10 lbs over or under his weight. All you have to do is see his manager, S|M James. He will take all challenges.

Then there is the "Monstrous Mauler from Moncton," F|S Swetnam (J.B.). Cape Spear call him "One Punch." If you don't believe it ask their second baseman. He also used to be a 10 second man. If the other fellow had made a pass at him he'd have made it faster than that.

The base-ball and soft-ball season is very near over, and are we glad! Our teams didn't go so very good this year but most of them blame the climate. Asked them if they would do better next year, but none of them seemed anxious to stay here that long. (Don't know why).

The big leagues, if you are interested, are pretty well sewed up with the Yankees in the American, Brooklyn in the National. Our guess is Brooklyn's Daffy Dodgers in the World Series, and Newark in the Little World Series.

Army and Navy are thinking about hockey already, and have discovered that there is an ice rink in town. We'll let you know later if there will be any league.

Did you know that Eddie Shore is to Manage the Buffalo Bisons' Team this year?

S|L Lionel Conacher (Big Train) must have given some of our P.T. Instructors quite a workout when they tried to give him one according to Newspaper Comments. Watchout Goldie!

That's all for now, fellows, but one word in mind Keep training. Just follow my routine, and maybe you'll land up at the switch-board with me. That is, if there's enough room there for My Twin and me.

"Our Joe Boys"

The boy stood on the hangar floor,
His mind in the deepest gloom,
Watching the swirling dust recoil,
From the lightning swish of his broom.

The hangar doors were open,
An aircraft roared outside,
And as the dust came piling in,
He just sat down and sighed.

He pondered over many things,
Of the adventure in the sky,
Looking over his calloused hands,
He wondered, will I ever fly?

He thought of all this sweeping,
Would it win the way some day?
Or would it make the "Nasties" happy,
When they come here to stay?

He thought of the G. D.'s coming,
And his thoughts soon ended there,
For the major's voice, across the way,
Brought him back to his job, with care.

So in memory of our Joe Boys,
We plant this forward firm,
Hoping some upstanding gentleman,
Will give them a REAL chance to learn.
CPL. D. B. KENNY.

"Be Prepared"

The watchword of the Scout is a little "gem of wisdom." We as individuals should have followed it in the days of peace, and if we are to give our best to the Service now, we must follow it in war. Furthermore, if we are to enjoy the fruits of victory and ensure a better way of life for all, we must prepare ourselves now, as individuals and as a nation for the post war period. Let preparedness then be our watchword.

PREPAREDNESS! Preparedness for living. As one whose work has been, and still is, in the field of Education, I feel that in the Service as in civilian life, one sure way of forging ahead toward that objective is through improving our education. A healthy, well fed mind is an essential complement to a healthy, well-trained body. Good reading and methodical study are vitamins for the mind, enervating and refreshing it. Let us then take advantage of the opportunities which are available to keep our minds healthy.

That the men of this station are taking this motto of the Scout seriously, has been quite evident. In the past month more than one hundred Airmen have discussed with the Educational Officer, ways and means of improving their education. Night after night, after a hard day's work, some of these have attended classes in Maths, Science and English for remustering to Aircrew. On at least two nights a week the typewriter keys are being used by willing, if inexperienced, fingers. Airmen studying Maths and other kindred subjects are frequently in attendance in the same room, and during the past month approximately thirty new enrollments were made for courses through the Canadian Legion Educational Services. There is room yet for many more. Let us see to it then that the work of education—self education—on this Station is extended.

Let us work for Preparedness—Preparedness for living.

Ten Little Airmen

Ten little Airmen, stationed at Torbay,
TOS for quarters, rations and pay.
While waiting for dinner, one stepped out of line—
Then there were nine.

Nine little airmen, one was always late—
Then there were eight.

Eight little airmen, one thought parade was 'leven—
Now there's only seven.

Seven little airmen, one his watch forgot to fix—
Then there were six.

Six little airmen, one on time didn't arrive—
Then there were five.

Five little airmen, one smoked in the corridor—
Then there were four.

Four little airmen, one a stop sign didn't see—
Then there were three.

Three little airmen, one his buttons didn't do—
Then there were two.

Two little airmen, one forgot to clean his gun—
Then there was one.

One little airman learned a lesson from the rest—
Rather hard on the other nine, but that's the acid test.

A policeman stopped a negro driver and demanded to know why he ran through a red light. Didn't you see that red light?" the officer asked.

"Yassah, I seed it."

"Well, why didn't you stop?" the officer asked. "I saw the white folks going on the green, so I thought the red was for us niggers," the darky replied. He was excused.

—Niagara Falls Review.

There's No Accounting for Things

We note with pride the brand-new stripes being sported by S/L Byers and F/L Harty. They certainly look good and our best wishes are extended to both officers. We also see that something else has been added to F/L Harty's hitherto clean-shaven countenance . . . we had to look twice to recognize him when he returned from leave. It is hoped that by the time this column goes to press our F/Sgt. Green and Sgt. MacDonald will be back in the fold after annual leave. How was Hagersville, Red? Too bad Mac had to spend his leave in hospital . . . better luck next time. F/Sgt. and Mrs. Williams are away in Montreal on annual leave (some people get all the breaks). Cpl. Farnell's eyes are still bothering him . . . especially after looking through a glass. Did we ever tell you about the time George thought that he was a cow? We hear that there's lots of nice grass around the Station, George. Chuck Poirier is also heading for Montreal . . . we can just see those bright lights now. We wonder who is taking care of Ruthie now that Chuck's away. That couldn't have been Sgt. Reardon and Lac Cameron who were seen down on New Gower St. . . . or could it? It is rumored that Lac Porto is contemplating matrimony . . . at least he says his intentions are honourable. Your roving reporter must say adieu but we'll be back again with all the gossip. See yer in Tarbay, Byes.

Our Guest Writer

SGT. LEONARD—U.S.A.A.F.

Looking upwards we see in the distance a small speck streaking through the sky. It is history in the making.

Not many months ago, Torbay was just a little hamlet. People wended their way over circuitous, dusty and bumpy roads. It is a long trip into the town and each Saturday is like a festive occasion when one sees the wagon loads of people going to town to do their weekend shopping. Along the way one notices the terrain. Here and there you will see a swamp, a wooded section or a hill. The place is not very much unlike other places we have known back in our home land. However, time changes things and to look at the same place now makes one marvel at the wonders that can be brought about by man.

The roads are still circuitous, dusty and bumpy but gradually, by means of grading and re-grading, they are assuming a semblance to a highway.

Amid all this change we have staunchly held forth putting up with many inconveniences; but that is to be expected. It is the duty of those in the air force to service and repair planes, guide the pilots to proper parking spaces, arrange for the transportation and housing of personnel, keep our headquarters advised of the whereabouts of each crew member so that, if necessity demands it, they may be returned to their plane on a few moments' notice. No time of the day or night is either too early or too late for planes to arrive or depart or for work to be done. The fruits of our labor have been to see the arrival of many of our outstanding officers who have come to inspect our set up and to make further plans. Ours would have been an extremely difficult task were it not for the fine spirit of co-operation as shown by our R.C.A.F. allies.

Ever looking upward, we see in the distance a small speck streaking through the sky and like the handwriting on the wall it is spelling out the word VICTORY. Lest we forget, that word can become reality only with the co-operation of all branches of the Service and of all Allied Nations. Our part is no greater than theirs and their part is no greater than ours.

And let me say as I hang my clothes on the end of this line, our welcome (The Yanks') here was cordial and our stay here is equally as pleasant.

Figure This Out . . . !

It is wonderful what some people can do with figures. Mr. J. A. Melrose, a Durban reader, came in with one of these tables which I set out for your edification. What their portent is I leave to you.

	Mussolini	Stalin	Hitler	Roosevelt	Churchill
Born.....	1883	1879	1889	1882	1873
Came to power	1922	1924	1933	1933	1940
Years in power	19	17	8	8	1
Ages.....	58	62	52	59	68
	3882	3882	3882	3882	3882

These figures are up to date, and the totals divided by two make 1941.

—Natal Daily News, S. Africa.

A man was sitting in a subway car, slowly shaking his head from side to side like a metronome. Finally the man opposite him asked him what he was doing that for.

"So I can tell the time," was the prompt reply.

"Well, what time is it?"

"Four-thirty," said the man, still shaking his head.

"You're wrong. It's quarter of five."

"Oh, then, I must be slow," he answered, speeding up.

Bombs and Bullets

We shall take this opportunity of the first issue of Wings Overseas to wish F/Lt. Garbutt good luck and success on his posting to Western Canada.

Congratulations also to Cpls. Barnes, Lambly, Derrick, Cunningham and Holden on their promotion to sergeants, and to L.-Cpls. McLellan, Nobleman and Woodley on their promotion to corporals.

Which clean shaven F/Sgt. Armourer Guns, was seen at approximately 0200 hrs. 24-8-42; doing a little road work around the quarters and rock pile sans trunks several days after the Sports Meet at Bell Island was over. . . . It wasn't a little too warm, was it Thomas? One must be careful when playing with fire, whether in a bottle or otherwise.

WHY?

Is F/Sgt. Elsworthy called "Charles Atlas" by a few that know?

Is Cpl. Derrick called "Moaning Joe" by the Boys in the section?

Was the song "TREES" sung for F/Sgt. Woodcroft, and where? Pretty Doggy, EH?

Is "WOOLLY" called Stumpy"? We'll bet it isn't because he is short.

Does Cpl. Lambly look so sleepy in the mornings? Could it be that he should get to sleep earlier? or should we ask?

Does L.A.C. Woodley go to Bell Island so often? Is she nice? Oh, Boy!

Did "Feathers" go sick while taking the Bottle Training course?

Is L. A. C. Kales going around singing "Nursie, Nursie"? It could have happened at the last dance we held, or could it?

Is L.A.C. Burns going around with that far off look in his eyes?

Could it have been that he was bitten by a Blue Nose Love Bug while home on annual leave?

Did L.A.C. Wright sleep with his clothes on and a life preserver for a pillow while on the S.S. Lady Rodney?

What Armourer Guns got sulky when Ghandi of India was jailed?

Does he still walk to Port aux Basque after visiting at Flat Rock. This same Cpl. refused Harvest Leave, we wonder why?

Congratulations

Congratulations to S/L Norris, S/L Byers, F/L Harty, F/L McGuire, F/L Garbutt, F/L McInenly, F/O Sim, F/O Parsons, F/O Templeman and F/L Bertrand on their recent promotions.

Good Luck!

Good luck and continued success to the following who have recently been posted away—

F/L Gillis, P/O Detlor, Sgt. Mason, F/O Fenson, WO2 Thorvaldson, F/L Garbutt, A/C Leadman.

"Y" News

ATHLETICS

Although we have been somewhat hampered for the want of equipment, and also a place to use it, we feel that with the opening of the recreation hall, we shall be able to get under way on a regular recreational program. Unfortunately, we will not be able to use the new hall for basketball, volleyball, etc., but steps have been taken to secure gymnasium equipment which will be used to good advantage by all. Our amiable Sgt. Goldstein has condescended to give instructions in boxing, wrestling, and general gymnastics, so when this program gets under way, let's have everyone on the "bandwagon" on the road to "Good Condition."

CONCERTS

As for the entertainment end of the program, we are depending greatly on talent now on the station. Many interesting programs of singers, dancers and actors will be brought from town. With the coming of the Winter, it is planned to form a glee club, dramatic club, public speaking club, and any other forms of entertainment that YOU wish to suggest. Let's hear from you regarding any ideas you have on entertainment, sports, or anything else that will give the morale of the Station a boost!

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE WEEKLY PROGRAMS OF THE STATION:

Movies, three times weekly.

Dance every 2nd Friday.

Occasional Sing Song.

Amateur Night. And what have you!!

WEEKLY PROGRAMS OF THE RED TRIANGLE CLUB, AND CARIBOU HUT:

SUNDAY—

Red Triangle:

Movie in afternoon, sing-song and amateur contest in evening.

Caribou Hut:

Sing-song at 2000 hrs. Movie at 2115 hrs. FREE lunch.

MONDAY—

Dance at 2000 hrs. American Swing 7 Orchestra.

Two movies: 1st shows 1845 hrs.; 2nd show 2045 hrs.

TUESDAY—

Two movies, often followed by a dance.

Party and dance. Nfld. Base Comm. Orchestra. Adm. 20c.

WEDNESDAY—

Dance, N.B.C. Orch.

Two movies: 1st show 1845 hrs.; 2nd show 2045 hrs.

THURSDAY—

Party and stage show alternating every week.

Regular weekly dance.

FRIDAY—

Party and Dance.

Two-movies: 1st show 1845 hrs.; 2nd show 2045 hrs.

SATURDAY—

Dance, Lincoln Welland Orchestra.

Dance, N.B.C. Orchestra.

WHAT WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW—

Who was the first R.C.A.F. Officer to fly across the Atlantic?

Passing the Buck

Ever since the apple incident in the Garden of Eder: it has been the common temptation of mankind to pass the buck. "The woman tempted me," was Adam's unmanly effort; "The serpent tempted me," was Eve's contribution. Shift the responsibility, that's the great thing. Whether it is bagging some other poor chap's mug to replace a broken one or shooting a line to escape a reprimand, or blaming a subordinate for one's own mistakes, or bleating about the fellow higher up for not doing his stuff, the great thing is to pass the buck and escape from the responsibility of personal carelessness, laziness or inconfidence.

A ROPEY BUSINESS

Of course there is still enough of the old school tie spirit about to make a lot of people think, or at least say, that it is very bad form to pass the buck. On the other hand, there are quite a few who think no end of themselves because they can get away with it every time. But probably the majority try to pass the buck without thinking of anything (except saving their own skin.

NOW GET A LOAD OF THIS

Until we all recognize that passing the buck is a ropey business and decide to scrub it out altogether, the general war effort can't be anything but a shaky do.

GET CRACKING

To blame the other fellow, any other fellow but yourself, is too easy, a bit of cake in fact. But if a free democracy means anything at all, it means that every individual citizen has got to do his stuff as though his own particular job was the one thing on which the whole issue depended, because taking it by and large that is the truth. STOP PASSING THE BUCK! Most of us have the sort of job where there is not much chance of collecting gong; we are just required to plod along doing some dull routine job. What of it, and why should it be dull anyway? Put all you've got into it. If it is true that the next man isn't doing his stuff, do yours so well that you'll shame him into doing likewise. It is no good saying: "I'll get cracking when everybody else does."

GET CRACKING NOW: that's the only way to get everybody else cracking.

FREEDOM MEANS RESPONSIBILITY

Don't be such a fool as to think that somebody else will win this war for you; that's just a form of passing the buck. If you think that we are going to get peace and freedom and home-life handed to us on a plate, you've got another think coming. Yet these things mean everything to us; the alternative is slavery of the worst kind. This country of ours may not have been perfect in the past, but it has always stood and still stands for the best things in human life, all summed up in the one glorious word—Freedom. Only we ourselves, you and I individually, can preserve and make perfect this splendid thing; and the ways of doing it can be summed up in another equally glorious single word—Responsibility.

Let's put our heart and soul into this vital business of saving freedom. Let's realize that it **does** all depend on us. Let's be ready to take it when we make mistakes. Let's not moan about other people's inefficiency or irresponsibility. In a word, **let's not pass the buck.**

It ain't no use to grumble and complain;
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice.
When God sorts out the weather and sheds rain,
Why rain's my choice.

Torbay Memories

When all our foes are beaten
And the clouds have all rolled by,
And the Huns forever are vanquished,
And innocent people no longer die;

We will all have many memories
As back to our homes we go,
Of places we've been, and things we've seen,
And the pals that we used to know.

But I am sure there will be one memory,
A memory that will always stay,
Of the day that we left Canada
And came over the sea to Torbay.

We'll remember the day that we got here,
Yes we'll remember the trip on the train,
We'll remember the snow and the wind here,
And who could ever forget the rain?

We'll remember the pioneering
Of seeing this Station grow,
Of seeing the buildings and roads take shape,
And become as fine as any we know.

Yes we will all have many memories
As in civil life we toil and play,
But the sweetest of all our memories
Will be memories of TORBAY.

F/SGT. NICKLE, W. J.

Debating

In this our first paper on this Station quite a few topics have been touched. So here is another one that I should like to bring to the attention of those interested—Public Speaking or Debating. Even though this Station is only in its first stages, so far as this type of entertainment is concerned, and we must class it as entertainment, for in any other form it would immediately cease to arouse interest, there must be a good many who have the ability to speak interestingly as well as intelligently on various subjects. For example, take the constantly used subject of "East Versus West." And there are many more subjects about which a good bit of discussion can be had. Just because you haven't been on a debating team at one time or another is no reason to hang back and look on. Come on boys and enjoy the fun. There can easily be arranged a discussion club if the term Debating Club seems too dry or involved. Many a worthwhile evening can be spent in discussing some event of common interest. Those who are interested get in touch with Squadron Leader MacNeil. So come on boys and let's see what we can do in this line of Recreation.

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