



Vol. 1, No. 2

TORBAY

September 30, 1942

What's it All For?

Everyone of us has given up an awful lot for this war. Home, Job, Comfort, Freedom.

Sometimes we are "browned off." What's It All For? Where is it getting us?

It does us good to get a clear view of things.

FOR COUNTRY

We are not at war for colonies or markets, or capitalism or socialism. We are at War to save our country. Her soil, her people, her traditions. But there is more to it than that—For Canada means a **Way of Life**, which was common once to all Europe. It means that each of us enjoyed certain **Rights, Freedoms, Respect**, both from our neighbors and from society as a whole.

They were won with difficulty. Finally it was because Europe believed in Christianity. Once Europe believed that, they were on the way to Freedom.

SWASTIKA

We didn't think much about it. We took all these things for granted. They were in the very air we breathed.

Of course we had a right to our own life, however poor specimens we might be in mind or body.

Of course we could marry the girl we loved, and bring up our children to be Methodists or Catholics, Liberals or Conservatives.

Of course we could form a team of any kind—organization—etc.

Of course we could go to what ever church we wished. But there's **No—Of course** under the Crooked Cross of Hitlerism.

Quite the contrary. For Nazism says "Man's happiness is to serve the German Race."

Truth is what the community thinks (or is told). Law is what suits it. Good is what profits it. Evil what harms it.

Incurables are put to death. Men's bodies sterilised for no crime. Their right to marry cruelly interferred with.

Their children not their own—they belong to the community, to be brought up in Nazi Ideas, to spy on and despise their parents. They are to be uprooted and sent hundreds of miles from home for the needs of German industry.

No lawful groups, but all under the state. No free press; no free discussion.

Religion derided and crippled. Heroic Germans have fearlessly denounced these crimes. But they are

powerless. For the German Race is the Superior Race destined to conquer the World.

MAKE NO MISTAKE, they are sincere. It is their religion. They believe in it passionately.

DEATH GRIP

And so two outlooks on man, two ways of life face each other. Neither can tolerate the other. Neither can accept a patched-up agreement. It is a fight to the death. It is one or the other for it.

Alone in Europe for awhile the English challenged this vile revolution. Now the United Nations take a hand.

In the name of each man's divine origin and divine destiny, for his freedom and his rights, we recoil from no sacrifice.

Some of us in Cockpits and Gun-turrets, most of us on the ground, but all of us, whatever our job in the Royal Canadian Air Force with cheerfulness and sacrifice, with conscientiousness and courage, are playing our parts to save for all Europe and the world, our dignity as human persons, our right to lead free lives.

Audax Omnia Perpeti

MEMORABLE CROSSING

In the first issue of "Wings-Over-Seas" you will no doubt recall having read an article on that memorable first crossing of the Atlantic by Alcock and Brown, and probably remarked to yourself, "It did take plenty of guts to do that!"

"**Audax Omnia Perpeti**" translated means "Bold enough to try anything." Taken from "Odes of Horace," Book 1, Ode 3, it is the motto selected for our proposed station crest. It would seem particularly apt, because its context is this: "All in vain has God set the forbidding waters of the ocean between the lands of this earth. . . . The human race has been bold enough to rush over every boundary. . . . young Daedalus has even flown through the empty air on wings that were never meant for man."

TIMES HAVE CHANGED

Of course times have changed, and now there are plenty of people flying the Atlantic in a much shorter time. Consequently one doesn't stop to consider these things. In days of young Daedalus, flying just wasn't done, and when our two pioneers, Alcock and Brown set out, only a few of the far-sighted folk could foresee the future to aviation. But it had to be done for the first time by someone, and under extremely different conditions than we put up with to-day when we fly. So here's a bunch of Orchids to **ALCOCK and BROWN!**

Sports---Dope



By JOE DINELEY

Nothing much to report in the way of station sports, but am sure it won't be long before things will be rolling along in great style with the new Recreation Hall. A Ping-pong challenge seems a very good idea with two representatives from the officers, N.C.O.'s, and Airmen each. Let's see who really are the champs. I would suggest the following as my pick—P/O Hughson, F/O Maltby, Officers; F/S LeFluffy, Sgt. Lambly, SNCO's; LAC Lepage, LAC Coquet, Airmen.

We have quite a lot of athletes among our Sr. NCO's. Did you ever see the perfect athlete in a white sweat-shirt going to the movies? Well just keep your eye on F/S Coombs. Is he a wow! Then there are the perfect base-ball practising type, but of all the thousands of square miles of this station, why do Sgt. Pic Nic Myshrall, F/S Glamor Boy Belanger and F/S Rip-Em-Apart Swetnam play where they do?

"I've got a date with a Sgt." O'Neill is doing lots of road work these days. We wonder if the stencilling machine really broke, or was it a gag to go to the Group more often.

If we ever have any boxing bouts, I would recommend Cpl. Woodward as the announcer. Ask the boys in the mess-hall at 0730 hrs.

F/S Moldy Woo Hoo Cozens is taking up hunting at Flat-rock these days. Wonder if he'll bag anything?

The bowling season is underway soon. All you bowlers ought to get practicing soon, for believe you me the people here take their bowling very seriously.

In closing, I will say a few words about my successor, WOB Harper. The wonderful way in which he handled the soft ball team this summer was little short of amazing. He should be highly commended for the beautiful farce. He doesn't know the difference between a soft-ball and a base-ball!

Good-by folks.

ED'S NOTE.—So long Joe, we're very sorry to lose you, but we are sure you'll make a host of new friends at your new station.

Sports---Quiz

You Read the Sports, Don't You?

1. In Boxing, where is a rabbit punch delivered?
2. What is a dead heat?
3. What game is frequently referred to as "barnyard golf"?
4. What is the naive giver to a period of play in polo?
5. "Dusting 'em off" in baseball parlance means: Throwing the bat at the empire, brushing of home plate, pitching at the batter's head, or kibitzing from the bleachers.
6. Where is a Charlie Horse usually found?
7. Hockey is known by what name in Ireland?
8. In what sport does the winning team move backward?
9. What event in sports to the figures 4, 4, 4, suggest to you?
10. In what sport is the Davis Cup an International Trophy?

Ground Crew-They Toiled Without Glory

(Condensed from an Article by Air Marshal Edwards)

THESE ARE THE GROUND MEN

To us in the Air Force, they have a meaning that others do not see. They are symbolic of men who have done much to make the Air Force what it is to-day. Without them the Battle of Britain would have been lost. But thank God we've got them. No less than the men in the air, they sent the Luftwaffe back to Germany to lick it's wounds. I pay tribute to the riggers, fitters, cooks, radio-men, armourers, clerks, instrument men, equipment assistants, motor transport,—and forty other ground crew trades.

THE AIR-CREW—

The men who fly, the men before whose courage I feel humble, when I see them off to a raid—are a gallant company. I would take from them no whit of the credit they deserve. But please remember that the Air-Force is a team. Each section is inter-dependent on the other. The flying men are the brilliant young half-backs who carry the ball. The ground-crews run interference and make their spectacular plays possible. Few of the ground-crews are youngsters, and mark my word, they'd be in the air if they could follow their desires. But they still didn't like the idea of a bully, and saying good-bye to families, they went off to the war, TO TOIL WITHOUT GLORY.

AFTER A LONG PATROL,

what is more up-lifting than good bacon, eggs and coffee to your morale? Many a cook has kept the fires burning all night, just for that purpose. When you've landed in the sleet and snow, you'll find some welcome-looking faces waiting to take over your air-craft and make it ready for the next trip. They may have waited there for hours—WITHOUT GLORY!

REMEMBER

that if a giant bomber takes its load and destroys important enemy objectives, certainly give the air-crew their due praise, but save a few cheers for the ground crew who made this trip possible. They pursue a noble calling, and:—THEY TOIL WITHOUT GLORY!

"I've a Job to do"

F/O TEMPLEMAN, Educ. Officer

Yes, I have a job to do. So have you. It may be a big job—or it may be small. But it is a job—and it must be done.

You say your job is small—that it doesn't give you a chance to do your best for the war effort. Why is it small? Is it because you are small? Your job itself can only be as small as you make it. It also can only be as big as you make it. Are you giving your best to your job? Are you trying to make it big? More important still, are you MAKING it big?

Do you feel that your job is unimportant? Some of you do. Why should you? Is the small spring in the watch less vital to the mechanism than the main spring? Is the gas which feeds the motor less vital than the motor? Your job, whatever it may be, IS important. It is a necessary cog in a great piece of machinery. If you allow that cog to become rusty, the efficiency of the whole machine is impaired. Do your job then. Do it well. Keep the machine running smoothly.

Yes—you have a job to do. It is a big job—IF YOU HAVE MADE IT BIG. It can only remain a small job, if you remain small. Improve the skill of your hand. Quicken the responses of your mind. Prepare yourself for a bigger job, BY MAKING YOUR OWN JOB BIGGER.

We've a job to do—and IT MUST BE DONE. Let us do it well. LET US MAKE IT BIG.

Wanted



An organist for S/L MacNeil's Sunday services. There must be some young man in the congregation who would like to do his bit for a good cause, so don't be bashful. Drop in and talk it over with the padre.

The Spirit and the Sword

This certainly couldn't be much of a paper, fellows, without a word about our good Station Warrant Officer, WO2 James, F. A. I doubt if there is a man at Torbay to-day who doesn't know him, barring perhaps the new arrivals of the past two weeks who came while the subject for this discourse was on leave. To you who haven't had the privilege of knowing him at some time or other, I will tell you some things about him that you should know, for he is undoubtedly one of the best discipis in the business. He has a strong voice on parade and is all that a good disciplinarian should be. When he says left wheel he doesn't mean right form, and he is always willing and able to give a helping hand on the subject of drill. He's that genial looking fellow who sits at his desk in the first office as you enter the administration building. He wears the ribbons from last war but modest fellow that he is, he rarely mentions anything in connection with past war experiences of which he has had plenty. He has a knack of handling men, and getting things done, cheerfully, and that, Gentlemen, is discipline; the willing and cheerful obedience of orders. Understanding human nature as he does, he knows when a "bark and growl" reprimand is needed, or if just a word of good advice, to put one of the lads back on the straight and narrow. No less a military authority than Napoleon said "The spirit is mightier than the sword."

Married

REEDER—PENNEY

The wedding took place at Wesley United Church recently of Miss Susanna Alma Penney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin N. Penney of Western Bay, to L.A.C. Van Edgar Reeder, R.C.A.F., who is stationed with the R.C.A.F. at Torbay, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Van Reeder of Ellscoot, Alberta, Canada. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. Blount.

The bride entered the church leaning on the arm of L.A.C. Evans, R.C.A.F., of Saskatoon, Sask., Canada, to the strains of the bridal march played by Mr. Robert MacLeod. She was attractively attired in a floor length gown of white satin trimmed with pearls, with long embroidered veil held in place by a coronet of tiny flowers, carrying a bouquet of carnations, sweet peas and maiden hair fern. She was attended by Miss Millicent Frampton who was attired in a gown of blue satin with shoulder length veil carrying a bouquet of sweet peas and maiden hair fern. The flower girl was little Miss Ruby Hipditch. She was very attractive in a gown of pink satin with a halo of pink roses. The groom was supported by Corp. Thompson, R.C.A.F., of Nova Scotia.

After the ceremony the bridal party motored to the Newfoundland Hotel where a reception was held. After the usual toasts the couple left for Western Bay where the honeymoon will be spent. The bride's going away suit was a costume of air force blue with navy accessories. The church was filled to overflowing with well wishers including the bride's mother who was in town for the occasion. Their many friends wish them many years of wedded bliss. They will reside in the east end. Canadian papers please copy.

Hot Off The Wires

Welcome to F. L. Matthewson, our new O. C., who replaces F. O. Young. Best of luck on your posting to a new station, F. O. Young.

Sgt. Merrill, survivor of three crashes, is quite the ladies' man. We wonder if it is on account of his good looks or tales of his thrilling adventures.

We wonder if Cpl. Hanna is shooting par in African Golf, commonly known as Game of Chance?

Well what do you know—LAC Macdonald is back.

Where did ACI Walker learn the sign painting trade? He sure wields a mean brush.

Hats off to the Met Section, knowing Torbay weather as we do.

Best wishes to LAC Saunders who left his bachelor days behind him while home on leave.

Have you by any chance heard our Barrack Band with Leader ACI Nagle handling the accordion and various others with washboards, combs, kazoos, etc., to say nothing of the vocal renditions?

There seems to be some argument as to who is the best man on the Key. Let us know when a decision has been reached.

Rumor has it that Upper Case "J" is very annoying to Torbay Teletype Operators.



A WIRELESS WONDER

'Tis said we have a W. E. M. around,
Whose heart is in his work—
Some say he should be called
A wireless electrical jerk.

He plays a game of solitaire,
Goes out to call the tower,
Sits down to play another game,
Hard-working by the hour.

He's blonde and sweet, and always neat,
Gets friend girls by the score,
He never dates the same one twice,
There's always plenty more.

"Marnin' the marnin' bye," he says,
As he looks up from his set,
Sounds like an outport fisherman
A'hauling in his net.

We'll miss Gil, when he goes on leave,
There'll be no one to bawl and shout
While he's away in Montreal
Amidst beer, whisky and stout.

When he returns from Montreal,
Where he's sure to meet his doom,
We'll have some great material for
Another P. O. Prune.

We'll close these little verses now
With a shake of the hand to Gil,
And hope in his future life he'll find
His far-away, green-looking hill.



Hockey Notes

Hello, there, sport fans! Perhaps the news that will appeal most to all Canadian lads, is that hockey will definitely be played in the United States and Canada. A recent announcement by Government authorities says that the National Hockey League will be permitted to operate without restriction. There is an understanding, of course, that should any player be called into the service during the season, the club he is with will not interfere in any way.

This decision to allow hockey is a wise one. If we take, as an example, what baseball did in the United States, then we can best realize what hockey will do for Canada. Not only did baseball offer a means of relaxation to millions of hard-working people, but more important, nearly two million dollars was donated towards the purchase of sporting equipment for the men in the American Forces. To a certain extent the same will hold true with hockey, so the decision to "carry on" should be applauded.

But what of the teams? A recent survey showed that over fifty players who were in action with various teams last year have enlisted. This means that squads will have to be cut down, and teams will rely on youngsters of nineteen or so, and veterans long past their prime. While the calibre of the hockey played will be considerably lower, on the other hand the weaker teams of former years will now be on a par with the former strong ones, and thus tend to lend balance to the league race. In a future article, I shall dwell upon the merits and player strength of each team.

M. OBRONT.

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 show 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. Orchestra.
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.

Slip-Stream

LOW FLYING

Low flying among the "Gentry" at the local "Coconut Grove" the slip-stream gang all returned without a scratch, although some returned home through the descending haze strictly on instruments. The main feature of the evening was the grand arrival of two pigeons with their cooing doves in a five-ton transport. However, everyone had a very enjoyable time and moreover it was our first opportunity to spend the evening together. We hope that a few more of these informal "get-togethers" can be arranged in the future.

HELLO! GOOD-BYE

We wish to extend a welcome to WO2 MacIntosh who has been posted to our unit temporarily. The news that P/O Stevenson has been posted away was met with the deepest regret; best of luck to you and we hope that you will be back with us soon.

DRY STREAM

Well, that's practically fishing the old slip-stream dry of any more gossip, besides, your scribe is only pinch-hitting for our regular reporter who has found it hard to do any concentrating since a certain division moved in. We hope the flame will have died down by the next issue, so until then—this is slip-stream listening-out.



Chit Chat

WHAT A CONCLUSION!

WO2 Painter had just delivered a lecture on the use of parachutes.

"And if it doesn't open?" asked Sgt. Gilmartin.

"Well gentlemen," replied Painter, "that is what is known as jumping to a conclusion."

DON'T SHOVE

Sgt. Hayes was late for parade. Running frantically, he closed his eyes tightly and muttered, "Please don't let me be late! Please make me be on time. Please I!" Suddenly he fell in a mud puddle. Getting to his feet, he raised his eyes to the heavens. "O.K.," he said, "I didn't ask you to shove me, did I?"

READY

Mrs. Dean: "As soon as my husband finished his military training we were married."

Mrs. Jones: "He would be better able to stand it then."

DIDN'T KNOW

Sgt. Gilmartin: "Did you tell Sgt. Gerwing that I was a liar?"

Sgt. Hayes: "No, I thought he knew it."

TRUE TO FORM

Sgt. MacKenzie, sitting next to a haughty woman in a crowded bus in town kept sniffing in a most annoying manner. At last the woman could stand it no longer and turned to the Sergeant, "Have you a handkerchief?" she demanded.

MacKenzie looked at her for a few seconds, and then with all the cautiousness of his race, replied: "Aye, I've got wan, but I dinna lend it tae strangers."

What This War is Not— What This War Is

THE MISSION OF THE UNITED NATIONS

Excerpts From a Speech By Fulton Sheen

This war is not just the result of political and economic forces and upheaval. No political or economic adjustments will solve our problems. It is not the means of life that have gone astray, but the purpose of life, the philosophy of life. Dynamite can be used in excavating for a building, but it can also be used to destroy the same building. Political and economic theories and practices are only the means of life; the philosophy of life leads into the realm of religion and in this has the world gone astray from truth and principle.

REAL DICTATORS

This war is not just the work of the present dictators, Hitler and Company. They are not the creators of the evil in the world to-day, but only the creatures of that evil. It is the bloodstream of life that has gone foul; dictators are only boils on the skin where the evil has erupted. If dictators were the cause of the evil, then, with their removal, the effect should disappear. We shouted during the last war, "Kill the Kaiser" and we would have peace. We did away with the Kaiser but we did not get peace. The war of to-day is the result of bad thinking. What is needed is a new soul in the world which will make the lives of dictators impossible.

WHAT THIS WAR IS

This war is a crisis. It is a crisis in the derivative sense of the word, a judgment, a judgment of God on the world. The laws of gravitation are known to all; we are free to believe them, but we are not free to escape the effect of ignoring them.

Then, as now.

The world is reaping the fruit of seeds planted throughout the centuries. What is happening before our eyes at present is not the result of a day or a night or of ten years or of fifty years.

"MISSION OF UNITED NATIONS"

The common denominator among the United Nations is democracy. But the good ship S.S. Democracy has certain barnacles which must be lopped off and cut away before the ship has clear sailing. The ship carried a valuable cargo; the value of a man; the value of human personality; God's gift to us, the Four Freedoms of President Roosevelt: Freedom From Want, Freedom From Fear, Freedom of Speech and Freedom of Religion. We must preserve them, and we can do so only by the restoration of justice, by removing the barnacles which have been gathered by the ship S.S. Democracy.

If we want to see how progressive we have been, just look at the intervals between the recent wars; fifty-five years between the Napoleonic wars and the Franco-Prussian war; forty-three years between the latter and the first great war; and twenty-one years from this latter until the present war. PROGRESS??

FREEDOM

If the maintenance of freedom depends upon the extension of science, is it not anomalous that the country (Germany) to which all our Canadian and American scientists and educationists have flocked and aped, the country which is more scientifically inclined and advanced, is the country to-day where there is NO FREEDOM? Japan learned the science of our Western civilization, but what peace of freedom did Pearl Harbour bring in its wake?

OUR MISSION

We have been convinced that Hitler was diabolically possessed and as such, would come to an untimely end OF

STARK MADNESS OR SUICIDE; otherwise, how explain away his hatred of God, of the church, of religion. HITLER IS THE VISIBLE HEAD ON EARTH OF HIS SATANIC MAJESTY.

THINGS WORTH FIGHTING FOR

There are things in democracy which are not worth fighting for; we must not desire a return to pre-war conditions, if we do we'll get back Hitler. But there are things worth fighting for, the four freedoms. Our mission, then, is that of defending Truth and Justice against evil.

THE CLENCHED FIST

Two symbols from which to choose: the clenched fist, symbol of hatred, violence and destruction, which opens to make the hand destined to be an instrument of art, the claw of the beast,

OR

the clasped hand, which cannot strike in defence, and cannot be raised in defence, which opens with its fingers pointing, like so many Gothic spires toward Heaven, symbol of imprecation and prayer that the world may know the law of Christianity.



Bombs and Bullets

Which two Armament Sgts. on a 48 hr. pass, after paying a return visit to the navy, had trouble in the blackout, and who was leading whom? Could it have been that they were torpedoed?

Which LAC Armourer "Guns" paid 40 cts. to sleep in the Capitol Theatre? Was it too many daggers or just 3 daggers? Rum go, what?

When and where did our Amorous Armourer Burns try to get his face lifted and succeed only in having his watch lifted? Are those steps hard. . . . Oh man

Who was the Sergeant that remarked "They should be pegged for that," and on closer inspection was found to be the first offender?

Which Sergeant is so anxious to get home on leave that he is going by T.C.A.?

Which Armourer "Guns" needs a map, compass and altimeter on his dates? South Side Hill is pretty steep, eh bye?

We wonder if the Flight Sgt. "Guns" who is on leave managed to get past Montreal?

Congratulations and sympathy are extended to Cpl. Scott and LAC Harris on their promotion to the Ball and Chain club. Nice going, fellas.

Why did LAC Woodley go to Bell Island the nite before his leave started? Was it just to say goodbye?

We wonder why Cpl. Nobleman spends all his passes at Topsail?

Which of our married Armourers "Bombs" is hiring a maid to carry out the household duties while he is on leave?

Our "Moaner" has lost his title and will answer to "Willie" now. Maybe it was his promotion, or is it "Wise" to be the Moaner?

A Poem on Why he Fights

Its not for the honor of country alone
That an airman goes marching to war;
It's the memory and dreams of his boyhood days,
And the future he's fighting for.

There's the little grey church on the hill-top,
Where he sang hymns and listened to prayer;
Here he was christened and hoped to be wed;
His grandfather's grave is there.

There's the wood where he battled wild Indians,
The fishing and swimming pool,
The fried chicken suppers on Sundays,
The joy of the last day of school.

Winter night—Mom's face by the firelight;
The candle-lit Christmas tree;
The barn dance where he met Alice,
High school; university!

Now goose-stepping hordes are threatening all this.
He must fight; there's a place he must fill
If his son and Alice are ever to know
Of the little grey church on the hill.
Submitted by CPL. FARRELL, J. J. G.



Lizzie Chatter

Once again your scribe before commencing this column, must take time out and congratulate a member of the squadron. This time it is F/O R. G. Sim who has ceased to sing "I have spurs that jingle jangle," having turned his musical spurs in for a set of wedding bells. Good luck, Mr. Sim to you and your income tax exemption!

Sgt. R. O. DeWolfe, the mighty little man who pilots the oxydol ship (drogue), came out with a bright statement. After landing he came into the flight shack with a very worried expression on his face. When asked the trouble he said "Every time I fly, I feel as though I'm being followed."

"Digger" Grinham, our poet and song writer, has just finished a book that should sell many copies to the men of Torbay. It's title is "Games to play and what to do while waiting in line for mess." The sub title reads "Or how to skip it all and go to the canteen for a coke."

Who is the Jeannie with the light brown foo that Sgt. Hudson is always talking about? That Bowring Park is sure a swell place to make acquaintances!

Cpl. Townsend has returned from furlough very tired but very contented. It seems tht he made a friend of the T. C. A. hostess. Nice pitching, "Biff," but what about that Niagara Peach?

And then there is the story about "Stinky" Schrank who got his fingers trampled on while crawling back to barracks one night. To prove it, ask him why he has the fingers on the right hand bandaged.

If you hear L.A.C. MacFarlane singing "Kiss Me Goodnight, Sergeant Major," it is not because he's in love with the Hon. N. C. O. on the Station. It is a little girl in the C.W.A.C. who is up in Ottawa at the present time. Who could blame him?

That concludes the chatter this time, but more news from the biggest little squadron in Torbay.

So-long for now.

D. J. B.

Explosives

We understand P/O Ross has two aircraft to his credit now. We wonder who won the \$10.00 F/Lt. Lowry put up for the best star fix.

We wonder where our Rumble Club money is? F/O Govier is going on leave soon and somebody must be financing it!

P/O Hastie swears that subs have periscopes at both ends and hits the mark by aiming between them.

We regret to announce that the "Pickard-Kirk Ferry Service" has been discontinued.

What romantic bomber P/O. is taking rather expensive guitar lessons?

Congratulations are in order to P/O. Kirk on his appointment to the post of Assistant to the Assistant of the Squadron Navigation Officer.

For rent—For their next party, the Fighter boys can have, at reasonable charge, a number of vertical correctors from the Bomber Squad.

Rubber-kneed Sgt. Tinsley has been accused of hoarding. We think that is stretching the point a little.

What loony observer has lost his title as the Great Lover to an old goat as the "Buck."

Sgt. Feldman has made the Adjutant very happy by getting his hair cut to shoulder length.

What pilot is it who believes that the longest way around is the shortest way home?—Or had he never seen Labrador?

We understand that some old maids answering to the names of Jessie James, Pauline McGregorvich, Margaret Dembinsky and Louise Cowling, AND occupying Sergeant's quarters, are serving coffee and pancakes at all hours. The prices are cut-throat, so let's give the girls our support.

Dazzling Dewitt has been sparking a gorgeous thing in town. Is she Coolsey, Ed.?

The blonde bomber dropped a depth charge on George, the Corner Brook Flash, but he still insists that it was Magdelene and not he, that got the blow-by.



Things We'd Like to Know

When "Peaches" is going to go on a Clothing Parade and trade in his drinking pants for the benefit of one and all?

Who is the airman whose prayer was for strength and more strength to dispose of certain bars that got in his way?

How Cpl. Scott and his new bride are making out?

If a corporal who answers to the name of "Bull" is on leave, or where he is keeping himself?

If it is true that F/Sgt. Nickle slept in the Detention Barracks only so that he'd be sure to get up early the next morning?

How LAC Caveller came to the nick-name "Salomi"!

When the aircrew of the bomber squadron will take a little interest in their aircraft and clean them up occasionally?

Why can't Senior N.C.O.'s fall in line for meals like the rest of us "Joes"?

If Cpl. Hadden has a permanent lease on a little cabin in the Wildwood?

Sgt. O'Neill and Sgt. Dineley were playing with a flashlight, switching it on and off. Finally O'Neill threw the beam up toward the ceiling, and said: "I'll bet you can't climb up that beam." Dineley shook his head and replied: "No siree, you can't get me to try that. I know you! Just when I get to the top you'll turn it off."

A Barrage of Blows for Charity Fight for Right

On the afternoon of October twelfth in the Yankee Stadium in New York, close to seventy-five thousand persons will pay nearly a million dollars to see two men of the United States Army fight for the world's heavyweight boxing championship. This contest will bring together, for a second time, Sgt. Joe Louis, the champion, and Private Billy Conn, who nearly turned the trick in their first clash last June.

TWELVE ROUNDS

In that battle, which had forty-five thousand spectators limp from excitement, the lightning fists and flashing feet of Conn made impotent the devastating power of Louis. For twelve rounds the huge throng saw fistic history in the making as the kid from Pittsburgh outboxed the mighty Louis; but in the thirteenth round, Billy, saturated with confidence, threw caution to the winds and made the fatal mistake of trading punch for punch with the now desperate champion. Came a sudden flurry of punches, and Conn was hurt; came a terrific barrage of blows, and the courageous youngster slumped to the canvas, his amazing bid, thwarted.

WAR RELIEF

Most of the proceeds of this struggle went to the pockets of the contestants and the promoter, but such will not be the case on October twelfth. For then, every cent taken will be turned over to "War Relief," and neither the battlers or the promoter will receive anything for their efforts—except glory. That a million dollars will be realized seems assured. Not only have the fight fans the first epic still in mind, but the fact that this battle is for such a worthy cause, will surely enlarge the gate receipts considerably.

MEN IN THE SERVICE

There is one thing, however, which may smudge a very clear picture. There are many who claim that men in the service, regardless of what they achieved in civilian life, should not be taken from line of duty, to appear in a public performance, even for such a worthy cause. These people feel that the morale of the other men in uniform will suffer.

I can't agree with this point of view. Should two lads in the uniform of Canada announce that if they were given time off to stage a boxing show, a million dollars could be used for the benefit of dependents of the other men in the service, then I should say—more power to them.

BOMBER AND KID

So when the Brown Bomber and Billy the Kid renew their fistic acquaintance, every American man in uniform should be proud of, and grateful to, them; and regardless of whose hand will be raised in victory, the real winners will be the wives and children and mothers of the men in the United States Army.

P.S.—Wanna bet that Conn wins?

M. OBRONT, R144942,
Instrument Section.

BEE ONE

LAC Beswick (finding a wasp in his soup), "Hey, what's this?" The Mess Orderly—"Vitamin B."

WO2 James was putting some rookies through their first paces. Finally exasperated at their uneven lines, he roared: "Whatsamatter! Don't you know how to line up? All fall out and look at the uneven line you've made."

F]Sgt. Swetnam explains why the driver of a hansom cab sits on the back: "So that the superior in the interior should not see the posterior of the inferior on the exterior."

Fight for Right

I'm trying hard to figure out
For what we work—and fight.
Is it against a thing we hate,
Or for a thing that's right?

I've never thought that hatred brought
Rewards to those who hated;
And so, when told to hate a thing,
I've always hesitated.

In war, one side defends the right;
And that side would preserve it—
And make free men of all mankind
For all men do deserve it.

So, even war should not breed hate.
Instead, our love for right
Can make us want to share all good;
And, for this cause, to fight!

—Lyla Myers.

We Answer "No!"

We must be brave!
No sacrifice can be too great
To ward the swift impending fate
Our land to save!

Tho' tyrants rail
And press their long-prepared war
On sea and land, both near and far,
They can but fail!

O' foolish boast
That ayran blood shall rule the world,
The swastika to be unfurled
On every coast!

Shall pagan might,
The cruel hand of Jap and Hun,
Destroy the progress long begun
Toward heaven's light?

We answer "NO!"
Our cause is just and shall prevail;
Through carnage, blood and fire, and hail—
We answer "NO!"

—Byron A. Barlow.

There are in the world two powers—the sword and the spirit. The spirit has always vanquished the sword.—Napoleon.

If one must leave a home, a ship or a woman, leave should be taken while one is still in love.

How about calling Japan the "land of the rising scum?"

Fashion Note: "There'll be little change in men's pockets this year.

LAC Keegan and AC2 Duggan met on a bridge. Each held out his hand, and they shook earnestly, only to discover (at the time) that they were utter strangers. "Now that's queer," said Keegan, "when we were so far off we couldn't see each other I thought it was you, and you thought it was me. And now we're together, it's neither of us."

"I suppose you're still angry because I came home late last night with this black eye."

"Maybe you've forgotten, but when you came home you didn't have that black eye."

—Gay Nineties (CBS).

Photo Snaps

The Section wishes to extend to P.O. G. L. Young, our new photographic officer, a hearty welcome and all the best for the future.

The Section is proud to announce the formation of a Bowling team headed by such renowns as WO2 Hawk-eye Harper, F|Sgt. "Bull" Scott and sundry other stars of the Bowling world. This team, without a doubt one of the most powerful on the East Coast, is issuing a standard challenge to any team foolish enough to desire to play.

The "Rumble" system, introduced into this section but a short time ago, has hit a certain member of the section rather hard. Poor "Slim" has glumly figured out that at the rate things are going he'll have to stop sending letters by Airmail to the girl-friend back in Salmon Arm, B.C.

Things we would would like to know about—

Where did F|Sgt. Scott pick up that O.S.'s voice?

Does F|Sgt. Harper know that his whistle is off tune?

Is "Red" Thurston still ga-ga about a certain Vera?

Why doesn't Sgt. LeRoy realize his Barbacued Baritone is slightly off-key?

What holds "Slim" Tennant together?

What is a certain L.A.C. Stewart going to do on leave?—or do we know!

What happened to all the fish a certain photo trio were said to have caught in the city reservoir?

Why Cpl. Simpson rushes to town so often?—Surely not yet!

By B. C. V.

High 'bove the ground in speedy flight,
I wend my solitary way,
And fancy leads me to display
The prowess of my speedy kite.

Full throttle takes me to a land,
Where towering castles hold domain,
And valleys deep and mountains high
Are floating whitely in the sky.

A joyous freedom grips me there,
A climbing high in spiral flight
I gaze upon this inspired sight
Of silvered mountains of the air.

Thus, in lazy circles like the hawk,
I cruise above this air-borne spot
And proudly glance from up on high,
For a Lord of the Clouds am I.

By B. C. V.

IDENTIFIED

Squadron Leader MacNeil, on his way here, couldn't find his cabin. "What was your number?" asked the steward.

"I can't remember," the Padre replied, "but there was a lighthouse outside the window."

NOW YOU KNOW

Pilot Officer McMaster was giving his squad their first lesson on the rifle.

"Your rifle is your best pal," he told them.

"Treat it as you would your mother, your sister, or your sweetheart—rub it over with an oily rag every morning."

FOOLED HIM

"So you let Woodman get away? Did you guard all the exits as I told you?" asked Sgt. Little.

Cpl. Heaphy answered, "Yes, but I think he got out through one of the entrances."

A Friend

An airman got a posting,
He is going away to-day;
To see another Station
That is many miles away.

It was just another transfer
In the records that we make,
But to him it was important,
And to him it was a break.

To myself and many others
It was the parting of a friend,
A farewell to a loved one
As he passed around the bend.

He may never write a letter,
We might never meet again;
But I know we have always got him,
Always got him for a friend.

So to all you folks in Service,
Whether khaki, blue or gray,
The sweetest things in human life
Are the friends we make each day.

(NICK).

F|SGT. NICKLE, W. J.

Foot Note:—This little poem is not so good but it voices my sentiments and I feel like many others of a friend that has just left us, and the friend I speak of is Sgt. J. J. Dineley. Good luck, Joe, and best of everything.

Greenland has an ice-cap. The only country left that doesn't need one!

Your Paper

Well fellows, you've seen your first number of "Wings" and you are looking at the second. We have no way of telling whether it pleases you or not, and whether it does or not, it's still your paper.

Personally, we like it, but then again, you are the ones to do the judging. How do you like it? If any of you can offer a suggestion that will make "Wings" a better paper, don't tell Tom, Dick, or Harry, but tell us.

Now that we've settled the little question about whose paper this is, how about you poets, writers and so on, sending your contributions to us? The law of averages says that there must be plenty of you who can do that, so start writing and writing and WRITING!

Let's get going fellows, and make this a dollar's worth of good reading matter for only five cents.

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