



Vol. 1, No. 3

TORBAY

October 15, 1942

OUR FIRST TORBAY HEROES

On This, Our First Opportunity, We Take Advantage Of Expressing A Truly Heart-Felt Appreciation.

These verses were written in memory of, and in honour of the victims of the first crash at Torbay. Following are the names of the men who gave their lives: F/L LeBlanc, F/L Ehrlichman, F/Sgt Colville, Sgt. Taylor, Sgt. Brothers, Cpl. Else, LAC Crymes, LAC Fleischman.

An Elegy—"Tragedy Of The Airmen"

By CYRIL D. B. KNIGHT

Dictators thundered: "Down with right!"
The world was in a sorry plight.
Democracy, too long had slumbered;
It seemed as though its days were numbered.
A voice then offered: "Blood, Sweat, Tears!"
Atonement for too peaceful years.
The nations stirred. The Empire acted,
Engagement with the foe, contracted;
Far to the West, and in accord,
A great Dominion raised the Sword.
No panic there; a conflagration!
A fire of grim determination.

Then from her prairies; from her towns;
They came through valley, over downs;
Young men with hearts of gold united
And to the cause of freedom plighted.
Another "King" sent words of cheer
By radio, press, to far and near.
Young men, whose fathers faced the foemen,
Responded to their ruler's call
And forward came to give their all.
O Maple Leaf, though in bereavement,
Rejoice, for great is thine achievement!

To the Gibraltar of the West;
The great Dominion sent her best;
To fortify, and so, defending,
To guard against a fatal ending,
Should England's might not stem the tide
Of battle on the other side.

Each man of war then took his station,
To fight to death for our salvation
And their own. Then came the airmen—
The brave and stalwart, do or dare men.
To our small isle alone, unguarded,
They came—their joys of home discarded.

Their wings shone in our morning sun.
We knew the laurels they had won.
We welcomed them, adored, respected;
The helping hand had not rejected.
Then came an awful tragedy
That shocked the isle from sea to sea!
We mourn with Canada in sorrow,
To-day we saw them as they passed
On the sad march that was their last,
While all our people stood, attending;
They are in peace that has no ending!

O Canada! Thy loss is great.
They could not meet a sadder fate.
Though mingled with the mark of beauty
And glory in the line of duty!
Of each sad home, we think, to-night,
Whose sorrow Time cannot make right;
And in their time of grief prostration
We seek to be of consolation.
To Mother, Father, Wife alone,
May he be comfort on His Throne!
Those brave lads, who, returning never,
Leave mem'ries to go on forever!

Minister for Naval Affairs Message

We thank the Minister of Defence for Naval Affairs for the following encouraging message:

I was very glad to have a copy of the first issue of "Wings Over Seas." I have read this eight page paper with very great interest and pleasure. I know that airmen at Torbay and elsewhere will be interested and cheered by this newsy periodical.

With very best wishes to "Wings Over Seas," I am

Yours very truly,

(Sgd.) ANGUS L. MACDONALD.

Message from the Air Minister

The Air Minister sends the following inspiring message:

When the full history is written of the part played in this war by the men and women of the Royal Canadian Air Force, a large share of the credit will go to those who spent long months without glory at routine patrols and ground tasks at stations far from civilization along the sprawling coastlines of our country.

While our airmen overseas are making an immortal name for themselves on every fighting front, others at home are playing their essential part in the drafting of a gigantic blueprint for victory.

At the same moment that those overseas are smashing at the enemy in his own lair and over jungle, sea and desert, those of you who were chosen to remain behind are doing an equally important job of protecting our coasts, guarding convoys carrying vital supplies, and patrolling far out over the oceans to seek the lurking submarine.

If it is vital for our fighters and bombers and ground-crews to travel to the far reaches of the earth to play their part in the struggle in which we are all engaged, then it is equally vital that others should be at home to defend our shores from intrusion by the enemy.

At your station at Torbay, and at similar points up and down our coasts, you and your comrades watch daily over the approaches to our homes, your ships of the air protecting the ships of the sea as they carry our men and materials of war to our allies.

Yours is a task quietly carried out, with patience, skill, devotion and efficiency. In that connection I refer you to the message from your commanding officer, Group Captain R. S. Grandy, O.B.E., which appeared on the front page of the first issue of your admirable publication "Wings Over Seas."

In it he exhorts you to make good, to do all that is expected of you without wasted time. He urges you to develop to the utmost the talents with which you are endowed, to aim high in the publication of your station paper, just as you must aim high in the execution of your duty.

I commend his advice most heartily to you.

C. G. POWER,

Minister For Air.

Roughing It

It was in November, the eleventh to be exact, when we first set eyes on Torbay, our new home and station. There were about forty of us, a small compact group, a detachment of our parent squadron in Canada.

We arrived on what I imagine was the coldest day of the winter. We had come the hard way, via boat and train. I need not describe that journey, for most of you have come the same way, rocked to the same lurches, and cursed at the same bumps. Our spirits were none too high but were even further lowered when, after a freezing ride from town on an open truck that seemed to last for hours, we were ignominiously dumped in front of a few small- tar-papered shacks.

They were about twelve by eighteen feet, eight bunks lined

the walls and in the middle, squatting like a benevolent Buddha and glowing with cherry ripeness, was a pot-bellied stove. I do not know what they call that type of stove but I do know that we welcomed its merry warmth and in the weeks that followed it became part of us. We used to gather around its cheery countenance night after night and sing and recount yarns and stories. We fed it and pampered it but with the slightest inattention it grew as fickle as a woman and oft times we awoke shivering and cold.

Our water for washing and drinking was drawn from a well; showers were a luxury—we had them in town when we could. Our plumbing was of the most primitive and would have inspired even J. Whitcombe Riley to greater heights.

Our life was hard and rough and tough, but it was not without its sunnier side. It was a new experience to most of us and we actually enjoyed it. The grub was swell, and was announced by the clanging of the well-known iron triangle. There was no hesitation then—we all came arunning, and were digging in before the last note died away. We ate with the Construction Company which is explanation enough.

We watched the station being hewn out've rock and forest. We've watched with pride it grow and take shape to what it is to-day. We are proud to have had a hand in it. We have worked hard, and some of us have died here. There are only a few of us originals left and soon we, too, will be going to other stations and other lands. Already new hands are reaching to keep the torch aloft—new fellows carrying on our idea to make Torbay the best station yet.

To them we say, "Carry on Canada!"

By LAC. M. CAVELLER.

The Flight Mechanics

The lords of the air they call us,
They speak of our growing fame,
The front page of every paper
Is adorned with the pilot's name.

Connected with deeds of valor
Performed in every sky,
The usual are Heinkels and Dorniers
Crashing to earth to die.

There's one chap who gets no medals;
You've never heard of his name,
He doesn't fly in the pale blue sky
Or pose for the news in a plane.

His job can't be called romantic
So he's not in the public eye,
But your heroes can't do without him
And I'll tell you the reason why.

He inspects the kite every morning,
He fills the tanks every night,
He keeps the motors running sweet,
He keeps the pressure right.

He's up at the break of dawn,
He's there when the twilight fades,
Pulling his weight to keep the crate
Ready to spread the raids.

So next time you see a picture
Of a pilot and smiling crew,
Remember the guy who keeps it afloat,
Though he may be an AC2.

And whenever you praise a pilot
As the enemy falls a wreck,
Keep your mind on the guy you didn't see,
Yours truly, a humble mech.

—Anonymous.

Our Officers and Us

One of the greatest trials in the R.C.A.F. is that we are no longer free to do as we like. The home we keep, our comings and goings, our food, are all largely regulated for us. We are under discipline. We don't find it easy!

Yet it is obviously necessary, and in its highest form, **good discipline is self discipline.** For commands and obedience dovetail in such a way that the one commanded is really **imposing the order on himself!** This idea of discipline is familiar to us—the idea of subjects cheerfully accepting orders because they share with those issuing orders enthusiasm in a common cause.

DIFFERENT

The R.C.A.F. is in a unique position, since nearly all ranks are doing a technical job. Most of our tasks call for a high degree of intelligence; there is more room for differences of opinion, and so, greater temptation to criticize the wisdom of an order than in jobs which call for less knowledge and initiative.

OFFICERS

The most successful officer is the one who wins the men's respect and confidence. He never behaves in such a way as to invite criticism from his men. His discipline is not mechanical. He remembers that the men's welfare is his first concern. He appeals to their reason rather than barking at them. He talks to them, and tries to know each one, his service difficulties, and domestic problems, his qualities and weaknesses. He sees that they have opportunities in sport. He makes them feel that they are all in the job together.

N.C.O.s

The N.C.O. has a liaison job between officers and men; he is in many ways in more intimate contact with the men. There are a thousand small ways that he can help the spirit of his flight or unit. Like the officer, he must look on the men as human beings, and in all things be an example to them. The N.C.O. who is a bully or always shoving men on charge is admitting his own failure.

COMRADESHIP

But when all is said and done the chief element in healthy discipline is the spirit of the men themselves. A spirit of comradeship is invaluable for the prompt and cheerful carrying out of orders.

And the happiness of the unit as a whole depends on my attitude and yours! To maintain this is one of our greatest duties. Cleaning a fellow's buttons when he is in a hurry; rolling his gas-cape; folding his blankets, etc., these signs of a consistently generous attitude help no end in providing the spirit of comrades.

THE INITIATIVE

The initiative must come from us men. For instance the C.O. of a certain fighter squadron was approached by the men: could they have facilities for base-ball? He arranged for a game to be played, and thought no more about it. Ten days later he asked the boys how the games were going. "Oh, Sir, we've no bats or balls." "Well, I've got you started, what have you done further?"

They had done nothing! It hadn't struck them to do anything for themselves. They would let the whole summer pass! Yet funds and the Y.M.C.A. are set aside for that sort of thing!

TAKE THE LEAD

We airmen must take the lead in anything which will make for the happiness and good spirit of our comrades. Once that spirit exists in a unit the N.C.O. needn't worry.

On these things discipline loses its terror. When the link between Officers, N.C.O.s and Airmen, and among the men themselves, are in their hearts and minds, this unity will stand up to anything.

The discipline of freemen will overcome the bullying of the NAZI.

Notes and Jottings



By KENNETH LUNNY

ORCHIDS:

Rumor reached this reporter to the effect that P/O Robinson has just qualified as a BR navigator. It is said that this respected pilot, in the class room the other day, showed his own and all other navigators how to find the critical point with a reduced airspeed. When approached by this reporter on the subject Mr. Robinson stated, "was nothing at all, I just knew when to use that contraversial line." "Oh!" we said, "what line?" "Why sure," he said, "didn't you know, it's that construction line." Now we know. His navigator however has decided to put Mr. Robinson up in the nose and to fly the craft himself. "It's safer," he says.

CHEERS:

Your correspondent, a certain day last week, was surprised to see Sgt. Tinsley in the crew room at 1400 hrs. This reporter approached the sergeant timourously and inquired on the story of the day.

"Didn't you see your name in D.R.O.'s for innoculation parade?" we asked him, expecting to trip him up. "Why, yes," said the sergeant nonchalantly, "why?" "And you're not sick in bed?" we asked, somewhat shaken at the unexpected answer. "No," he answered not looking up from his interception problem as he blew a smoke ring around the convoy's D.R. position. I had no comeback, I left the room.

TSK TSK's:

A little over a week ago an event happened at Torbay's better night club, "Liddy's," which, although this reporter was not there at the time, did not escape the sharp eye of the Press. Our Torbay correspondent reports that on this certain night a young N. C. O. whose initials could possibly be F. C. or maybe "Looie," proceeded against the better judgment of the bouncer to take the floor and sing "Bless 'em All" airforce version. Cafe Society now frowns on F. C.

WEDDING BELLS

Congratulations are in order to the lad from Canada's last outpost. Whilst visiting the better places in St. John's in search of material for this column your reporter, humble by this time, ran into a young lady of his acquaintance, who, quite frequently has been seen under escort of the boy from Manitoba's north. Sipping a strawberry soda, the conversation drifted to the subject of automobiles. "Oh! you can borrow ours, when HE and I are married in a couple of weeks," this fair damsel related in reply to this correspondent's statement that he would like very much to meet a fair female with an automobile. Knowing better I silently nodded and made a hasty retreat. Recent information received by this columnist brings to light the fact that Canada's last outpost has yet to hear of it, more so its wayward son in Torbay.

CONGRATULATIONS

Hearty handclasps from the members of 145 are offered to Sqdn. Ldr. Williams on his promotion and his return to the position of O. C. 145 squadron. But not only that. Your correspondent wishes to offer congratulations for the squadron, with deepest apologies if any military information is divulged, to Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Williams on their recent marriage at Glace Bay, N.S. We are and we know that the former Miss Blackwood is proud of her man.

Lizzie Chatter

In the absence of your regular reporter, Doug Bowsher, who is at present basking in the Ontario sun, I will attempt at pinch-hitting and bring a few things to your attention which will have to do for the present.

HELLO—GOOD BYE

Starting from the top, we'll stack our best wishes on Flying Officer Sim, who has recently been posted away. In the same breath, our best wishes are handed along to Pilot Officer Tripp also, who has been posted here to relieve Mr. Sim.

WHAT'S GOING ON?

Now we'll dip down further, and see what else is going on. I see some happy smiles and I guess they must be the fellows who successfully passed their trade tests. Congratulations, fellows; and to you others, better luck the next time. It can't be the result of the trade test that has LAC Cruikshank looking the way he does, though, so apparently the Commando Course is having its effect. Perhaps our "qualified" Hudson and Grinham could relieve our curiosity on that score.

SECOND TERM

Sgt. DeWolfe, who is now anticipating his second term leave for this fiscal year, hopes to see his new dream become reality. There's a war on, Owen!

CHEERIO!

Not having the "nose" for news that has been bestowed on your official scribe, I can't seem to dig anything else up, so his is the job of making up the deficiencies of this column, plus his own next time. Until then, when you can expect some more stuff, Cheerio.

H. L. W.

Our Station and Our Job



We all have our little job to do
In the Commonwealth Air Training Plan,
We all have our place picked out to serve
And serve right to the last man.

We think the Station we're on is tough
And our job unimportant to do,
And a lot of us think and say each day
We are not going to see it through.

Now perhaps some of us stop and just wonder
What is wrong on this Station to-day,
And some of us maybe do think
If this job is as unimportant as we say.

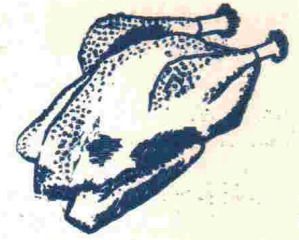
So I have one little suggestion,
It is important though it is quite small,
The job we are doing is IMPORTANT
And this Station is the BEST of them all.

If you will all take my little suggestion
And always keep it in mind,
Wherever you travel in Service
TORBAY is the best that we'll find.

(NICK)

F)SGT. NICKLE, W. J.

Airmen's Overseas Club



NOT ONLY SALES TALK

"I'm not trying to sell you anything, Sir, I'm trying to give you something." Nearly every man of you is familiar with this favorite line of the travelling salesman. S|L. Volk is; S|L. MacNeil is; Sgt. Gilmartin, the President of the Airmen's Club, is, and I am. That is why we are using this scheme. We want to give you something. We are all pulling together for your benefit. But we need your help, we can't give it to you if you won't accept it. Now you airwomen, you airmen, you Officers and N.C.O.'s, this is something that all men from the beginning of time until Torbay have striven for; it is a step towards the pursuit of happiness, it is entertainment.

OPEN THE DOOR

Yes! Happiness is knocking at your door whether you are in barrack block No. 6, Barrack Block 27, the Officers' quarters or the N.C.O.'s quarters. It is there waiting for you to let it in. So come on now and open wide those portals by joining wholeheartedly with your entertainment committee in establishing firmly our new "Overseas Club."

HOME AWAY FROM HOME

I don't say that we will end your pursuit for happiness. We can't buy your wife a new dress, we can't give you a new car or find you a thousand dollars, but we'll try to make you forget that your wife needs a new dress; we'll try to make the station a home away from home so that ten automobiles couldn't drag you away from it, and we'll endeavor to give you a thousand dollars worth of entertainment for as little money as it takes to spell the word.

SPECULATE TO ACCUMULATE

Yes! All this and heaven too. "But, as the travelling salesman would say, "There is a small charge." That can't be helped. As J. Pierpont and John D. maintain, you must speculate to accumulate. That is why at this point I must tell you that we are forced to ask each and every airwoman, airman, officer and N.C.O. to help us to get the Club started by graciously contributing 25c. bi-monthly.

WHAT, FOR NOTHING?

25c. bi-monthly and what for? It is for you. You give us 1/120th per month of the average man's pay on this station and we will give you, to name a few things, supper smoker at least once a month, a dance where the admittance fee is only your smile, a stage show where you might be discovered as another Rudolph Valentino or Clark Gable. Surely friends this is not asking too much, all we want is your fullest co-operation. A fair exchange, your co-operation for your happiness.

BANG-UP

The Committee plans, as the grand opening of your Club, to give you a Hollowe'en Banquet, masquerade ball and stage show. Help us put it over. Thank you.

K. LUNNY.

"Gee whiz. Have you still got that old trunk?"

"I keep it for sentimental reasons. My father gave it to me on my sixteenth birthday."

"Well, at that, it held together better than you did."

—Jack Benny Show (NBC).

Organization

This seems the appropriate place, and certainly is the proper time to give you fellows a line on what's being done to help you spend your leisure hours in such a way as to get as much as possible from them, with regard to diversion, recreation, education, etc.

FORMATION OF A CLUB

It has been proposed to form a club here for all interested, with a name to be selected by you, and to be conducted under parliamentary rules, with a slate of officers and all.

LET'S GET TOGETHER!

These can be splendid little get-togethers, with banquets and so forth. Debates will be held in all probability, and a variety of other things which go to make an evening well spent. A proper membership card goes with it. This will be your club, so let's have your sentiments. See S[L. MacNeil and let him know what you think.

READING ROOM

Now to go further, a station library is being formed, where you will be able to sit down and enjoy good books by your favorite author. I have glanced over some of the titles myself, and I am sure that you are going to enjoy them as well the privileges of the reading room.

WINGS OVER SEAS

Before closing I would also like to say that your response to the call for more material for the paper was much appreciated. But there are still more of you who are capable of writing things we need, who are "hiding their light under a bushel." Let's really get going fellows and make this your paper!

Progress

Few of us ever stop to consider what progress, as a word really means. Of course we could define it as steps being taken, by one, stretching to infinity. But take any subject. No matter what you choose, you have grown up through some stage or stages with it. Like your growth, which happened normally, you notice none but the outstanding changes—the first time you shaved, for instance, or your initial pair of long trousers. Now let us assume that you took radio as a subject. You will recall having sat down by a little two-tube affair with ear-phones banded across your head, and being amazed because you could hear sounds transmitted twenty miles away. Later a speaker was developed, and through stages we now have a piece of equipment capable of bringing you a wide variety of entertainment from all parts of the globe. But you have grown with it. You have taken its growth for granted. So it is with everything else. In 1919 Sir John Alcock and Sir Arthur W. Brown flew from America to Europe in a machine that we to-day would feel dubious about even flying in. But this broke the ice, and very soon others were doing the same thing, with each setting a different goal. Lindbergh took Paris, Post and Gatty circled the globe, and then women—Amy Mollison and Amelia Earhart contributed greatly to the development of aviation.

Now we have huge flying fortresses; troop transports, carrying large numbers of fully armed men; fighter planes capable of doing 400 m.p.h.; and finally a British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, turning out thousands of men capable of manning and servicing all of these. This is probably one of the most remarkable examples of progress in this modern age.

"We present a new quiz program, Stump It or Lump It. Listen carefully. It is entirely unrehearsed, unprepared, unbiased and unnecessary."—Eddie Cantor (NBC).

This is a Different War

By MR. A. CHAPMAN

"But this is a different war," so veterans of the last show, particularly the Royal Flying Corps, are being reminded.

Well possibly it is, such as, hot shower baths instead of canvas hip baths about 6 inches from the floor and a pail of luke warm water with a batman to splash it over one. Warm toilet seats instead of cold splintery boards with a sacking screen for privacy. Beauty rest mattresses, sheets and blankets instead of camp beds, boards and springs made of undercarriage rubber coils, or, if real fussy, a little chicken wire (scrounged) slung over 2 pieces of 2 x 4 and a nice lousy straw palliase. Warm buildings instead of bell tents, low hall Nissan Huts. A variety of excellent meals served by fascinating W.Ds instead of grabbing bully beef and mulligan out of a dixie. A Sergeant Major to kindly wake you up in the morning with a cup of tea (that's not different). Aerodromes beautifully laid out with asphalt or concrete runways instead of just fields. Pilots loaded down with parachutes, rubber boats and what have you! instead of a girl's silk stocking for a helmet and a Verey's pistol for a flare if you are lost. All so different and luxurious, but not war, just training.

Real war with squadrons day and night at acme of perfection. Aerodrome guards, paratroop guards, amazing instruments on machines that are the last word, instead of egg crates tied up with hay wire and stamp paper. That is different!!!

But one thing has not altered. One sees it in training and in every branch of endeavour, "Guts." Guts for flying at incredible speeds, facing an instrument board with gadgets that would send the old fellows crazy. Guts of Wireless Operators, guts of Navigators, guts of Gun Crews, guts of Ground Crews, guts to endure every conceivable and unexpected move that a cunning, fearless and hate consumed enemy can devise. That's the thing that is not different, cannot be purchased or indented for, will endure because they are a heritage and will triumph for RIGHT against WRONG. "GUTS."

Prayer for a Soldier

By JOYCE KILMER

My shoulders ache beneath my pack
(Lie easier, Cross, upon his back).

I march with feet that burn and smart
(Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart).

Men shout at me who may not speak
(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek).

I may not lift a hand to clear
My eyes of salty drops that sear.

(Then shall my fickle soul forget
The Agony of Bloody Sweat).

My rifle hand is stiff and numb
(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come).

Lord, Thou did'st suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land and sea.

So, let me render back again
This millionth of Thy gift. Amen.

SYMPATHY

Sincere sympathy from Officers and men is expressed to Squadron Leader Volk in the loss of his father, whose death occurred in Burnaby, B.C., Sept. 20th.

Our Complications

There are only two reasons to worry.

Either you are successful or you are not successful.

(If you are successful there is nothing to worry about.)

If you are not successful there are only two things to worry about.

Your health is good or you are sick.

(If your health is good there is nothing to worry about.)

If you are sick there are only two things to worry about.

Either you're going to get well or you're going to die.

If you are going to get well there is nothing to worry about.

If you are not going to get well there are two things to worry about.

Either you're going to Heaven or you're not going to Heaven.

If you are going to Heaven there is nothing to worry about.

And if you're going to the other place you'll be so doggone busy shaking hands with your friends you won't have time to worry.

SO WHY WORRY?

Submitted by SGT. MACDONALD, S/G.

Torbay Blues



We struggle along through each new day,
Each faithfully going his own sweet way,
But listen close and you'll hear us say,
We've got those Torbay Blues.

No place to go, no beer to drink,
Our brains so dull we can't even think,
Our hopes of returning are starting to shrink,
We've got those Torbay Blues.

The weather is getting us down again,
Just rain and fog and then more rain,
The barometer readings give us a pain,
We've got those Torbay Blues.

We march around till our feet are sore,
As Commandos we wallow in mud and gore,
They say there's even worse things in store,
We've got those Torbay Blues.

We're beginning to wonder, our doubts are strong;
We're here for "duration," if we last that long,
And all the while you'll hear this song.
We've got those Torbay Blues.

F. D. W.

By the time this paper is published another of our married men will probably have his wife residing in Torbay, and that sad expression on the face of a certain Corporal will probably have vanished.

Wireless Sparks

Ferguson and Forbes couldn't take their "B" group test so went on an "A" group bender.

Gilbart, the fugitive from the dust bowl, has gone home on leave, having heard that said bowl was full of cherries this year. The gang bets he doesn't get past Montreal.

When is Cpl. Hanna going to quit using his No. 1 Blues for pyjamas?

Congrats to Charter on his promotion to L.A.C.

The noisiest place on the station is wherever Cook, Prud'homme, and Laister are having an argument.

Nagle better sleep on his money after this not next to it. Easy pickings, eh Bob?

Has Cpl. Dean a picture of his girl friend pasted on one of those 'scopes? Spends a lotta time looking into one!

L.A.C. Bertrand at the Wheel

A jug of moonshine liquor,
A tank of gasoline,
A stretch of the winding roadway,
And a dandy new machine.

The liquor jug was empty,
The tank was just half full,
When out upon the highway
There wandered Jones' bull.

The bull was struck amidship,
And taken for a ride,
Until we saw a mixture
Of horns, and hooves, and hide.

The animal was ruined,
The car was turned to scrap,
The whisky jug was broken,
And scattered o'er the map.

The sundry bits of wreckage
Were strewn across the dirt,
But what about the driver?
Oh, pshaw, he wasn't hurt.

Kenora, Sept. 22.

S/L. M. J. McNeil,
Torbay.

Dear Padre:

Mrs. Ruggles and I wish to thank you very sincerely for your very sincere letter of the 16th inst., and also for the pictures. We feel very grateful for all that was done by the R.C.A.F. at Torbay, and will never forget their kindness. You must have a fine bunch of lads at Torbay. I know Doug thought so, and was happy in his work there—we miss him! Kindly convey our sincere appreciation to all the boys. God bless them, and the best of luck to you all.

Yours sincerely,

T. D. RUGGLES.

Between Ourselves

By F/S SAVARD, W.

We often hear the lads complaining about the silence of the folks left behind at home, but if we look on the other side of the fence we find that they too are complaining about the rarity, or the brevity of our letters also. The fact is that both have a reason for complaining.

Isn't it true with most of us that when we pick up the pen it is like dealing with an instrument of torture? It is also true that we receive from the loved ones at home letters of a few counted words that resemble commercial communications more than an exchange of sentiments. There is nothing more gratifying than to receive a charming letter, warm with love, friendship and attention. To the man who has never received one—he is missing one of life's greatest pleasures.

Our way of living has taken on a different aspect since Sept. 3rd, 1939. Previous to then, it was telephone or word of mouth. Now we have to depend on the pen to accomplish all these things that mean so much. Long distance phone calls, cablegrams, no matter how expensive, will never replace the letter with all its reflection of thoughts and sentiments.

Do your letters spread light and gaiety; or do they make the recipient say "Oh! I know he loves me, I believe it,—but if he could only take the trouble to write it!"

Write your mother, father, wife, sweetheart, friends. Write nice letters—letters they will want to keep.

"Y" News

"Y" sports equipment such as boxing-gloves, foot-balls, skipping ropes, badminton birds, etc., can be secured from the P. T. office in the Recreation Hall any afternoon or evening.

Dances will be held every Friday from now on, unless otherwise specified. Owing to the increased sports program, movies will be shown on SUNDAY and THURSDAY evenings at 1930 hours.

See bulletin boards for notices of weekly programs.

Following are the results of the sporting events for October 5th. Airmen defeated Officers 20 to 12 in basket-ball. There were three volley-ball games. In the first, Headquarters were defeated by Works and Buildings and Hospital three games out of five. Operations defeated M. T. Section and Stores three out of five, while the specialists were polishing off the Maintenance Men three out of five.

SPORTS QUIZ

"BOB" LOW

1. List in their ascending order the winning hands in a Poker Game.
2. In baseball what is meant by a night cap?
3. Why is a football field called a gridiron?
4. Name five games in which a sphere is used.
5. What is the regulation length of a Bowling Alley?
6. In baseball what is the dish?
7. In bowling how many balls are used in a box?
8. A caddie is associated with what game?
9. How many seams has a baseball?
10. What method is used for handicapping in a race?

We wonder what takes Cpl. Farnell to town so often. Just how good is the hunting, George?

Our S. A. O., Sqn. Ldr. Byres, just got back from leave. Western Canada must have looked awfully good.

"Self Education"

By F/O TEMPLEMAN

One of the greatest tasks to confront us in the post-war period will be the rehabilitation of the service men. To be successful this process must be in planning before the post-war period. Many organizations are already working towards this end, and with them the Canadian Legion, through its Educational Services has taken a prominent part.

Recognizing that many men in responding to the call of duty have been forced to break off their educational training, the Canadian Legion has worked out a programme which will help the men of the services to continue their education, both academic and technical, thus making them more valuable to the services and also preparing the way for the post war rehabilitation. Through correspondence and classes, courses are offered up to High School leaving standard, and technical courses up to this standard also. These courses are offered free of charge. Not content with this the Canadian Legion through its organization, can arrange with most of the Universities of Canada, courses for qualified service men to begin or continue their studies in the advanced academic or technical subjects.

The correspondence method study is a well recognized means of securing an education. The method of instruction offers no "short cuts." It is "self-education" and it is not easy. It calls for personal volition and determination, resourcefulness and will power. It makes heavy demands, for education after all is not something which can be "handed on" from one to another. It is true one person may help another to acquire an education, as otherwise all teaching would be worthless, but in the final analysis all learning is individual and demands the individual's best efforts. No one can "give" you an education. You must get it through your own efforts, mental and physical.

It was with this in mind, perhaps, that the famous Greek philosopher Socrates, and much later on the great English poet, Lord Tennyson, expressed somewhat similar thoughts. In a message to the youth of Greece, Socrates said: "I would have you look to yourselves." Many centuries later Lord Tennyson expressed somewhat the same idea when he said, "Self reverence, self knowledge, self control, these three alone lead to sovereign power."

Look to yourself then. Measure yourself against the task which lies ahead, and if in meeting that task you feel that your educational qualifications are limited, take advantage of the Canadian Legion Educational Services and their programme of "Self Education."

R.O.T.A.—M.O.T.A.

With all plans for the organization of a Station Club going full speed ahead, it seems fitting that a few words of explanation about the proposed name be given here.

R.O.T.A.—Rulers of the Air. M.O.T.A.—Masters of the Audience. And that, fellows, is most of the story—self explanatory. ROTA is an accepted fact now, from the lowliest AC to the mightiest Air Marshal, so we'll dwell solely on MOTA, which is still to be (and will be) proven.

We are extremely fortunate here at Torbay, for there is a great variety of talent, and ROTA MOTA is designed to absorb all of it. There will be a place for each musician, vocalist, or instrumentalist. Those long hashed over discussions can be settled once and for all by the best known method—debating. You magicians can pull the rabbits out of the hats, and a good time will be had by all.

The mother club in England is a very good example of what we can do, so let's get interested, fellows.

Orchids To

F/S Gilmartin, F/S Kusiar, F/S Lundberg, F/S MacDonald, Sgt. Chapman, Sgt. Lane, Cpl. Dreisinger, Cpl. Rowsome, Cpl. Lockhart, Cpl. Gregory, Cpl. McLennan, Cpl. Veale, on their promotions. Good luck.

Mr. Chapman, for the splendid support given to Wings Over Seas.

Mr. Geo. F. Kearney, of Imperial Life Insurance Co., for the generous donation of books to the Station Library. Mr. Kearney has a son serving overseas with the R.C.A.F. He is a splendid entertainer and has volunteered his services to the men of Torbay.

Pilot Officer McMaster, for his tremendous enthusiasm with regard to Station Sports Organization. This Officer has a great deal of experience in this line of work, and is willing to do his best for the welfare of you boys.

"Bob" Low, for the donation to Wings.

DADDY'S CORNER

Congratulations to Cpl. and Mrs. Woodward. The stork brought them a daughter. Also to Cpl. and Mrs. Moser, a girl.

There's No Accounting for Things

There just isn't any accounting at Torbay.

Here is our schedule for a week:

Monday:—Commandos.

Tuesday:—Drill.

Wednesday:—Manouvers.

Thursday:—More Commandos.

Friday:—More Drill.

Saturday:—Parade.

Sunday:—Morning: Church Parade.

Afternoon: Maybe the sun is shining so we take the rest of the day off.

We note, with pride, that October 6th is the full nine month period for Torbay's original accountants. Here is hoping—and—and I do mean hoping.

"June Time"

Words and Music by

SAPPER J. E. COBBAN and SAPPER ALAN J. SMITH

(R. C. Engineers)

What do you say we sing a brand new song,
A song of our own,
We'll make it up as we go along,
And as famous composers we'll be known,
We'll be original, and take the word called love,
Rhyme it with the stars above,
Take moon, take June, steal some boy's tune,
What do you say we sing a brand new song?

Chorus:

June time, when all the world rejoices;
June time, when all the world is gay;
June time, we'll blend our voices;
Gaily we'll stroll all dressed up in our gayest
clothes like flowers in May.
Now June time makes everybody happy;
June time, how glad we'll be;
June time means honeymoon time,
My little sweetheart, for you and me.

Editor's Note.—Cpl. Cobbin is a brother of Spr. Cobbin, the author. This song was published in London recently.

Police Gazette

Why are we necessary among such a nice bunch of fellows? Don't forget that the S. P. is human and enjoys a 36 or 48 as you do.

We wonder why "Happy" stays in Barracks so much these days?

Cpl. Michael may stop going to Torbay, or will he?

This is our first opportunity to say welcome to Cpls. Steele and Heapy.

S. P.'s

From the halls of Ottawa
And across the great Domain
Every airman, on or off duty,
Loves to meet those nice S.P.'s.
If your tunic is unbuttoned
And your shirt waves in the breeze
They will gladly help you tidy up
And they'll bless you if you sneeze.

In the history of Canada
If you follow their career
They have never had a friendly word
From the boys who hold them dear.
If the men of the Air-Force
Ever get the Devil's key
They will find that Hell is guarded
By those Blinkety Blank S.P.'s.

SECURITY GUARD GOSSIP

There is a certain blind chap in the Security Guard away on leave at present. He is taking the leap into the Matrimonial Sea. Congratulations and all the best to you and your wife, Bert.

Our friend Walters remustered to Air Crew and is now training at a B. and G. school out West. Good luck, S.P., and shoot 'em down!

Our Commandos are back from their course, and are hard at it, so prepare yourselves for a tough time, fellows. They're really in the groove!

... More next time, fellows.

BRISEY.

Cpl. Poirier is back from leave. He don't look any the worse for wear and tear. Can't understand it.

"Wings-Over-Seas"

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