



Vol. 1, No. 4.

TORBAY

October 30, 1942

Torbay Airmen's Club

A Boon and a Boost

September and October have been months of activity on our Station. Many airmen have spoken enthusiastically about the doings of R.O.T.A. M.O.T.A.

R.O.T.A. M.O.T.A., the proposed name of the station club, not being Greek, or Latin, or Gaelic or Hebrew thereby makes it rather difficult, even for a celebrated linguist, to discern the meaning of the—shall we say—words.

FITTING

Therefore it seems fitting at such a time as this, now that the R.O.T.A. M.O.T.A. banquet inaugurating the club is so near at hand, to offer a few words of explanation concerning the accepted name.

RULERS

R.O.T.A.—Rulers of the Air. This fact has been proven scores of times. It has been proven in the Battle of Britain; it has been proven recently in the Battle of Dieppe and not so long ago by the vast armadas of the air in their raids on Cologne and on Brest and on Kiel and on the numerous coastal towns of occupied France. It has been proven by the work on the ground of the lowliest AC to the work in the air of the mightiest Fliers of the British Commonwealth Air Training Scheme.

MASTERS

M.O.T.A.—Masters of the Audience. The proof of this fact, unlike the other, is yet in its infancy, but like a Newfoundland puppy it will grow very quickly.

This is what we have been waiting for.

ACTION!

Banquets, dances, smokers, sleigh rides, debates, stage plays, etc. Just the sort of question you hear raised every day in the barracks.

That's bully—as far as it goes.

WIZARD

But scores have gone further. They say: "Action is what we have been looking for." "Some of us without knowing it." These are the lads, the ones that have got cracking. They have

spent a month collecting facts that show the true state of affairs. They've got the real situation in their sights.

They are keen, eager, enthusiastic. They swear that things can be altered. Enthusiasm, readiness for sacrifice, determination, these are the things that can slowly get results and improve the whole atmosphere.

GROUPS

Some of our lads make a great mistake by being stand-offish, with the fellows. They mix with them as little as possible. They keep aloof from the the crowd.

Surely this shows a great lack of charity. It isn't right to leave others in their rut, quite content if one isn't in it oneself. In fact, it is precious near smugness!

Others just the opposite. They become too pally, they mix in with the crowd to such an extent that they follow the crowd and don't stand up for their principles.

The net result is just the same, their mates are still in the same rut, and probably they are in it themselves before long.

ORGANIZE

The fact is we shan't get far unless we organize. A few fellows with courage and determination, all the time examining the position, all the time trying to improve it, that's what we must aim at.

Meetings are essential! Weekly if possible. A meeting not for its own sake, but to check up on action taken, and plan the coming campaigns. A few can do it, but we want all to take a hand.

PLAN

It is no use meeting at random. The course must be plotted and constantly improved on.

Submit some of your suggestions for publication in the next issue of "Wings-Over-Seas."

We are extremely fortunate here at Torbay, for there is a great vairyety of talent, and ROTA MOTA is designed to absorb all of it. There will be a place for each musician, each vocalist or instrumentalist. There will be a debating club—where those long hashed over discussions can be settled. There will be stage shows where the latent talent of perhaps future actors will be uncovered. **LET'S GO BOYS!**

Lizzie Chatter

By D. E. G.

C A C Lizzie Chatter takes a turn for the worse in this edition, due to the absence of our A1 reporter, D. J. Cub Bowsher.

What the gang at C A C wants to know: What LAC Gilbert, the soldier's friend, does with all his money? Whether the bells will ever ring out for Sgt. Hudson and when? What mother's son in the detachment has a craving for chicken, a la king or otherwise?

Someone was speaking of a possible masquerade coming off soon; Gilbert says he will put on a false moustache and a pair of thick glasses and go as Corp. Schrank.

We welcome Stew Mawhinney to C A C and hope he enjoys his stay with us. We have a new poet in the ranks this time with a neat little arrangement. "Toast to Torbay." Congratulations, Paul.

It is rumoured around that Bobby Lutes was a former pro boxer, known as one Slub Lutes. Yours truly believes it and is very grateful to Bobby for applying his unknown talent.

Something new—Corporal McGinnie stays in on his 36; what happened to Topsail, Mac.? Who is that dasher with the battle dress and a sweet smile in the flight office these days? Is he too heavy for an A G, we wonder?

The rumble club takes its toll these days, if you don't believe this ask P/O Tripp. The night of the officers' dance we note the wicked gleam in P/O Freidlander's eye—what could it be, what could it be?

Well folks this is all for now, and we hope Doug Bowsher will be back for the next edition.

TOAST TO TORBAY

Let's drink to-day
To old Torbay.

Whose lofty walls enfold us.

We have not tried
To leave her side,

Because of ties that hold us.

With jealous care
She guards us there

As a hen protects her pullets,

And if we seek

To fly her keep

She'll riddle us with bullets.

LAC CARBARY, P.

Taken for a Ride

There once was a man who was barely nineteen,
He was crazy to fly in a flying machine,
He pestered the pilots till one of them cried—
Jump in and I'll take you for a ride.

Now the old crate she rocked and she wallowed,
And the poor clerk he coughed and he swallowed,
Then his breakfast came up with a sickening whoop
And his boots and his laces they followed.

Air Raid Stories

Having qualified sufficiently to receive arm bands of air raid wardens, we must pass on these stories about our brothers in arms. The defending strategists in one town posted a few "victims" to play dead or wounded, that they might further test the ingenuity and knowledge of their wardens. One of these efficient lads, whose trim uniform was topped by a steel helmet ran to the assistance of a normally healthy "victim" who was good enough to lie in the street, and in bending over to begin his ministrations, the helmet fell off and fractured the victim's skull.

Some people ought to stick to buying bonds.

A somewhat similar story is told of a town where the wardens were very efficient—so much so that the chiefs felt it was too good to be true, and planted "victims" all over town at a night alarm. One of the latter went to the trouble of covering his shoulders with mercurochrome and feigning a severe wound. The siren blew (rang, moaned, whatever sirens do); the wardens ran to their posts; the all-clear sounded; the wardens ran back reporting all in order and no casualties. The annoyed superiors immediately brought a car-load of chief wardens to the spot where the injured "plant" was lying but they found only a placard. It read: BLED TO DEATH—WENT HOME.

That Will be the Day When:

An airman gets a lift into town without waiting an hour.

Going from one pay to another without someone putting the "touch" on you for a dollar.

Everyone sitting thru until the National Anthem is played in the Recreation Hall.

Someone knows the sound of the Bugle at Reveille.

Your long hoped for remustering to Aircrew materializes.

When you are posted back to a place called CANADA.

Getting travelling time on your next furlough.

When the W. D.'s come to work in your section.

Any of the so called "Critics" contribute to the Station Newspaper themselves.

You can't imagine the day? S'funny, but neither can I!

For Necessary Action

In the annals of our history there is nothing holds more mystery
Than the terms reserved for military use.

And years of concentration in the service of the nation,
Can make a great commander of a goose.

The humble Aaceydeucie when he copes with problems juicy

Has to bring them to a satisfactory close,

But the mighty Wing Commander simply writes with cunning
candour,

"For your necessary action" and he's through.

When the Adjutant is leary of the meaning of a query,

And he hasn't got a notion what to do,

He overcomes his chagrin by noting in the margin

"For your necessary action" and he's through.

The problems of the nation—or a point of sanitation,

Will be dealt with as they rise by a C. O.

The wrong will soon be righted—for on the page he cited

"For your necessary action" records show.

In the climb of our great Nation to its ever higher station

Many qualities have played their little part,

But to the military faction—"For your necessary action"

Will always be the closest to its heart.

The Sporting Scene

By KENNETH LUNNY

The inauguration of a new basketball league was decided upon by the members of the sports committee under the direction of P/O McMaster and our Y.M.C.A. representative Bob Lowe last week.

According to P/O McMaster the league will be comprised of teams from Headquarters, Officers, ground crew N.C.O.'s, Air crew N.C.O.'s, the hospital staff and the army stationed at Torbay.

According to the new schedule games will be played on Tuesday nights. It is hoped that the league will be able to stage two or three games a night. This will give every team in the league a game a week and will give the non-participants something to look forward to in the way of excellent entertainment.

It has not been definitely decided on which night the first series of games will be held but posters will be placed in the Messes announcing the opening night.

These basketball games should be something to look forward to, both for the players and those men and women interested in watching a good game of basketball.

Sporting activities outside of a few games of volley ball and some basketball practice were at a virtual standstill during the past eight or ten days. However there is definite promise of a pick-up in the next two weeks.

Popular favorites in the new basketball league are the Aircrew N.C.O.'s team. At practice Saturday night the team seemed to be running smoothly. After a short warm-up the boys split up into two teams captained by Sgt.-Major "Mac" James and F/Sgt. McGregor and took to the floor for an hour. Passing seemed to be improving and more shots than usual swished the netting.

The absence of Sgt. Len Feldman, nimble forward for the Aircrew team, was noted at practice. Sgt. LaJambe convalescing from his recent accident however was out performing with the team and although his actions were a bit stiff at the beginning of the night he showed definite improvement before retiring from practice. Others at practice included F/Sgts. Dembinski and Wallace, Sergeants Tinsley, Johnson, Lazenby and Lunny.

LAST MINUTE NEWS

While attending practice on the basketball floor Saturday night Sgt. "Newt" LaJambe, who has just returned from hospital in Canada following his crack-up, re-fractured three ribs. According to the M. O. the previous fractures, suffered in the accident at Dartmouth, had not fully healed and that his premature playing caused the collapse.

Also put out of action on the floor in the strenuous practice of Saturday night was Sgt.-Major "Mac" James who suffered a strained muscle in his ankle. "Mac" however hopes to be playing by the latter part of next week.

The 125 Slip-Stream

Before going into the usual slip-stream gossip, we must give precedence to our two Caterpillar members, namely F/Sgts. Mott and Gilmartin; (it was a fine show fellows, and the whole station offers its congratulations). Which reminds me, anyone wishing autographs from these two gentlemen must get them by appointment.

We have noticed in the person of our "native" flight commander a great change within the last few days. It seems he has posted his heart away to "Harbour Grace and Carbonear

The Way Through

If we bravely resolve to do our part,
Greeting each day with a trustful heart,
And free from all repining,
We shall be led to a higher way,
To a better work than we have to-day,
And find love's sunlight shining.

For truth of spirit and strength of soul
Will make the darkest cloud unroll,
And show its silver lining.

True worth is in being, not seeming,
In doing each day that goes by.
So little good, not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.

For whatever men say in their blindness,
And in spite of the follies of youth,
There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

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.

....." (you know the rest). How about an introduction some time?

We regret the fact that P/O Hindmarsh has been posted away. Best of luck, and keep that wing up.

Before closing, there are Orchids to Gilmartin, Lundberg, MacDonald and Kusiar on their recent promotions.

Daddy's Corner

Since last issue of "Wings" we learn with great pleasure that—

A baby daughter has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Cpl. Bobinsky.
A baby daughter to Mr. and Mrs. F|Sgt. E. G. Todd, and
A darling baby boy to Mr. and Mrs. F|Sgt. Clarke.
Congratulations, Parents!

Target for To-morrow—Jobs for All

THE QUESTION

What is most people's biggest worry ABOUT TO-MORROW—about the to-morrow of victory, the day when peace begins?

It is **jobs**—getting from a war job to a peace job, finding civilian employment after years of service life, providing a decent home for the wife and children, getting some sort of guarantee of security, and keeping off relief.

It is a pretty reasonable worry too. Transferring men and women from making the sinews of war to the making of the sinews of peace is not going to be easy.

UNEMPLOYMENT

The trouble is that guarding against unemployment, which is the very first reconstruction plan that has to be tackled, is not a straight-forward problem like, say, family allowances. It goes right to the roots of our economic system, and we have to face the fact that unless we are ready to alter our system right down to its roots there is no real cure for this evil thing.

The simple truth is that we have been living for a century in a society which has thought about trade from the producer and, that is to say from the point of view of the industrialist and of the organized worker. They have both been entirely interested in what will bring the biggest financial return to the industry in which they are engaged. In other words, the chief guide as to what should be produced has been the money profit of various lines of goods.

WELL, AND WHY NOT?

A thing is profitable if it sells, and if it sells it shows that people want it. So the system is alright; people get what they want.

BUT IS THAT TRUE?

There are two important reasons why money profits are not the best guide as to what ought to be produced in industry.

1.—INEQUALITY OF INCOMES

Millions of people are too poor to buy even the necessities of life. They hardly affect the market as buyers at all.

If the industrial world is concerned only with what people can AFFORD and not with what they NEED, nothing is produced for these poverty stricken non-buyers; or if it is produced it is liable to be destroyed because they cannot pay the price.

2.—MONOPOLY

The modern tendency is for different firms in a common line of business to be merged into a single organization, cutting out the little man eliminating competition, and exacting a monopoly over production and price. A big business of this sort is only interested in one thing, namely, to get the biggest return possible in hard cash for its shareholders. It may do this by producing a cheap line and creating a market for it by advertising.

It may do even better for itself by producing less of some necessity and forcing up the price because it holds a monopoly

Sincerest sympathy from the Squadron, and all personnel on the station to Mr. and Mrs. Woodman of Digby, N.S., parents of F|Sgt. Woodman, on the recent death of their son, serving with the R.C.A.F. in Canada. We pray God to give them strength and courage to sustain this loss, and for them to remember that their contribution to the cause of Right and Justice is one hundred percent. God will reward them.

The Station's Sincere Sympathy

The tragic sinking of the S.S. Caribou did not fail to cast its grim shadow over our station at Torbay. Our sincere sympathy goes out to those who were bereaved by the loss of loved ones in a tragedy that brings the misfortunes of war very close to us.

The whole Station was saddened and shocked at the news received by one of our fellow Service men, LAC Beswick, whose wife was listed among the missing. She was on her way to join him when their reunion was cruelly thwarted by the merciless attack of the enemy. The sincere sympathy of Officers and Men is extended to LAC Beswick in the hour of his sad bereavement.

A. M. I.

FLT. LT. MACIVER,

Prot. Padre.

Group Capt. Grandy

Sir,—The first copy of Wings Over Seas arrived at Borden yesterday and is already in a slightly dilapidated condition due to being passed around the station. All the personnel who have read it have commented favourably on its fine appearance and excellent layout. Congratulations!

Those responsible for its publication should be very proud of their first effort and all here wish them success in their future endeavours.

From a strictly technical viewpoint, Wings Over Seas is an exceptionally fine specimen of what a station journal can be. The excellent quality of paper, the splendid type, plus the blue ink printing has made it a very pleasing whole. The fact that its pages are not cluttered up with ads speaks well for the ingenuity of those responsible for its financing.

Once again on behalf of the Editorial Board of Wings Over Borden congratulations and best wishes for the future.

(Signed) E. M. RORKE,

Editor "Wings Over Borden."

Orchids To



LAW Dingle on the splendid work done for Station Club.

Cpl. Scott for his enthusiasm and zeal in promoting the Public Speaking classes. With men like Scott we'll go places. Go to it "Scotty."

AC1 Walker, Teletype Section, for the first class job on the "Banquet" Posters.

LAC Phillips for ROTA MOTA designs.

AC2 Lewis for art work on Club Crest. It pays to advertise. The boys like it.

on these goods. In either case the inevitable is that the poor cannot buy the things they need.

AS LONG AS

As long as we run our industrial system on the basis of what will produce the most profit, and not on the basis of what's needed, the condition of the poor will become steadily worse because unemployment will increase.

Politicians

I wish Hitler,
The Littler,
Was like the Great Fred,
Fred's dead.

Mr. Molotoff
Said Turkey was off;
But he hoped to have a little isthmus
For Christmas.

"Wart,"
Said Gort,
Referrin
To Goering.

If profound knowledge of strategy
Makes a good C.-in-C.,
My barber ought
To supplant Gort.

Costumes! What, What!

Have you got your costume yet?
Think of the fun you can have in that get up!!!
Time's passing—don't let it go too far.
Half the fun will be had for you and your pals in that
costume you're thinking of.

I know we're going to see a lot of "Antiques" such as:

- Good Queen Bess.
- Old Mother Hubbard,
- Little Boy Blue,
- Mae West,
- Schnozzle Durante,
- Popeye and Olive Oyl.

Who are you going to be? See you to-night!!!

We're Off

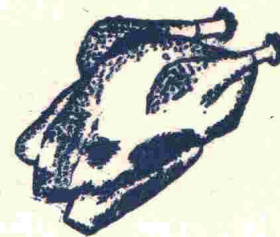
Review.—It is with great pride that we look back over the days, and watch the growth of "Wings." Started on a shoe-string and still in its infancy, never-the-less, it's on its way. The reports from our friends back home are indication that it is very well received, and there is a great demand for future numbers, which makes us think that we're not a bad little paper at that!

Standard—We have set a standard, and are endeavouring to keep above it, lest we should slip a bit, and even staying within a radius calls for co-operation. "Wings" wasn't designed to be the official organ of the Ladies' Sewing Circle, or anything of the kind. It's for you, run by you and read by you.

Co-operation—So far, you've backed us one hundred percent, and practically all material has been top-notch as far as quality goes, and to keep on that level is our ambition. Remember, it goes to your home where your family and friends read it from one end to the other. Don't write articles which no matter how harmless their intention, will cause them concern. Don't say anything about a comrade that you wouldn't care to see in print about yourself!

Censorship—Finally, don't mention weather or anything about climate, etc., which would be of value to Messrs. Hitler, Mussolini, Hon. Hirohito, and Co., for before going to press we are subjected to the same censorship that applies to your personal correspondence. Thank you, fellows.

Airmen's Overseas Club



R.O.T.A. M.O.T.A.

Honorary PresidentG|C R. S. Grandy
President F|S Gilmartin
Vice President F|S Coombs
Secretary LAW Bradshaw
Treasurer LAC Austin
Counsellors S|L MacNeil and F|L McIver

ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE

F|O Home, W.O.2 James, F|S LeFlufy, Cpl. Scott, LAC Adams. Bob Low.

SPORTS COMMITTEE

P|O McMaster, Cpl. Hanna, AC.1 Albury, F|S Belanger, F|S McDonald, Cpl. Pallick, Cpl. Rogers, Sgt. MacDonald, Sgt. Jackson, F|S McGregor, Cpl. Bobinsky, F|S LeFlufy, LAC Trepanier.

PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATING

President Cpl. Scott
Vice-President F|S LeFlufy
Secretary LAC Mitchell

DECORATIONS

F|S LeFlufy. LAW Dingle, LAC Phillips, LAC Walker, AC2 Lewis.

Chit Chat

WATER!

"Frequent water drinking," said the advising Sergeant, "prevents becoming stiff in the joints."

LAC "Mac" McDougald: "Yeah, but some joints don't serve water!"

SWAT!

Sgt. Goldstein: "What has 24 feet, green eyes, and a pink body with purple stripes?"

Doucet: "I don't know. What?"

Sgt. Goldstein: "I don't know either, but you'd better pick it off your neck."

STRANGER!

Sentry: Halt! Who goes there?

F|Sgt. (Discip.) Belanger: "You wouldn't recognize me anyway, I'm new here."

NICE FLOWERS

Sgt. Harris: "Who in hell put those flowers on the table?"

Pelletier: "The C. O."

Sgt. Harris: "Purdy, ain't they?"

PIE FACE

LAC Mepham: "What kind of pie is this?"

Cpl. Barr: What's it taste like?

LAC Mepham: "Glue."

Cpl. Barr: "Then it's apple. The pumpkin tastes like soap!"

LET'S GO

"You look sweet enough to eat," the airman told his girl.
"I do eat," she replied. "Let's go!"



Visions of a Banquet

I lay in bed the other night and although it was quite a bit past the hour of "taps" I believe I was wide awake.

Suddenly an intruder stepped into my room. He doffed his cap, smiled and jumped into the end of my bed where he perched like a bird on a fence for more than an hour.

He was small, not more than four-feet-two and his face was wrinkled from the end of his pointed chin to the visor of his red skull cap. He wore a long robe, purple, with a green sash and his wrinkled face was made more so by his perpetual habit of screwing up his eye and grinning from the lobe of one pink ear to the other. The shoes he wore were of a deep vermilion hue and his hair hung in white curls beneath his cap.

I blinked my eyes in disbelief of his intrusion, jarred myself into a sitting position, blinked once more and said, "what in heaven's name do you want?" He looked at me as if I had no right to question him, screwed up his nose again and broke into a deep-throated chuckle.

"Look, brother," I said, "I don't know who in H—you are, in fact I still don't believe it, but if you are somebody, quit looking at me like that and let me sleep."

Then he spoke and his voice was as pleasant as his chuckle, deep and mellow. "I am the fairy of all good tidings." Then he laughed again and continued. "Listen," he said, for I have made it a special point of coming to you with a piece of information which I want you to pass on to the other people on the station. It is good news and it should not be kept a secret.

"What is it?" I asked.

"First promise that you will pass on this information," he demanded, "then I will tell you."

My inquisitiveness got the better of me, so after a short hesitation I promised him that I would do his bidding.

This is what he told me.

"There is a banquet being held for the members of this station on the night of the 30th of this month of which you already know. However I have heard in my travels around the station, in the kitchen, in the mess, in the workshops and the orderly room, words of doubt, words of calousness, cynical words; these words I want you to know are without a firm foundation; these words are without a base, they are the loose talk of propagandists, for I know that this banquet is to be one of the most entertaining of banquets that I have ever attended or ever shall attend.

Yes, I have already attended your banquet, for I attend all good things before they happen. In attending your banquet I saw numerous tables laid out in kingly fashion, with gleaming silverware, polished glass, snow-white linen. I saw these same tables piled high with many foodstuffs, hot rolls, pickles, fruit, punch of which I have never tasted any finer, candy, ice cream, roast chicken and Virginia-baked ham, baked as none but a true southerner could bake it.

After I had tasted all this food, on which I was more than

willing to pass my approval, I sat back in my chair, lighted a cigarette and listened to some musical entertainment which would do Carnegie Hall proud.

Then of course there were a few words spoken by some noted dignitary, not long and very interesting, and then with the strains of "God Save the King" the banquet ended.

I was pleased, very pleased and that is why I came to you. I have chosen you to relate to those human beings, who unlike me, cannot attend a preview of all good things, all that I have told you. Because being a fairy of all good things I wouldn't want them to miss it."

With that he jumped up from my bed, touched his cap, chuckled once more and jumped through the window.

"Funny little fellow I," I said to myself as I looked into the darkness.

"Oh! by the way," he said, as he popped his head above the window sill once more, "don't forget to wear a costume because there are going to be some fine ones there and those who are wearing them will have more fun than the others, I know." And he disappeared into the darkness.

I haven't seen him since but I'm sure he will be with the rest of us at that banquet on the night of the 30th of October, for he was very enthusiastic and he, as he said, KNOWS.



What?—No Swimming Pools?

Design a plane, the head men say,
It must be built in such a way,
That the dumbest egg can fly hands off,
Make the hardest landings still feel soft,
Make up for judgment the pilot lacks,
—And still fly rings around other hacks!

It must be safe, and in the main
It should withstand a hurricane.
It must have flaps: It must have brakes,
Retractable wheels—and "what it takes"
—Must climb like stink, but not land hot,
—Must have both "must"—and again "must-not!"

Low cost's a mighty important thing,
So forget the span and chord of wing.
The spar must not be six feet long,
Since scraps of spruce cost but a song,
And spare not haywire, baled and tied,
"Supply and demand" must be satisfied.

But the ship must be no common kite,
It must carry the load of a ten-ton White,
Have speed and comfort: Appearance too,
With a cruising range to Timbuctoo.
Have power plus; be free from sound,
—Must climb straight up, and land straight down.

Have the seats lean forward and still lean aft,
Be air conditioned, but free from draft,
—Have all of these things—and one thing more,
The ship must sell at the ten-cent store!
—And furthermore, the head men say,
It's GOTTA BE FINISHED BY YESTERDAY!

Submitted by W. O. I. BROWN.

Notes and Jottings on 145



By KENNETH LUNNY

IN MEMORIAM

A friend of mine died the other day. I hadn't known him for a long time. I'm not sure that I even knew his correct name but in the short time that I was acquainted with him, with all the names that I did call him, I'm sure that he was my friend.

LOVED THE AIR

He was small. He was almost always muddy and dirty. He was bold and brave, too. He loved the air, no he'd never flown but his head was cocked towards his left shoulder consistently looking up at the birds playing among the clouds, diving and climbing, turning, banking and endlessly soaring.

WATCHED EVERYTHING

Yes, he was air minded, he loved to watch the planes "rev up" their motors, he loved to sit and watch the aircraft taxi along the "apron," and although he was wingless he used to come into the crew room and sit down and chat with the pilots and the observers and wags.

DIDN'T REALIZE DANGER

He was small and he was young and although he had a big heart he had a small brain, for this friend of mine was a puppy, a little black and grey and white mongrel puppy, and he didn't realise the danger when he jumped in fun at that whirling propeller. It was all over in a minute, his neck snapped as the whirring blades struck, once, twice. He fell to the ground, his tail wagged once and he lay still and I'm sure that at that moment I saw his apparition take wings and go soaring off among the clouds and his tail was wagging very happily.

HANDCLASPS

Congratulations to Flying Officers Hastie and Robinson on their recent promotion. We were sorry to note that on the night that their promotions came through F/O Hastie was in Scoudouc, N.B., with his crew and was unfortunately unaware of the fact. How unfortunate he was he didn't realize until he returned to Torbay and discovered that a party was staged in the N.C.O.'s Mess in his and Mr. Robinson's honor.

It is rumored that on the night of the party at approximately 5 a.m., Mr. Robinson awakened his navigator and asked him, "what is the deviation on the P4 compass?" Could it have been the width of his stripe that had gone to his head—or maybe the liquid refreshment.

A KNOCKOUT

A story reached this reporter to the fact that the dance on the night of Friday, the 17th, was to Thomas R. Tinsley, a real knockout. According to reports T. R. T. was wending his unsteady way from the N.C.O.'s canteen towards the dance hall when unexpectedly a ditch, thanks to the local workers, appeared where his last footstep fell. A rush of gravel, a crash, a nasty word, then silence, Thomas lay at the bottom of the ditch. Latest reports state that Sgt. Tinsley expects to have the bandages removed by the end of the week.

CONTRIBUTION

Thanks to Sgt. "Newt" LaJambe, who has just recently returned to duty following his accident at Dartmouth a couple of months ago, for the following piece of broken English:

Dear Mr. Headquarters:

My husband was induced into the army long months ago

and I ain't received no pay from him since he was gone.

Please send me my elopement as I have a four-months old baby and he is my only support, and I knead it bad every day to buy us food and keep us enclosed.

I am a poor woman and all that I have is at the front. Both sides of my parents are very old and I can't suspect anything from them. My mother had been in bed with the same doctor for thirteen years and won't try another. My husband is in charge of a spittoon.

Do I get any more than I am going to get. Please send me a letter and tell me if my husband made an application for a wife and child and send me the wife's form to fill out.

P.S.—My husband says he sets in Y.M.C.A. every night with the piano playing, in his uniform, I think you will see him there.

Yours trooly,

MRS. CONSCRIPT.



Yells and Squeals

FIRST EFFORT

Fellas, this being our first effort in this direction excuse our amateur efforts. However, we were very happy to be asked to contribute to the paper, and we hope to do so as long as Wings Over Seas will last.

POPULAR SECTION

We seem to be a very popular Section, some of the Airmen carry our phone number in their little black book. We cover nearly everything on the Station, and our area is getting larger all the time, so perhaps by next Spring we will be able to establish a Dorothy Dix Department, (see LAC Phillips for the line up) and then we will be all set.

RAFFLE TREAT

I noticed a very satisfied look on some of the boys' faces the other day, due, no doubt, to the feed of local chicken which Flight Lieutenant Orr procured in a raffle and had put a ala locale at the very famous summer resort, Ryans on the Rock, "Torbay." The Jockey was also on the rocks, or should I say put the boys on the rocks.

THINGS I HEAR AND WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

PRECAUTIONS

Is it true that LAC Keegan on his next trip home by boat will take extra precautions, by taking along two large size cakes of soap; that if he found himself in the drink, he would wash himself ashore. Hamilton Corn.

NEW SUBJECT?

LAC Reeder seems to have a blissful countenance around the section these days. I wonder why? Has he decided to be a Newfie?

LOCAL BIRD

They tell me Sergeant Weatherby goes haywire at the mentioning of a local bird.

WILL HE?

I wonder if AC1 Severn will have a haggard smile when she drags him down the isle?

JOHNNY HAS TROUBLES

Corporal Johnston has his troubles, he sure comes close; but never mind, Johnny, that only counts in horseshoes; just keep cracking for the next month.

Bombs and Bullets



Back from leave just before we go to press are F/Sgt. Elsworth, Sgt. Derrick, LAC Harris and LAC Davies. All have interesting stories to tell but the Flight's "Saga of Sagas" is really worth listening to from the moment he made his first trip to the edge of the boat after a heavy meal, only to discover a new method of taking wind speed and direction, until on his way back he found himself at an Eastern Canadian port. He still maintains he finally reached his "home in the West," but admits to making enforced stops at Montreal (lack of funds), and Ottawa (no lack of fun).

LAC Simpson has just emerged from hospital. Yes, he's looking a trifle pale, but that might be from the thoughts of a matrimonial leap which is fast approaching, or might even be caused by the shock of discovering that the W/D's are really quite sociable (aren't they, old boy?)

AC1 Caldwell—I'd go through fire for you.
Fair Damsel—What an ash you'd be.

Sgt. Derrick—What is absolutely the first thing to do when cleaning a rifle?

Cpl. Ibbotson—Look at the number.

Sgt. Derrick—What's that got to do with it?

Cpl. Ibbotson—To make sure it's my rifle.

We love receiving urgent calls for technical assistance on armament matters. Take that S.O.S. we had from Sgt. Long in the Equipment Section the other day. Just how urgent that call was only Sgt. Long can tell you, for he has pledged to secrecy the two armament sergeants who galloped to his rescue from divers corners of the camp. In all fairness we have to admit that our good friend rescued himself from his predicament before our arrival, but it was all very embarrassing, he tells us.

All youse guys what is going on leave or on posting sometime, and that means all of us—we hope—can help yourselves and us plenty, by making sure that the number on your rifle corresponds with the number on the bayonet, scabbard and bolt. It puts our records in an 'orrible mess when someone dashes up with clearance papers, a wild story about a plane leaving in 5 minutes, and—oh, horrors—a rifle bayonet that shouldn't be keeping steady company. It puts you on the spot—us too, to some extent,—but mostly you. So check your rifles now and do it frequently.

Of course if the numbers all agree, you have your pull-through and oil bottle, and your barrel is clean to the "nth" degree, but the Armament Corporal still refuses to initial your clearance papers, well, pal, you've run into Cpl. Ted Wise, and you can be quite sure that his wife still has not arrived at Torbay. It all starts with a washout of communication and railway lines in the Maritimes, and since then Ted and his wife have got their plans so mixed up through a series of delayed wires and air mail letters, that it will take more than a Philadelphia lawyer to straighten things out. Like most complicated stories we feel that it will have a happy ending, but meantime, approach the Rifle Shack with caution.

Library



For generous donations of books to our Station Library the Committee, on behalf of the Commanding Officer, wish to thank the following:—

Mrs. Anne Kent, Bonaventure Ave.; Mr. G. A. Edens, Gower Street; Mrs. Margaret Edens, Military Road; Mr. R. J. Coleman, Duckworth St.; Mrs. J. T. Power, LeMarchant Road; Mr. Leo Levine and Mr. Arthur White, c/o Imperial Life; Mr. Gerald Doyle (well-known radio broadcaster); Mr. Hicks, Salmonier; Fr. Power, Hoylestown; James Gibbs, Bank of Montreal Bldg.; John G. Higgins, K.C., Board of Trade Bldg.; Dr. M. S. Power.

SOME BOOKS IN OUR LIBRARY

Victory Thru Air	Electrical Machinery
Anzacs Into Battle	Elementary Practical Physics
Last Train For Berlin	Complete Air Navigation
The Last Enemy	Principles of Radio Communication
I Hate To-morrow	Sheet Metal Workers' Manual
Winged Parade	Diesel Engines
To-day's Daughter	Belgium Unvanquished
Lost Horizon	Charles De Gaulle
Tom Brown's School Days	The Fall of Stalin
The Good Shepherd	East Africa
The Mirror of Shallott	

AND 400 OTHER GOOD BOOKS.

Commanding Officer, Officers and Men:

I wish to express my thanks to everyone for the sympathy and help given to me during this—the most trying time of my life. Both Officers and men alike have done everything that was humanly possible for me, and as time goes on I hope to be able to show my appreciation more fully.

Things like this make us fight harder than ever, so while I'm getting back up, hit them hard for me, fellas, and to all of you my sincere thanks.

JIMMY BESWICK.

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