



Vol. 1, No. 5.

TORBAY

November 15, 1942

# ROTA MOTA Banquet Great Success

**GUESTS OF HONOR AT BANQUET—Air Commodore McEwen, M.C., D.F.C., Air Officer Commanding No. 1 Group; and Group Capt. Grandy, O.B.E. Commanding Officer**

## BANQUET BRIEFS

By KENNETH LUNNY

### SPEAKERS

The A. O. C. gave a stirring complimentary address, and wished us luck and success.

The Group Captain in his few well chosen words praised and commended those responsible for the help given him in promoting the good and welfare of the station.

Flt. Lt. McIvor gave the invocation, and S/L MacNeil thanked all and urged on to greater co-operation and effort.

### ORCHIDS

Bouquets of Orchids are thrown to the numerous men and women on the station who assisted in putting over our banquet in grand style on the night of October 30th.

An Orchid from our bouquet goes to F/Sgt. LaJambe for his excellent work on the decorating of the banquet-hall. This was most certainly a job well done.

Two corsages go to LAW Rootham and AW1 Bradshaw for their whole-hearted co-operation in arranging the tables. We thank you.

To LAC Phillips and AC1 Lewis go orchids for their splendid work in designing and painting the ROTA MOTA crest.

To those men, F/Sgt. Froment, Sgt. Harris, Sgt. Jackson, Cpl. Hook, Cpl. Emes, Cpl. Cook, Cpl. Haines, Cpl. Copp, LAC Lodgewood, Crowe, Gonis, McDermott, McGuire, Bonin, Moser, Gillcash, Kelly, Blake, Ramsay, Donkin, Clark, Western, Petura, Carr, Mateau, Gastonguay, Gibson, McNeil, Murdoch, Beaudet, Rowe, Hallem, Comier, Spinner, the 24 cooks and the 20 waiters, who so unselfishly gave up their time and own personal enjoyment

so that others might have a good time, we offer at least four dozen of the best blooms from our orchid bouquet.

Although the bouquet of orchids is all gone we offer our thanks to F/Sgt. Gilmartin and Cpl. Scott for their unforgettable effort in organizing what was proven to be a grand evening. Also on this list of thanks is the entertainment committee without whose co-operation and untiring efforts the banquet and dance would not have been the success it was.

### HIGHLIGHTS

A Hallowe'en banquet without a costume is like Dorothy Lamour without a sarong. The main feature of the night was the spirit in which the men and women of the station made a mountain out of a mole hill and procured many interesting costumes out of practically nothing, and in thereby doing so contributed generously to the enjoyment of the evening.

Congratulations to the man dressed in top hat and tails who although his name is not known to the writer made a good impression in a comical way on those who attended the banquet.

Then also there is that other lady, who on the night of the banquet, to put it bluntly, strutted her stuff in silver and red and on the day after the banquet strutted his stuff in overalls in the engine of a Hudson in the person of F/Sgt. LeFluffy. As excellent a job of make-up as you would care to see.

Highlight of the evening was the, you guessed it, dinner. Fruit salad, tomato soup, chicken, green peas, mashed potatoes, apple pie and ice cream and aah beer, what more could anybody want outside of a second helping. Of which of course there wasn't any.

## Wireless Sparks

Will the aircraft "plumbers" kindly refrain from using the wireless while dozing aboard an aircraft.

What's cooking, "Cookie"? We hear the back of your neck has come to the boiling point.

Fergie likes his reveille pass on a rainy night. He says all the nice girls stay in. Tch, tch!

When is Veale going to learn how to use both ends of his accordion?

Anyone needing new furniture see F|Sgt. Laister. Pass the hammer.

Our new quarters in the Maintenance Hangar is going to be tops when all equipment is installed. Now if we could only get some heat.

Gil managed to spend two days at home. Wotta time I had in Montreal—blankety, blankety, blank!!!

I wonder what certain Nursing Orderly had to write out 100 times the visiting hours at the hospital? It couldn't have been a Corporal, or was it?

For the first time in his life J. J. G. F. of the Orderly Room staff seems to be settling down to business. Could it be the W. D. influence, Jock?

It is quite noticeable these days that our D. R. O. Corporal has a contented look on his face. I wonder why, Duke?

## Hot Off the Wires

Here we are again after being absent from the two previous issues. So we'll get right down to business without further delay.

The headaches of Signals are now divided between F|L Mathiewson and F|O Saunders. Welcome to Torbay F|O Saunders.

We hear LAC Wells is working overtime. Suppose he's getting paid double!

So LAC Macdonald is up and around again, the old saying seems to be true. "You can't keep a good man down."

School days are here again for LAC Petroski with his book-keeping and Cpl. Dunlap with geometry. Best of luck boys in your courses.

Perhaps you think New York subways are noisy. They have nothing on our barrack rooms.

If you want telephone service use the directory provided. Co-operate and give the operators a break.

At the time this article goes to press, word has been received that this Section has taken the championship in their league in volley-ball. We sure hope that by the time this paper is published we will be able to claim the Station championship in this line of sports.

Well this is all for this time. Be seeing you in the next issue of "Wings Over Seas."

## Torbay Pays Back

For weeks and months patrols went out  
To search the sea in vain,  
From morn till night, from dawn till dusk,  
Through fog and mist and rain.

And then one day not long ago  
While on patrol again,  
A speck appeared, a Sub was near,  
This trip was not in vain.

The pilot pushed his stick ahead  
Not a second was he late,  
The Sub saw him and started down,  
But he dived to meet his fate.

On one side dropped a depth charge  
And on the other too,  
And then in front one hundred feet  
The German Sub was through.

But that's not all, as we all know,  
Not a week from that same day,  
Two more were added to our list  
At the bottom they will stay.

So Torbay now has started,  
Let's drive them from our door,  
And every ship that's sunk out there  
We'll even up the score.

We should all be proud of Torbay now,  
Of patrols through fog and rain,  
And the boys that died on Torbay drome  
Did not die in vain.

(NICK)

## Hudson Servicing

Well, back on the job again, your reporter finds himself rather at a loss for material and again requests that you chaps turn in a little news of one another.

There's all kinds of things you can send in, for it didn't take much browsing around to find that it is "Shorty" Collins who prefers to sweep the barrack room floor with his pants rather than a broom! And also, that it wasn't the Commando Course that made such a wreck of Sgt. Hall, nor an open door either! "You should see the other fellow," he says, but personally, one look at him was enough for me in one day.

I think we're all a little envious of Cpls. Harpel and McLaggan, L.A.C. Whitmore and Sgt. Wraith on their recent postings, but do wish them every success and happy landings on their aircrew courses.

It is with no little pride that I pass on to you chaps, the sincerest appreciation of S/L Williams of your work and efforts of the past month. You see fellows, we helped the Squadron put in its greatest month of flying time in its history. No mean accomplishment, that!

And so till next time "Keep em Flying!"

## Daddy's Corner

A baby girl born Nov. 1st, to Mrs. Hamill, wife of Sgt. Hamill of this station. Mother and daughter doing nicely. Hubby sends all his love.

## One Soldier's Experience

I am one of the fellows who made the world safe for democracy. What a crazy thing that was. I fought and I fought—but I had to go anyway. I was called in Class "A". The next time I want to be in Class "B"—be there when they go and be there when they come back.

The day I went to camp I guess they didn't think I'd live long. The first fellow I saw wrote on me card "Flying Corps"—I went a little farther and some fellow said, "Look what the wind's blowing in." I said, "Wind nothing—the draft's doing it." On the second morning they put these clothes on me. What an outfit! As soon as you're in it you think you can fight anybody. They have two sizes—too small and too large. The pants are so tight I can't sit down. The shoes are so big I turned around three times and they didn't move. And what a raincoat they gave me—it strained the rain.

I passed an officer all dressed up with a funny belt and all that stuff. He said calling after me, "Didn't you notice my uniform when you passed?" I said, "Yes, what you kicking about? Look what they gave me."

"Oh it was so nice. Five below one morning they called us out for an underwear inspection. You talk about scenery—red flannels, B.V.D.'s, all kinds. The uniform I had on would fit Tony Galento. The lieutenant lined us up and told me to stand up, I said "I am, sir. This underwear makes you think I'm sitting down." He got so mad he put me out digging a ditch. A little while later he passed me and said, "Don't throw that dirt up here." I said, "Where am I going to put it?" He said, Dig another hole and put it there."

Three days later we sailed for France. Marching down the pier I had more luck. I had a sergeant who stuttered and it took him so long to say Halt that 27 of us marched overboard. They pulled us out and lined us up on the pier and the captain came by and said, Fall in," and I said, "I have been in, sir."

I was on the boat 12 days—seasick 21 days—leaned over the rail all the time. On the middle of one of my best leans the captain rushed up and said, "What company are you in?" I said, "I'm in all by myself." He asked me if the brigadier was up yet and I said, "If I swallowed it, it's up."

Talk about dumb fellows! I said to one of the fellows, "I guess we dropped anchor." He replied, "I knew they'd lose it—it's been hanging out since we left New York."

Well, we landed in France. We were immediately sent to the trenches, the cannons started to roar and the shells started to pass. I was shaking with patriotism. I tried to hide behind a tree but there weren't enough trees for the officers. The captain came around and said "Five o'clock we go over the top." I said, "I'd like to have a furlough." He said, "Haven't you any red blood in you? I said "Yes, but I don't want to see it."

Five o'clock we went over the top. Ten thousand Germans came at us. The way they looked at me you'd think it was I who started the war. Our captain yelled, "Fire at will," but I didn't know anybody by that name. I guess the fellow behind me thought I was Will. He fired his gun and shot me in the excitement.  
—Readers Digest.

### THOUGHTFUL VERSE

The Lord gave us two ends to use;  
One to think with, one to sit with.  
The war depends on which we choose;  
Heads we win, tails we lose.

## Lizzie Chatter

Hello again fellows from your regular reporter who will try to do as well as the chaps that substituted for me while I was on furlough.

I would like to thank F[Sgt. Woodman and "Digger" Grinham who did such a swell job in my absence.

### A POEM FOR US ALL

Dean Reavie submitted a poem that he clipped from a Canadian journal. I think that it is very appropriate at this time.

#### THE AIRMAN'S CREED

Beyond the bound of land and sea  
I swim in heaven's breath,  
The clouds a carpet under me,  
Half-way from life to death—  
Perhaps along the path I trod  
The day I came to birth;  
Perhaps the trackless road to God,  
When I go home from earth.  
The stars are like a myriad eyes  
My inmost soul to scan,  
And every star a challenge cries,  
"Who rides God's highway in the skies  
To wage the war of man?"

### THE BIG DANCE

Many things happened to the boys of CAC during the last dance; some of which I would like to mention.

One involves Cpl. Schrank who, if you remember, was costumed in a pair of very loud pyjamas. As you know, the "Rec" hall was quite warm and as you also know, hives seem to "pop" out in the heat. Al has a very bad case and spent most of the evening scratching them. Very embarrassing, isn't it Al?

Another incident occurred when our fugitive from the dust-bowl, Gil Gilbert, was mistaken for a W. D. in his costume which was a grass skirt. Our apologies to the sisters of our clan, say we.

Bob Lutes who was dressed as a colored chap, forgot to take off his make-up when he retired; hence a very dirty pillowcase and a very dirty face. When he stuck his head out of the covers, we didn't know whether it was our buddy or Ole Black Joe!

### JUNIOR COMMANDO

Our new commando, Ian Macfarlane, wanted to take a second week of the training but was told that he could not be spared. When asked why he wanted more training he was quoted as saying, "Of course the mud is unpleasant and so is the cold water, the running and the flopping down in bogs, but boy. Oh boy, is it fun to go without shaving for a week!

### EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD

When Cpl. Cumberland returned from leave, we expected him to pull out a thousand and one pictures of his eight months old daughter. But wonder of wonders, no pictures!

### AND SO TO BED

That's about all the news for this week from CAC, so until the next edition, we'll put this little column to bed with a "So long for now, fellows!"

# Are You ROTA MOTA Minded?

## Bombs and Bullets

First a welcome to our new officer P. O. Johns, who despite a "bit" of trouble (masterpiece of understatement) got to us.

After much moaning by that very adept moaner, Cpl. Wyse, about "When (much wringing of hands) is she coming" . . . . Why is it that when the "little woman" arrived, the Cpl. was conspicuous by his absence. . . .and had to be reminded that she was waiting? . . . .Patiently???

This month we award to Sgt. Barnes the order of the "Exalted S" with palms for his amazing feat of building a complete section with swip—oops, we mean "scrounged" materials.

L.A.C. Fetherstonehaugh, better known as "Fethers the Heart-maker (Perspex). . . .is rapidly becoming known as "Fethers the Heartbreaker" (NOT Perspex). . . .Hmm. . . .

Some of the boys are advising the good Cpl Cassidy to cure himself of that bad habit of talking in his sleep before going on leave to have "the knot tied" . . . .complications eh? . . . .

Now A. C. Lewis ain't complainin' but he wonders why just because he was an artist back in "Noo Yawk" he should be asked to paint everything from aircraft to cartoons on the back of coveralls. . . .hopes the "Powers that be" don't find out he was an actor once. . . might want a spy sometime. . . don't let him "kid" you. . . he loves it. . .

Since becoming President of the "Public Speaking Club" a branch of the "ROTA MOTA" (Adv.), Cpl. Scott gives us no hasty answers.....ah no.....He debates everything first.....then "gives out" in true oratorical style.....Watch out or we'll take a vote and adjourn on you.....

What influence has Cpl. Francis ("Gandhi") and L.A.C. Hamilton—"Ham" singing hymns whilst working on their Brownings? . . . .

Pray tell us, L.A.C. Harris, what is meant by "Just a good friend?"

Is it the "Irish" in A. C. Jagoe that made him remark of certain precocious youngsters....."Look at 'em.....running around and swearing, before they can walk or talk".....(Neatest trick of the week.....what?).....

The story is the one about the woman interviewing an applicant for a maid's job—a girl recently arrived from Europe—and asking her if she could cook, clean, do laundry work, to all of which the applicant answered no. Finally, in despair, the housewife inquired: "Well, what can you do?"

I can assemble a machine gun," was the prompt reply.

—Journal of the American Medical Assoc., Chicago.

Peering through the darkness, the Home Guard sentry saw a shadow figure approaching. His rifle, he shouted the challenge: "Halt! Who goes there?"

"Foe!" came the answer.

The sentry was perplexed.

"Now don't muck about," he said, and repeated the challenge. "Halt! Who goes there?"

"Foe!" came the answer again.

## The 12 Best Planes in the World

As listed by Peter Masefield, technical editor of *Aeroplane*, Britain's leading journal in its field:

1. Single-seater fighter—British Spitfire.
2. Long-range night fighter—British Beaufighter.
3. Medium bomber—Germany's Dornier DO-17.
4. Heavy bomber—British Lancaster.
5. Land based torpedo bomber—Italy's Savoia-Marchetti 84.
6. Army co-operation scout—United States North American Mustang.
7. Long-range patrol boat—United States Consolidated Coronado.
8. Transport landplane—United States Douglas DC4.
9. Transport seaplane—United States Boeing Clipper.
10. Naval fighter—United States Vought—Sikorsky Corsair.
11. Naval torpedo bomber—United States Grumman Avenger.
12. Naval dive bomber—United States Curtiss Helldiver.

In the category of the single-seater fighter, the latest Spitfire has a slight edge over the German Focke-Wulf-190, according to Mr. Masefield. "In addition," he says, "we have both the Hawker Typhoon and the United States Republic Thunderbolt (P-47B) coming into service with high hopes for their great success as fighters." —UP dispatch from London.

## Why We Are Here

A lot of us forget to-day

What we started out to do

The day we donned our uniform

Of good old Air Force Blue.

We forget we signed to fight a war

And see it till the end,

We forget we took a solemn oath

To protect our loved ones and our friends.

There is not so many here to-day

That has not forgot some time

Of the things that I have mentioned,

Now are they on your mind.

Let's try to-day to win this war

And not leave it for the morrow,

Let's fight and work and sweat and toil

And end this world of sorrow.

We can then go back to loved ones there

With a free and happy mind,

And then sit down, forget this war,

And live the life we left behind.

F|S NICKLE, W. J.

Now completely bewildered, the sentry went inside and told the sergeant of the guard what had happened.

The sergeant scratched his head reflectively, then deciding that perhaps he had better deal with the matter himself, he went outside and repeated the challenge: "Halt! Who goes there?"

"Foe!" came the reply again.

The sergeant grunted with disgust.

"Well, buzz off, then—we're not properly organized yet!"

—Tid Bits, London.

# Are You ROTA MOTA Minded?

## Tall Tales The Service Men Spin

In the desert fighting in Libya recently, the English found themselves with plenty of food but insufficient water, while the Germans had control over an excellent waterhole—a small pond—but were low in food supplies. Daytime was terribly hot, and the nights were freezing cold.

The British used a flock of geese at night for camp guards, which would give a quacking alarm if the enemy approached. One night the geese flew off and vanished behind the enemy lines. The British gave them up as deserters. However, as dawn broke next morning, the English sentry was amazed to see a pond of fresh water just outside their camp, on which the flock of "deserters" were swimming complacently.

How it got there was a mystery until later that day, when several Germans came over and surrendered. These prisoners said the geese had alighted on their waterhole the previous afternoon, had waited until the cold desert night had frozen the water around their feet, and at daybreak had flown off with the pond attached to their feet in the form of a large cake of ice.

As soon as the sun got high, the ice had of course melted into a pond again.

On maneuvers not long ago we were riding over rough country in a big 10-wheel truck when it hit a stump that poked a hole in the gas tank, leaving us stranded miles from help. The boys began figuring; pretty soon a couple went off, and returned with some husky bullfrogs. Taking off the engine head, they hooked a frog onto the spark plug prongs of each cylinder by its nose. With the spark retarded, each frog jumped from the shock, thus kicking the piston down.

We rolled along nicely for about six miles, then the frogs got hungry and tired. The sergeant hunted around in a field until he found a mouse, which he put into the carburetor so that its fleas were sucked into the cylinders and thus were fed to the frogs. The rest of the trip was uneventful except that the engine heated up from being driven so far with a retarded spark. As a result, when we reached bivouac we had ready-cooked frogs' legs.

—The Readers' Digest.

## Library



Having spent quite a good deal of time in the station library lately, reading some good books, and having had quite a gander at the lend-out books, I have begun to think that there are a lot of chaps on the station who are not aware of the good quality of reading material available. So here is just an idea of what variety of books we do have.

First of course is fiction. There are any number of these books, and by some of the best authors, such as Zane Grey, Deeping and Conrad. Adventure stories we also have, in addition to detective stories with the famous Bulldog Drummond playing the sleuth, and the "Death Play" by Vernon. There are also biographies, and autobiographies, such as "Will Rogers." The educational field is well represented in its various branches by such volumes as Sheet Metal Working, Diesel Engines, and Automobile and Gasoline Engine Encyclopedia.

There are also magazines, Western stories, and pamphlets on a hundred and one different subjects.

So any of you who desire reading material drop in at any time to Room 11A of the Administration Building, and I am sure you will find something of interest in the 450 or so books which we have at present. And last but not least, these books are yours to read, all free, for nothing.

LAC. McMAHON.

## Ledger Gleanings

It is with regret that we announce the forthcoming departure of our Senior Accountant Officer, S/L Byers. His stay here has been comparatively short (born under a lucky star no doubt), but the time he spent on this Station has been sufficient for us to appreciate our loss in his posting. Our best wishes go with you, Sir, and don't forget our stirring motto "Remember Torbay."

Orchids to one McKinnon who is going on leave with a brand-new pair of stripes on his sleeves.

### THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW:

Why those "Rulers of the Air" who look down on the Accounts Section are always first in line on Pay-days?

Where "Snake" spends his reveille passes?

If "Chuck" Poirier and LAC Matheson are permanently crippled? Boy, is that Commando course tough!

When will we get a posting?

Why Cpl. Barton and LAC Clarke think they should go in for weight-lifting?

If the boys can learn a new vocabulary before the W.D.'s arrive?

Why Sgt. Reardon can't beat Sgt. Goldstein at Checkers?

Why F/Sgt. Williams plays ping-pong or checkers? We understand he is looking for someone he can beat at either game.

## Slipstream

The turn of the month marked a happy occasion when the slipstream gang celebrated a reunion. The prodigals all reported a very nice trip, and surely appreciated the break.

F/Sgt. Dean and F/Sgt. MacKenzie made quite a hit in the capital city. What did you do with the eye shields, heroes?

Apparently F/Sgt. MacDonald made a great forward stride in his matrimonial aspirations. The scribe still doubts that you will be able to convince her. Here's wishing you luck.

It didn't take long for our native Casanova to return to the haunts of "Dark Eyes." Apparently he thinks the roar of a plane is a fairer serenade than Beethoven's Serenade in C Minor.

We wish to welcome back our "Skipper" who has been enjoying himself on a well-deserved leave in Toronto. Remember the penalty for getting yourself in the paper.

Orchids to Hayes, MacKenzie, Dean, and Gerwing on their recent promotions. Less power F/Sgt. (Tiger) Mott—better start working on that crown.

We wish to commend F/Sgt. Gilmartin for so ably supervising the Hallowe'en Banquet and Dance. It's very encouraging to have one of our fellows up there and really showing initiative and remarkable executive ability. How about a few more of the boys getting up there and helping in the work. The ability is there, but what is lacking is the spirit of co-operation.

Our team is gradually bowling its way to the top, and bids fair to win the station championship. Our delayed success can be attributed to lack of practice and length of time to get organized. So beware all bowlers of the future. We're out for blood. We have finally organized a volley ball team which should shape up fairly well. Anyway, I'll wait till the next edition when I hope to prove my point and not be called a bragger. So long for now.

# "Ain't It The Truth?"

## AROUND THE CABIN LAMP "THROUGH THE CHANNEL"

"Yachting,"

October, 1942.

The difficulty of obtaining supplies in war time is illustrated by the following series of indorsements on a request from the skipper of a British mine sweeper to his Commanding Officer, showing its progress up and down through the official channel. (From "Swept Channels" by "Taffrail," Hodder and Stoughton, Limited, London.)

From Skipper Robert Johnson,

I  
H. M. Trawler Polar Bear,  
To Commanding Officer, Y Division,  
1 April, 19—,

I haven't got no matches aboard.

II  
2nd April, to S.W.O.

Submitted—forwarded herewith request for matches made by Skipper of Trawler Polar Bear under my command.

Adolphus Brown,  
Lieut. R.N.R.

III  
To: Naval Store Officer, Granton.

Forwarded, Concurring in supply.

John Travers,  
Captain, R.N.,  
Senior Naval Officer.

IV  
To Senior Naval Officer,  
Noted and returned.

It is pointed out for your information that matches are not included on the list of establishment stores. Instructions are requested.

Andrew Flannigan, N.S.O.

V  
To N.S.O. Granton,  
Please take steps as necessary to supply.

John Travers,  
Captain, R.N.,  
Senior Naval Officer.

VI  
April 15th,  
MX. 224. 75|3317|62,  
To Naval Store Officer,  
H. M. Dockyard, Rosyth.

It is requested that matches, safety, boxes, 12 in number may be forwarded as soon as possible for Armed Trawler Polar Bear Stationed at this Base.

Andrew Flannigan, N.S.O.

VII  
To N.S.O., Granton.

Returned, observing that matches, safety, are not included in the establishment of stores of armed trawlers. Request duplicate pattern of article required in order that communication may be made with Director of Stores Admiralty.

James Mitchell, N.S.O.,  
H. M. Dockyard, Rosyth.

VIII  
To N. S. O.  
H. M. Dockyard, Rosyth.

Forwarded herewith pattern as requested. The matter is becoming urgent.

Andrew Flannigan,  
N.S.O., Granton.

IX

(Telegram) July 3rd,  
To N. S. O.,  
H. M. Dockyard, Rosyth.

Reference my MX. 224. 75|3317|62 of April 15th, forwarding demand for matches, safety, boxes 12 in number. It is requested supply may be hastened. 0760. N.S.O.

Granton.

X

July 8th,  
To N. S. O., Granton.

Reference from MX. 224. 75|3317|62 of April 15th and telegram 0760 of July 3rd, please state reasons for which these articles are required.

James Mitchell, N.S.O.,  
H. M. Dockyard, Rosyth.

XI

July 10th,  
To S. N. O., Granton.  
Submitted—forwarded.

Andrew Flannigan,  
N. S. O., Granton.

XII

July 11th,  
To Commanding Officer,  
Y Division.

Note and return with your remarks.

John Travers,  
Captain, R.N., S.N.O.

XIII

July 13th,  
To Skipper Robert Johnson,  
H. M. Trawler Polar Bear.

Note and return with your remarks.

Adolphus Brown, Lieut. R.N.R.,  
Commander Officer, Y Division.

XIV

July 14th,  
From Skipper Johnson  
To C. O., Y Division.

Sorry. I made a bloomer. I meant Mattress.

Robert Johnson,  
Skipper, R.N.R.

XV

July 17th,  
To Senior Naval Officer.

Submitted—Skipper of H. M. Trawler Polar Bear reported he made a clerical error. The demand was for a mattress.  
Adolphus Brown, Lieut. R.N.R.

XVI

July 21st,  
To C. O., Y Division.

You are to caution Skipper of H.M. Trawler Polar Bear to be more careful in future. Mistakes of this nature entail much unnecessary work for all concerned.

John Travers,  
Captain, R.N., S.N.O.

XVII

July 23rd.

Submitted. Skipper Johnson has since been transferred to Archangel. Request instructions.

Adolphus Brown, Lieut. R.N.R.,  
Y Division.

At the foot of this correspondence were further pencilled remarks, apparently in the Senior Naval Officer's handwriting. They are unpublishable.

# The Sporting Scene

By KENNETH LUNNY

The first round of the "Big 4" Basketball league having been completed finds the Officers in first place. Close behind the Officers are the second place army team. The hard fighting army boys need but two points to tie for first place and having won their last two games look like strong contenders for the lead.

Third place in the league are the Aircrew team, having lost two and won one game in the last few weeks. Headquarters stand in the basement.

The Aircrew team captained by "Larry" MacGregor showed a surge of their latent power when they defeated the H. Q. team 27 - 13 in their last clash on Tuesday night, Nov. 3. Outstanding for the Aircrew, F/Sgt. MacGregor and F/Sgt. Tinsley executing a number of intricate passing plays with Sgt.Maj. "Mac" James scored consistently throughout the game.

The Aircrew team which at the inauguration of the league were classed as favorites to win were slow to start and lost their first two games, the first to the officers and the second to the Army, by one point in each case. However their win over the H. Q. team is, to quote Captain MacGregor, "just a beginning."

## VOLLEYBALL

The volleyball league in the last few weeks was none too successful due to the lack of interest of some sections and the defaulting of some sections by failure to turn out on the floor at game time.

At the time of writing the semi-finals are under way with three teams from Headquarters and two from Maintenance contending strongly for first place. Captained by S/L Badgley headquarters have developed a powerful system in their past few games, and statistics show they are the team to beat.

## FLOOR HOCKEY

The organization of a floor hockey league is underway on the station sports program with P/O McMaster as chief organizer. According to Mr. McMaster the league will open on Nov. 16.

Comprising the league as yet are Headquarters, Maintenance, Aircrew and the Army. However if enough interest is shown in floor hockey, P/O McMaster promises that a station league will be organized with teams from each section.

According to the schedule floor hockey will be played every Monday night and basketball every Wednesday night in the Recreation Hall.

## BOWLING

### League Standings

	W.	L.	P.	Pts.
M/T & Fire Section	4	0	4	10
Sec'y Gd. No. 2	3	1	4	10
125 Squadron	2	2	4	8
145 Squadron	2	2	4	6
Sec'y Gd. No. 1	3	0	3	6
Maintenance No. 2	2	1	3	6
Equipment	2	1	3	5
Headquarters	2	2	4	5
Photo Section	1	3	4	4
Accounts Section	1	2	3	4
Signals & Ops.	1	2	3	4
5 C.A.C.	1	3	4	3
Maintenance No. 1	1	3	4	2
Met. Section	0	3	3	2

In the bowling league the teams play two games a night. If a team wins its both games it is awarded 3 points. If each team wins a game the team having the highest total score is awarded two points and the losing team one point.

# A Dull Day

CAN YOU SPREAD GLOOM AS GOOD AS THIS FELLOW?

The sun may be shifting when you read this, but it was a dull day when it was written. The sky is an ugly, drab smudge. There is no sun, no rain, no wind, no nothing.

Across the road is a house. It is a stupid house, full of stupid people. I know them. I wish I didn't. There are many people you are sorry to have met.

It's too close to have a fire, and too cold to do without one. Is anything hollower and drearier than a fireless fire-place?

A bird is on a tree out doors. He is not singing. His head is all drawn down into his shoulders. He is just sitting there hating himself.

A number of people have passed by the window. They are the dullest, homeliest bunch of human creatures I ever saw. I hate them all.

A crash—someone has just smashed one of our best dishes, an extra fine Sunday dish with gold on it. The only reason that I don't go out and give him a dressing down is that I hate to move.

Why move? Such a day as this you are no happier anywhere than where you are. If you must be miserable why spread it around?

Old Mrs. Grumpett has just called. She told the Mrs. for the nth time about her troubles. She has all the diseases she ever heard of. As soon as she hears of a new one she goes and has it. She has more symptoms than a patent-medicine almanac. And it's all along of that blue mass she took just before Audrey was born. She's a dreadful, vast, steamy creature. She has let an aroma of added wretchedness in the house. We opened the window to admit some fresh air, and the flies came in. I loathe flies.

I chased them with a fly swatter and broke an expensive vase. All vases must some day be shattered, as all men must die.

All women must die too, and all children, also dogs, cats, horses, cows, and grizzly bears. A hundred years from now everybody and everything will be dead. There will be a new crop. After a while they too will die. What's the use?

The gas stove is out of fix this morning. So am I. So is the universe. There is no news in the paper. Newspapers are all poor. Why read? Aren't you miserable enough as you are?

I am trying to have a vacation and enjoy myself. This morning I played a game of tennis and was beaten by a poor boob that played worse than I. Then I played two games of solitaire. Lost both.

I went to the cupboard to see..... Nothing there but grape juice. The weather is thickening, it is going to rain. It is hours and hours till bedtime.

P.S.—How about telling us about one of your bright days?—ED.

## THE LEAST THEY COULD DO

"Hello! Is this the Smight Apartment?.....Well, I'm McTavish in the apartment below you.....Listen, it's three in the morning now, and your party has kept me awake all night.....I don't mind the pounding and shrieking and music and stamping and singing and banging that's been going on over my head, but put some more sugar in that Tom Collins that's dripping through the ceiling."

## Bow-Wow—Pooh-Pooh—Ding-Dong A Home Away from Home

This les-son is a lit-tle ad-vanc-ed for the fourth grade. But with the quiz and a few ham-mer mur-ders you can expect any-thing.

Do you know why you talk?

Ne-ver mind the smart ans-wers but lis-ten to a great psy-chologist.

That is a Greek word for a chap that knows all a-bout life. Some of them take the soul out but the col-leges pay them just the same.

An-y-how a great psy-chol-ogist said "the three clas-sic ex-plan-ations of lan-guage are the bow-wow, the pooh-pooh and the ding-dong the-o-ries."

For in-stance, the word crack-le sounds like some-thing that crackled—and that proves the Bow-wow theory.

When some-body conks you on the top of the head, you say "Oh!" or "Ah!"—and for some ob-scure rea-son that proves the Pooh-Pooh the-o-ry.

And if things didn't have names, we'd make up names for them—so you can eas-i-ly see through the Ding dong the-o-ry.

Now while all this sounds foo-lish to smart fourth graders, if you lis-ten to the rad-i-o or read the pa-pers, it makes sense.

When the an-noun-cer threat-ens you with dish-pan hands or tat-tle-tale gray shirts, if you don't run out and store your furs, that's BOW WOW.

When he tells you to bring e-las-tic bands to your nearest gas station, and you know some-thing a-bout the is-sues of rub-ber to the armed for-ces, that's POOH-POOH.

And when an Au-gust news-pa-per an-noun-ces that a huge ar-my is sit-ting qui-et-ly in the north of Ire-land, while reports come from Mac-Arth-ur's side of the world that all the e-quip-ment re-ceived could have been made here in three days, that's DING-DONG and rings a bell which we'd bet-ter lis-ten to.

MORAL: Wherever speech comes from, there's too much of one kind and not enough of another.

## Going to Leave Us at Levis

This is the story of an argument overheard by yours truly which took place while our fine friends F|Sgt. Blair and Sgt. Roy were homeward bound on leave.

We had been on the train just long enough to get that uncertain feeling,—you know how it is.

After sipping a few mild cokes—well they had been perked up a bit with sassa-para, just enough to give it that 100 octane oomph, and having smoked enough cigars to have smoked all the hams in Swift's Packing plant, F|Sgt. Blair asked Sgt. Roy, "Well Roy when are you going to leave us?"

Sgt. Roy, beginning to feel the cokes, replied innocently enough, "Two o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

"Where are you going?" my friend asked him.

"Going to Levis," was the reply.

"I know that you are going to leave us, but where are you going?"

By this time F|Sgt. Blair was feeling like a spring chicken. "I am going to Levis," again replied Sgt. Roy, getting a bit hot under the collar button.

"Going to leave us, eh? I know that but where in h— are you going?" Blair by this time was getting quite singed.

Yet the reply back back, "I'm going to Levis."

No fooling, this went on until five minutes to two the next day. At this mentioned time Mr. Conductor let out a roar that sounded like a dozen Hudsons warming up, "Levis next stop."

Blair's face fell about a foot when Sgt. Roy says, "Au Revoir, I am going to Levis."

And so he did leave us for Levis and we wandered back to our cigars and cokes.

They tell me that F|Sgt. Blair is still trying to square things up with Sgt. Roy for that one.

F|SGT. "NEWT" LAJAMBE.

Enforced absence from home brings to practically every one of us, poignant memories of all that was and is dear to us and which, in our Country's crisis, we willingly left behind. Gone are the days of comparative freedom where, in our various walks of life, we strove to perfect ourselves in our chosen vocations and to become solid and representative citizens in our own communities. Then came the war and, fired by an inherent spirit of patriotism, we answered the call to arms; determined to fight as our fathers did before us, to preserve this freedom which can only be had in a democratic country. And so, in the course of time, we find ourselves in our new temporary home—R.C.A.F. Station, Torbay.

The old maxim "A home is what you make it," has never been more true than as applied to Torbay. Here we have the opportunity, on an operational station, to obtain in no small measure, the semblance of comfort and happiness that we enjoyed at home. And this mind you, while helping to guard and protect the coastal waters of an island very close to our own country.

This, however, cannot be done by the efforts of only a few. It requires the concerted effort of us all, from the Commanding Officer to the most newly arrived AC2. Then and then only, will we be able to point with pride and say "This is our Station, we made it."

It is the small things we do that will determine whether we will have a real good station or a second rate one. Close attention to orders, promptness on parades or lectures, careful attention to the neatness and cleanliness of our barracks or quarters—take a personal pride in them, you did in civilian life. These are a few of the little details that will make the difference between a happy home or an unhappy one, away from HOME!

We all have our own personal moans. Who hasn't at one time or other? Fortunately we have in our Commanding Officer, Group Captain Grandy, a man who has grown up with the service; who knows all the angles of service life, and is only too willing to advise us in our difficulties. Then we have our various Administrative Officers, Padres, Squadron Commanders, Section Commanders, all willing to advise and help. It is their duty to do so.

Then let us not be reluctant to profit by the experience of others. Let us put just a little more effort into everything we do and in the final analysis, it is we who will benefit for it. It will then be with pride that we recall memories of Our Home Away From Home—R.C.A.F. Station, Torbay.

Let's go, boys!

J. W. McINENLY, F|Lt.

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