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TORBAY

November 30, 1942

Sympathy Extended to Relatives and Friends of Missing Crew

P/O J. R. DAVIES, SGT. NAV. L. FELDMAN, SGT. WAG. L. G. ROBINSON, SGT. WAG. H. C. BEATTIE MISSING ON OPERATIONS

Not very long ago the crew of one of our aircraft captained by P/O J. R. Davies took off from the R.C.A.F. base at Torbay, perhaps for the thirtieth time, on an operational flight.

It was an average crew on an average flight. It could have been anybody. It could have been me, but it wasn't. Composing the crew was Sgt. Nav. "Len" Feldman, Sgt. WAG. L. G. "Robbie" Robinson and Sgt. WAG. H. C. Beattie.

It was mid-afternoon and the sun shone down on the runway as the aircraft took to the air carrying these brave men out over the sea in line of duty.

Shortly before the flight P/O Jack Davies had told "Len," he was that kind of a captain, that he would be back in time for the show in the recreation hall that night and that "Len" could make his plans accordingly. He had joked with "Len" about the date he had to break for that night because the flight would last till after dark.

"Robbie" Robinson had left a letter that he had been writing to his bride of a few months, half written, and when one of his buddies had joked that his wife would be mad with him for missing a day he had declared that if he hadn't time to finish it when he arrived back he would write two the next morning.

Sgt. Beattie, a comparatively new arrival to the station and

to operational duties, had been practising morse on the key in the crew-room prior to being called to fly.

These men, this average crew, took to the air as they had done numerous times before, in high spirits and in high hopes. Perhaps to-day, they thought they would return victorious over the Nazi menace of the Atlantic.

A heartfelt blow was struck that night to the members of the R.C.A.F. Station at Torbay. Pilot Officer Davies and his eager crew had failed to return.

This was the first blow of this kind to the squadron. A feeling deeper than sympathy clutched at the hearts of their hundreds of friends and acquaintances, for these gallant members of the squadron were well liked and strongly admired by all they had come in contact with in their work and their play. Officer and airman alike bowed their heads momentarily and prayed when the news was first made known that they were overdue.

The heartfelt sympathy of the squadron is extended to the parents, wives and sweethearts of those gallant boys full of eagerness and determination who, in fulfilling their duty, failed to return.

Hope of their return is not given up, but should they fail to do so, may God in His infinite mercy grant them the peace they so richly deserve and to which we all aspire.

Mother Pride

By EDGAR A. GUEST

Very, very proud are they
Who have sent their sons away;
Bravely stood and said "Good-by,"
Turned to hide the misty eye,
And, until the war shall end,
Have an empty room to tend.

All the mothers everywhere
Have this common ache to bear:
Lonelines, and night times long,
Void of laughter, jest and song,
But, though little do they say,
Very, very proud are they.

Question: Where is Jim or John?
Answer: Off to war he's gone!
Gone are his companions, too,
All those smiling lads we knew,
Now on land or sky or sea
Serve the cause of liberty.

Read their letters, snipped and blurred,
Some forbidden line or word.
Read aloud that all may hear!
That is pride which conquers fear,
Deep and lasting, brave and good,
That's the pride of motherhood.

Airmen's Club,
R.C.A.F., Torbay,
October 30, 1942.

The Airmen,
R.C.A.F. Station,
Torbay.

To whom it may concern:

The value of the R.O.T.A. M.O.T.A. Club cannot be expressed too much to you airmen for whom it was originated and by whom it is run.

Time and again the committee of your club has brought to your attention the meaning of the club and its aim. Yet it cannot be too strongly stressed that this is your club and that its organization is for your benefit and for your benefit alone.

Yet there are many of you on this station who are completely ignorant of the fact, who are skeptical of its aims and many who have not yet even heard of its organization.

It is for these that I am writing this letter.

Once more I want to bring to your attention the meaning of the words "R.O.T.A. M.O.T.A." and the attempts of the club to make this station for you a "home away from home."

The words "R.O.T.A. M.O.T.A." stand for "Rulers Of The Air—Masters of The Audience." Rulers of the Air needs no explanation. Masters of the Audience may need an explanation for some.

By "Masters of the Audience" we mean that when the club is in full swing the efforts of the club will be such that they will hold the audience, the non-participants, spellbound at what we can do.

The building of a club-house is rapidly nearing completion. This club-house which is situated opposite the post office building will be accessible day and night to the members of the club. There you may sit and talk, read or write, eat, listen to musical recitals and discuss relaxation.

The club aims to make this a more comfortable place in which to live. We the members of the committee are open to suggestions.

The committee plans to bring to you in the near future concerts, musical recitals and short stage plays, the talent for which must and can be found on this station.

If you can help in any way, if you have any suggestions to offer do so immediately, we welcome you to do so.

To realize its aims the club needs your whole-hearted assistance and co-operation. Help all you can.

We thank you.

Sincerely,

J. BRADSHAW, A.W.1,
Secretary Airmen's Club.

Hot Off the Wires

This is your Signals reporter sending an S.O.S. for more section chatter. Come on boys, give.

This wondering reporter sees a pair of hooks suspending from the ceiling of the P|B.X. room. Who's are they? In the same breath we're all pulling for Cpl. Brown in his new trade.

Yes Sir, Signals are definitely Station Volleyball Champions (Team-work we call it).

Seems as tho' F|O Saunders has braced himself for an extra load during the coming month. Reason—F|L Mathiewson is on leave.

That's right. Cpl. Colford (known to the Section as Professor) is back from leave. He must have had a swell time. He's all smiles.

How do you do it, Cpl. Scott? A fifteen page letter to your wife every night. It must be LOVE.

Have you seen the happy and contented look on Blondy's face. There's a reason. He says he owes it all to his wife.

You must have heard our Nelson Eddy is none other than LAC ADAMS. In fact we believe it's a toss-up. Nice going, Ernie.

Not all is sunny in our section, we are sorry to report LAC Rogers has taken a berth in the hospital. The whole section is behind you for a speedy recovery.

If you want a good argument make an appointment with Cpl. Dunlap. He is also instructing would-be aircrew the intricacies of Dots and Dashes.

Well, this is Station S-I-G-N-A-L-S closing down till the next edition. Be seeing you.



Memorandum

Well here we are boys in the news at last, as the old saying goes, "better late than never."

Your Ace reporter doing the rounds at the Station Hospital has finally found a bit of gossip.

By the time this reaches the press your old and entrusted M.O. F|Lt. Male shall have reported to his new Station. The boys on pay parades will really miss his smiling face I'll bet.

So now boys a word about our new S. M. O. S|Ldr. Campbell of whom I have had the pleasure of meeting, and have found him a very energetic and co-operative Medical Officer, if you don't believe me ask the boys at the hospital or watch for him in action at the next basketball game.

And of course I must not overlook F|Lt. Garrett, who comes from the Northern Ontario mining town. We are wondering if he is going to follow in the footsteps of his predecessor and attend the monthly pay parades. (Ay, Doc.)

As the story goes, we are wondering if that certain nursing orderly knows the "visiting hours." How could he forget. And if it is on account of the posting of a certain W. D. that he wants to remuster to a straight "Air Gunner," poor fellow is pretty lonesome. And say, who was the A.W.2 of the Hospital Staff on reaching this station thought of going on a sight seeing tour to Torbay with her new found boy friend, and where she left him when she brought him back. Leave it to the W. D.

Yes sir, fellows, I think the luckiest fellow in the hospital is Cpl. Dreisinger, of the Orderly Room, having three members of the fairer sex admiring his manliness or what have you, and what the one thinks of the moustache he is trying to produce.

So to close now boys, and if you want to give your stomach a rest just visit the hospital and Cpl. Woodward will take care of it.

Here is hoping "Tuffy" Tuffts will not have any more trouble convincing the boys at the hospital that he is the Dispenser.

We welcome the Nursing Sisters to our new hospital and feel now that we have a hospital. May your sojourn at Torbay be not too strenuous and we hope that we may be able to make it a pleasant one.

Jottings from the Debating Club

ROTA MOTA

FIRST MEETING—12-10-42, in S|L MacNeil's Office.

The words of A. T. Mitchell, Secretary of the Club, will do nicely to sum up this meeting.

"On this, our first meeting of the Debating Club, we had a very good attendance. All of eighteen airmen turned out to put their shoulders to the wheel and to help promote this new Educational-Recreational enterprise." Cpl. Scott was elected president and F|Sgt. LeFluffy, vice-president.

SECOND MEETING—20-10-42

This was highly interesting, especially since each member was encouraged to stand upon his pins and tell us a little about himself. S|L MacNeil fell in line and told us about himself.

The form for the ensuing meetings to take was then discussed. A debate plus a short talk on it was decided upon. A constructive criticism on each speaker's efforts, by S|L MacNeil, was to follow. Each member was to give his own reaction to the speaker and his subject.

THIRD MEETING

"Resolved that Capital Punishment Should be Abolished" was the subject of the debate. The judges, Cpl. O'Toole, LAC Caveller and LAC Leith, decided that the negative side were victorious. Learn to Speak by Speaking is the theme of our club, and criticism followed by Hints on Public Speaking by S|L MacNeil made it interesting indeed.

LAC. Lewis spoke on New York and was amusing as well as enlightening, we discovered.

Remarks by the other members as to their opinions on the speakers and their subjects were limited to one minute so that we would learn to state our impressions clearly and concisely.

FOURTH MEETING

LAC. McMahon spoke on "Nova Scotia" and LAC. Newman gave an address on "Political Co-operatives After the War," both of which were highly interesting.

F|O Templeman and F|Lt. McIver spoke most encouraging words and showed that they found the meetings interesting and amusing.

FIFTH MEETING

Cpl. O'Toole gave a short talk on Dynamic Democracy, and since the other speaker was unable to attend the rest of the time was spent on suggestions for improving the Club and giving it a little zest.

A few of the W. D.'s were present and we were delighted to have them.

SIXTH MEETING

This, take it from me or anyone present, was GOOD.

Cpl. Medhurst had us stopped with a most interesting subject, "Britain of To-day and To-morrow." That man is a potential orator. A. W. Roothum presided as chairman (and an excellent job she made made of it, too,) to enable Cpl. Scott and Cpl. Dunlap to battle it out on "Why the Englishman can't get along with the Canadian—and Vice Versa." To say that it was great seems hardly enough.

At any rate it was all friendly and S|L MacNeil showed us that, in the main, the small little idiosyncracies peculiar to each race must be overlooked because we all have them as individuals.

This brings us up to date. Don't be content with my account. Come and see.

A non-commissioned officer wrote this in an essay: "It is commonly supposed that the first duty of a good soldier is to die for his country. This is a mistake. The first duty of a soldier is to make his enemies die for theirs."

Airmen think of themselves primarily as civilians. After the day's routine of Station life, they have a natural desire to get away from the Station and to return, temporarily, to civilian ways. Why leave camp, when we have our Rota Mota in full swing? At our Club House the Airmen and Airwomen can relax or play in congenial surroundings, and enjoy the companionship of each other. The Rota Mota Club is designed as a centre of social activity, equipped with lounges, reading and writing facilities, games, refreshments, space for meetings, club activities, and social functions.

Every man is made to feel that he belongs to the club and that the club belongs to him. The men themselves have a share in planning and conducting the club program. In this way the men develop a feeling of security and sense of belonging to "their club." They learn that they not only receive benefits but can also contribute toward the success of club work.

Some of the proposed activities for the coming months are:

OPEN HOUSE NIGHT

Many activities possible.

GUEST NIGHT

When we entertain our officers and benefactors.

PLANNING OF TRIPS AND TOURS

We are far from home—wherever you are there are always many things of interest to see.

SPORTS

With the help of the Y.M.C.A.—we have a large field of endeavour here.

QUIZ PROGRAMS

Are a current vogue—we are going to imitate the Americans here, and offer as first prize, a 'phone call home.

BULLETIN BOARDS

Are friendship makers—all club activities will be listed together with other notices of interest to "Club Members."

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

What do boys like to read? News, comics, detective stories, picture publications, westerns, in the order named, according to a recent survey. We can get all of these.

GROUP ACTIVITIES

Special interest in **Hobby Groups**. Group programs that give attention to health, special hygiene, personal and family relations, the problem of jobs, vocational guidance and training.

STUDY AND DISCUSSION GROUPS

To help individuals understand the present world situation. These are urgently needed, the more so because it is a critical time in world affairs. There must be understanding that goes deeper than political shifts and military manoeuvres to the ideas and ideals at stake and the fundamental factors at work in war as in peace.

With this section we are under way—have made a fairly good start.

With the new buildings and the facilities they will offer, we hope to make your station a real "home away from home" where you can get all that matters of importance.

SUPPORT YOUR CLUB! BE A BOOSTER!

Young Lady to Sgt. Hudson: "My dad takes things apart to see why they don't go!"

Sgt. Hudson: "So what?"

Young Lady: "Don't you think you'd better go?"

The Stringed Instrument

There is something about a stringed instrument that makes it more human than all others.

The violin has a soul. The voice of the violoncello is a spirit's cry.

A tone's a tone, of course, just as a man's a man, yet, as some men have kingly spirits and some are but little better than animals, so some tones come all surrounded with suggestions, enclosing strange implications, attended by spiritual connotations, drenched with mystery, dripping with waters of the infinite. I wonder if it is that catgut. Does this fragment of a dead animal become the medium speaking to us the unknowable secrets of that darkness into which animal souls go when the body dies? When I hear a skillful cellist draw his bow across the string, the sound that penetrates me is not like that of a drum or a barb string, but it is a veritable voice, the voice of one calling across the lake of tears in my heart.

Bombs and Bullets

Listen, youse guys—drop the work a moment, thanks—we want to say a couple of words about our club, and it's ours, yours 'n everybody's—meaning of course, ROTA MOTA.

How's about everybody in this section becoming a bit more active in the organization, huh? We're proud to say that one of our number, Cpl. Scott, is the very energetic president of the deabting and public speaking club. AC Jagre and Lewis are in there pitchin' too. Sid is arguing. Glyn is arguing, too, and trying his hand in a bit of publicizing and postering. These "byes" are also to be heard from in the Dramatic Club—but let's have everybody behind ROTA MOTA.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES

What's all this moustache business we have? Cpl. (Gandhi) Francis, Cpl. Cassidy, LAC. Kales, LAC. (Hammy) Hamilton and LAC. Wright all cultivating the shrubbery. Course we males like them, but the girls sure are tickled with them—ouch!

WHAT'S THE AIR FORCE COMING TO (Dept.)

Overheard in the barracks, AC Kliburg to ditto Jagoe, "Say don't you find Lux better for your things than Rinso?" (no adv.). Really fellows tsk! tsk!

AC Burns nursing a bumped cranium—shouldn't try to climb fences when so heavily loaded.

MOANER OF THE MONTH

The mournful Sgt. Derrick can be heard in the "ammo" vault, moanin' low "Praise the Lord and pass the Ammunition"—also other assorted remarks not printable in a family paper.

Have you noticed the takers of Cpl. Holden's anti-gas lectures leaving the Armament building dissolved in tears? Couldn't be the Sergeant's eloquence, or the Generators Lachramatory (tear gas to youse guys).

Our friend LAC Generous claims he's to play his "gittar" every night—but we wonder. . . . does it require "bar grease" and number one blues?

An item from our curly headed little boy, LAC Featherstonehaugh (Fettters)—says he wrathfully, "Last issue you called me a heartbreaker, (so we did, so we did). Now I ain't the heart-breaking type," continues Fettters, "I'm the type wot soothes them." O.K. bye, we stand corrected. Anyhow he's a swell guy! S'long. . . gotta go—See ya' at the ROTA MOTA meetings.

Dust from the Motor Transport Section

OR HOT EXHAUST

We have been very lax in the past, by not having a paragraph or two in the Station paper, so I felt it high time we wrote a few lines to let the Station know we are in existence.

First we welcome Flying Officer Canfield, who has taken Squadron Leader Volk's place as O. C. of our section. To him we extend our whole-hearted co-operation.

Next we welcome the four lovely lady drivers, who arrived here recently. We hope you will like our section, girls. We will do our utmost to make it both pleasant and interesting for you.

Just recently Don Miller was overheard saying, "Now we have three kinds of drivers, clutch riders, gear clashers, and some that can't drive at all." Just why did he say those words? Why is it Sgt. Roy stays so close to the office of late? Could it be the little blonde that does the bookkeeping? Cheer up, Sgt., you will get a date, if you keep little Romeo away.

There is a rumour that our glamour boy (Scott) has found himself a flame in the nearby city. Good luck to you, Scotty, may wedding bells ring soon.

The boys have often said the same Scotty should have joined the Navy, as he knows so much about rope, at least, often he is seen smoking a pipe.

We will close with a few pointers to our drivers. Drive slowly and carefully at all times, more so from now on as winter and icy roads are ahead.

Icy roads mean slipping and skidding. A skid may mean a banged up fender and possibly a total wreck of the car body.

These damages are not only costly but a heartache to the boys in the workshop who repair them. Let us get together and avoid these terrible mishaps, take more care of our tires, gasoline and fenders, and we will be doing our part to make our section one of the best.

Till we meet again, we will leave you in a cloud of dust.
LAC. TWYVER.

Titles: "War Ten Years Old"

- Jan. 30, 1933: Hitler seizes power.
- Oct. 14, 1933: Hitler quits League.
- Jan. 13, 1935: Hitler wins Saar plebiscite.
- Feb. 3, 1935: Hitler begins mobilization.
- Spring, 1935: Japan expands from Manchukuo.
- Oct. 3, 1935: Mussolini declares war on Ethiopia.
- Mar. 7, 1936: Hitler marches into the Rhineland.
- July 18, 1936: Outbreak of Spanish Revolution, encouraged by Hitler and Mussolini.
- July 7, 1937: Japan invades China.
- March 12, 1938: Hitler occupies Austria.
- Sept. 29, 1938: "Peace in our time."
- Oct., 1938: First partition of Czechoslovakia.
- Mar. 15, 1939: Second partition of Czechoslovakia. Hitler marches into Prague.
- Mar. 22, 1939: Hitler seizes Memel.
- Apr. 7, 1939: Mussolini takes Albania.
- Aug. 23, 1939: German-Soviet pact.
- Sept. 1, 1939: Hitler marches into Poland. England and France declare war.
- April 9, 1940: Hitler invades Norway.
- May 10, 1940: Hitler invades Belgium and Holland. Churchill elected.
- June 22, 1940: France collapses.
- Apr. 6, 1941: Hitler attacks Yugoslavia, Greece, Crete.
- June 22, 1941: Hitler turns on Russia.
- Dec. 7, 1941: Japan strikes Pearl Harbor.
- Dec. 10, 1941: Hitler declares war on U.S.

United We Stand

In this my first contribution to any publication I would like to bring to the attention of all you readers the slogan—if I may call it a slogan—so often used by many of us, by the President of the United States and by the Prime Minister of Great Britain, "United We Stand."

Do we stop for one moment and think of what this means, or do we satisfy ourselves with the idea that it is true and do nothing more about it.

Well it is true and it is lucky for us it is, especially in this time of war and terror. Nations united to fight with a grim determination to set right the wrongs inflicted on the face of the earth.

And so the battle continues from day to day. Men die to ensure that which is right and that the peoples of the world live in peace, love and Christianity. One day that peace will be established.

What have we then or even now? "A lot," you say. Yes, indeed, but is there not room within the nations for more co-operation, more unity. Even here, which is our home for the present.

That is what I'm trying to bring about and that is a question for you and I to ask ourselves.

More smiles, more kind words from every rank and class of workers and, friend, more work will be done and in a better spirit. More games will be organized and in a better spirit. So let that spirit which is within us come out and as nations unite, let us here unite and make our surroundings better, more beautiful.

We can take nothing out of it unless we put something into it. If we do not make a real success in beautifying the place in which we live, we have at least tried and will have improved it to some extent and those coming after us will further the job.

The keynote to it is kind words, good thoughts of our fellow man and encouragement.

No matter how far we get with it, if we have the right spirit we'll do well.

Remember what the Padre said, "Thou hast done well, for it was in thy heart."

This, fellows, is for our thoughtful consideration.

D. J. STAPLE,
Electrical Section.

Declaration of War on Wear and Tear

As we see it, every vital transport vehicle forced out of service by premature, preventable wear, is a loss to our fight for victory. Every service part that must be scrapped because of neglect is a gain for our enemies.

In the service field, we must all declare our own war on these unrelenting enemies—Waste and Wear.

We must pass along what specialised help we have available to the servicemen who are going to keep these vehicles running.

Sgt. O'Neil to young Lady: "Doe this dance make you long for another?"

Young Lady: "Yes, but he's on duty to-night!"

Cpl. MacKenzie to new G. D.: "Is that your cigarette butt on the floor?"

G. D.: "Oh that's alright. You saw it first!"

Formal Opening Sergeants' Mess Held

DINNER AND DANCE SUCCESSFULLY CONDUCTED

The formal opening of the Sergeants' Mess was held at R.C.A.F. Station, Torbay, on the night of Monday, Nov. 9th.

The Commanding Officer, Group Captain R. S. Grandy, O.B.E., opened the mess and the canteen with a toast which was replied to by the Chairman of the Mess, WO1 Brown.

Fruit cocktail was served in the lounge and then with the Commanding Officer's permission the members of the Mess repaired to the dining-room.

Enjoying a hearty supper starring roast turkey and cranberry sauce, a toast to the King was made and the after supper entertainment was commenced.

Two well known classical selections were rendered by D'Arcy Shea, well known Montreal violinist.

A toast to the people of _____ followed and was responded to by F|Sgt. R. M. Cohen.

L.A.C. D. E. Adams sang two well known and still popular songs.

The President of the United States of America was toasted by Sqdn. Ldr. M. F. Badgley and responded to by 1st Lieut. Horton W. Stickle, Jr., Commanding Officer 8th Airway Squadron.

Dancing followed from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m.

The supper and dance was carried out in a manner fitting to senior N.C.O.'s and the decorations and preparations necessary in making the night as successful as it was is deserving of much praise.

To F|Sgt. LaJambe for the decorating of the hall and to F|Sgt. Froment for the preparation of the dinner we give our praise and our sincere thanks.

Nonsense from Accounts

1. First we would like to welcome our W.D.'s to this section. Also to congratulate the boys on their new vocab. Snake and Peg are still making occasional slips however.

2. We are sorry to say that "Wild Bill" Matheson has suspended work on his book "You too can have a body like mine" until such time as his instructor "Tarzan" Barton returns from hospital.

3. We knew that "Mac" Macdougald would meet with trouble as soon as "Casanova" Meephams stopped looking after him on Saturday night. Did you see the bruises Mac had after his last Saturday night episode.

4. Congrats to "Snake" Porto on his being picked out by a nice lady in the Caribou Hut recently as a suitable for her lonely daughter. We are wondering where she found these hidden qualities in our "Snake." We couldn't.

5. Congratulations to LAC. Clarke on his rumored engagement. We presume wedding bells will soon be ringing and the ACCOUNTS CHOIR will be proudly singing "Sweet Violets" which we have been practicing faithfully for the past few weeks.

6. Cpl. Hutchy Hutchings, the friend of the people, say his ambition is to have Tom Keegan, Henry Hudson and Don Martin buying him beer.

A laddie from college named Breeze,
Weighed down by B.A.'s and M.D.'s,
Collapsed from the strain,
Said the doctor, "it's plain,
You're killing yourself by degrees."

Five Seconds

(A SHORT SHORT)

Kapitan Logtens, of U-boat 772, gazed disappointedly through the periscope and then turned abruptly to his second-in-command. "You know, Herr Leutnant, we have been unfortunate this trip in not contacting any Allied ships—most unfortunate. However, we are getting into more profitable waters and hunting will be better."

At that moment the conversation, as usual one sided, was interrupted by the receipt of an urgent message from the Wireless Room. Kapitan Logtens scanned it quickly and his sardonic face broke into a hard grin. "At last, good news! Our Intelligence has just informed me of the presence of a large Allied convoy within our range. We are to put plan Ze-2 into operation when we arrive at our rendezvous with U-653 and U-713. We must be at the rendezvous at 2230 hours. What is the time now, Herr Leutnant?" "Precisely 0830 hours, Herr Kapitan." That was one thing Logtens liked about Leutnant Buhr. He was precise and efficient. But he wasn't thinking of that, his mind was deep in thought calculating the distance to be covered and the time to do it in. He muttered to himself. "No we cannot make it without surfacing" and aloud to his second-in-command. "Herr Leutnant, see if you detect the presence of any ships." A careful scrutiny revealed nothing more than the grey, rolling, white-capped waves of the north Atlantic. "Nothing, Mein Herr." "That's good! Give the order to surface, Herr Leutnant!"

A sharp command rang out followed after a few moments by the muffled hissing as air drove the water out of the ballast tanks. The submarine took a definite upward slant and, breaking the surface in a smother of white foam, emerged to view.

Captain Logtens commenced climbing the conning-tower when the jolt of a nearby explosion was felt, followed almost immediately by a sharp clang as a metal object hit the deck above his head. "Der Teufel!" An involuntary oath escaped his lips as his mind instantly grasped its significance. A depth-charge had landed directly on the submarine. "What is it?" asked his Leutnant; but no answer was necessary. One look at the ashen, fear-struck features of his commander and he, too, grasped the situation. The crew felt the tension in the air. Someone muttered "depth-charge." And like a cold Autumn wind, the word flew from lip to lip, chilling the mind and movement of every member of the crew. "Depth-charge," the word seemed to fade, yet linger, ominous and foreboding. A deathly silence seemed to hang in the air as they followed the sound of the depth-charge bumping its way down the side of the submarine. Their minds, their every thought, seemed wrapped up in that deadly weapon.

Kapitan Logtens, by a supreme mental effort, broke through the hypnotic silence and gave a hoarse command. "Submerge immediately." Even as he gave the command he realized how futile it was—but it broke the spell. The crew, as if suddenly awakening, took some moments to realize that a command had been given; but true to their discipline they meant to carry it out.

High above, a Canadian aircraft circled; its crew keenly watching the scene below. A member of the crew had seen their last depth-charge land on the deck of the enemy submarine and as they swung in a tight circle their minds were focussed on whether it would explode in time to sink the submarine.

Suddenly came the explosion. The submarine was forced to the surface, a jagged hole torn in its metal hide. The bow lifted slowly in the air, hung there momentarily, and slid back to leave only a rising patch of oil and air bubbles to mark its grave.

"It's funny." The observer, not understanding what the pilot meant, asked, "What's funny?" "Well, it does seem funny,

Notes and Jottings on 145

By KENNETH LUNNY

A REPLY:

To that columnist—or should I say communist—who writes under the heading "Ledger Gleanings."

Even the title of his column I think can do better than I in conveying the idea that I am trying to put forward.

In Webster's dictionary the verb "to Glean" means "to gather ears and stalks left behind by the reapers."

There is only one thing I know that has ears and stalks and that, brother, is corn.

CORN—that and that alone sums up what, my worthy columnist, you asked when you wrote that you 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?"

I'm afraid you made a big mistake, my friend, when you asked that question. Brother, we look up, not down!

WELCOME:

Your reporter takes this opportunity, untimely as it may seem, to welcome into the folds of 145 sqdn. the three new crews who have recently joined us.

We sincerely hope that the crews, captained by P/O J. B. Dalgleish, P/O D. F. Caldwell and WO2 Richardson, who have been thoroughly trained in coastal work, much to Flt./Lt. Lowry's pleasure, will enjoy themselves in 145 and in time find out that we are not such a bad bunch of fellows after all.

DIAMONDS:

Defying all well-founded superstitions F/Sgt. J. R. Stick did wilfully on Friday 13th slip the noose over his head, which he hopes will lead to conjugal bliss in the near future. Your reporter, throwing salt over his shoulder, takes this opportunity to announce the engagement of Miss Daphne Butler and F/Sgt. Jim Stick.

Approached by your reporter, James stated that no plans for the wedding have as yet been laid.

THREATS:

Threatened with annihilation should I mention the name of F/Sgt. Tinsley in my column of this week I will refrain from doing so. Thomas R. so it seems is no bug for publicity. However my sympathies are whole-heartedly with Tom R. on Miss Kae Barnett's recent illness. We all hope for a speedy recovery. It's funny but Tom doesn't feel well these days either. Maybe he will have to go back to the hospital again, he hopes.

Things We Would Like to Know

We would like to know if "Sir Galahad" will still be as dashing now the third has shown on his upper arm?

How did a certain Flight Sergeant feel when he was out-talked and out-pointed on a little matter of a person delving into his privately scrounged stationery?

I wonder if two of our recent F/O's have got their debate settled as to the best means of transportation from here to Toronto when they go on leave?

but that depth-charge seemed to take an awful long time to go off." The observer glanced at the pilot. "It only took five seconds."

The drone of the aircraft died away to the westward and left the patch of oil rising and falling in the swell of the sea.

B. C. V. LeROYER.

The Sporting Scene

By KENNETH LUNNY

AIRCREW TAKE ARMY 27 - 19 IN THIRD STRAIGHT VICTORY OFFICERS NOSE OUT H. Q. 19 - 17

Consistently executing a number of perfect passing plays, the Aircrew basketball team took their third consecutive victory in the station league when they advanced from a tie score at half time to outshoot the Army to the tune of 8 points in the last half of their game on the night of Wednesday, 18th.

The shifty Army team captained by Capt. Swazye opened the scoring in the first minute of the game when "Red" Lampman took the pass from the jump, pivoted, dribbled through the Aircrew guards and scored from about five feet out.

Starting out with a zone defence the Army were able to score two additional baskets before the Aircrew, under the captainship of Sgt. Maj. "Mac" James, first made a basket.

At quarter time the score stood in favor of the Army 8-6.

In the second frame, their passing beginning to click, the Aircrew chalked up four more baskets to the Army's 3, leaving the score at half time 14 - 14.

Starting with a six man team the Aircrew lost their only substitute in the second quarter when Sgt. Appel was taken from the game with a sprained ankle.

With the absence of their regular captain, "Larry" MacGregor, and the loss in the game of Sgt. Appel, Aircrew's chances at half time for a win seemed remote.

The third quarter of the game saw a hard-fighting Aircrew team hold their own against the determined Army.

In a scramble under the Aircrew net in the final quarter Capt. Swazye, shifty centre for the Army, received an eye injury and was taken from the game.

Feeling their loss the Army's defence was broken and the Aircrew shooting from all angles of the floor consistently scored.

The game which, until third quarter time, was on an even keel ended with the score 27-19 in the Aircrew's favor.

Outstanding on the Army team "Red" Lampman as usual played a hard, shifty game.

Star of long shots for the Aircrew F|Sgt. Tinsley was the leading scorer with "Mac" James taking second honours.

TEAMS:

Army—Swaze, C; McCutchan, RF; Lampman, LF; Hempley, RG; Doncavitch, LG; Subs: Campbell, Ray, Percy.

Aircrew—James, C; Lunny, RF; Tinsley, LF; Lazenby, RG; Dembibsky, LG; Sub: Appel.

In the first basketball game of the night the Officers scored the winning basket in the final minute of the game to edge out the winless wonder headquarters team, 19 - 17.

This win for the Officers retained them in first place, while the loss for Headquarters added another loss to their winless streak and kept them in the cellar position in the Inter-Station Basketball League.

Army and Aircrew are tied for second place with six points apiece, two points behind the league leading officers.

SIGNALS WIN VOLLEYBALL CHAMPIONSHIP, TAKING MAINTENANCE 3 STRAIGHT

Winning three straight games over a threatening Maintenance team the "Signals," captained by F|O Saunders, took the finals in the Inter-Station Volleyball League Thursday, Nov. 12th, to win the Station Championship.

Outstanding for the "Signals" was "Red" Burton as he fed pass after pass up to his forwards and scored many times himself.

Showing a slight edge over "Maintenance" in all past games the strong "Signals" team were favorites to win.

Congratulations on your A-1 team; your section enthusiasm and spirit.

STATION FLOOR HOCKEY LEAGUE OPENS MAINTENANCE AND AIRCREW WIN

The inaugurating games of the new floor hockey league were played Monday Nov. 16 with Maintenance defeating H. Q. 14 - 4 and Aircrew edging out Army 9 - 8 in the overtime period.

Floor-hockey, on trial as yet, drew a good turnout of spectators and contestants.

As yet there are only four teams in the league. These teams are scheduled to play on Monday nights for the next few weeks. However all sections wanting to get in on a station-wide Floor-Hockey League submit your names to the Sports Officer immediately.

RESULTS

FIRST GAME—

First Period

Headquarters 3
Maintenance 1
Penalties: Brownell, Begin.
None.

Second Period

Headquarters 1
Maintenance 1
Penalties: Begin
Lalonde.

Third Period

Headquarters 0
Maintenance 3
Penalties: Begin
Best.

Fourth Period

Headquarters 1
Maintenance 9
Penalties: Patenaude (2), Ambercombe, Begin.
Lalonde (Maj.) (3), Vallee.

SECOND GAME—

First Period

Army 3
Aircrew 3
Penalties: Campbell (2), Bennon.
None.

Second Period

Army 3
Aircrew 3
Penalties: Bennon
MacKenzie.

Third Period

Army 2
Aircrew 2
Penalties: Campbell (2), Bennon, Rifle.
MacKenzie (2), Appel, Cowling.

Overtime

Army 0
Aircrew 1
Score—Army, 8; Aircrew, 9.

Among those called up in the Air Force was a young plumber. For a trade test, he was told to make a joint in a lead pipe.

When he had finished, the examiner wrote on the man's report: "Joint very nicely done."

A few days later the recruit found himself posted as head cook in the officers' mess.

"Barrack Joe"

When I joined the Air Force
Many months ago,
I knew little of the term
Entitled "Barrack-Joe."

One day I read an article
In the station D.R.O.'s,
It dealt with dirty barracks
And stressed the need for "Joes."

Then I began to wonder
When my turn would come,
To be "Joed" for some disorder
Which I have never done.

Early one bright morning
When fatigue duties were galore,
I got "Joed" by the Orderly Sarg.
To scrub and wax the floor.

When I had finished that job
Just like a "willing-horse,"
Who should "Joe" me again
But the N. C. O. of course!

So with the orders given
I commenced to work as "Joe,"
Folding sheets and blankets
To please the N. C. O.

Soon I became tired of "Joe-jobs"
And tried to pass-the-buck
On another of my barrack-mates
Who was never "Joed" enough.

The Orderly Sergeant caught me
Trying to swing the lead
And so I was "Joed" again,
This time, right on the HEAD!

I suffered from the consequences
Of being put on "charge"
For the wrong that I had done
When I was "Joe" at "large."

After losing my "forty-eight"
And other privileges too,
I realized that it paid
To be a good "Joe" thru and thru.

Call

We are anticipating a twenty page issue for our next edition. Enough material from all the sections to fill these twenty pages is all we ask, and this to be typed double-spaced, and on the Editor's desk on or before December 5th.

The reason for this banner number is Christmas, which is now less than a month away, so you reporters and writers please inject a lot of the Yuletide spirit into your efforts!

While you are only getting one issue in December, you are still five pages to the clear, by virtue of the size of that one. It is hoped that we will have it on sale by December 20th. The cost to non-subscribers will be ten cents. Let's make this good, you writers, and to you who have not as yet signed on with us, DO IT NOW! An early sell-out looks imminent.

Lizzie Chatter

Hello, again, boys and girls, from the scribe of the most versatile squadron on this station.

Before I begin this column, we would like it made known that we do not like certain remarks cast on our aircraft. A favourite is "Is it a bird, is it a plane? No! it's a Lizzie."

"Very embarrassing," say we.

STOOD-UP

The other night your scribe was sitting in the K. of C. when in walked Jon Macfarlane with his chin hanging around his knees. After a little persuasion, he told us that he had a date with his "belle" but she had "gong" out with a girl-friend instead. Ouch!

However, he was not abashed, for at last he whipped out his little black book and fixed things up.

OH, WELL

After pulling a drogue around for an hour or more, the pilot (target-towing) and his assistant, "Beezie" Nash climbed out of the ship looking very white and distressed.

After getting their breath back, they began to tell us about the close shave they had when an ACK-ACK almost potted them.

"Hardtack" DeWolfe, the soap-box chauffeur, was sure that some of his arch-enemies in the Wag. Section had put the ACK-ACK boys up to this.

"Beezie's" only comment was, "What are we, clay-pigeons?"

THE BET

"Digger" Grinham, "Slug" Lutes, and yours truly, made a bet that they would desist from drinking until the eve of Christmas, when the wassail-cup would be passed around. The first one to break the pledge was to pay each of the other two five dollars.

After three days, "Digger" laid down ten dollars on the table. Need we say more?

SURE CURE

Ask Flying Officer Tripp the best cure for hiccoughs. F/Lt. Bertrand was the one good enough to share his secret with the irritated officer.

That's the news for this edition, so this is your correspondent in closing, saying, -"If you want to learn the Conga, stand by when a Lizzie is warming up. Chug. Chug-Chug, Chug, Chug Bang."

Good-bye for now.

"Wings-Over-Seas"

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