

# WINGS

# OVER SEAS

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE



Vol. 1, No. 7.

TORBAY

Christmas, 1942



Season's Greetings



## Library



In the past two weeks there have only been eighty books borrowed from the Library. On a station the size of this one there should be a turn over of at least three hundred books in that space of time. Even at that rate it averages far less than one book a month per person. Now you all can read. You wouldn't be in the Air Force if you couldn't. Granted you don't all like the same type of book, but in our library there are books for every taste. We have a very good assortment of Pocket Book editions for those who like them. There are books written in French for those who read that language. A book I would draw particular attention to for the Scotchmen on the Station "The Scottish Chiefs" by Kate Wiggins and Nora Smith. This book is in large print, has from ten to fifteen illustrations and makes very interesting reading. Then we have at least half a dozen of Ralph Connars' best, besides several written by "Winnie."

Just at present we are pretty short of Western, Detective Magazines, so if any of you chaps have some of these cluttering up your lockers we would be only too glad to have them. It has been noticed that some of the books lent out in September have not been returned. There is no deadline as to when you have to have these books back. Take your time about reading them, but when you have finished, return them to the Library so the next chap can have the use of them. Thanks.

Now just as a suggestion to some of you chaps who would like to get some of the details of Col. Cady's life we have a very well-written autobiography "Buffalo Bill's Life Story." This covers his life from the time of his birth in Iowa in 1846 through his boyhood when at the age of 11 his father was killed, the supporting of his mother and sisters, how he became a guide, his fights with Indians, his trips to New York, London and Paris with his Wild West shows, his return to the West where he had his final fight with the Indians and ends with the trip of the second of his Wild West Shows to England. This is a very brief "brief" of this book. There are many more like it. So come on boys, the library is yours. Make use of it.

### LIBRARY DONATIONS TO DATE HAVE COME FROM THE FOLLOWING

Lady Cashin.  
 Gerald S. Doyle, Esq., Water St.  
 J. W. McGrath, Esq., 166 Water St.  
 F. M. O'Leary, Esq., Water St.  
 Gerard Edens, Esq., 32 Gower St.  
 Mrs. Annie Kent, Bonaventure Ave.  
 Mrs. Margaret Edens, Military Road, opp. Canon Wood Hall.  
 Mrs. Gertrude Paddon, c/o Mrs. Edens.  
 A. T. White, Esq., c/o The Imperial Life.  
 L. Levine, Esq., c/o The Imperial Life.  
 J. T. Power, Esq., c/o The Imperial Life.  
 C. O'N. Conroy, Esq., K.C., Bonaventure Ave.  
 Mrs. Elizabeth Conroy, c/o Conroy, Bradshaw & Conroy.  
 Arthur Hicks, Esq., Salmonier.  
 Jas. Gibbs, Esq., c/o Gibbs & Gibbs, Bank of Montreal Bldg.  
 R. J. Coleman, Esq., Duckworth St.  
 Mrs. Claude Fraser, Winter Ave.  
 W. J. Carew, Esq., M.B.E., Secretary, Commission of Govt.  
 John Higgins, Esq., K.C., c/o Fox, Higgins, Knight, Phelan and Hawkins, Board of Trade Bldg.



## Gyro Hum

By GEORGE (INST. SEC.)

I. M. Young would like to express his thanks to T. C. A. for the successful delivery of the E42 which he gave the dentist some months back. It sure brings back that pepodent smile, I. M.

Mac McDonald is inviting trouble when he turns his "Magnetic" eye on to the innocent personnel in the W. D. He already has successfully magnetized a hefty girl uptown called Viola, or is it Emily, Mac? Another job for Flgt. Smith we say.

The four N.C.O.'s of our section look a little more spry these days now that they know that four pretty W. D.'s are coming in. Surely they don't all need secretaries, or am I wrong?

We would like to welcome the new lads in our section. We sincerely hope they enjoy their term of service here.

LAC. Armstrong is our latest victim for commendo. How is she paying, Armie?

Mel Johnson returned in a rather crestfallen state a short time ago, having broken a recording of Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue en route. That makes two of our men who have met the same fate. F[Sgt. Savard was the other man. The quest for culture has proved a difficult one, hasn't it, men? We are so crowded in our barracks now that it isn't at all unusual to discover you've laced the wrong man's shoes in the mornings.

We think Cpl. Bill O'Toole is expecting more than Santa Claus for Christmas this year. We hope that visibility will permit a safe landing for Mr. Stork.

Cpl. Pete Gregory is really whipping the letters home these days. Surely they will bring some parcels back. If they don't we're going to have a disappointed little rigger friend, known to many as "The Beat."

We wonder if Flt. Sgt. Savard would like another blind date arranged for him. We know of a girl who has a full plate this time.

Come on fellows, let's buy a gallon of shellac and some varnish for Sgt. Hamill's Christmas present. He'll find some use for it.

Our survivor from the Caribou disaster, M. Obront, has contacted us at long last. Glad to hear from you Moe. Let's hope you'll be with us soon and that your injured ear will be as right as ever.

Everyone of us has his own ideas as to what constitutes a Merry Christmas, but since we can't be with our loved ones then the next best thing is to make this as jolly as we can.



## "Commando Capers"

Well here is the first "Colyum" dealing with that exotic group known as the "Commandos" or the battle drill course. . . . No doubt you've seen 'em crawling through mud and bush . . . charging along with fixed bayonets. . . . Perhaps you've thought it silly or even childish. . . . But as one who has taken the course, believe me it's a serious training (Lots of fun too . . .) that every man should have . . . and will have eventually. . . .

. . . The Instructors . . .  
 Sgt. "Tony" Sepchuck . . . (The "Mad Rooshian")  
 Cpt. "Arky" Dalton . . . (The Crazy "Mick")  
 Cpl. "Hurry" Green . . . (The wild "Limey")  
 Then of course there are their familiar shouts . . .  
 "Tony" . . . "Sweat saves Blood" . . . If you know what I mean . . .  
 "Arky" . . . "Yuh gotta have guts to run when you're tired" . . .  
 "Hurry" . . . "Hurry" . . . "Hurry" . . . Yuh couldn't catch up with your grandmother . . .  
 Yeah it's a lotta fun . . . so stop duckin' guys . . .  
 Especially you N.C.O.'s . . . (Or is too cold?) . . .  
 . . . "How you gettin' ahn m'sons . . . so long. . .

— MERRY XMAS —



When your name appears on D.R.O.'s for Battle Drill,  
 You know from bright and early Monday morn, until  
 The Sun sinks slowly in the West on Saturday,  
 That what your going to do is certainly not play.

Dressed in oldest duds with rifle, web, tin hat and pack,  
 You take your place and wait with Joe and Slim and Mac,  
 Then from beyond a gaping ditch the Sergeants yell  
 Is "Marker!" Rest get "Parade" and we do pell-mell.

Right wheel, quick march. Soon we break into double,  
 But our wind! How the fags are blamed for the trouble  
 Yells Greene "You gotta have guts to run when you're tired"  
 And its only too true when we're all so mired.

Through bog and brush, wriggling forward on our stomachs,  
 We engage the enemy from any handy hummocks  
 Then take to mud and water but not quite like a duck,  
 And shivering emerge with pockets full of muck.

In the class room too we fight some battles gary.  
 Which generally speaking conclude in clouds of glory,  
 Pincers, flanking and stop section are all the lingo,  
 We could teach manoeuvres to generals by jingo.

One day we pack our grub and take the open road,  
 The Corporal has a mess of beans—an awkward load,  
 Which Cook Sa'omi later heats in clouds of smoke,  
 And someone's coffee no uncertain oaths evoke.

Just when we begin to feel a little tough,  
 The Powers that be, decide we've had enough,  
 So back to duty each on Monday goes  
 Saying "Sweat Saves Blood"—ask one who knows!

—A. C. JAGOE

## The C. O.'s Christmas Message

Once again Xmas! The Year goes 'round. Ups and downs, joys and sorrows. . . .but Xmas all joy. May this Xmas be as happy as possible for you under the circumstances, and may the New Year bring you Joy, Peace and Good Will.

It is my fervent prayer that next Xmas will see us back in our own homes enjoying the well-earned reward of "Peace on Earth," after the treacherous sacrifices we have all had to make.

Let us go on together to the end. . . .for VICTORY and PEACE!!!

G/C R. S. GRANDY.



## Bombs and Bullets

Let us first give a hearty welcome to our new officer, Ft. Lt. Hiam. Welcome to "Tarbay," sir.

Look wot we went an' done by mentioning all the new mustaches in the section—Cpl. Nobleman—long a proud possessor of the facial shrubbery has ("Yup he dood it") removed his well-trimmed "lip hedge."

Still on the "physogomy foliage" L.A.C. (Hammy) Hamilton says he's gonna give his scruffy herbiage ONE more chance.

Sez L.A.C. Wright "Don't care what youse guys say. My girl still thinks I'm the most lovable L.A.C. in the world." Oh Ken. . . .swish!

Sgt. Lamb'ey has become a real native. See him at 6 running down the road—with a small bundle of lumber under his arm. "Where yuh to bye?"

Our pal Simpson—poor lad—spent a while in the hospital. Some people may be a trifle confused by his explanation of his cuts 'n bruises. Sez he "I was thrown by a mule"—and so he was—a hangar mule. Whoa boy!

Yer reporter trying to find out what's got Cpl. Scott talking to himself has found out the reason. . . .shhh, the Gremlins have got him. . . .(You know the lil' fellers wot jam the guns and pull the safety pins outa the bombs. . . .) . . . I know them well. . . . the little cads insist on tarnishing my 'brass" just before C.O.'s parade.

Our first "ROTA MOTA" president, A. C. Lewis, F.S.G., (who would rather be called just Glyn.) had quite a gleam in his eye when he left for his furlough at home in NOO YAWK City. . . . Broadway look out!

Well, guess I'll put on my boots 'n go ' see if I can scrounge a "cuppa cawfee." First though lemme remind yuh "byes" to support "ROTA MOTA" your club. . . .The Airman's Club. . . .See you at the ROTA MOTA Christmas Tree and party.

"A VERY MERRY XMAS TO ALL"

S'long.

## The House of Christmas

It was the house of Christmas where the traveller had tarried all day. And he lingered now in the courtyard called Memory. There were two springs there. The name of one was Pain. As he drank of it, unafraid, he recognized that in the rooms of the house there had been

"A minor in the carol,  
And a shadow in the light,  
And a spray of cyprus twining  
With the holly wreath to-night."

But as he tasted of the waters, he knew that they were purifying, for the memories brought to him the humility and calm that were the very harbingers of peace. But in themselves they were not the most abiding memories, for he tasted also of the other spring in the courtyard, and the name of it was happiness, and its waters were reviving. And the memories that came flowing in seemed to belong to the imperishable within him, and to have lost nothing of their reality from the effect of distance or of their sweetness from the recession of the years. He knew that the smile that had gladdened him long ago was a perennial possession, and had become for him a very part of the sun-light of noonday; and the whisper that had sweetened his most troubled moods had stolen with the breeze of evening into his heart.

Looking out along the highway by which he was to journey onward from the house of Christmas, he saw not far away, the border of a new country called the New Year. And now he understood that he had needed both these springs if he would enter that new land with hope and courage—purified and refreshed. He had discovered that pain and loneliness, though purifying, and the temporary experience of humanity, but pardon and hope and love are its inheritance for evermore."

A. R. MACIVER, F/L.,  
"Padre."



## Air Force Auxiliary

Just as in Canada—in all our cities—here in this fair land—the Air Force is blest with a Women's Auxiliary.

The mothers, wives, sisters and friends of the Air Force are giving us a Xmas tree, to take place Sunday, Dec. 27th, at 8 p.m. in the rec. hall.

ROTA MOTTA is looking after the decorations and lunch. Also they will provide some Xmas entertainment.

The presents will be passed to you by a properly dressed and equipped Santa Claus. Don't forget. Be there! Show your appreciation to the ladies who are only trying to take the place of your own mother.

Landlady: "You will have to pay your bill, or leave."

Lodger: "Mighty decent of you. My last landlady made me do both."

## And So It Grows

It's about a year ago that the Electrical Section came into existence on this station. One could hardly call it so, as it only consisted of a hut in which was found a charger and a few batteries, manned by three men, who even then did their work well.

And so time went on, more men arrived, more tools with which to work, and so the Electrical Section became a more effective organization in the eyes of our fellow workers. But let us drop in and look upon it to-day. It's a well organized section consisting of an Electrical Section and a battery room. With many workers, a tremendous amount of work is being done daily and no one works hard, because we have an organized system and every one has his special work to do for a certain period.

This well organized plan has been drawn up by our very ambitious leader, Flt. Sgt. Smith, who is always on his job, paying each section a number of visits daily, giving helpful advice and in a courteous way. This then has aroused the spirit of us electricians and so we do everything in our power to help and beautify our surroundings and do our work well. So moving as a well organized unit, this section has very well proved itself as being one of the most efficient sections on the station.

If therefore all the other efficient sections on the station would further their co-operation with us as we will with them, then we'll move as a strong body, and although great is the work being done, greater it would be, and no one will show signs of the burden of the day.

In conclusion may I speak of a very good friend of yours and mine, Sgt. Gobbet, who is about to leave us, and who by the way was one of the first electricians to arrive on this station, and whose helping hand and advice is by no means out of the question in helping to organize this doubtless efficient section. Without a doubt I say "On behalf of the whole Section we wish him the best."

D. J. STAPLE,  
Electrical Section.



## A Letter of Appreciation

Fellow Airmen:

It is with regret that I relinquish the editorship of "Wings." Having seen it put into the cradle for the first time, and then helping nurse it along to maturity, I feel that the water will be smoother from now on.

Until the receipts of the first issue came to us, we hadn't a nickel in the way of capital, but we're still going, which testifies to our success.

Without the splendid co-operation of the editorial board, reporters and contributors, it might have been a different story.

To you subscribers who have backed us to the limit, I am grateful, and I feel that I speak for the whole staff when I say this.

Before closing, I will simply say thanks to S/L MacNeil, F/L MacIvor, F/O Templeman and Bob Low, for all the advice, time and general support given me in my capacity as editor.

Best wishes to my successor.

H. L. WOODMAN, Flight Sergeant.

## Slipstream

Those that harken to the murmur of slipstream detect a new note in its song.

Winter, with its icy Xmas winds, with its cheering words and revelry.

As slipstream sings its new song, the fighter boys stop and listen—and why not? They believe in Santa Claus, Gremlins, hangovers, and last but not least, W.D.'s, and say they understand them, so why not slipstream.

Right away all is a bustle of activity at the dispersal hut, preparing to put everything in harmony with the season.

Everybody lends a hand. Our Skipper, Squadron Leader Norris plans a Xmas party. Our Santa Claus, P. O. MacDonald, has been visiting the local and 10c. store for decorations for the Yuletide. F/Sgt. Hayes goes home on leave; coincident! F/Sgt. Gilmartin runs around with a pane of glass looking for somebody else to putty it in the window (as usual), but could not find anybody to consent, except a newcomer; Sgt. 270° West, (who has been ducking work longer than Gil). But the new Sgt. has to go over to stores. F/Sgt. Mott climbs up on the roof and nails down the roofing. The wind is blowing hard at this moment. Mott slips off and tears off half the roof and the chimney (consisting of stovepipes) as well. Amid all this racket we hear him shout, "Now she's paying, lye!"

We next turn our attention to our heating system. This is F/Sgt. Gerwing's pet. He is a follower of that heating master Sgt. Weatherby, who can whip up more cold water to shave with in less time than anybody we know.

Armed with a ladder, a small native boulder and ringed in by the boys who were to witness a master craftsman at work. He approached the stovepipe ventilator with the same directness and intent that he made himself known to the W.D. at the last station dance. The ventilator is all wrong—he states, so he hammers it down good and snug, then bends it over one side of the pipe to stop the wind.

He did a swell job. The wind and rain cannot get down the pipe, but the d—d smoke can't get out either. So—we are just about ready for old Nick, except of course we need a couple of carpenters from Works and Buildings to finish up some odds and ends.

On the morning of the first snow we breezed up to the hut and who should we find but F/Sgt. McDonald peacefully reposing in his sleeping bag and in a snow drift. We wonder if he was just testing it, or was he forcefully ejected.

Twenty minutes later F/Sgt. Kusiar (the Mad Russian) backed into the hut. His handle bar mustache snugly wrapped around his neck for protection from the icy wind and cold stares from Flying Officer Pattinson as he glances at his watch.

F/Sgt. (Peaches) MacKenzie, our red headed highland lad-die is in every degree true to his race. He was a bit embarrassed the other day when digging into his purse to pay his T.C.A. fare home, what should he find but a worm.

Our professor of current events, F/Sgt. Dean has been greatly missed of late, but he is blissfully unaware of the fact while spending his leave at home. We expect him back shortly to straighten up our daily discussions.

Sgt. Burton (the Jersey Bounce), on a recent expedition to town came back with great interest in the local transportation facilities particularly to and from a near-by island. Could it be a blond or brunette.

Yesterday one of the boys dashed into the hut with the news F/O Pattinson had soloed on his new motorlike, and that he went rumbling down the road to town. Things are starting to

## "Hurrie" Maintenance Mutterings

On Dec. 2nd the "Hurrie" Squadron took to the air; not one or two planes, but the whole squadron in all its splendour, while the entire station looked on and other squadrons gazed with envious eyes, and we of maintenance returned to our empty hangar with a feeling of well earned satisfaction.

Who is the Sergeant that is trying to either break a record for ground mileage on our aircraft or to wear out our new hangar doors?

With LAC. Pearson now in flights there is keen competition amongst some of our lads to earn the title of Maintenance's "Best dressed airman." A certain rigger Serg. will give anyone a good battle.

A certain airman building up a sure thing for a nice Christmas dinner in town, saw that dream vanish as the result of too much imbibing. Too bad, Curly, perhaps there is still time to try for New Year's.

**Riddle:** How can you distinguish French chalk from White Lead? For the answer ask any rigger in Hurrie Maintenance. There were some red faces around. At least it brought some degree of happiness to the "Flight Moaners."

Our bowling team under the leadership of the Jerry Boys is fighting hard to stay near the top. We suggest that someone finds a means of getting Jack steamed for the first game. His consistent performance of making a ninety in the first game and a two hundred and ninety in the second is slightly nerve racking for the team.

As we close this our first appearance in this paper, we wish everyone the very best of Season's Greetings and may the coming months find us nearer our goal of Victory and the HOME!!!!



look up, perhaps he will be so by now, rumbling to town he might forget to (Oh well it was a good thought anyway).

F/Sgt. Lundberg gets away with murder when it comes to helping his room-mates keeping things tidy. He is so fond of work he could sit down beside it all day.

F/O Parsons one day in a very constructive mood decided to display his sculptural abilities to his flock. Thereupon he set out to make the long famed statue of a snow man prepared for enemy action. Tin hat, gun and all. Armed with his trusty spade the task was soon completed, but then started the real business of defending his master-piece from the ravages of the other pilots.

Apparently the attacking force was too strong when allied with jolly, round, red Mr. Sun, for now the snow man is the "little man who wasn't there!"

As the day draws to a close, a long form untangles itself from the lower bunk. A voice cautiously asks "What time is it?" Why it's our buddy W.O. 2 MacIntosh, who thinks anything is good for a laugh.

So we say good-bye now and a Merry Xmas to all.

## Christmas Flight

"What a h— of a way to spend a Christmas," thought [F]L "Spooks" Christie as he swung his plane clear of the airport and headed for his patrol area parallel to the Dutch coast.

The Beaufort fighter behaved nicely to his control and he soon found himself thinking over his experiences of the last few years. He remembered the commencement of the war, which found both he and friend, Dick Brown, finishing their first year at Queen's, and how it affected the lives of their families and friends. He winced a bit as the memory of his poor showing at Queen's came back to him "but I suppose I was much too interested in the war" he apologized to himself.

And then there was the time both he and Dick joined up in the airforce—in May, 1941—how they had both trained together, graduated together, posted overseas together, but here, early this year, Dick had been shot down over France while on a fighter sweep.

"Spooks" grimly recalled how cut up he was after his friend was reported "Missing—believed dead," and how desperate were the chances he took in trying to forget his friend's fate. His attacks were always pressed fearlessly and this soon got him recognition and his promotion came quickly—aided by the fact that he now was a veteran, with all a veteran's crafty tricks up his sleeve.

"Yes, I've certainly been lucky," he thought, "over a year and a half active service flying and still kicking. Must have nine lives I guess."

He was brought out of his reverie by his observer speaking to him on the intercom. "We're nearing the Dutch coast, Sir; opposite the Dutch-Belgian border." "Good navigation, Johnston. Set a course from here to—hello? What's that down there to the right?" "Looks like a German E-Boat, Sir." "Uh huh! it looks like one alright. Well we'll see what we can do to break their monotony" and, swinging the plane around until he had the sun behind him, he started a long shallow dive and approached to within 300 yards before commencing firing. The 20mm Oerlikon cannons spurted forth their hail of concentrated upon the madly zig-zagging E-Boat, turning the trim deck into a splintered shamble and drilling gaping holes in the port side. "Spooks" pulled the Beaufort out of the dive a scant ten feet above the mast ad, climbing in a fast turn, dived again on the now mortally wounded craft. Already unwounded members of the ill-fated E-Boat were scurrying down into rubber lifeboats.

"Looks like it's done for, Sir," he heard his observer say. And to all intents and purposes the E-Boat was totally disabled and sinking. "Yep! We hit it fair and square with every gun on this crate and that's something. Well, I suppose we might as well go back to the grind." Christie resumed his patrol along the Dutch coast.

He had reached the end of his patrol area and was beginning to swing towards home when his attention was drawn by his observer. "Looks like a Dornier about a mile away at three o'clock, heading this way." Christie swung the plane around in a climbing turn and rapidly approached the lumbering Dornier. The pilot of the plane had obviously seen the Beaufort but instead of taking evasive action actually swung over closer. "Something's fishy here" thought Christie as he was forced to change his tactics by the Dornier's odd move. "Must be some German big-wig quitting the sinking ship. Probably another Hess type." He gradually drew nearer the German plane and was not at all surprised to see a white handkerchief nervously waved from the cockpit window. Still he was not one to be drawn into a trap and fired a warning burst across the Dornier's nose to see what would happen. The handkerchief came out once more and waved ever more frantically. "Humph, well Okay Fritzie, you're going to be escorted right back to England --and to my home "drome." And Christie quite pleased with the

thought of bringing home a captured German for Christmas gave way to a broad, happy smirk. "Well, what do you think of it, Johnston?" "I don't know sir—certainly seems peculiar though. Must be some Nazi that doesn't get on well with the Fooer."

To Christie the journey home seemed long and tiring, probably because of his desire to see the faces of the gang when he brought in the Heinie. But gradually the coast of England hove into sight and soon the observer radiod for landing privilege for themselves and for a captured Dornier—the latter emphasized with some pride. The answer came back hurriedly and in a somewhat puzzled tone "D" for Donald. Calling 'D' for Donald. You may land now. Dornier first. Dornier first. Over."

Christie swung closer to the Dornier and indicated to the pilot to land. He received a wave in acknowledgment and the Dornier dropped, circled the field once and, with Beaufort trailing but a short distance away, landed bumpily on the camouflaged runway.

As soon as the Beaufort had come to a halt, Christie jumped out and ran over to the Dornier—managing at the same time to pull his pistol free. He tugged at the door and with a sudden, desperate pull the door burst open, catapulting the occupant right on top of him and they both landed in a tangled heap on the soft turf. Christie jerked free and pointed the pistol at his prisoner. "Okay Fritzie, no tricks!" The figure on the ground lazily uncurled and leaning on one elbow said "You Know Spookie, you haven't changed a bit."

Christie never knew the pistol fell from his grasp as he closed his open mouth long enough to say "Dick! . . . No it can't be—you're reported dead." "On the contrary, Spooks, old bean, I feel quite alive. Pinch me and find out." The breathless ground crew had by that time come up and what they saw was most confusing. Two figures were in the throes of a determined struggle; one endeavouring to pinch the other while he in his turn was shouting, "Sure it me, Ouch!" Finally they broke apart and shaking hands gazed longingly into each others eyes for what seemed an eternity before Christy finally spoke. "Happy Christmas, Dick." "Christmas—It is Christmas?—Well holy smoke! Happy Christmas, Spookie." "Well we can't stay here all night; come over to the mess and let's talk it over." And the two supremely happy figures walked, arm in arm, towards the mess, leaving the awed ground crew looking alternatively at the Dornier and the two figures disappearing in the gathering dusk.



## Sonnet Prayer

Dear God, this day of days,  
When Virgin Mary bore your loved Son,  
In humble place; and seeing heav'nly miracles did'st come.  
The Prophets from great distances away,  
And laid before Him treasures, all to pay  
Their homage; and poor shepherds afar did'st come,  
To meekly bow in reverence—all knew 'twas God's own son.  
I come to pray, my Saviour on this day,  
I pray for peace, Oh Saviour hear my words!  
I pray that when the conflict's o'er,  
We'll all return to home, and in each heart,  
You shall be there, so that the songs of birds,  
Shall be a symphony and flowers blooming round the door  
Shall all proclaim, "God's greatest gift is peace."

D. J. BOWSER.

## Servicing Highlights

ROY CHAPMAN-EDITOR

Station personnel have undoubtedly noticed the lack of a certain something in previous editions of "Wings Overseas," but few were aware of precisely what it was. We can't deprive the sheet of this contribution any longer, so hence forth be advised that this Servicing section plans to submit chatter as of this edition. We have read with great interest the remarks from other branches of the organization and feel that we too can submit something worth while.

The entire Blue Crew was recently astounded at a certain red-headed LAC's thoughtfulness in attempting to develop a means of counteracting a "firewater breath." The motive WAS thoughtful wasn't it?

A member of the Red Party would like to know whether AC Melton's untiring labour is an attempt at hooks, or merely hereditary aggressiveness.

All present agreed a few days ago that LAC Howard had a definitely engaging smile. We wonder how long it would last if a little number back home were aware of his blackout prowlings.

With clock-like regularity the discussion of "Swing" rears its head in certain of the Blue crew's chatter. At times the arguments wax loud and long and were they to be under the banner of a ROTA MOTA debating club, they would exhibit all the enthusiasm for which the members crave. Long live Swing say we!

It has been noted with many an envious look, that the acquaintance of Cpl. Patterson made during his last furlough has been paying dividends. First, an orange—then an apple! Is the doner aware of his weakness for Laura Secords?

What opinion can we hold for any airmen who would indulge in blackout pick-ups on the evening of his dear wife's birthday? What was the name of that cemetery?

The sincere appreciation of all parties is herein expressed to LAC Dobson for his brave defence of Torbay in the capacity of "The Young Commando." He is currently reading with great understanding Churchill's "Blood Sweat and Tears."

As you may recall, the capacity of reporter for 145 was previously held by F/Sgt. Coom's, but due to the fact that he has been transferred back to Canada, the readers of "Wings Overseas" must tolerate the wandering pen of yours truly. Kindly bear with us until we get under way.

### PLANE VERSE

Just in closing may we submit a poem sent in by Sgt. Hall of 145:

#### ONLY A VOLUNTEER

Why didn't I wait to be drafted?  
To be led to a train by a band,  
And put in a claim for exemption,  
Why did I put up my hand?  
Why didn't I wait for the banquet?  
Why didn't I wait for the cheers?  
For the drafted men get all the credit,  
While I'm only a Volunteer.

And nobody gave me a banquet,  
And nobody said a kind word,  
The grind of the wheels of the engine,  
Was all the good-bye that I heard.  
Then off to the camp I was herded,  
To train for the next half year,  
Amid all the scuffle, forgotten,  
I was only a Volunteer.

I built the others their barracks,  
While burning alive in a tent,  
I cleaned off a dozen parade grounds,  
For the fellow that had to be sent,  
Then along came the National Army,  
And then it was made quite clear,  
That the glory all goes to the drafted,  
And the work to the Volunteer.

I've waded in mud in the trenches,  
I've frozen in Canada's cold,  
I've walked my beat in the moonlight  
Till the army's growing old,  
But I'm not on the honour roll  
And the odd one may shed a tear,  
But all the rest have forgotten,  
For I'm only a Volunteer.

And I dreamed in far off Flanders,  
On that bloody field of hate,  
I went over the top, by a bullet was stopped,  
And arrived at the Pearly Gate,  
And heard old St. Peter saying  
There is no room for your kind here,  
This place is reserved for the drafted men,  
You are only a Volunteer.

And maybe some day in the future,  
When my little boy sits on my knee,  
And asks what I did in the conflict,  
And his shining eyes look up at me,  
I shall have to look back flushing  
To the eyes that so trusting peer  
And tell him I missed being drafted—I was only a Volunteer.

And so, dear readers, Hudson Servicing fades out for this edition with the hope that the entire personnel on Torbay experiences a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

## Hot Off the Wires

1. We're sinking fast, yes, very fast. Our S.O.S. received practically no response. Is there absolutely no help near at all? However, we shan't give up the ship, while there's life there's hope.

2. When are Sgt. Merril and F/S Burton going to remuster to the Motor Transport Section? Too bad they aren't W.O.G.'s or W.M.'s, eh!

3. Why is it we never get to sleep before two or three a.m.? Could it be Powers and Ferguson giving their version of "Roash O'Day-y-y" as played by Ossie Nelson?

4. This section seems awfully mixed up with the M. T. There is always more than the usual amount of enthusiasm when the two teams meet at the bowling alleys. 'Pears as tho' there is a strong bit of rivalry between Wells and Robbins. They're both from the same town (or is it a city?) too. It shooh is perplexing.

5. Congratulations from us to AC Lewis on his "sweeping" victory in the recent ROTA MOTA presidential election. Best of luck, Glyn, we're all behind you.

6. Cpl. Hanna is our choice for the 1942 Academy Award or Oscar. You should have seen the dramatic entrance he made on the night of the re-union. We hear he was escorted to the door by a certain well-known Flight Lieutenant.

7. F/S Burton, Cpl. Hake, and Sgt. Murray are due for Congratulations on their promotion. Nice going, boys.

8. Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, this is Station S-I-G-N-A-L signing off till next year.

## ROTA MOTA

### CARDS AND DANCE GREAT SUCCESS

The W.D.'s were responsible for the arrangement and success of the evening. Many thanks. Special attention goes to Miss Rootham and Miss Keenan.

The ladies of St. John's are sponsoring a Christmas Day, December 26th. They aim at giving EACH AIRMAN and AIRWOMAN a little present in the Spirit of the season. **Thanks, ladies.**

A. C. Lewis was unanimously elected President of Rota Mota, Nov. 29th, 1942. A.W. Rootham, Vice-Pres., elected Thursday, Dec. 3rd. The remainder of executive will be elected this week.

## On New Year's Day—Try Again

The gist of New Year's day is—TRY AGAIN!

That's why it rolls round on a Year.

That's why we hang a new calendar on the wall, and lay a fresh diary on the desk. The makings of time have then spiritual significance.

Every clock tick means that life is not one big rush, one grand gamble where one's all is staked, upon some one issue, but its a step-by-step process, and there are as many opportunities every twenty-four hours as there are seconds; that is to say, that the situation changes daily 86,400 times.

Every clock stroke says another hour is gone, a new hour is mine, and it may be better than the last. At any rate, whatever we have to do, its only one hour at a time.

Life as a lump is too much for any of us. It is a burden to break any man's back. But one hour,—we can stand that—and that is all we have to stand.

So come on boys, we'll go through one hour of it, and we will not tackle the second hour until it comes to meet us.

Every day is a new life. Every evening is a day of judgment. Every morning is a resurrection. One day is all there is to it, and that isn't so much.

We don't have to eat a whole beef—just a slice. Nor to drink up the river—just a glassful. Nor to jump a mile—just a step at a time.

And all these minor makings are lumped and emphasized by New Year's Day.

The past year is gone.

It's dead. We are living. The past is God's. The future is ours.

All our mistakes, humiliations, failures, follies, and stupidities, our jealousies and heart-breaks, our wounds and bruises; all the whole league of miseries that make life dull and weary; all are gone, swallowed up in that big, black hole we call the past, submerged in the same dark waters where lie Caesar and his legions, Abelard and Heloise, Solomon and Tubal Cain.

On New Year's Day let us put on our morning faces. Let us begin again with all things new—babies and chicks, furry kittens and cubs, youth and adventure!

The Sun is climbing. The wind's right from heaven. Love is Newborn daily while hate grows old.

Come, kiss and make up! Drop the past, as you might garments, and put on the fresh clothing of hope. Wash your face in the cool waters of faith—its even running, runs out from under the great White Throne, and runs through the city streets.

Come! No more tears and regrets. Take your hat, old friend, and come with me. We'll go and meet the adventurers' future.

Undismayed and unafraid, we'll greet the New Year!

## Letters Home

How eagerly we all look forward to letters from home! We haunt the Post-Office, we inwardly curse the bad weather, and we breathe a sigh of relief when we know that the mail came in. Did you ever think of the other side of the picture? Have you ever considered how your mother, father, wife, and others dear to you, look forward to your letters? Their life is not such an easy one; they have coffee, tea, sugar and gas rationing. All kinds of things that they need to eat and wear are hard to get. They are probably scrimping and saving to buy a War Bond. Maybe they have lost their hired hand, or the maid has left for a better job or to join the Service. Extra work and worry fall on them, now. Perhaps your wife, and children, too, if you have them, are living with her parents, or with yours. To all concerned that is not the ideal arrangement, for it is full of petty trials and tribulations, of getting on one another's nerves, etc. But do your folks complain? Most certainly, not! Then it is up to us to do what we can to make them feel that their sacrifice is worth while. We can do this, in part, by writing home often, and by writing a letter that is cheerful, newsy, and homey. Never forget to thank them for the many things they do for you, little as well as big. Each evening think over what has happened on that day, and the night before, jot the items down on your writing pad against the names of those you write to. Perhaps some amusing incident happened at work, or at play in the recreational hall, maybe you got a haircut, perhaps you met someone from your home town, or read a clipping in a paper that would interest one of your loved ones—we could go on and on with possibilities, only YOU know of those happenings and incidents, however trivial, that you can 'write up' in your cheery manner. If things happen to make you sad, or morose, or you are dead tired, don't write right away, put it off until you feel better. Remember those letters that you wrote while in such a mood? Remember the hurt you gave to your dear one? You tried to get it back when it was too late. Don't do that again, for it hurts everyone concerned. Ask yourself what would Ma or Pa, Uncle or Aunt, or your one and only would like you to say in your letter to them? What would they like to hear about? If necessary, go out of your way to get some interesting items for them; you will never regret it. Here is the whole story summed up in a few words—Your folks feel that you are fighting THEIR war. To them YOU are in the front line. YOU are their contribution and they are mighty proud of you. Don't let THEM down.

G. H. S.



## Illustrative Anecdotes

During a question period following a lecture, a man arose and put a foolish query to the speaker. The latter replied:

"The logic of your question makes me think of another. Can you tell me why fire engines are always red? You can't? Well, fire engines have four wheels and eight men. Four and eight are 12. Twelve inches make a foot. A foot is a ruler. Queen Elizabeth was a ruler. The Queen Elizabeth is the largest ship that sails the seven seas. Seas have fish. Fish have fins. The Finns fight the Russians. The Russians are red. Fire engines are always rushin'. Therefore, fire engines are always red.

"I hope this answers your question also."

—Contributed by Fulton Oursler.

## The Sporting Outlook

Torbay Airmen have every reason to look forward with enthusiasm in anticipation of the Sports Programme as it is bound to unfold on the Station.

The picture in the past has been none too rosy. There have been two factors that have prevented very much sports activity. The first problem has been the matter of space for games. This has been solved to a certain extent by using the recreation hall three nights a week. The second problem has been the one of quipment. On this score the "Y" has come through nobly and has provided ample equipment for volleyball, basketball, floor hockey, and badminton.

The fellows who took part in the volleyball schedule got a real kick out of it. There were 12 teams in the League and at times competition was hot and heavy. Signal Section held the Station Volleyball Championship, but they had to show plenty of enthusiasm and team spirit before they could down a fighting Maintenance outfit.

The four team Basketball League found itself to be a tremendous success with teams representing Aircrew, Officers, H. Q. and Army battling every game to the last whistle. We saw some really classy basketball in these games, but the all-star aggregation that Fort Pepperrell sent over to trounce our Station team was by far the smoothest working unit we've seen in a long, long time.

Floor hockey is right down the alley for the fellows who like a rough and tumble "cut-'em-down" game. The four teams entered provided a real thrill for the spectators with some of their overtime battles and the first round ended with all four teams tied with a victory and a loss each. The fellows who have been playing the game claim that it is just about the best yet. All we need to make the game perfect is a little larger floor, and that's just exactly what we are going to get.

Enough of the present and past! Let's look to the future, and in looking to the future we'll pause just a moment with the Sports Committee because they are the ones who are planning your Sports Future.

The Sports Committee is made up of a gang of real go-getters. They are out to give our station the finest sports programme of any and by the way they are working and planning it certainly looks as tho' they are going to succeed.

The new drill hall is rapidly nearing completion and in a month or two now we will be all set to swing into a full time sports programme. The Sports Committee have already started to lay plans to make full use of the new Sports Hall and here are a few of the ideas already lined up:

**Indoor Softball:** Yes, that's right, we aim to start an inter-section Softball League just as soon as we get into the Hall. The Security Guard gang claim that they have a softball team that will take any section on the station. S/L. Badgley, a real baseball enthusiast, doesn't concede them a chance when the H. Q. gang turn out their All-star Team.

**Basketball:** Lack of time and space has prevented us having more than four teams in our present schedule. That will be changed quickly enough because we are counting on two basketball floors being available just as soon as we move in to our new quarters. That will give you fellows who are anxious to learn the game, a chance to get some good experience and practice. To you fellows who have played the game before, we are offering the opportunity of turning out for the Station Basketball Team. The plans for an inter-service league are rapidly progressing and we are issuing fair warning to the other services that the "Torbay Torpedoes" are out to cop that inter-service cup.

**Volleyball:** Here's some news for the Maintenance Crew. You are going to have a real opportunity to prove to Signals that the Maintenance Volleyball team is plenty good enough to take that championship away from the Signals. There will be two full-size Volleyball Courts all ready for play. With plenty

of room around the speed (and consequently the interest) of this sport will increase about 100 per cent. Volleyball is a swell game, fellows. Anyone can play it and get a real kick out of it.

**Floor Hockey:** Floor hockey in the recreation hall has already won dozens of devotees. Well, you hockeyists can just picture what a rip-roarin' wide open game it's going to be when we get going on that new floor which will be about twice the size of the recreation hall. So get those sticks unlimbered and those shins padded because when the New League gets started it's really going to roll.

**Hockey:** While we are talking about sticks and shins we had better pause at Ice-hockey. Because of the blackout, lack of material, lack of space, lack of equipment and undecided weather, the Sports Committee has decided to forego an outdoor Hockey Cushion for the time being at least. But that news need not discourage you hockey enthusiasts because plans for an inter-service league are already under way and Torbay will very definitely have a team in the Service League playing in town. So send for your skates pronto, lads. We'll supply all the equipment. All we need is your skates and YOU.

**Figure Skating:** Does the idea of figure skating appeal? Captain Fournier of the K. of C. is very anxious to coach any fellows or girls who are interested in figure skating. We will be building a pleasure rink on the Station for that purpose. We also hope to be able to provide music an odd evening for you guys and gals to waltz about the rink.

**Borden Ball:** Here's where you football passers get a real chance to shine—and I do mean shine. Borden Ball has proven to be just about the most popular of all service games, and all we need is your interest to start an inter-section—or even an inter-service league. With the whole drill hall floor available it should be fast and wide open.

**Boxing:** If some of you fellows can't get a crack at Jerry at least you can get a crack at that N.C.O. that "Joed" you for barrack clean up. Yep—that's right, a full-fledged boxing ring will be ready and waiting as soon as they turn the heat on in the hall. Gloves, punching bags, heavy-bags, weights, pulleys and what have you will all be there for you "pugs" to get a real work out. We are counting on some really fine boxing shows and hope to extend challenges to the other services as soon as we can uncover station talent.

**Badminton:** Don't forget you W.D.'s, this is your drill hall also. You will be offered every opportunity to play Badminton. We already have a few rackets on hand and hope to have more soon. There will be four Badminton courts and (we hope) two tennis courts. There will, at any rate, be deck tennis and we would be only too glad to organize a W. D. basketball or volleyball league.

We'd better call a halt here even if we could go on and on. There are quite a number of other activities that we could mention. You gymnasts, for instance, will have plenty of opportunity to work out on the mats, parallel bars and horizontal bar springboard and box horse, that we count on having.

That's the picture fellows. We will have the space. We will have the equipment. We have the Sports Committee to do the arranging. All we need to give us the most complete sports set up of any station is YOU. We are making every effort to provide as wide a variety of athletic opportunities as possible. Every airman on the station should find activity to his liking.

It is to be YOUR DRILL HALL, YOUR EQUIPMENT. YOUR Sports Committee is ready, eager and willing to provide the games and activities that you want. The entire sports organization is yours, so let everyone take full advantage of it.

Finally, just to add a wee bit of additional interest to the inter-section competitions, there will be a trophy up for monthly competition. The details have not been worked out as yet, but we hope to work it out on a basis of so many points for participation, wins, ties, etc. But more of that later. In the meantime "choose your sport and we'll provide it!"

W. D. McMASTER, F/O.,  
Sports Officer.

# "Y" News

## WEEKLY PROGRAMME

### Sunday—

1100 hrs.—Roman Catholic church service in Airmen's Canteen. Protestant church service in Recreation Hall.

Hall open in afternoon for badminton.

1930 hrs.—Movie in Recreation Hall.

### Monday—

1730 hrs.—Entertainment committee meeting in "Y" office.

1800 hrs.—Bowling League, truck leaves Airmen's Mess at 1800 hrs. SHARP. First game commences at 1830 hrs.

1900 hrs.—Debating Club meeting in S/L MacNeill's office in Administration Bldg.

1900 hrs.—Inter-sectional Floor Hockey League. All sections wishing to enter teams in this league, please notify F/O McMaster or Bob Low, "Y" Supervisor.

### Tuesday—

1900 hrs.—Rota Mota Club meeting in S/L MacNeill's office.

2000 hrs.—Concert, play, sing song, movie, etc., etc.

### Wednesday—

1800 hrs.—Bowling League, truck leaves Mess at 1800 hrs.

1900 hrs.—Inter-sectional basketball league games.

1930 hrs.—Choir practise in "Y" office.

2030 hrs.—Dramatic and Concert Club meeting in "Y" office.

### Thursday—

1430 hrs.—Movie in Station Hospital.

1930 hrs.—Movie in Recreation Hall.

### Friday—

1730 hrs.—Sports Committee meeting in P.T. Officer's office in Recreation Hall.

2030 hrs.—Regular weekly station dance.

### Saturday—

1930 hrs.—"W.D.'s" Sports period.

2000 hrs.—Mixed badminton, round,robins, etc.

A dramatic and concert group has been formed on station, which will meet every Wednesday night at 2030 hrs. Everyone on station who has any musical or acting talent is asked to attend these meetings and help put this new venture across. It is the hope of the club through the winter months, to present a "really" successful "bang up" variety show, as well as a number of interesting short plays. It will be possible to realize these hopes, only through YOUR co-operation, so let's have you all behind us, pushing for all your worth to put this over with a solid beat!

Two new pianos have been secured from the "Y" for the station, and we would ask that you treat them as though they were your own, and not abuse them. Thanks!

There will be mixed badminton every Saturday night from 2000 hrs. (round robins, etc.) Eight raquets are available from the "Y" office. Due to the shortage of birds, a nominal charge will be made in order to build up a fund to buy a further supply from Canada.

BOB LOW,  
Y.M.C.A. Supervisor.



# How About It?

To whom it may concern—and it concerns every man on strength at Torbay. Some more than others, for indeed some of you have really done your best to get "Wings" going, and keep it that way.

Occasionally we have some material left over from an issue, which is probably absorbed in the next one, and the result is that we burn less and less midnight oil on the eve of going to press putting last minute editorials and fillers together.

We know that you are behind us, but if a few points were put before you as seen from the eyes of the editorial board, I'm sure we all can be made happier. The first point is this. It takes a bit of time to have the paper printed after it has gone to press, and we must have the material there on time to get our issue on time.

You reporters all plan to write at some time or other for us, and generally do too, but the fact that you submit it at the last minute when you could have done it just as well a week ago, makes it inconvenient as far as reaching the publisher is concerned. After the censoring is done and transportation is found, the whole thing is delayed for perhaps two days. Please, for the sake of the editorial board, consider these things. They get no salary for the time spent on "Wings," and a lot of good hours are spent trying to make it a success for your reading pleasure. How about sitting down now and writing your bit instead of waiting for next week? At the same time you could write a little editorial or article which could be used in a future number, and that would be a great help.

In closing I would like to say a few words regarding circulation. We want new subscribers. This is to your advantage, for it is cheaper. If you are posted before expiry, all you are required to do is leave your new address at this office, and "Wings" will follow you to any station.

You are also giving us a surplus of cash with which to make "Wings" more attractive, with pictures, features, etc.

How about taking these things to heart fellows and by so doing make us happy and also keeping your paper a notch or two above the standard.

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL!



## Lizzie Chatter

Our little shack is bedecked with holly and mistletoe ("Birdie" Butt's idea, in case any W.D. should walk in), everything is in holiday mood. Everyone is awaiting the time to open their presents and see what Santa brought them. The songs have miraculously changed from "Boogie Woogie" to Christmas carols and hymns. What a festive mood!

made his usual trek to \_\_\_\_\_,  
made his usual trek to Belle Isle.

For all his trouble, his only reward was a pocket full of iron dust and his clothes ruined with same.

There has been numerous requests for the new "WAG" Sgt. Mawhinney to refrain from crooning so early in the morning.

The boys complain it interferes with their sleeping and makes the rest quite low and mournful. Please Stu—for their sake.

There are so many tables etc. in the operating room that "Little Audrey" Winch (the heavy of the outfit) says "If I did have a chair, I wouldn't find a place to open it and sit down!"

That is all the news until next year—so in closing, the members of "Lizzie" Squadron wish everyone "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year."

—DOUG BOWSER.

## Hooks and Hoses

This, fellows and gals, is our first contribution to "Wings Over Seas." Forgive us but we have been so busy making ourselves a home away from home that we honestly haven't had time to give with the gossip.

We know most of you think that the Fire Section has the softest job in the R.C.A.F. from the odd little barb thrown our way now and then. For your information the Fire Section's biggest job is NOT fire fighting but fire prevention. The old adage about "an ounce of prevention, etc., etc.," certainly holds good as far as the smoke eaters are concerned. The most efficient fire section is NOT the one that plays the most water but the one that DOESN'T have to lay a line of hose. So, lads and lassies, we would ask you not to get hostile when you hear a voice boom at you from out of the dark at the movies, "Put out that cigarette." We are only trying to do our job in keeping the fire hazard down, and not only that, it is hard on the eyes trying to follow a show through a smoke screen.

Another little item, gang. For Pete's sake lay off the first-aid fire equipment in the barracks. When you want one you want it in a hurry. We are all good guys and we don't want to be forced to peg anyone. What do you say? Are you with us?

Sincere and heartfelt sympathy is extended to LAC. Sigouin in the sudden passing of his mother.

Congrats. to—

LAC. MacDonald, R. W., on his recent posting to I. T. S. in the role of prospective pilot. Good luck to you, Bob, from all of us.

LAC. Brown, F. W., on his lucky escape from the Grim Reaper aboard the S.S. Caribou. At the time of writing Freddie is recuperating in No. 1 M. Depot, Toronto.

IS—

Cpl. Doucet in any position to give us one reason for the fire hall being put out of bounds for personnel except on business?

LAC. Sampson searching for a Delilah? Note the hirsute appendage.

There any "A" group for F. F. (Painter).

What certain corporal was heard to ask in the "Rec" hall "Wanna roam the 'drome, honey?"

And then there was the pilot who said as he spit out a mouthful of salt water and plucked the seaweed out of his eyes, "Nope, the altimeter isn't working."

Finally from us to you A VERY MERRY XMAS.



## Green Sentry

Not so long ago, one of our new guards was posted on No. 1 Post with instructions to challenge any person approaching his post after dark.

He had been out about an hour when the Orderly Officer making his regular rounds, came to his post, he was challenged by the guard and told to stand still, which he did, but after a few minutes getting slightly tired, so he informed the guard that he could not stand there at attention all night; the guard stood there for a while not knowing what to say or do. All of a sudden he got a bright idea, he called out in a loud voice, 'Orderly Officer Stand at.....Ease.

"WALT."

## One Christmas

Christmas! The word brings many happy memories of friends and loved ones, and pleasant festivities of the past. For many of us, it is not our first Christmas away from home. For others it is the first, but first or otherwise, it is Christmas, and we are away from home. Christmas is a time when man's personality changes and his true sentiments come to the fore. It was only Christmas that brought old Scrooge's twisted mind around to direct his hand to his pocket for reasons other than depositing shillings. He was prompted by the Spirit, and while many Yule-logs had been burned before his rejuvenation, he found other things worth while. He discovered that by putting a little of his gold in circulation he could be twice as happy as he had been previously, so he had made the best investment of his life. By so doing he made others happy, for truly enough it was just that which prevented a very miserable Christmas for Tiny Tim.

Scrooge and Tim are only fictional characters, but they could quite well have been picked out of real life. Dickens may have had some particular person in back of his head that spurred him on to write his very popular "Christmas Carol." We are all used to the celebration of Christmas. We were brought up in such a way as to be filled with the spirit at its approach. As time passed along we made the discovery that Santa Claus was only a myth,—which hurt temporarily, but we soon became reconciled, and doggedly retained the spirit of Christmas. The stocking at the foot of the bed gave way to the joy of Christmas shopping and watching the following generation as they gleefully surveyed their acquisitions. For a day they were kings. Then too we found it was more blessed to give than to receive.

That has changed now. We have willingly left all this, to make it and all that it is symbolic of, secure. True, it brings fond memories, heart-aches and home-sickness, which soon pass over. Perhaps by the sacrifice of this Christmas we may be effecting the one whereby we may go to our homes knowing that we will never be disturbed by the war element again.

## The Song of the Seaplane

I fly by night in the pale moonlight,  
While men are all asleep.  
Through the struts in my wings the night-wind sings  
As I sail out o'er the deep.

The fleecy cloud like a clinging shroud,  
Hangs hovering over the sea;  
And my engine's roar as up we soar,  
Is the voice of the power in me.

Power to fly, while the heavens sigh,  
Over waters wide and far.  
Power to fight with a wild delight  
In the folly that men call war.

And the song I sing where the sea-gulls wing,  
As the sun begins to shine,  
Is the song you hear in the cold dawn clear;  
The song of the seaplane is mine.

F. D. W.



## Extract from "The Bystander"

A Daimler with the G.O.C.  
 Passed Private Smith, 1603,  
 Now Private Smith gave no salute,  
 But gazed, unseeing, at his boot;  
 The car was stopped, from thence emerged  
 Various "Tabs" who promptly surged  
 Round Smith to see if he was blind  
 That he openly declined to rise in salutation,  
 They took his number, age and name,  
 Where he was bound and whence he came;  
 And, having all they thought they needed,  
 The Daimler car "forthwith proceeded"  
 Towards its destination.

A massive creed was soon compiled  
 (Printed in triplicate and filed),  
 An edict harsh and just and stern,  
 Ending 'Initial and return,"  
 And duty affixed with office stamp,  
 Went forth to each Divisional Camp  
 To Wit:

Sir: It devolves on me  
 To say, on behalf of the G.O.C.,  
 That learning to his great regret,  
 That certain men to-day he met  
 Did not salute or try to pay  
 Compliments in the proper way,  
 In spite of marking on his car,  
 (See para. 60 in K.R.)  
 He leaves the matter as it stands,  
 For further action, in your hands,  
 (A dignified and proper strafe  
 For one so high up in the Staff.)

Acknowledged with Divisional tears  
 The matter reached the Brigadiers  
 In envelope marked 'CONFIDENTIAL"  
 (A word that always seems essential)  
 "It has of late been brought before  
 The G.O.C., the umpteenth Corps,  
 That men in your Brigade  
 Are slack saluting off parade."

(Written in red upon all these,  
 Was:—"For your information, please,")  
 Brigade H.Q. got busy then,  
 Wrote chits of dire dissatisfaction,  
 (Signed:—"For your necessary action")  
 Beginning thus: "It would appear  
 (Though why it would is never clear)  
 The practice of saluting is  
 Becoming slack and sloven, viz.,  
 Army Order 612,  
 Herewith attached and passed to you."  
 Adding: "Such wilful non-compliance  
 Amounts to mutiny and defiance,  
 Each O.C. Unit thus appraised  
 Of how the Staff was jeopardized,  
 In battalion orders placed a solemn  
 Warning in the stop press column.

The Brigadier regrets to say  
 That instances have come his way  
 Of soldiers who did not salute  
 The General as he passed enroute."

## A Word from the Station Orderly Room

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 that we wrote a few lines to let the Station know we are in existence.

First we welcome Flying Officer Canfield who has taken Flight Lieutenant McGuire's place as Adjutant. To him we extend our whole-hearted co-operation.

A strange thing happened the other day to Cpl. Farrell and Cpl. Barr, they missed noon parade. The disciplinarian calls them in and asks them the reason. Farrel says, "Well sir, I slept in." "RED" Barr says, "Well, my reason is very Simple, I had to go to the Post Office." (Yes, James, it sure was SIMPLE) "I am sure you two will appreciate being Canteen Corporals for a few nights."

We notice these days that Ken Dearden has a smile on his face, is it that your "A" Group went to your head Ken, or is it that little girl you'll be seeing out West in a few weeks?

Congratulations to AW 2 Ross and AW 2 Garrett for their promotion to AW 1.

We are wondering why Cpl. Farrell is spending most of his spare time down town these days. Rumours state he's really got something there.

Well that's just about all for now, so from all the staff of Headquarters Orderly Room, here's wishing everyone A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS and A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR!



A clerk wrote out and underlined it,  
 The Adjutant then countersigned it,  
 The Company Commanders read  
 All that the Brigadier had said,  
 And had their N.C.O.'s paraded,  
 And du'y instructed and up-braided,  
 Despatched them to the rank and file,  
 Where they in turn in flowery style,  
 Explained with force if not with tact  
 How, passing Generals, one should act.

Now Private Smith will click his heels  
 To anything that moves on wheels,  
 From Daimler car to humble Ford,  
 For pen is mightier than the sword.  
 Thus marked up in the Army's annuals,  
 And passed through all the "usual channels,"  
 The Army turned itself once more  
 To minor things, such as the WAR.

## Bufs and Rebufs

By LAC. MITCHELL

We are quite sure that the Debating Club has definitely established itself as an integral branch of ROTA MOTA, and, by the same token, it is hoped that this column will attain a prominent and important part of this paper.

This column is published for the prime purpose of informing the personnel of the Station of the weekly activities of the Debating Club. Before proceeding further, a few words of introduction are in order. The Club thus far is composed of some twenty members who believe that the ability to express themselves in a correct, pleasing and convincing manner will be one of the deciding factors in their future success as well as being a credit to the community and country they represent.

Life in our modern world is not easy. Rather it takes the form of a battle; not of cannon, bomb, shell and blood, but a battle of wits where the ability to promote one's self is the deciding factor. We are all virtually on the auction block. There is no one to sell us or to describe our assets and abilities. That, we must do ourselves. That every man possesses some particular talent is an undeniable fact. But life's dividend comes not from merely possessing that talent but from putting it to work for the benefit of himself and his fellowmen. To this ultimate end the Debating Club was formed, to enable those who take advantage of it to better equip themselves for the competitive battle which awaits all of us.

Now to our current activities. The meeting normally to have been covered by this edition had to be cancelled due to the fact that it fell on the night of our Station Scotch Party. Therefore, since there is a scarcity of current news on which to commentate, your writer will give you a brief preview of what is planned, which at the time of publication will probably have become reality.

On Monday, December 7th, the club will come out into the open with its first public debate. The subject, "Resolved that the good influence in the Movies surpass the Bad," is to be supported on the affirmative side by F/Sgt. LeFlufy and Cpl. O'Toole, while LAC. Jagoe and Cpl. Scott are to maintain the negative side of the subject. The participants, all-up-and-coming public speakers, are looked to for a not-too-heated but intensely interesting debate.

Still obscure, but definitely in the making are plans for our meeting of December 14th. It is hoped to have Dr. Burke, Chief Director of Memorial College, address the club. Augmenting the guest speaker's address are to be two brief talks delivered by representatives of the club on subjects, at the time of writing, not yet decided.

This brings you up to date with everything that is at present on the fire within the club. In closing, we wish to say this: Simply reading this article and letting it go at that will do you little good. We hope it has been an eye-opener on the activities of the club. If the attendance of our next meeting is increased by YOUR presence, we will know that this article has not been in vain.

Finally, the Debating Club wishes to pass to all personnel at Torbay their sincere wishes for a very Merry Christmas and the Happiest and Most Prosperous of New Years.



## News of ROTA MOTA

First let's extend a hearty welcome to all you new men and women on the station. May your sojourn on this station be pleasant, and remember, fellow airmen and airwomen, you must help to make it so yourself. Right?

Now let's see. What have we lined up in the way of entertainment for the coming months? Those of you who attended the St. Andrew's Day Whist Drive and Frolic, Nov. 30th, can look forward to more of the same. We had fun, didn't we? Sandwiches, cake and ice cream topped it off admirably.

Do you like discussions? Come along to the meeting of the Debating Club. You'll run into a variety of ideas concerning world affairs and local topics.

Padre MacNeil's short instructions on enunciating and proper delivery, etc., will enable you to say what you think in the most effective way.

And now, what are you reading? Not much at all perhaps? In civilian life you probably read a lot. Come over to the library, at present located in Padre MacNeil's office and take your pick of biographies, technical and fiction. They're not dog eared, tossed away volumes by any means. You book lovers will find lots of entertainment here.

The Club Rooms should be ready very soon and what a rendezvous we'll have! After an hour in the Rec. Hall what could be nicer than a bit of relaxation, singing, dancing or just meeting folks there?

There'll be music supplied by our own airmen who have lots of talent and are practising now.

You can expect some good plays in the near future. Anyone who has taken part in amateur plays or would like to tread the boards get in and get your feet wet. Contact President Glyn Lewis or any member of the Dramatic and Debating arms of the Club. OKay?

## Once Upon a Time

Once upon a time there was a King who drank so much imported screech and burned the candle at both ends so hard that he got a wonderful head-ache. He hit the high-spots so often that you'd think a road-grader had levelled 'em all off and things came to a terrible turn.

He summoned his wise-man (rationing got the rest) and asked him what to do. The wise-man was a disciplinarian and consequently knew everything and so he said he'd find a solution.

The discip. says "Come with me my proud beauty and we shall issue you with a pair of muscles at stores—clang—clang—and we shall then go up to No. 3 Hangar at Torbay.

So off to stores they went and the little King was issued with muscles, airmen for the use of, and then to No. 3 Hangar. There the poor little King pushed a broom from one end of the hangar to the other while the discip. followed, dropping bits of rubbish here and there, where the King could not see them. When the King thought he was finished he stopped and wiped his brow, but the disciplinarian roared "Come, come my little one—look at all the nasty dirt you left." So the little King swept on and on.

That night the King went to bed at 2000 hours! He was up next morning at 0630 hours and ate breakfast for the first time in weeks! He had no hang-over neither!

The moral of this story is not that disciplinarians have brains, but the hard work and sweat are good. Since you can't find any hard work or sweat in the RCAF you must get it through sports—in your Rec. Hall.

Don't let the RCAF issue your muscles at stores. Get 'em yourself. Play basketball, volleyball, floor hockey, tumble, and do calisthenics. The Rec. is open most week nights and every day for you!!!

## "Tarbay" '41

'Twas the morning of Christmas and all through the hovel  
 Not a creature was stirring but a man with a shovel.  
 Garments were hung with care round the fire  
 In the hope that daybreak would find them drier.  
 Each man was sound asleep in his bunk,  
 Dreaming himself back home in Podunk,  
 When down by the doorway there rose such a bellow  
 That I said to myself. . . blast the fellow  
 Peering from under the covers with care  
 Lest I let in some blasts of cold air,  
 What to my wondering eye should appear  
 But a Sergeant! complete with parka and sneer  
 He strode to each bedside, gave the covers a yank,  
 While the airman within from the cold air shrank.  
 Out of it lads, there's the devil to pay,  
 The wind is taking our aircraft away.  
 So we trudged our way through the drifted snow  
 In a tired, stumbling, sleepy row;  
 Tied the dam things down in their place,  
 Then back again with the snow in your face.  
 Come Sergeants and Airmen and Corporals and Flights  
 Tell us the saddest tales of YOUR Christmas nights,  
 But pause ere you start and shed a tear  
 For this sad little verse of yesteryear.

CPL. E. W. DUNLOP.

## "Wings"

THE air is full of wings—  
 Swift, restless wings that beat and fly  
 Above the crowded world into the freedom of the sky.  
 What is the secret power of them?  
 I watch them dip and soar  
 And bear the birds up with a song,  
 To storm at Heaven's door . . .  
 Feathered wings and tiny wings of insects and of bees,  
 On their urgent errands bent  
 About the flowers and trees.  
 Dragon flies with wings that glitter like a jeweled spear  
 Wings of swans and ducks upon the stillness of the mere;  
 Wings of little captive birds that beat against their bars,  
 Steely wings of Aeroplanes that take men to the stars  
 In the world's dark cage the spirit yearns toward the Light,  
 Stirred by hope it spread its wings and takes a Godward flight,  
 Borne up by faith and courage,  
 Singing out towards its goal,  
 Away from limitations,  
 On the white wings of the soul.

A. R. MACIVER, RFL.

"Padre."

## Signals

There is a new sergeant in ops who is considering applying for his wings. We hear that he made a catapult take off the other night in one of the downtown hostels. Blessed is the peacemaker, eh Murray?

TCA has issued an ultimatum to Scott, Saunders and Adams. Unless they confine their letters home to a size that one man may lift they must send them air express.

We understand that Cpls. Macdonald and Dunlap and LAC. Wells have something in common. Better luck next time, men.

A pool is being formed with the winner being the man who can guess to the nearest month, the next time Walker will be seen wearing blues.

A large number of men around the station are seen to be limping these days. It is said that the ditches around the wet canteen and the dark nights are responsible. Might be another factor, too.

Our new F/Sgt. "Red" Burton is going around with a worried look these days. There just ain't room on his arm for that crown, what with eagles, wireless badge, three stripes and so on.



## Suggestion Box

The box in the rec. hall marked "Suggestions"—would be a great help to us, if you would use it.

There must be loads and loads of good ideas among you fellows. Come on! Let's have them!

We are building up—we need builders—give us a helping hand. Suggestions! Ideas! Plans! What have you!!



## Security Guard

To start the ball rolling, all the Security Guard personnel wish to extend their congratulations to F/Sgt. R. C. C. MacDonald on his recent promotion, "Good luck Chester, keep up the good work."

Our Commandos have been hard at work since they came back from their course at Botwood, and strangely enough, all the boys detailed to take the weekly course enjoy it much more than we thought they would; they even located a small pond where they can go skating at night.

Our little friend, LAC Birt, has remustered to Aircrew, and has been posted to No. 33 I.T.S. Victoriaville, Que. We are glad that he made the grade, and we wish him the best of everything, and we hope that once his training is over he will get few "Huns" for his old pals at Torbay.

This is about all the ground we can cover in this issue of Wings Overseas, but we will have more "Gossip" for the next issue.

"BRISEY."

## Married

Sunday, Nov. 29, 1942.

Lloyd George Davis to Mary Gertrude Mason, at St. Patrick's Church. The bride was beautifully attired in blue and looked charming.

We wish the young couple many years of wedded bliss.

Joseph Favreau and Sheila Ryan, at St. Patrick's Church. The bride looked charming in her beautiful white wedding robe.

A goodly crowd witnessed both weddings. Best of luck and good wishes for happiness.



### CATHOLIC SERVICES

Dec. 24th, Thursday—Mass at midnight.

Dec. 25th, Friday—Mass at 16.00 hours.

Dec. 26th, Saturday—Mass at 07.00 hours.

Dec. 27th, Sunday—Mass at 07.45 hours, and 11.00 hours.

Dec. 31st, Thursday—Holy Hour, 23.30 hours.

Jan. 1st, 1943, Friday—Mass at 09.00 hours.

Confessions every evening after night Prayers, and all day

Dec. 24th up to Mass time.

### PROTESTANT SERVICES

Christmas Morning at 11.00 hours.

New Year's Morning at 11.00 hours.

## Peace on Earth Goodwill Toward Men

May the God who gave us life  
Help us to prevent war and strife,  
But when aggression shows its head  
And thousands follow, wrongly lead,  
May the star that glows so bright  
Shine down on Earth to give them light  
And lead them on to Bethlehem  
To make them sane and better men.

The wise men of old saw that star  
And followed it onward from afar,  
Strong in courage to cross the bar  
To meet their new born King.  
Glory be to God on high they sing  
Around that manger their voices ring  
This day a Saviour is born again, Jesus.

Help us, Lord, as we turn again to thee  
And teach us Faith, Hope and Charity.  
Hear us when we try to pray  
That peace on earth will come to stay.  
And the world will brothers be  
In Justice, Truth, and Honesty.  
Peace and Goodwill to all Humanity,  
In true Christian Democracy for all Eternity.

Written and composed by Arthur Bain, Eric Reid, Soldiers' Club. Dedicated to my friend AC1 Lloyd Wheeler, R.C.A.F., 251 Hale St., London, Ontario.

## Greetings

Best of Blessings this Birth Day of Christ. May the peace that He came to establish be yours in good measure.

And may the New Year be for you all the dawn of world peace and prosperity and lasting reunion with your loved ones.

May our relationship for the future be more closely knitted together in the bond of brotherhood, goodfellowship and co-operation. The best of everything.

PADRE MACNEIL, S.L.

## "Permanence of Christmas"

TEXT—Heb. 12 : 27—"This word, once again. . . . That those things that cannot be shaken may remain."

Centuries, years, days have passed. War, nations, cultures, have come and gone, BUT CHRISTMAS ALWAYS REMAINS. Some things may be shaken, some things destroyed and forgotten but some things always remain. That is our Christmas conviction this year.

In the year 1809, what seemed to be the important events were the Peninsula war and the defeat at Corunna. Napoleon was the threat then that Hitler is now. But what appeared important then is becoming the forgotten now. What had lasting importance that year was what happened in the nurseries of the world. In that year, William Gladston, Charles Darwin, Abraham Lincoln, and Mendelssohn were born. Most of us know very little of the decisive battles of that year but every school child is familiar with these great men and the lasting value of their lives.

Of greater contrast even was the first Christmas. What seemed to be the important forces then were: Herod, Caesar, Augustus and the Roman Empire. All these have passed and what most has remained from that time has been the influence of Bethlehem. It would have seemed but pure folly to think then, that 2,000 years afterward men would be singing of the baby born that first Christmas day in a lowly manger.

"Yet in the dark street shineth,  
The everlasting light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee to-night."

One of the benefits of war and disaster is to show us what things are permanent, the things it cannot destroy. It reveals the things that remain. Around may be darkness, but within can be light. Around may be ruin, but within can be unconquerable faith. It was under the shadow of the Cross that the Lord said, "My peace I give unto you." We will take with us from this Christmas the knowledge of something that survives and a Faith that revives hope for the future good will among men.

"The poor shall have a kingdom,  
And the meek an inheritance,  
And the mourners shall be consoled,  
And the broken hearted healed,  
And the persecuted shall have a recompense,  
And the martyrs for truth have the empire of the free,  
And those that long for goodness shall attain it,  
And the peacemakers shall be made sons of thy household,  
And the merciful shall have a crown."

A. R. MACIVER, F.L.,  
Padre.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "WINGS OVERSEAS"

Be Supporter and Booster! We need money to keep going. "1.00 gives you 24 copies (1 Year), which may be bound into a beautiful souvenir album. Subscribe now. We also mail your paper home.

December 2nd, 1942.

Group Captain Grandy,  
Officer Commanding R.C.A.F. Station,  
Torbay.

Dear Captain Grandy,

On behalf of the War Services' Association I want to thank your men for their very generous contribution to our Fund. It was a grand gesture of theirs in giving the proceeds of the dance to us.

I hope as many as can, use the Caribou Hut, and that if there is at any time, anything we can do to help, we would be pleased if you would let us know.

Please thank your men for us and let them know we are very grateful.

Yours sincerely,

FRANCES B. HOLMES,

Chairman of the Ladies' Committee of the Caribou Hut.

NOTE—The sum of \$64.50 was donated to the above—being part proceeds from Airmen's Dance.

## Activities of Rota Mota to Date

In this, our seventh, as well as our Christmas issue, it might be a good idea to briefly review the activities of the station in the past three months, so to speak, since ROTA MOTA had its beginning on this station.

Our first issue of Wings Overseas was ready for the public on September the 15th with the promise that it would be a bi-monthly paper for the personnel of this station and their friends and relatives. This paper has no advertising with which the bills could be footed, so a charge of .05c. was made for each paper. We believe this to be the first Air Force paper this side of the Atlantic to be published without advertising of any kind. But it was not till the third issue of Wings Overseas that ROTA MOTA was even mentioned. At that time, a banquet was being planned to be followed by a masquerade dance. Again the question of paying for these pleasures came to the fore. So it was decided that a membership fee of .25c. per pay be brought into effect. This was entirely a voluntary fee. No one had to pay who didn't want to. Those who did and this group included most everyone, were issued with a ticket for the banquet. This was a big success and hopes were expressed that we would soon have another one.

On the front page of our issue of Wings Overseas for October 30th, the aims of ROTA MOTA were given in detail, also the names of the Temporary Officers of the Club as well as the entertainment, sports, and decorations committees, which were found on the fifth page. The Debating Club with Corporal Scott as president made a timid bid for a look at the sunlight. This club since then has grown steadily till it stands in one of the top positions of ROTA MOTA.

In the fifth issue of our paper, Ken Lunny did a very excellent job on the write up of the Banquet. In this issue also appeared the second part column of the Library. This is a very vital part of ROTA MOTA for a person can only live up to the MOTA part of the club if he is well read and knows what is going on about him.

In our last issue of Wings Overseas, two very well done articles were written on the Story of the Debating Club to date and aims of ROTA MOTA. Each of these articles took a full column and made very interesting reading.

Probably you wonder why the writer of this article continually harps back to the station paper. This is the reason. Our paper is a part of ROTA MOTA and works hand in hand with the club. This article has, I hope, given you a brief idea of what ROTA MOTA has done. Its aims are much more wide spread but that will have to wait for another issue,

December 21st, 1942.

Dearest Mother and Dad—

Christmas again! And oh how our hearts go out to you. How our memories fly back to past Christmases. We are lonesome for you. But you know that.

War is always a curse. We are in it this time, not because we want to fight, because we are not a belligerent people—but because we have a sense of right and justice. A great number of sacrifices have been necessary in the past—more will be required in the future. Dear folks, let us be brave and generous. You have had the real weight of the burden of sacrifice. You have been and are wonderful. I feel humbled when I think of your really fine character. I know you will not be wanting—Pray that I may be a good son of yours.

May God bless you in all and everything, and at this holy season may you feel the real joy of the Christmas Season.

Be happy and cheerful and try not to worry about us. The thought of you makes us strong.

So loved ones we leave you. Soon this conflict will be over and we'll come home to you to tell you that we now know and appreciate to the full all that you are and have been to us.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

YOUR SON at Torbay.

## Sympathy

Our sympathies are extended to LAC Sigouin of the Fire Fighter who recently lost his mother. Also to the relatives of LAC Connah of Works & Buildings whose death occurred recently. Our sincerest sympathy.

## Thanks

Thanks to Capt. Armitage for a very enjoyable evening Dec. 8th. We hope that this pleasure will soon be repeated. Every item on the program was thoroughly enjoyed. Needless to say the Dickens characters were superb, but the ever popular Charlie McCarthy act went over with a bang. Thanks, Capt.

## "Wings-Over-Seas"

Published Bi-Monthly at Torbay

5c. Copy      60c. Six Months      \$1.00 One Year

Published under the Patronage and with the Kind Permission of

Group Captain R. S. Grandy, O.B.E.  
Commanding Officer.

### STAFF

Sgt. Ken. Lunny ..... Editor-in-chief  
LAC. Albert McMahon ..... Managing Editor  
Cpl. O'Toole, LAC. Lewis ..... News Editors  
P/O McMaster ..... Sports Editor  
LAC. Phillips ..... Publicity Manager  
Cpl. Medhurst ..... Circulation Manager

Sgt. LeRyoer ..... Feature Editor  
A. W. 1 Roothem ..... Women's Editor  
Bob Low ..... Y.M.C.A. Editor

### Squadron Editors:

F|Sgt. Gerwing, F|Sgt. Gilmartin, LAC. Bowsher, Cpl. Dunlop.

### Counsellors:

S|L. MacNeil, F|L. MacIves.