

lett



Air Commodore F. W. Heakes Takes Over Command of No. 1 Group Headquarters



AIR COMMODORE HEAKES

War is not won by words, but by deeds performed by valiant people, under wise direction. Back of action is planning. Between planning and execution lies organization, not only of our armed forces, but of the entire resources of the nations, both in man-power and material. These, however, are useless unless brought to bear directly upon the enemy in preponderant quantity.

For three years we have been on the defensive, spurred by the promise of offensive action, holding firmly to a faith which did not falter. In the dying months of the old year, we have seen the commencement of the fulfilment of that promise, and the beginning of the justification of our faith.

We therefore enter the new year in fine fettle, our own forces strong, our great machine "rolling," the might of our united arms demonstrated, and our enemy harassed.

But who, if not the people, are the United Nations? Whose war is it, if not our own, as those individuals making up the

nations? Thus to everyone is the challenge of the offensive of 1943, whether on the sea, on the land, or in the air, or in those vast productive armies of the mines, the factories or the farms.

"Each, then, to his appointed task."

F. W. HEAKES,
Air Commodore,
Air Officer Commanding,
No. 1 Group Headquarters.

Our Boys at War

When it's lamp lighting time in Canada,
And the boys are far away,
How sad and lonely are their loved ones,
For the boy whom they miss each day.

So they light up their lamps and sit praying,
For the boys who cannot come home,
And pray to God to protect them,
Wherever they may roam.

There were many homes very sad
On Christmas day of this year,
Where the boys won't be home to enjoy Mother turkey
Or have their annual Christmas Cheer.

But they buck up their spirits and keep thinking,
Of their loved ones who are over there,
And of some who are here training,
And who will have to do their share.

Now we are asked to take Victory Bonds,
To help our boys win this war,
And if we don't do our part,
We will have old Hitler at our door.

Now boys just keep up your courage
No matter where you have to roam
Because you have loved ones praying,
Just for you, here at home.

(Taken from a Prescott Paper).
Submitted by Cpl. G. W. Benn.

"Hurrie" Maintenance Mutterings

Bouquets are in order for Sergeant Ralph, recently appointed to that rank. Best of luck, Sergeant, and you can be sure all of the boys are with you. Congratulations to all who successfully passed their trade board, and better luck next time to those who missed it. Also a word of praise to our bowling team who finished on top of the first half of the schedule; special mention goes to Jack Jerry for his fine performance in that much needed last game, when he rolled a very nice three twenty one.

Speaking of sports, let's get right into the new schedule; whether you play volleyball, basketball, or badminton get in there and put Hurrie Maint. right on top.

While walking among the cattle, on his farm back home, Jack Brill overheard a little calf say to the silo, "Is my fodder in there?"

We kindly but firmly suggest that someone be detailed to look after our own "Brown, W. K.," at the Rota Mota "Smoker." Why? What a question.

The following poem is tenderly dedicated to LAC Ferguson, who has recently returned from temporary duty in the frozen lands of Northern Quebec.

Oh I know a little girlie,
And her hair is black and curly,
And she's living in cold storage by the frozen Arctic sea,
She's my lassie from Alaska,
And one day I'm going to ask her
To come away to Torbay, and married we will be:
For her cheeks are plump and stodgy,
And her lips are thick and podzy,
She turns the scale, I understand, at two hundred pounds or
more,
And I often sit and talk on;
How I love the ice she walks on,
Or wander by the waves and hear the sea lions roar,
So I'm going to build a nice house,
Just a cozy little ice house,
With lots of snow all round to shield her from the storm,
And to make the place more pleasing
I shall put in central freezing,
Because I know my love for her,
Will help to keep us warm.

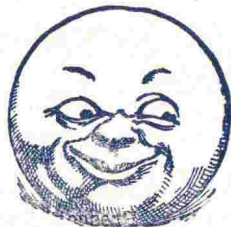
—Anonymous.

This column would like to go on record for saying how much more we appreciate the voluntary church service. If there was one thing that we were made to do, that irked us more than anything else it was to attend church under compulsion. Let us not consider, however, that our obligation has been lifted; our spiritual life if it is to be maintained, must have the fellowship of such services; so fellows, let's go out on Sunday morning for our own good and for the help that we can be to others.

Your reporter would appreciate anything you have for the next issue of our paper, be it prose or poetry.

That seems to be all for this time. Cheerio.

CPL. MEDHURST.



Dinner at Midnight or It Can Happen Here

By F. W. DUNLAP

Come with me to where men of distinction dine though somewhat against their will. Drop in for a tasty meal at our mess hall. But wait, we must not rush in blindly. Let us choose some hour when the culinary art reaches its highest peak of achievement. I refer to the midnight meal.

To gain entrance during this special period, you must be one of that elect company that work by night. Theirs is the sacred trust of remaining on watch while their fellows sleep, so that no call, no emergency, no need will find us unprepared. The wise and all-seeing administration of the RCAF, realizing the responsibilities and discomforts of their lot, ensures that each and every man goes to his job prepared for the arduous tasks of the night, fortified by a delicious and sustaining meal.

At the door we are met by one wearing an arm band bearing the letters OS. Despite a number of other interpretations that are in circulation this indicates that the gentleman is the orderly sergeant. I have seen them disorderly, but we have no time here to go into the contradictions involved in the prospect of a disorderly orderly sergeant.

This wise and benevolent gentleman enquires courteously who we are. Several minutes search fails to locate our names on the list of those entitled to dine at this time. However, on turning the sheet right side up the matter is soon cleared up.

A smiling, cheerful cook, clad in spotless white, graciously and skillfully dishes us up a bounteous repast. As he does so a spot of gravy drops on his trousers, eating a hole through them. A product of old France, the acme of polished gentility, the pleasure of making his acquaintance sends a glow of pleasure through us. We hope we may be able to further this acquaintance sometime when there are just the two of us—and it is good and dark.

As we bear our viands to the table we notice that to-night they are particularly delicious. A generous slice of the meat loaf that was too high to eat last week, a heap of chilled mashed potatoes, garnished with appetizing black lumps and a large helping of turnips tastefully adorned with long green whiskers decorate our plates.

We seat ourselves at a beautiful natural wood table which has acquired a rare patina from old age and gravy stains. A few slices of deliciously crisp bread, a large lump of some yellowish substance with the consistency of granite and a superficial resemblance to butter, and salt and pepper shakers are already on the table. On the next table we find a sugar bowl that has been washed as recently as the last I.G.'s inspection.

At a large urn which gleams with a vitreous lustre we draw a cup of the celebrated Tarbay coffee. Some of the original grounds are in it. Nowhere in the world can the flavor of this rare old blend be duplicated, thank God. Wiping a little grease from the rim of our cup we sip appreciatively at the ghastly brew. Pausing only to spit out a large patch of skin which has fallen from the roof of our mouths, we attack the dinner. We are counter attacked and finally fall back to await refreshments.

Smoking a cigarette after the repast we meditate over the meal. Other, more enthusiastic souls, swept away by their pleasure rush up to the cook in a body to congratulate him on his masterpiece. The cook, playfully waving a heavy cleaver at his admirers, retires to a storeroom and locks himself in to avoid this embarrassing display of hero worship. Gazing on this touching scene with tears in our eyes we pass from the mess hall, swallowing a few bicarbonate tablets as we go.



Servicing Highlights

In our first editorial, which was published in the Christmas edition, you will no doubt have noticed how enthused our editor was in making as big a success as possible of our "Highlights." Due to a very sad occurrence, we are now compelled to carry on without him.

Our deepest sympathy goes to the parents, relatives and friends of our late chums, Chapman (former editor), Corner, Hogart and Sturgeon, who passed away at the night of the K. of C. fire, 12-12-42.

To get down now, to a few highlights, I feel it necessary to pass a bit of a hint to a certain Cpl., in room 24. I don't think the fellows really appreciate his mid-night fairy-tale jokes, especially when he laughs at them himself. Maybe they are the delayed action type, but we sure do get to sleep in a hurry.

Our three crews would like to know when the equipment assistants are going to be fully supplied with rubber boots, so that we could perhaps have the left-overs. Some of the lads say it is a little chilly out on the line in that 80 mile an hour gale, or did you know?

Of course, ten months is a long time, and we must allow for that, but we now wonder if L.A.C. Howard has been bitten by a turnip termite, ever since his action on Christmas Day.

We all wonder what the first of each month means to a certain L.A.C. attached to the Blue Crew?

Anyone wishing a mid-night snack before going to bed, we have been led to believe, that the most modern equipment can be obtained by a certain L.A.C. Peaches.

Is it possible that we are going to have another unshaven, shaggy-looking airman, when he comes back off leave, with full intentions of bringing back a wife? Ask L.A.C. Weaymouth.

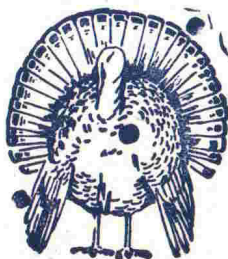
For Sale—One pipe, plus one can of half and half. Any similarity to any other pipe, either new or old, is purely—impossible. Apply L.A.C. Armour, Room 24, B.B. 27,—but quick.

While silently sleeping in their small dark room, in the corner of the hangar, a certain group of the night crew were suddenly awakened by a weird sound. Further investigations proved that it was nothing but a few bars of western music, whistled and sent forth in all its splendour by Cpl. Spencer while sleeping.

Our best wishes for a speedy recovery go to A. C. Nixon of 145. Best of luck, kid, and we hope you will be back with us soon.

Now before closing I wish to put in an advt. Wanted one steady and experienced editor, male or female, apply L.A.C. Griffiths, A., 145 Hudson Servicing.

So-long for now, gang.



Memory

I am your artist. On the canvas of your mind will I paint. Your colours will be chosen from your past—my brush will be your experiences and, as your artist, I am your servant. I will paint as you so train me, as you so prepare your canvas for my picture.

Have your mind filled with thoughts of envy, hate and despair and I will paint you a picture of your gloomy past, your failures and your shortcomings. Your picture will be a mass of towering, barren rocks, neither snow-capped nor sunlit, having neither grace nor charm. There will be no babbling brooks, no singing birds, no arbor of roses and no arch of pale blue sky. For, on a canvas of jealousies, anger and hate, there can be no such work of art produced.

Prepare your mind with thoughts of hope, charity and love and you will enable me, even on your darkest days, to paint of green fields and flowers—of singing streams and warbling birds—of the glow of sunset and of starlit heavens. Also I will paint of fond and enduring friendships that will strengthen you in hours of need—of past experiences that were rich in spiritual meaning power—of moments filled with a sense of communion with something high and noble.

Such a picture will I paint, if so commanded.
I am memory.

BERT MEDHURST.

The Airman's Hymn

When the last long flight is over
And happy landings are past,
When my altimeter tells me
That the crack-up comes at last,
I'll point her nose at the ceiling
And I'll give my crate the gun,
And I'll open her up and soar
To the Airport of the sun.
And I think that the God of flying men
Will smile at me kind of slow
As I stow my crate in the hangar
On the field where fliers go,
And I'll look at his face as he greets me,
The almighty Flying Boss,
Whose wingspread fells the Heaven
From Oreon to the cross.

A woman who had just completed a First Aid course saw a man lying prone in the street and was shocked that passers-by callously paid no attention to him. So she rushed up and began giving him artificial respiration. The man raised his head and said, "Lady, I don't know what you're trying to do, but I'm trying to get a wire down this manhole."

"Step right up, ladies and gents. See the trained fleas. Only ten cents a look," said the barker at the flea circus.
Tramp: "How much are those fleas worth to buy, mate?"
Barker: "Five dollars each, my good man."
Tramp: "Shake hands with me, I'm a millionaire."

Diner: "Say, waiter, this coffee isn't fresh."
Waiter: "But it was ground yesterday."
Diner: "It may have been ground yesterday, but it's mud to-day."

"Johnny, come and kiss your Aunt Agnes."
"Aw gee, Ma, what did I do now."

Teacher: "What are you doing, sonny, learning something?"
Robert: "No sir, I'm listening to you."

Sinking of Submarine off Eastern Coast Confirmed

Members of the Crew: F/O E. L. Robinson, Captain; F/S P. A. Corbett, WAG; Sgt. E. F. Williams, WAG, and F/S K. Lunny, Navigator

Official statement made on behalf of Air Minister Power was confined to the following:

"A crew led by F/O E. L. Robinson of Vancouver, sighted a submarine partly surfaced off the East Coast and was on the attack with depth charges within a minute. Three blasts hurled the sub so far out of the water that its propellers were visible. Later, it settled, leaving a huge oil slick followed by big air bubbles. The aircraft fired some 300 rounds of ammunition and got some direct hits. Two of the depth charges exploded close to the sub and a third was seen to bounce off the hull and explode."

Following is the story of the attack as written by the Navigator of Flying Officer Robinson's crew, F/Sgt. Ken Lunny:

EXPECTED NO ACTION

Lying on my bed in the Sergeants' barracks I had just finished reading the third chapter of "Blood and Sand" when the phone at the end of the hall rang. I stopped reading, raised my head and listened. Nobody moved to answer it. Again the shrill bell of the telephone resounded metallicly. I arose from my bed, walked to the end of the corridor and slowly picked up the cradle. "Sergeants' barracks, Lunny here."

"Is that you Ken, this is Bob, we're going out on a special sweep at first light in the morning. You'd better come down to operations and get your tracks and prepare your Mercator and Flight Plan. I'm down at the hangar, I'll see you down here in a few minutes. S'long." It was Bob Cohen speaking, navigator of the second aircraft which was detailed for the sweep.

The night was raw, a strong S.W. wind blew across the Avalon Peninsula and carried on far out across the cold unfriendly sea.

I slipped a sweater, one my mother had knitted me, over my head, struggled into my jacket and leaving the barracks went up to the operations room.

My face and hands were cold when I arrived at the operations room. I stood for a minute just inside the door and rubbed the blood back into my finger tips. Then I looked at the chart. The tracks of the sweep took us 350 miles out over the sea in one direction, north ten miles and then back to base. A seven hour patrol.

Jotting down the lat. and long. of the starting point and the turning points I again left the operations room and wended my way in the darkness up to the crew room in No. 2 hangar.

"Hell, it's cold Bob," I said to Bob Cohen on entering the crew room, "I hope it's not like this to-morrow morning."

"According to the 'Met' man there is a cold front moving in about nine o'clock we might have a little fog to contend with besides the cold," he answered.

"It would be nice if we got something tomorrow, Bob," I said, "to-morrow is my birthday and fifty or sixty Germans for a birthday present would be a birthday gift I wouldn't forget for a long time."

"It would be nice," he answered ironically, "but things like that just don't happen to us."

By this time we had finished our preparations, discussed our tactics and were headed back to barracks to try to squeeze in six hours sleep before dawn.

The sharp tinkle of my Westclox alarm awakened me with a start the next morning. Jumping out of bed I could hear Bob stirring in the next room. Within a few minutes my pilot,

F/O Robinson, came into my room. Are you still asleep?" he asked.

"Yes, don't disturb me," I answered, "or you'll chase Gene Tierny away."

"C'mon you, wake up Corbett and Williams, go and have your breakfast and I'll see you up at the hangar in a half an hour," F/O Robinson said as he left the room.

With three crews for the early patrols stirring about at five o'clock in the morning an unusual undertow of excitement stirred the sharp air.

We dressed quickly and silently, joked as we ate our breakfast and within a half hour were assembled in the crew room for a final check of the day's patrols.

The engines of our aircraft disturbed the cold calm of the morning as they stood on the apron warming up. The ground staff were busy as they checked and rechecked the engines for serviceability, loaded the bellies of the ships with depth charges and tested the wireless sets.

Time to take off. The stars were yet visible in the early dusk, a few wisps of Cirrus cloud slightly blanketed the Big Dipper, the lip of which was tipped slightly, indicating future rain or snow. Silently the crews of the three aircraft, their Mae Wests firmly on, walked towards their respective ships. Then number 1 ship moved down the tamack, captained by F/O Govier and navigated by Bob Cohen, a native lad.

Immediately after, number 2 ship, the ship which was to come out victorious before the day was through, started to roll. At the controls F/O Robinson sat with complete confidence in the serviceability of the aircraft which was entrusted to him. By his side in the co-pilots seat I sat busy with my maps, checking my instruments. Behind the pilot at the wireless set Sgt. Corbett was in contact with the tower receiving take-off instructions. Sgt. Williams, the gunner and special equipment operator, sat in the rear compartment awaiting take-off.

Behind us came F/O Jack Hastie who was scheduled for another dawn patrol.

One after another the aircraft took to the air, formed up about five miles from the airport and in an early morning salute swooped down in formation over the still sleeping station.

The three aircraft then still in formation set course for the starting point.

Giving the pilot a course we headed south-east over the white-capped sea.

A little short of half an hour later the formation broke off, F/O Hastie heading south-west on his patrol, F/O Govier turning on course to commence the sweep and F/O Robinson continuing on course for another four minutes and then swinging onto the new course parallel to Govier's track.

The sweep had begun.

We in the number 2 aircraft settled on the course, lit up a cigarette and constantly watching the sea waited in hopes of something happening.

THEN THE SUB

Not very far out we passed over a destroyer heading towards land. We were challenged by the sleek surface craft but quickly came back with the recognition signal and proceeded undisturbed.

About an hour and a half out Sgt. Williams thought he had sighted something on the special equipment.

"I think I saw something about four miles off to starboard," he told F/O Robinson as he came into the forward compartment, "you'd better go and investigate."

Immediately F/O Robinson banked the aircraft, sharply applied left rudder and turned to investigate.

(Continued on next page)

Sinking of Submarine (cont'd.)

(Continued from previous page)

When we arrived over the spot nothing could be seen. F/O Robinson started to circle.

"Fly steady course, sir," I cautioned him, "that's the only way I can keep a check on my navigation and we're too far away to take a chance fooling around."

Realizing the danger of getting lost if he should circle with abandon he complied with my wishes. Within ten minutes we had encircled the compass, rose and re-set our first course again. I was busy for about five minutes plotting the short courses on my Mercator. That completed I plotted my D. R. position five minutes in advance and my course to the turning point of the sweep. Then I looked up and froze to my seat.

Dead ahead the grey conning tower of a submarine was silently, snakily, breaking the surface.

I looked at F/O Robinson absolutely speechless—but he was peering at the shape too.

We were at 2,000 ft. then, having descended to a level below the low Strato Cumulus cloud that enshrouded the sea and blanketed the sun from our view. It was dark with the haze keeping the visibility down to less than three miles. The submarine had not sighted us.

Shoving the stick forward F/O Robinson put the aircraft into a steep dive. Still the submarine kept emerging. Noticing this he swerved the ship quickly to the right, to come in on it from the stern, making a beam attack. "My God!" he ejaculated, as he swept in. We were at twenty-five feet from the slashing waves at this time and I had thrown my navigational equipment from my lap and dived headlong into the nose of the ship with my camera.

Lying on my stomach in the nose of the ship I watched and waited with my camera pointed straight down through the glass belly of the nose of the aircraft.

The submarine was fully on the surface of the sea as we passed over it and dropped our "ash cans." I felt I could have reached out and touched the grey conning tower as we swept over it not more than fifteen feet above it at a speed of better than 200 miles per hour.

The shutter of my camera clicked as I looked down into the dark abyss of the conning tower and a shudder ran through me as I felt that I was looking into the dark mouth of a sleek grey water rat.

F/O Robinson pulled the ship up sharply and banked steeply to the right, the centrifugal force keeping me down momentarily as I struggled to get up to my seat beside the pilot.

When I regained my seat F/O Robinson was again diving towards the surfaced craft, machine gunning the ominous hull as we swept over it. The swirls of our exploded "ash cans" disturbed the surface of the water immediately around the "water rat" and the grey body seemed to have been pushed up by the explosions.

Again we banked sharply and as we made the turn the stern of the craft rose sharply into the air.

"Dip your wing, F/O Robinson," I shouted above the roar of the engines as he dipped the right wing in answer to my shout. I snapped a picture of the dying "rat" between the engine nacelle and the wing just as it slid beneath the surface in its death struggle.

The complete finality, conveyed to me, in the way in which the maurader slid beneath the surface brought to my mind the picture of a torpedoed merchant vessel of the Royal Navy, and the helpless cries of the dying men, and the harsh orders of the caloused Nazi submarine commander, and I laughed and shouted with joy as I thought that I had helped in the retaliation of such dastardly crimes of the Nazi U-boat menace.

The Middle Way

And though I doubt that anyone shall hear

How once I stood and fought and fighting lost
I set it down, for some day may appear

Another who o'erlooking well the cost
Takes up the battle where I lay it down
And lose himself to win the golden crown.

Yet he must gird him well his armour on,

For foes he meets possessing nought of fear;
Rejoicing in the heroes that have gone

And haste to meet the new as they draw near,
O can the narrow road be never won
And should we profit leaving all undone?

But no! of this I nothing will allow,

For there while human draws a breath of air
Are those whom God doth with his strength endow

That they may fight and bid the fainting fair,
Then theirs the prize as theirs the battle o'er
And theirs the golden crown for evermore.

Gone with the Wind

Or: TEAR JERKERS HEARD IN DISCIP'S OFFICE

"I made my bed just before I left, sir, but some so and so sat on it."

"I did not answer roll call because a friend of a friend of mine was in town, so I stayed up late and simply could not get up this morning."

"I was out of razor blades, the water was cold."

"My mother is sick—we had a train wreck."

"I did not know what to do." (2 years service).

"I can't stand kitchen work (that was before 27-10-42).

Allbis Nos. 1-2-3 to 6487. Old History.

To Heloise from Here

The sun has not forsook the sky,
Nor has the lark his song,
No day of sadness lasts for aye,
Though it may tarry long.

Then mar not beauty with a tear,
Begone pale sorrow's day,
For weeping cannot honour buy
Nor valour's deeds repay.

This path of duty which I tread
Is rough but yet divine;
And of our love I'd have thee come
To me, and make it thine.

L.A.C. HOWLETT.

Teacher: "Children, Holland is noted for its clean living and truthful people."

Student: "No 'taint, teacher, my geography says that it's a low, lying country."

Hot Off the Wires

A very Happy New Year to all the personnel of this station, also to the many readers of this paper in Canada.

What happened Dickie? Is there something wrong? Where did your lip lettuce go? Did you make a mistake while shaving? Too bad.

We wish to extend our deepest sympathy to the friends and relations of those who made the supreme sacrifice on December 12 and especially to those who Stewart Murray held dear.

Many wishes for several weeks of good times to AC Forbes, LAC Ferguson, LAC Stoik, Cpl. MacDonald, I. M., and LAC MacDonald, B. I., who are on leave.

Did you by any chance notice that bit of foliage that has appeared just above the upper lips of Walter Walker Ernie Adams, and last but not least, Keith Wells. Wire told the latter is from a place called Saskatoon. Anyone ever hear of that place before.

Congratulations to LAC George Seabrook and Miss Ethel Harrison who are to be married in Fort William while George is on leave. Best wishes.

Bruce Macdonald claims he received the best Christmas present of anyone on the Station. He had his plaster cast removed two days before the Great Day. Any dispute?

Barrack Room 15 Building No. 6 celebrated Christmas by an exchange of addresses for gifts and added quite a bit to the Christmas spirit.

We wish to take this opportunity to welcome AC Gibson, AC Grant, and AC Martin to Torbay.

A new Volley-ball league has been started. Will be right in there fighting to hold the Station Championship. So do your best and will better it or bust trying.

On Sunday, December 27, 1942, a Christmas Tree programme was put on by the Women's Auxiliary Air Force under the auspices of Rota Mota, the Airmen's club. The evening was a grand success. The programme started at approximately 8 p.m. Several numbers were played by the Orchestra. Darcey Shea rendered three extremely well played selections on his violin. Muriel Ripley did a tap dance accompanied at the piano by LAC Phillips.

The climax of the evening came when the Mrs. "Santa Claus," namely: Mrs. Stick, Mrs. Temp'eman and Mrs. Holmes distributed gifts to every airman present, including Air Commodore Heakes, Group Captain Grandy, Squadron Leader MacNeil and Flight Lieutenant McIver. The wrapping of these gifts, writing cards, and providing the gifts entailed a great deal of hard work and words cannot express the thanks and deep appreciation we wish to extend to the Women's Auxiliary Force. However we were not through yet. Mr. Steele led us in a very enjoyable Sing Song in which everyone took part, and lastly but not least by any means was the delightful lunch served in the Airmen's Canteen. This consisted of coffee, sandwiches and cookies.

Those who were unable to attend this entertainment owing to duty received their gifts from Squadron Leader MacNeil's office the next day. Special gifts were wrapped for the girls so that the gifts would not get mixed, and this involved more work for the women. So again we wish to thank the Women's Auxiliary Airforce for a splendid evening and helping to provide a Christmas spirit to our Christmas of 1942 in Torbay.

Ode to a Wireless Operator

Have you ever thought when you saw a plane,
Of what makes up the crew?
You know there's a pilot for every ship
And some navigators too;
But there's also the boy who sits alone,
Behind his A. T. 1,
And he is the boy that brings 'em back
When all their hopes are gone.

Have you thought how the pilot knows
As to what the weather will be?
Or who brings him out of a darkening sky
When he can scarcely see?
It's the wireless Op. behind his set
That keeps all hopes from dying.

So let's drink a toast to the wireless Op.,
To that unknown one of the crew.
Yes, let's all remember the wireless Op.,
And give credit where credit is due.

So here's to the boy that pounds the brass,
To that unsung hero in blue;
Yes, here's to the boy that brings 'em home
When everyone else is through.

W.A.G. T. A. MARK,
No. 2 A.N.S., Pennfield Ridge, N.B.

Log and Control

Since this is our first report we would like to take you back a few months.

If you will remember up until September, 1942, the different squadrons on this station were operating independently. By that I am referring chiefly to the maintenance carried out in each squadron.

Starting the first of September a Central Maintenance System was introduced. This system was viewed with consternation by some of our old-timers. However, whatever their feelings were they got together and co-operated with us in organizing this system. I'm sure that the record we have built up since then has convinced them, that we have a system which is tops.

The Log Book Control Room is the "Hub" of this system. All reports are submitted to this room, and from this room they are passed to the various sections concerned. The efficiency of our maintenance depends upon the efficiency of this room, and the co-operation of all the various trades in maintenance. I think that, without exception, we may commend all the trades on the work they have done, and the work they are doing in maintenance.

Much credit is due our O/C, F/O Russell. His patience and encouragements at times, when we needed them most, have certainly done much to encourage us to work harder, and still better our maintenance.

We would like to extend our congratulations to our Chief Technical Officer, Squadron Leader Reid, on his recent promotion. With Squadron Leader Reid and W. O. 1 Brown on the job we need never run short of expert technical advice.

And so we have Central Maintenance at Torbay, very young it is true, but thriving. It is backed by men who are ambitious, by men who will endeavour to attain the highest degree of efficiency in the task allotted them, for the good of the Service.

With the thought I leave you until our next edition.

L. A. FLAHERTY.

The following sonnet written by LAC Howlett is respectfully dedicated to the friends and relatives of the Torbay airmen who died in the K. of C. fire December 12, 1942. They were:

Sgt. W. Ibbotson; Cpl. R. H. Corner; LAC G. C. Bellerive; AC2 V. Callery; AC2 B. R. Chapman; AC2 J. E. Cusack; AC1 F. Burton; LAC L. E. Hoggard; AC1 F. A. Langey; LAC J. A. Lawrence; LAC J. A. Legris; AC1 G. A. Lepine; AC1 S. C. Murray; LAC J. F. Ouelette; AC1 F. J. Sawada; AC1 J. G. Sturgeon.

Sorrow Ended

O dry the tear that dims thy merry eye
And let not sadness cloud thy sunshine o'er;
Come smile as thou wast wont to smile before
And let thy song be heard and not thy sigh.
Doth sorrow then reward us when we die?
Nay! Weep no more, for all thy weeping sore
Can not the life in death again restore,
Nor make the wordless mouth again reply.
Then firm the feet that falter on the way,
And cheer the heart now overweighed with pain.
They are not dead whose memory every day
Is cherished by the loved ones who remain.
If then this sorrow ye shall put away
Their rest is sure—they have not died in vain.

LAC HOWLETT.

Airmen Killed in K. of C. Fire BURIED WITH FULL RELIGIOUS AND MILITARY FUNERAL RITES

Full religious funeral rites were conducted by F|L McIver for the nine Protestant airmen who died in the K. of C. fire of Dec. 12. Religious and military music accompanying the service was played by the R.C.A.F. Band.

A Requiem Mass was celebrated by S|L MacNeil and Maj. Saunders for the deceased seven Roman Catholics. The choir was led by LAC Duncan and the Offertory was played on the violin by AC2 D'Arcy Shea.

Prayers were said by both the Protestant and the R. C. Padres at the station and at the grave-side.

In The Line of Sport

By P|O McMASTER

AIRCREW ARE THE NEW STATION BASKETBALL CHAMPS.!

On Wednesday evening, December 30, Officers and Aircrew completed a very successful basketball league with the strong Aircrew team coming out on top, 29 - 25.

The first game of the two game series was a nip and tuck battle for the first three periods. In the final period the "flyers," sparked by F|Sgt. MacGregor and Sgt. "Tom" Tinsley, really found the basket and sank shot after shot to pile up a 12 point lead over the fighting Officers. Squadron Leader "Ted" Williams played an all-star game but was unable to rally a strong enough defense to hold the Aircrew sharp-shooters.

The second game was a battle from the opening whistle. The Officers stepped onto the floor with a zone defensive system that stopped the Aircrew cold. The N.C.O.'s only managed to sink one field goal, but 3 foul shots were scored, to give them a game total of 5 points.

In spite of their best efforts the Officers were unable to chalk up more than 13 points. The final whistle found the Officers 4 points down on the round.

Congratulations Aircrew! You have an A-1 basketball team and are worthy Station champs.

It took a team of "outsiders" to whip our Station's best and to win the Station Floor Hockey Schedule. The Army team, sporting a hard hitting defense and a steady goal keeper, were too much for the fighting Headquarter's team. Headquarters, using only 8 players, ousted a sturdy Aircrew team earlier in the evening but found two games in one night too touch. They the evening but found two games in one night too tough. They of 8 to 5.

The new Volley-Ball Schedule is just swinging under way. It promises to be just as successful as the last league. There are 10 teams in the league and Signals are sure going to have to work to hold that Station championship. 125 Squadron are hereby serving notice on all sections, particularly 145 Squadron that they are going to get trimmed. P|O Findlander's 5 C.A.C. "Tizzies" seem to have plenty of team spirit and are rarin' to go.

At long last the Inter-Service Basketball League is getting under way. A new 6 team league has been organized with teams from Army, Navy, Air Force and American Army entered. Games will be played at Torbay on Wednesday nights. Competition, particularly from the Americans, will be plenty tough, but Torbay has a string of really good players that won't back down to anyone. So keep an eye on the notice boards and be on hand at game time and give the team all the support it deserves.

A Letter to Our Readers

Dear Friends:

Yes, I say friends. I'm sure that anyone who has read this far in our publication is a friend. If he wasn't, he wouldn't be reading this now.

Having gone this far, I believe it is about time you learnt a little about my best friend. Me.

I was born or was I? I've been trying to figure it out now for a number of years. Not being a mathematician I haven't as yet calculated how many.

My mother always said that I was born with a finger in my mouth but I believe it was a pencil. I always did like chewing on pencils. I went to school. I'll always remember that first day. My father told me to take off his best suit and get a shave. Then I went to kindergarten. I braided my flowing curls and tied them with an old piece of typewriter ribbon, I was very proud. But my mother made me put a shirt on and nobody could see my handy work.

By this time pencils and typewriter ribbon were in my blood so I decided to quit school and become a newspaper man. The school commission thought it a good idea too. They said a beard was unbecoming in first grade. Finally my ideas of a journalistic future were realised. They gave me a route with a hundred customers.

A little while later I joined the airforce. I wanted to be a dashing, adventurous fighter pilot. That's why I'm a navigator.

Finally Torbay. Wings Overseas. What's that, another newspaper? Ah yes! They can't escape me. I beat off all opposition—with a sawed-off shotgun—and then humbly accepted my new position as editor.

Seriously though what I started out to do was to introduce myself as the new editor of Wings Overseas so as to give you a chance to cancel all your subscriptions. You, my friends, don't know what you're letting yourselves in for.

Before closing I want to thank F|S H. L. Woodman for his work in taking care of Wings Overseas and in bringing it up, from a brain child, to what it is now. He was its first editor.

Seriously now I honestly hope that I may be able to continue the good work, until I'm caught up with.

I remain,

Sincerely,

KEN LUNNY, F|S.

Gyro Hum

By GEORGE (Inst. Section)

"What reservation are you from?" I. M. Young asks of Jack McArthur. "Why?" Jack inquires. "Well, every time I say anything to you, you just say, "Ugh."

Joe Pelyck will soon be known as the peacemaker as he is forever arbitrating when the boys have a difference of opinion. To this, Joe will probably say, "Are you giving me a good time?"

Armstrong and Young may collaborate on a book entitled *Memoirs of Torbay*. These two members of the "originals" celebrated their anniversary on Jan. 3rd, commemorating 12 long months in Torbay. Great changes have been witnessed by these two in that time. The days of the "new" camp are gone but definitely not forgotten.

Have a good time on that leave of yours, Ron.

"Choker" Herron can't figure out why he woke up Christmas morning with his mouth full of peanuts. Poor show "Choker." These past few days he reports an over amount of mattress drill, but it still doesn't help him get up in the morning.

Cpl. Gregory is going to "try" and get a new suit of blues on clothing day. He wore the others out walking through the drifts from town the other nite. Why did they build the road so close to the seat of your pants, Greg.

F. Sgt. Savard did not eat too well on Christmas Day. Were you not feeling well, Ft.?

If you would like to know the difference between a sewing machine and a sweater girl, just ask our room mates, the fabric workers.

As this goes to press, Sgt. Hamill is on leave and we hope he is enjoying a well deserved vacation.

The Instrument Section extends heartfelt sympathy to Vince Callery's family. We share your loss. Vince was well liked and a pleasure to work with.

"Wings-Over-Seas"

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Peace Shall be Ours

During these trying times, when our whole thought is war, we are apt to forget He who strove so hard to give us everlasting peace.

Some skeptics to-day, believe that His work was for naught; some profound us with exclamations like "If God wishes peace, why does He not use His power and wrest the rule from these madmen's hands who wage war against us?"

It is a practical question, but too practical! In these times, we think only of concrete things and those that are spiritual are virtually forgotten. Remember that God's own Son was crucified by mortals yet He did not intervene. Christ said "They know not what they do."

So it is to-day—they know not what they do. They are blinded by the thoughts of riches and power; they deem themselves semi-gods and order their peoples to bow before them.

But they shall not endure, for God is our might and in the end we shall be VICTORIOUS and the banners of Christ shall fly in new fields.

We celebrate the birth of the Prince of Peace in a world war-torn; let us pray that next year, we may celebrate it with bells that proclaim peace evermore.

Let us pray that the star that guided the wise men to Him come forth again and lead us to victory, whence lies peace, good-will toward men.

D. J. BOWSHER.



The Better Way

No sorrow then to him shall be
Who fears not stormy weather,
For whom both joy and open sky
Go hand in hand together. . . .

Then drop thy toil and burdens too
(O life can be so mellow),
The Nereid for thy constant friend,
The woodland Nymph thy fellow.

O grant an ear for I have found
Thy poor heart's lost desire
To leave thy house while faggot pile
Doth serve thee for a fire.

To lay thee down at evenfall
With neither care nor sorrow,
And sleep until the breath of morn
Shall call thee on the morrow.

And ye shall lack for nothing there,
For wealth in boundless measure
In every gift of God to man
Doth wait upon thy pleasure.

No sorrow then to him shall be
Who fears not stormy weather,
For whom both joy and open sky
Go hand in hand together. . . .