



Six Missing When Crew Fail To Return

P/O T. A. K. Waterson, F/S C. Rolfe, F/S J. R. Stick and Passengers F/L Hook, F/O Thompson and Lt. Snell, U. S. Army, on Missing Craft

One of our aircraft is missing. Again the ominous words are spoken, in the mess, in the hangars, in the barracks.

But there is more to it than only this, for these men, just another crew, just another bunch of lads that go up, go out over the water, day after day to participate in the relentless fight against the Nazi U-boat menace, were as important to their families, to their friends and to the station as are the light fixtures in the orderly rooms, in the mess, in the recreation hall and in the quarters.

These men were part of a great organization, without which the smoother functioning of the organization is hindered; without which the wheels of this great organization, the RCAF, run as would the wheels of a great machine should one of the cogs be torn from its setting.

Yet, even though the cog be taken from the gear, the machine goes on.

Perhaps not as smoothly as it would operate intact, but it functions.

So must the squadron, the station, the organization which finds that a cog has been rent overnight.

Perhaps the missing cog is found. It is checked and the machine is once more intact. A search is initiated. Without letting up the missing cog is sought; it is not given up as lost, for

the machine will never operate as before without it.

So it is with these men, these essentials of the great machine. They too have not been given up as never to return, for they, by the grace of God, may some day come back to resume their work.

We pray that they are safe.

Should these gallant boys, Pilot Officer Waterson, Flight Sergeant Rolfe and Flight Sergeant Stick and their passengers fail to return may God grant them the peace they so richly deserve and to which we all aspire.

K. U. L.

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 Orion to the cross.

The W. D.'s Page

DAILY ROUTINE (W. D.)

No matter what the walk of life, women will be women, and life in the R.C.A.F. is as it was when we were in civvies, or at least a reasonable facsimile.

0630 hrs.—Reveille.

0645 hrs.—Reveille.

0700 hrs.—Reveille.

0715 hrs.—Reveille.

0730 hrs.—Reveille, and I mean Reveille!!

Once we have reveilled ourselves to the extent of falling out of the upper bunk with a crash and two sprained ankles, there comes the problem of having a shower, shining our brass and our shoes, making our beds, sweeping all around our sleeping space, (this seems to be always left to the other girl and she must have been posted a long time ago), and in general leaving our quarters in such a condition that the Marshall of the Air could come in at any time and find it good enough to be a good housekeeping advertisement.

The Shower: This is when we tear through the hall and into the shower room and try to get one of the showers that someone is just leaving, this way we can get under water that is already adjusted to the right temperature,—and while we are turning a glowing red from the boiling water, some idiot under the next faucet wants to be healthy and turns on all the cold water. At this point we feel that we have had enough of the H₂O for one day, and so dry ourselves off on a fluffy white towel that mother has sent from home because we have used all our others for dusters and pressing cloths. Some scented powder is then thrown all over the floor (anyhow that is where most of it goes) and now we are ready for the draperies.

Clothes: First of all we have to decide what to wear. Sometimes we put on a blue suit with brass buttons, and sometimes we put on a blue suit that has brass buttons that are all worn down from silvo and jewellers' rouge and elbow grease. But we look good in blue and we don't like to wear anything else. Other people don't like us to wear anything else either.

0800 hrs. Morning Parade.

At this point we are ready and willing to get to our different sec-

tions—of course there are a few who don't have to start until 0830 hrs. But we are always ready at 0800 hrs. anyway, so it doesn't matter. From 0800 hrs. until 1200 hrs. we work. We like our work too, or we wouldn't be doing it. We didn't have to join up, you know.

1200 hrs. Dinner. (If you know any American soldiers, you call it chow), dinner is always good. It must be, because we haven't seen a W. D. yet who has lost any weight in the service. When I think of the slight little figger I used to have. That was before I knew that a manning depot was a training centre and not a place for making men. After dinner comes the noon-day siesta. This lasts for quite a while, and the longer the better. Sometimes it lasts for the rest of the day and we know of a few that haven't awakened from the siestas they had the first day they entered this institution. Either that or they were so young that they were recruited before their eyes were open.

0130 hrs. Now we start all over again. Back to our sections and so to work. Because the boys won't start until we arrive. Silly things! Work lasts all afternoon with a break sometimes in the middle—this is the smoke period, and everyone gathers around the W.D. in the section to get their cigarettes. That is because the W.D.'s always are getting cartons from home and so on. By the way, did you ever read "How to win friends and influence people?"

1700 hrs. Now we are free. Fairly free. But first of course we must eat again, because those six chocolate bars we ate in the P.M. weren't enough to keep us going. Supper is just as good as dinner was. Just watch us eat. Again may I remind you that no W.D. has ever lost weight while in the service. Therefore don't ever listen to them if they complain about the food because they would complain about it if they had every meal in the Chateau Laurier.

1800 hrs. Time to dress up. Again we have the problem of what to wear. That is will we wear an issue shirt and tie of pale blue and black, or will we wear a non-issue shirt and tie of pale blue and black. Usually we wear whatever we can borrow from the girl in the next bunk because

she irons her shirts better than we do, and we want to look our best in the blackout. Don't you know!

Time flies 1800 hrs. until 2030 hrs. At that time all good little W.D.'s are in barracks unless they have decided to stay out late and have applied for a pass until 0100 hrs. From 2030 hrs. until 2300 hrs. we rush around and wash, etc., because of course we are all daily dippers and must rinse out our nylon socks so that they will be all nice and clean in the morning. Also, we visit the girls who have just received a box from home so we can get even for the time when they visited us when we got our box last fall. (Mother isn't a very good cook and so she hasn't sent another parcel of cake since.)

2300 hrs. And so to bed. We stand in line in the alleyway so we can take a running jump for the top bunk. If you are smart of course, you wait until the girl underneath you is in bed, and then you stand on her face and give a slight spring. In this way you can save yourself a lot of bruises. We do it all the time.

Now all is quiet. We have to get our beauty sleep so we can compete with the civilian girls.

0100 hrs. This is a very unhappy time for us to have retired early. The late-comers are coming in and they forget that the rest of us are asleep. Or I should say, were asleep. The nicer ones take off their overshoes and walk on tiptoe, but the door slams and all their efforts are lost. For a while, sleep is impossible, and besides we have to see who is coming in and who they were with and all that sort of thing.

0130 hrs. Things have become quiet again except for that one who talks in her sleep. If we are lucky enough to be awake when this occurs it is very interesting, and could be used as the background of a very good story. We have tried to set our alarm for the approximate time when she does this but of course that wakes our centre of interest too. We have since trusted to luck.

All night long we are quiet. Life is lovely and we enjoy a good sleep. I'd like to know who doesn't. Then . . .

0630 hrs. A new day begins and we once more start our daily routine.

SERGEANT UNOHOO.



A LETTER TO OUR COMMANDING OFFICER

My Dear Sir:

With much regret, we the editors of Wings Overseas, learned that a great deal of trouble has arisen from the fact that a certain article was written and published by our staff.

It seems that a few items were disclosed which may have been of military value to the enemy.

We wish to bring to your attention however, the fact that the article in question was published in two consecutive issues, the first issue having been rejected by the censor after its printing and consequently destroyed. The second issue was passed by the censor, with the article in question censored, and duly published.

It seems that Air Force Headquarters in Ottawa must have received, by mistake, a copy of the issue which was later completely destroyed by order of the S. A. O. Sqdn. Ldr. Badgley.

We wish to apologise for any unintentional infringement of the censorship regulations and we wish to assure you that we shall endeavor to do our part in censoring all material published by us.

Sincerely,

(Signed) KENNETH LUNNY,
Editor-in-chief Wings Overseas.
M. J. MACNEIL, S|L.

AN OPEN LETTER

Office of the Commanding Officer,
R. C. A. F. Base, Torbay,
March 12, 1943.

Commanding General,
Headquarters Newfoundland Base
Command, U.S. Army,

St. John's, Newfoundland.

My Dear Brigadier General Brooks,

I wish to express my appreciation, publicly, for your fine letter of February 1, 1943, concerning the action taken by a number of W.D.'s of R. C. A. F. Station, Torbay, in a situation which I am sure any good soldier would have done likewise.

Your thoughtfulness in commending these girls was a gesture of the nobler sensibilities.

I wish to take this opportunity to thank you and to express my apologies for not having made this public statement before this time.

The ladies whom you mentioned in your letter offer their sincerest

thanks with me for your kind words of praise.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) GROUP CAPTAIN
R. S. GRANDY, O.B.E.,
Officer Commanding R.C.A.F.
Station, Torbay.

Office of the Commanding General,
Headquarters Newfoundland
Base Command, U.S. Army,
February 1, 1943.

Air Officer Commanding,
No. 1 Group Headquarters, R.C.A.F.,
St. John's, Newfoundland.

My Dear Air Commodore Heakes,

It gives me great pleasure to bring favourably to your attention the names of certain members of your command who contributed materially to the morale of both troops and civilians aboard the two trains snow-bound in the vicinity of Arnold's Cove Station, Newfoundland, January 20-24, 1943, by organizing and presenting a show, songs and stories, for all passengers. In addition, these ladies, by their conspicuous example of morale and cheerfulness, at this, and all other times, served to dispel tendencies in the contrary direction on the part of other passengers. They furthermore contributed to the spirit of friendliness, which I feel sure is our mutual desire shall exist between the allied services. Their names are as follows:—

Miss Irene Watson, A.S.O., R.C.A.F. (W.D.), R.C.A.F. Station Overseas C.A.P.O. No. 1.

Sergeant Mary Robertson, R.C.A.F. (W.D.), R.C.A.F. Station Overseas C.A.P.O. No. 1.

Corporal I. O. Frost, R.C.A.F. (W.D.) R.C.A.F. Station Overseas C. A. P. O. No. 1.

L.A.W. A. I. Hickson, R.C.A.F. (W. D.), R.C.A.F. Station Overseas C. A. P. O. No. 1.

L.A.W. A. I. Wilson, R.C.A.F. (W. D.), R.C.A.F. Station Overseas C. A. P. O. No. 1.

A.W.I M. A. MacDougall, R.C.A.F. (W.D.), R.C.A.F. Station Overseas C.A.P.O. No. 1.

A.W.I D. I. Wakefield, R. C. A. F. (W.D.), R.C.A.F. Station Overseas C.A.P.O. No. 1.

I desire to express to you and to them my appreciation of their efforts, so far as the members of my own command are concerned.

Very sincerely yours,
(Signed) JOHN R. BROOKS,
Brigadier General, U. S. Army,
Commanding.

GYRO HUM

By GEORGE (First Section)

Well friends we managed to have the Gyros spinning again for this issue.

This section welcomes back Ft. Sgt. Savard who has completed a course in administration at Trenton. Glad to see you back Flight. We see that Canada has agreed with you.

Cpl. Halbert has been creating something of a sensation in Toronto's Embassy Club during his leave there. With that "bean shave" he might have been mistaken for a Nazi if he hadn't been in Air Force blue. Hope you have a good crop this year, Hal.

We are losing some of the old detachment, Cpl. Armstrong, Ivan Young and "Mac" McDonald who are going over, and we mean "over." "Bon voyage" men. We're sorry to see you go.

Calling all cars—calling all cars—then we all think of the same individual. Yes, John, (on the peg), Martin has been at it again. No, of course it's not your fault, it must be Fate. Sure made a mess of your bed that morning, didn't it?

Are you politically minded? If you wish to discuss interesting questions drop in at the barracks some morning, say, about 1.00 a.m. when these meetings are usually in session. We guarantee results, i.e., a sleepless night and in addition, a complete distrust of any economic system as yet discovered. At our last meeting, "Good Time Joe," Pelyk held the floor with a completely fascinating talk. At 3 a.m. the fellows who craved sleep also expressed their views, after which the meeting was adjourned.

Cpl. Gregory has been paying particular attention to movements recently. No—nothing to do with "Enos." However, if you have an alarm clock which goes off at 3 a.m. when set for 7 a.m. get in touch with him.

In the meantime, at least, the bigger the clock the better Greg. likes it.

We say "hello" to "Red" Kitchen and George Hart who are the newest members of our section. Hope you'll like it here, fellows.

Heard in the section the other day—"Who was that lady I saw you outwit last night?"

See you next issue,

GEORGE.



ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN

By VERNE DUNCAN

Hello everyone, this is Robin Hood again.

Since the last issue, our little droop (oops! I mean group) has lost one of its members. 'Nero and his fiddle,' (D'Arcy Shea to you) departed for Canada on Feb. 26th, leaving behind him some "far sweeping" memories, a few pulsating feminine hearts and several bill collectors.

But, according to that old "wheeze," the show must go on!!! (Roll of drums, trumpet blare and a cheering "Huzzah!") Well, our little gang is crackin' again, since the drummer, Friar Tuck Langill and our trumpet player, Gene Cares, have once again settled down to routine after a refreshing furlough in Canada.

The minute we got together again,

we decided on a little rehearsing to get the lips, hands, etc., back into shape. We had a few new arrangements, namely Muskat Ramble, Praise The Lord and a few other tunes. It was at our first rehearsal that we discovered it was sheer folly to put in too much time on rehearsing a tune. The unfortunate incident occurred when we were batting away at "I'm An Old Cow Hand." Well sir, we played "I'm An Old Cow Hand" so often that day that the saxophone started giving milk. That was bad enough, but when you have to go around for two weeks with white sox, things are pretty sad, Jack!! After applying all modern methods of irrigation, we gathered our milk-logged music together, put our instruments out to dry, took the cotton batten out of our ears and went home.

On Wednesday night, we played in the Sergeants' Mess. That was the first night I ever played a piano with kitchen utensils. Believe it or not, the loud pedal consisted of one slightly

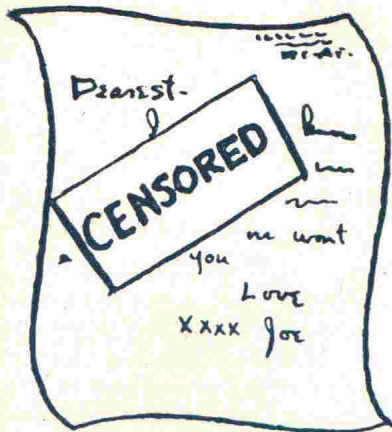
used table knife and whatever tune that piano had was purely unintentional. Seriously, the piano was a good piano. . . .back in 1917!! All night long the trumpet and sax were playing duets, while the piano just wasn't. If you think corn is out of season, you should have been there that night.

But, that's what makes the world go 'round for Robin Hood's Little Band. After all, the pianos around here are going to be tuned, and when they are, yours truly will sit himself down at the keyboard, toss his long black beard over his shoulder and give the usual four bar introduction. With that, our little gang of "Cadenza Butchers" will knock you back on your heels with everything from Brahms to Beethoven to Bach. . . .And Bach to Beethoven."

"I'm An Old Cow Hand". . . .Yipe, there I go again. . . !!!

P.S. I was only kidding about the bill collectors D'Arcy Shea left behind Egad! Kaff, Kaff!!

The Poet's Corner



LINES TO A CENSOR

I've got a girl so far away,
 And she is sweet and frail,
 But how can I send my love to her
 When the censor reads my mail!

This girl is, oh, so very sweet—
 I love her willy-nilly,
 But how can I tell her of my love
 When in print it looks so silly.

I hate the thoughts of those tender
 words
 Being read by stranger's eyes;
 The soul-writ words are for her alone,
 The lies and alibis.

So, read my letters gently, sir,
 They are not meant for you,
 But for a girl so far away
 I scrawl this silly goo.

But when you read my letter, sir,
 And laugh with profound delight,
 Remember, sir, that another censor
 May laugh at the letters you write.

"Lil Joe"

ODE ON MANKIND

(By J. A. FETHERSTONHAUGH)
 "Fethers" Mark II

I've elbowed in society
 And I've hung around with bums.
 Some folks got lots of money
 And there's some are begging
 crumbs.
 But these simple facts I have noticed,
 Whether heathen, Greek or Jew,

Protestant or Catholic,
 They're all made like me or you.

Come now, you listen to the chatter.
 Oh, I'm Mister So and So.
 There's a difference 'tween that
 And, you got the makin's bo?
 Now just suppose I had the money:
 I would drive ten different cars,
 If I didn't have the kale
 I would sleep beneath the stars.

Because the fellow who is bumming
 Has the best life in the end,
 'Cause he doesn't dress him up
 Nor he doesn't have to spend
 Near a hundred dollars every night
 For to entertain his pals,
 Doesn't have to drive big cars
 Nor dance with some classy gals.

For he walks between the railroad
 tracks
 And he eats at some back door,
 Then off and rides the bumpers
 When his feet get kinda sore.
 And now meanwhile in some classy
 house
 They are grinding up their wits,
 We'll dine to-night at Richmond's?
 Maybe we'll try the Ritz.

What, shall we take the Packard
 roadster,
 Or the Rolls-Royce limousine?
 No, we take the Cadillac,
 The one that is painted green.
 And meanwhile, rolling down the
 main line
 Coughing plenty grim and grit,
 Speeds smoking locomotive
 And on the bumpers there sit.

Two dirty, grimy, greasy hobs
 As happy as you could be,
 With cinders flying round them
 So all they do is see.
 So bo, this sure is really swanky.
 How far have you come to-day?
 I come 'bout five hundred miles
 And where'ere I stop, I stay.

Well now folks, this is my argument,
 And I think you'll all agree
 You'd rather be a hobo
 Right in alongside with me.
 But still, I don't think I could blame
 you
 If you turned round right there,
 Said, I'd give my only Aunt
 To become a millionaire.

'Cause I wouldn't have to work all
 day,

Neither toil and swear and sweat,
 I walk around in dress-up suits,
 And I'd drive big cars you bet.
 So there you are, one can never tell
 What nice pleasures you would
 share,
 So ne'er forget your hoboes
 If you fall a millionaire.

ODE TO MY DARLING

Dear lady I'd not feel quite right
 Unless I told you how this night
 You've quite upset my studied hate
 Of brunettes and those approximate.

I was immune or so I thought,
 To raven tresses real or bought.
 No dark haired damsel so I said
 Will ever turn this wise old head.

But now alas, I must admit
 That head's been turned, you've
 scored a hit,
 And I who thought I was immune
 Now sing a very different tune.

Your pretty face, your winsome smile,
 Your lovely eyes so free from
 guile
 Are all a part of the new song
 I've sung, since first you came
 along.

Submitted by
 J. A. FETHERSTONHAUGH.

INHERITANCE

His father fought at Mons and Meuse.
 For weary days they held the bridge,
 He pledged his faltering breath
 away,
 On Vimy's grim shell-battered ridge.
 And now his son, in airman blue,
 Skims o'er the fields his father knew.

His father plowed the muddy roads
 And cursed the trenches' rotting
 breath,
 Knew the red hell of No-man's land
 And grappled face to face with death;
 And now his son, the torch held high,
 Blazes his name across the sky.

Although a generation's span
 Divides these twain, they still are
 one,
 The father in his lonely grave,
 And this young man who is his son
 Pledging anew his father's oath,
 Carrying the banner for them both.

—Edna Jacques.

Sports Section

ARMY WIN 4-1 OVER R.C.A.F.

CRAIG SCORES LONE TALLY FOR
FLIERS

By KENNETH LUNNY

Playing before five hundred sport fans at the St John's Arena the Canadian Army chalked up a 4-1 win over the Royal Canadian Air Force, Saturday night, Feb 27, to take over second place in the Inter-Service league of St John's.

The loss for the flyers left them, at best, holding up third place.

The two, previously tied, second place teams met and clashed on melting ice, which fact slowed down the fast skating Air Force sextet.

The first period got off to a breath-taking start and with the ice in fairly good condition the two teams, for the greater part of the period, were evenly matched. Play rallied from one end zone to the other for the first three quarters of the period without either team getting the better of the play. Rubber was not on the shortage list for either, Edwards, net minder for the army or for Gordie Robbins, stalwart guard of the RCAF twine.

Then with three minutes to go before the bell ending the first stanza tolled, Perry, ashy left winger, taking the puck at his own blue line from a pass out from in front of the Army nets and skating the length of the ice, banged in the first tally of the game to give the khaki-clad pucksters the lead, and the only goal of the period.

Fast skating and hard checking highlighted the second frame with neither team getting the upper edge or the break that would dent the twine.

Lou Woolfrey, 185 lb. blonde bombshell and former Toronto C.H.A. and Senior Mercantile league defenceman, drew the only penalty of the period in being sent to the cooler for holding.

The final stanza of the game with the ice in a sluggish condition opened up the breaks for the steady playing army boys.

Gordie Robbins, who has been out of play for the past few weeks due to a hand injury, proved a little rusty in the scrambles, when in the opening minutes of play in this period, "Red" Lampman army center and

former Ontario basketball star, batted in the army's second goal from a tussle in front of the airforce net.

Four minutes afterwards after rallied play, Bill Craig, right winger and former Montreal Intermediate leaguer, cancelled one marker, when he winged the puck past netminder Edwards on passes from George Miller, lately of the N.O.H.A. and Kapis casing Juniors, and Larry Hollinger, former Pembroke Seniors, left winger.

Retaliating quickly for this count the hard-driving army machine rapped in two more in quick succession with Warner and Vallincourt getting the honors.

Play settled down to a final hard-checking, hard-skating, five minutes and the game ended without any further tallies, leaving the final score 4-1 in favor of a second place army team.

THE LINEUP:

Army: — Edwards, goal; Warner, Masson, defence; Lampman, centre; Vallincourt, Perry, wings. Subs: Plaid, Hemple, McIntosh, Philes, Leslie, Masson, Mathewson, Storey.

RCAF: — Robbins, goal; Woolfrey, Goudice, defence; Miller, centre; Craig, Hollinger, wings. Subs: Gouvier, Cohen, Craig, Lefebvre, Pelyk, Baxter, Boyle, Lindsay, Miller.

First Period

1.—Army: Perry (unassisted).

Penalties: None.

Second Period

No score.

Penalty: Woolfrey.

Third Period

2.—Army: Lampman (unassisted).

3.—RCAF: Craig (Miller) (Hollinger).

4.—Army: Warner (Vallincourt).

5.—Army: Vallincourt (Perry).

Penalty: Warner.



R.C.A.F. DEFEAT ST. BONS 7-6

GOUDICE, PELYK STAR FOR
FLYERS

By KENNEHH LUNNY

The RCAF flyers defeated St. Bon's College 7-6 at the Forum, Wednesday night, March 10, in what may be their last game of the season and in what proved to be one of the finest exhibition games of the season.

The majority of the scoring took place in the first period, with the RCAF netting five against St. Bon's four.

The boys in blue rapped in one more in the second period while holding St. Bon's scoreless.

In the final frame St. Bon's out-scored their opponents to the tune of 2-1.

The highlight of the game was the stellar display of both Gordie Robbins, former goalie of the Edmonton Flyers, A.S.H.L., and Gamberg, net minder for the blue and gold sextet.

The first tally of the game was counted by Miles Furlong on passes from Cahill and Vinicombe to give St. Bon's the lead.

Coming from behind the flyers rapped in three quick goals with Goudice, Pelyk and Walker taking the honors.

Following up this power diving attack, Larry Hollinger, former Pembroke and Upper Ottawa Valley forward, scored unassisted.

A half a minute later Myles Furlong banged in St. Bon's second goal.

Hank Goudice, former Atlantic City Sea Gulls defenceman, now with the RCAF, broke away from a St. Bon's rush and dented the twine behind Gamberg for the flyers' fifth.

St. Bon's managed to tally two more before the end of the period.

The second period displayed a fast brand of hockey with neither team showing any decided advantage. Pelyk, flash RCAF, two hundred pound forward, chalked up the only goal of this period. George Miller drew the only penalty of the frame.

In the third period St. Bon's peppered the RCAF goal but Gordie Rob-

(Continued on page 7)

DAWN PATROL

By E. W. DUNLAP

For some reason or other the authors employed by "Battle Aces," "Winged Whippersnappers" and magazines of the sort appeared to have a theory that dawn patrol is a glamorous and exciting business. They never fail to bring in at least one patrol beginning "in the cold grey light of dawn." It seems to me that getting up that early is a rather grim business. In fact I am certain that the glamor of dawn patrol is very much exaggerated. Let me tell you a sad little tale concerning dawn patrol.

It was long, long ago, in the days when air gunners were a rarity, and not a very valued rarity at that. In those benighted days the wireless operators or aircraft were WEMs and WOGs such as myself, unlikely as it may seem.

I arrived in barracks one morning about 2 a.m. after a very enjoyable and hilarious evening, during which a few refreshments had been consumed. On my bed was a note informing me that I was to fly on the first patrol of the morning at the ghastly hour of 5.30, the dawn patrol of the fiction writers. As we did our own pre-flight inspection of wireless equipment in those days and must have it checked half an hour before take off time, a little mental arithmetic showed me that I would have to be up at 4.30. Filching an alarm clock from a nearby bed, I set it for that hour and climbed somewhat wearily into my top bunk.

A dream of riding a somewhat bumpy cloud faded out abruptly and I found myself bouncing vigorously on my bed springs. A little investigation showed that the man under me, being on a 48 and awakened by the alarm clock had placed his feet on the springs and shoved heartily to the accompaniment of strong language.

While groping around in the dark for my clothes I discovered that I did not feel very refreshed and that several blizzards had apparently roosted on my nose during the night. A wash and cleaning my teeth seemed to improve things a little, but the world was still far from bright.

On leaving the barracks I found that the day was cold, if you could call it day. The sky was dark and overcast. A chill wind whipped around corners, bringing little wisps of fog to settle in my bones as I plodded my weary way along.

Arriving at the mess hall, I discovered that the breakfast was pancakes. At the best of times I look on pancakes with distrust, so this morning I breakfasted on a piece of toast and a cup of coffee or reasonable facsimile thereof. After this and a cigarette, I began to feel that perhaps there was someone, somewhere, who did not actually hate me. The east was becoming light and at the field I could hear the first engine cough as it began to turn over.

Passing the headquarters building I dropped in to see what the weather would be like, a prayer for rain in my heart. The man on duty was very noncommittal. It might and it might not. It all depended on a couple of fronts, three or four highs and lows and several other factors only slightly less complicated than the theory of relativity.

By the time I arrived at the field my feeling of depression had returned. As I passed a hangar a guard leaped out waving a long and eager bayonet. He seemed rather disappointed when I was able to identify myself.

I headed towards a row of blue and yellow stabs of flame which marked the aircraft warming up. On the way over a quick leap saved me from an uncomfortable death beneath a mule.

After several minutes yanking on the aileron I attracted the fitter's attention and the engines were cut down so that I could get in the aircraft door without being blown past the tail. I entered and discovered that it was the stand-by aircraft. The one scheduled for the patrol was farther up the line. On going down the cabin I tripped over the step in the middle, whereupon a morose looking individual in dirty overalls sneered in amusement.

After some time I finally arrived at the right aircraft, turned on my set, and watched with interest and nothing whatever happened. Several minutes of intense mental effort disclosed that some goon with a perverted sense of humor had apparently turned several switches to unusual positions. I proceeded to lay a vengeful and heartfelt curse on him and his descendants for several generations as I proceeded with my DI.

At this point someone decided that the aircraft was unserviceable on some involved technical point and we all adjourned to another aircraft. This checked, I signed the L14 with my only pencil. It passed rapidly from hand to hand as the others did the same and I just managed to catch the last user as he was going out the door. As he passed it over it dropped and the point broke.

Fifteen minutes left until take-off time but not a sign of the pilot yet. The fitter shut down the engines and I laid down on the aircraft couch, hoping to get a few winks of sleep. All inclination to sleep seemed to have left me though I knew that it would return twice as strong as before as soon as our wheels were off the runway. As the drafts whistled in the odd crack I began to feel chilly.

At 7.30 the pilot and a rain squall arrived together. The flight was "cancelled." I gathered all my strength and started towards the mess hall to see if I could manage a couple of those pancakes that looked much more enticing than they had three hours earlier.

SPORTS SECTION

(Continued from page 6)

bins played an all star game and was beaten only twice.

Baxter got the lone Airforce tally for the final period.

Badman George Miller drew his second penalty of the game in this frame for holding.

THE LINE-UP

The line-ups were as follows:

R.C.A.F.:—Goal, Robbins; defence, Goudis, Woolfrey; forwards, Hollinger, Miller, Gouvier, Pelyk, Walker, "Bud" Miller, Lefevre, Cohen, Baxter.

St. Bon's:—Goal, Gamberg; defence, R. Furlong, W. Harris, T. Trainor; forwards, M. Furlong, A. Cahill, J. Vinicombe, C. Power, A. Felix, C. Penny, H. Keough.

SUMMARY

First Period

Goals

- 1—M. Furlong (S.B.) 2:20.
- 2—Goudis (R.C.A.F.) 5:14.
- 3—Pelyk (R.C.A.F.) 5:40.
- 4—Walker (R.C.A.F.) 7:45.
- 5—Hollinger (R.C.A.F.) 11:51.
- 6—M. Furlong (S.B.) 12:25.
- 7—Goudis (R.C.A.F.) 16:27.
- 8—Vinicombe (S.B.) 17:13.
- 9—Cahill (S.B.) 17:44.

Penalty

Pelyk (R.C.A.F.).

Second Period

Goals

- 10—Pelk (R.C.A.F.) 14:53.

Penalty

Miller (R.C.A.F.).

Third Period

Goals

- 11—Baxter (R.C.A.F.) 5:16.
- 12—Cahill (S.B.) 10:57.
- 13—Harris (S.B.) 15:45.

Penalty

Miller (R.C.A.F.).

ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES

Hello Kids:—

My story for to-day is about Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. Well, to begin wit', dere was a guy named Ali Baba (who don't happen to be a wrestler). Dis boid lived in a place called "Poisia" about a t'ousand years before prohibition! Now dis Ali Baba was a right guy, but stupid, see? He used to cut wood for a livin', 'cause he couldn't muscle in on any of de rackets.

Well, one day he goes out in da forest, cuts a stack o' lumber that'd break your back and he's all set to take a powder when he lams a mob-scene comin' down de road. So what's he do? He ducks behind a tree, lays low 'til dey pass and den tails 'em. Well kids, they're as crummy a look-in' bunch of gorillas as you ever seen. So, he keeps well outa sight. Pretty soon dey all pull up in front of a big rock at de foot of a cliff. One guy, who happens to be the big shot, yells—"OPENSESAME" and de rock rolls away and whataya t'ink? Dere's a cave dere. By dis time, Ali's up in a tree takin' it all in. He sees all 40 of 'em pile in de cave and pretty soon dey all come out and beat it down the road.

Ali's outa dat tree like a monkey after peanuts. He goes up to de rock, pulls de "OPEN SESAME" gag, de rock rolls away and Ali goes in de cave. Well kids, de cave's lousy with dough! It makes the Canadian Mint look like a Penny Arcade. Ali don't know what to do, so he fills his jeans wit' cash and hot foots it for home. Ali tries to keep it quiet, but his own brother Cassim finds out. Now dis Cassim boid's a heel if dere ever was one. He grabs a flock o' mules and scrams to da cave, trying to beat Ali to de draw.

Well, he gets inside, but when he sees all de cash, he gets de droops and forgets how to get out. Pretty soon, the 40 mugs come back—find Cassim—and rub him out. Ali comes back next day, finds Cassim a stiff and takes him into town to plant him. Den de firewoiks start. De 40 monkeys find Cassim gone and de big shot says "Listen you lugs, somebody's got da finger on our racket, 'cause de stiff's gone. Now, I'm goin' to town to-night and get de low-down." So, de big shot goes to town and finds out that Ali Baba buried a stiff the night before. So what's he do? He plants the other 39 gorillas in Ali's house,

wit' orders ot give Ali de woiks. But Ali's got a maid who's plenty smart, see? She finds the mugs hidin' in a flock of wine jugs and scalds 'em all to death wit' boillin' oil. Well, when Little Caesar (dat's de big shot) finds out, he gets plenty boined. He don't want to come out in de open so he opens up a store in town, gets friendly wit' Ali and finally gets an invite to put on de feed-bag over at Ali's joint. Well, everyt'ing's breezin' along fine 'til de maid spots him. She gives Ali de tip-off and dey slip the big-shot a mickey—and it's coitains for da mobster.

So, everyt'ing comes out O.K. and Ali lives happily ever after. So-long for now kids and dis is your old pal "TREE FINGERED BOIT" remind-ing youse to "keep your finger on da trigger."

Good-night Kids,

'VICIOUS VOIN DE IVORY TICKLER'

SPEAKING OF SPORT

Congratulations Navy!!! The new Inter-Service Hockey Champs deserve our most sincere congratulations and hearty applause. The Senior Service iced a sextet of outstanding hockey players and outstanding sportsmen as well. It has been a rare pleasure to compete against not only the Navy, but the Canadian Army and American Army teams as well. The best team won and is now the proud possessor of the Inter-Service Trophy.

Congratulations Air Force!!! There were two champions in this league! The Navy won on the ice, but the Air Force pucksters showed a team-spirit and fight that made them real champions in every sense of the word. When you have 15 men getting up at 6:00 o'clock in the morning to drive 5 miles in an open truck for an hour's hockey practice morning after morning—that's real amateurism—the love of the sport! When you have players buying their own equipment, lending it freely to other players if they weren't called upon to play in a particular game—that's co-operation—the essence of every success! When you find players fighting to the point of exhaustion against a two goal deficit on wet soggy ice to the last whistle—that's real fighting spirit! And when you find a team that in spite of continual setbacks—injuries—leaves—postings—poor ice conditions—lack of practice—a team that was in there fighting every moment—that's a team with championship spirit!!! So again, con-

gratulations to the Air Force Flyers—we are proud of them.

BASKETBALL

The Inter Service Basketball League is going great guns these days. The six team league promises to be an outstanding success with strenuous competition offered from every quarter. Right now the powerful Air Force basketekers are riding close to the top of the heap with two victories and one loss. The Navy is tied with the Air Force in the same group, with the St. Bon's Senior City team on top with three victories and no defeats. With James, Tinsley and Appel back from leave it looks like a close race for the championship with our money going on the "Torbay Torpedoes" who really hit full stride in their last game when they took the powerful St. Bon's "B" outfit 38-35. Keep an eye on the notice boards for our home games folks because we can promise you some grand basketball and exciting entertainment.

BOXING

Torbay's first entry with the Inter Service competitions was a tremendous success. Five Air Force fighters were entered and to the amazement of 1200 cheering fans the Torbay "pugs" came through with two victories, 2 draws and one loss. Kocielsky and Spencer scored decisive victories over their opponents, whilst "Red" Duke of the M. T. Section and Drutz are positive that they can take their end of the card the next chance they get and they will have that chance on Friday, March 19th. A grand big show is planned for Friday and both of these lads will be matched against their former opponents. It promises to be another exciting and successful evening for the Air Force, so we will hope to see at least 200 guys and gals in Air Force blue at the Navy Gym—Buckmaster's Field—Friday, 2000 hours (no admission fee).

BADMINTON

Automatically,—as soon as we get new Badminton Birds on the station—Badminton takes a new lease on life. These last few weeks the Wednesday and Saturday sessions have brought out about 40 enthusiasts. For the time being at least the supply of birds is rather limited—so—in order to conserve them as much as possible (and to purchase more when possible) a type of Badminton club has been set up. But the beauty of it is, every one on the station is a member of the badminton club. However, on Wednesday and Saturday evenings—if you intend to play—you will be asked to

(Continued on page 11)

THINGS 'N STUFF

BALLAD FOR HUMANS

"Man," says the Columbia Encyclopedio, "is distinguished from other animals by his brain and his hands." But there the difference ends, because:

He is—chicken-livered, lion-hearted, pigeon-toed, treacherous as a snake, sly as a fox, busy as a bee, slippery as an eel, industrious as an ant, blind as a bat, faithful as a dog, gentle as a lamb, drunk as an owl, still as a mouse, nervous as a cat, stubborn as a mule, thirsty as a camel, strong as an ox, vain as a peacock, happy as a lark, slow as a tortoise, crazy as a loon, cool as a cucumber, fresh as a daisy, red as a beet, coltish, kittenish, a worm, a rat, easily cowed, and led like a sheep.

He has—the memory of an elephant, a beak for a nose, the arms of an ape, the eye of a hawk, the neck of a bull, a whale of an appetite, raven hair, the shoulders of a buffalo, a catlike walk and a mousey manner.

He—roars like a lion, coos like a dove, hops like a sparrow, works like a horse, flies like a bird, runs like a deer, drinks like a fish, swims like a duck, sticks his head in the sand like an ostrich, acts like a dog in a manger, plays possum, gets hungry as a bear, wolfs his food, parrots everything, acts like a puppy, struts like a rooster and chatters like a magpie."

UNWELCOME VISITORS

On the Janiculum Hill stands an equestrian statue of Giuseppe Garibaldi, whose patriotism did so much to drive the Germans from Italy. One morning lately the statue bore the inscription: "Scendi Peppine! Son tornati!" (Dismount, Joe! They're back!)

Bob Hope, on a tour in Alaska, writes: "I stumbled into a cute domestic scene the other night. An Eskimo wife, done up to her ears in furs, was screaming at her husband: 'When are you going to be able to afford to buy me a cloth coat?'"

Will this suit hold its shape?" asked the customer. "Absolutely!" replied the salesman. "It is made of pure virgin wool."

"Never mind about the morals of the sheep," continued the customer, "all I want to know is whether it will hold its shape."

Private George Dion had better do some deep thinking and explaining if he expects to get leave this week-end.

Two weeks ago he received week-end leave on the ground that his wife was "expecting."

Last week-end he reiterated his "wife's expecting" and won another leave.

When he offered the same reason this week, the officer in charge queried:

"What's she expecting, anyway?"

"She's expecting me home again, sir," replied Dion.

There was the girl who bought a swell new dress for an absurd figure.

Culled by
"YE EDITORS."



NOTES AND JOTTINGS ON 145

By KENNETH LUNNY

OF CABBAGES AND KINGS:

Notwithstanding the fact that I mentioned "Cabbages" first—as above—I shall primarily mention kings—for the simple reason that I don't know why I even bothered with cabbages, because I don't particularly like cabbage anyway and because I just happened to think of something that might go in where I have that paragraph reserved for kings.

Kings, Kings?—why did I ever let my fingers stray to those lettered keys on this typewriter? King—I should talk about King already..... I'm not old enough to vote yet.

But yes, I have it. The new King of the N.C.O.'s in dear, dear old 145, is—blare of trumpets—newly appointed more trumpets—WOL—more noise from the brass section—Throw out that damn thing so I can get finished with this—crash—I guess I told that Ubangi lipped Beethoven—Bob Richardson. Whew.....more trouble I'm having already just to congratulate one guy. And he's not even paying me to get his name in the paper.

PERSONALITIES:

We all know, my friends—get that FDR tone—I repeat, my friends, that dynamic personality by name of ELR, who after viewing that epic of courage shown recently at our local theatre

and what Hollywood is now giving away with every "B" class picture, phoned Little Orphan Annie—long distance—and asked if he too could be enrolled in the Junior Commandos.

"If Paul Muni can do it, so can I," he stated.

And F|O—now "Crash" Robinson proved that he could do it—At the end of the taxi strip last week,

NIGHTMARE OF THE MONTH:

Not that I ride at night or anything like that, besides horses give me goose-pimples on my goose-pimples, but I happened to be at a preview of a mid-winter night's dream.

DRAMATIS PERSONNAE

F|S P. A. Corbett as F|S P. A. Corbett.
St. Bernard dog as St. Bernard dog.
A bottle as What else could it be.

ACT 1, SCENE 1

The scene opens in a blinding snow-storm. In fact the snow is so bad that you can't distinguish any of the characters. So why should I tell you? Your guess is as good as mine any day in the week. But two figures are seen groping their way towards one another.

Curtain

Corbett: (One of the figures) Ah! Hedy, I knew I'd find you.

Other figure: (No answer).

Corbett: Ah! Hedy, I knew I'd find you.

(Other figure: (Still no answer).

Corbett: Ah! Hell.

Exit other figure (It was a snow mirage).

Corbett: That's funny, I could of sworn I was in bed when this thing started.

Enter a St. Bernard dog.

Corbett: Here dog, nice doggy, come to Corbett. Ah! I got you, you little biscuit eater.

Dog: Woof—were you crazy enough to think that dogs talk?

Corbett: What hast thou under your neck—note Shakespeareian accent—a bottle? Come let me clutch thee. I have thee not and yet I see thee still. Stop wiggling, won't you.

Dog: This is a dream, ain't it. I wanna say a woid. Hiya Mom, Hiya Pop, this is your son Bernie coming to you through the courtesy of Itches Flee powder. I use Itchse Flee powder because it gives me the biggest and prettiest flees that I've ever had.

Corbett: Look Bud this is the screwiest dream I've been in, here you take my bottle, I'm going back to normal sleep.

Exit Corbett.

Dog: I don't get it.

Curtain

After that Exit Lunny.

The W. D's Page

PATRIOTISM—FROM THE WOMAN'S ANGLE

The other day an acquaintance posed this question—"I've often wondered what were the promptings that made you girls desire the uniform and the wings on your sleeve—something perhaps of a desire to emulate the deeds of the Russian women aces—for I suppose you would like to do things like that?"

The answer came back quickly—"No, I'm sure none of us desire to be the woman behind the gun—our only wish is to be a woman behind the man behind the gun. You see it's not is the Canadian tradition, it isn't part of our way of life—though such activities seem to becoming an accepted part of the routine of living in Russia."

But that answer having been given the original question still remained. Why are we here, to the number of over 8,000?

A little thought will reveal several reasons. For one thing, the blue uniform spells a new and different venture, something strange and untried, an adventure. Some may have become discontented with the civilian life they were leading, a great many more were happy in it and to leave it meant more or less of a sacrifice—but all of them felt the excitement of a challenge. Again this was the golden opportunity for a girl to travel a bit, to see something of Canada, to meet people from Glace Bay to Prince Rupert and find out why it is that the Maritimes and Ontario and the west talk with a slightly different twist, laugh at slightly different things, have a variety of customs—but are yet strangely alike beneath it all, have all something that can perhaps be called a Canadian pattern.

Then too one has only to look in the wallets of the W.D.'s and on the tops of the lockers to see that in so many cases there is a man behind the desire for service—boy friend, fiance, husband, brothers, cousins, friends. When some of the lads you know are giving so much of themselves, it's hard to wait forever at the gate till they come marching home. This was a more active way to help, we thought.

We're beginning to get down to the more deeper reasons now—and this is perhaps the cue for patriotism to enter upon the stage. By patriotism one doesn't mean the pseudo type that is fed by much flag waving, or 'Britannia Rules the Waves' talk. The truer patriotism is much more unconscious—something that is bred in us as a child—something that has to do with a conviction that the way of life which has been developed in our part of the world is the way we prefer to follow, that we wish to guide it's future development ourselves and not have alien strangers in the seat of authority—something that has to do too with an instinctive affection for the Canadian maple trees and the streams and the fields and the cities and the Rocky Mountains and the Nova Scotian coast and the rush of Montreal and the wide spaces of the prairies and the farms of Quebec. These feelings are there in all of us, hidden way down, never talked about.

When the uniform is once donned, those who wear it seem much less conscious of the war than the civilian back home who reads his newspaper nightly and struggles with the income tax returns form. But those feelings have a real existence, concealed though it may be and even though it is true that sometimes their possessor is not very conscious that they are there.

There is another of these unconscious feelings—one which moves a woman only. To speak in generalizations—women are concerned most of all with the domestic side of life. For that side of life to develop at its best and most worth while, there must be order and a good measure of security, a state of living not upset by a call to arms, by the use of gas masks and guns, by fear, by the disruption of home life.

We have not had a spectacle such as is described in 'Where Stands a Winged Sentry'—where an English mother, at the prospect of imminent invasion, after the fall of France, calmly—yet with the fear of death in her heart—sits down and prepares a list of food and clothing which will keep herself and her children warm, and fed and safe, not just idly-drifting refugees cluttering up the roads.

We have not had that in Canada—and it is also true that none of the girls in uniform have families of their

own about which they would be forced to worry as Margaret Kennedy did about hers. But other women in Canada have such families—and there will be those of future days.

We hope that wings on a blue uniform and 'serving that men may fly' will help to give those of the present and the future their chance at a full and rich life—and so we wear those wings on our sleeves proudly.

TO A LADY

I'm dreaming of a lady fair
With bright blue eyes and raven hair,
She knocks them over with a smile,
The men who fight for her the while.
I'm dreaming that she speaks to me
And says, "My dear come close and
see

That I am human and my strife
Is to be with you all my life."

Submitted by

J. A. FETHERSTONHAUGH.

I CAME

Just how it happened I don't know.
I never thought I'd weaken so.
But there you were and how was I
to spurn such charm or even try.

There's little left for me to tell,
I came, I saw and how I fell.
I'll never be the same again
But still I'm glad I came!

Submitted by

J. A. FETHERSTONHAUGH.

There was a soldier named Ginsburg. Ginsburg was bad. He was positively allergic to drill and all thumbs with a gun. They sent him from camp to camp, but everywhere the same reports came back about what a punk soldier Ginsburg was.

Then they sent him to Bataan, and the reports coming in were astounding. He captured six Japs single-handed, destroyed a machine-gun nest containing ten more Japs, was cited for this and cited for that. The change was so amazing that one of his former O.C.'s wired for an explanation. The answer came back: 'We gave him a machine gun and said 'Now, Ginsburg, you're in business for yourself.'"

TRIALS OF A TELEPHONE OPERATOR

The following is what was overheard one day in the P. B. X. Room between four forty-five and four-fifty on a certain afternoon last week. This of course was only the conversation of the operator, as he moved fiendishly from one side of the board to other, putting up cords and pulling them down so fast at times that it was practically uncanny to watch him and almost unbelievable that a person could move two hands so fast and accurately, all the time keeping up an almost unbroken line of talk either to the party on the other end of the line or to the Corporal who was seated at the desk near the board. These "talking devils" of the service are nothing less than an information bureau judging by the questions and queries that were hurled at them from right and left, with only the occasional puzzler sticking them. Those rare questions were then referred to the Corporal in charge or to the Orderly Room or to some other place that seemed appropriate. But let's see what was overheard on that particular afternoon.

"No please." "I'm sorry, that line is out of order at present.....yes it has been reported. The repair men are working on it now."....."No please; the Commanding Officer?" "One moment please.....No please. Thank you.....No please.....The R. C. Padre is visiting the Naval Hospital this afternoon.....No I'm sure I don't know when he will be back.....Yes you may call again."

"R.C.A.F. Station.....John Doe?..... Is he an airman?.....Do you know in what section he works?.....Oh! He's a pilot in — Squadron, thank you, I will connect you."....."Number please.....W. D. Quarters?.....The number is 547." "Hello, I'm sorry, the Commanding Officer doesn't answer from his office; shall I try the officers' mess?.....Thank you."....."Number please.....I'll give you information." (Corporal, take this as information will yuh?)....."No please.....No I'm sorry your long distance call to — hasn't been completed as yet.....Shall I try again?.....Very good sir I'll call you as soon as your call is ready."..... "R.C.A.F. Station..... You'd like to speak to Jimmy?..... Jimmy who?.....Well madam is he an airman, a civilian? Do you know his last name?.....All the information you have is that his first name is Jimmy.....Well I'm sorry but unless

you can give me more information concerning him I will be unable to locate him.....Thank you, good-bye." (The blankety blank blank)....."Say Mac, light me a cigarttte, will you please?.....No, please.....outside?.....Thank you.".....At this time the door opens and a Sergeant sticks his head in and yells "Take that call off the Orderly Room line and give it to the Adjutant." "Okay." "Boy, that tastes good." (Cigarette)....."No. Please.....It is just four forty-seven.....No. Please..... Oh! Hello Bill.....Say, call back in about ten minutes, will yuh? I'm busy right now, O.K., goodbye."....."R. C. A. F. Station." "Mr. Green's call is ready from — Thank you, I will connect you."....."Operator.....you were cut off? I'm sorry sir but you are still connected to that number and your party is trying to speak to you, go ahead please." "Number please..... I'm sorry that line is busy"....."Number please.....I will give you the Orderly Room, they will be able to give you that information."....."R. C. A. F. Station.....I'm sorry but S/L Blank was transferred to — two months ago."....."Number please.....the line is busy..... I'm sorry but I can't cut in on a line unless it is a very important call.....You wanted to know if Aw1 Dooverlylittle would go to the movies with you to-night? Well call back in about five minutes, the line should be clear then."....."R. C. A. F. Station.....What is the weather going to be like to-morrow?.....I'm afraid I can't give you that information.....I will connect you with the meteorological section." (Aside) "Don't you suppose she knows that that information can't be given to anyone that wants it?" "Number please."..... And with that I left the room, thanking my lucky stars that I hadn't been sucker enough to enlist as a telephone operator. Later in the week I happened to be talking to this operator whom I had been watching on that never to be forgotten day and some how or other our conversation wrifted to "the trials of a telephone operator" and I asked him if that was an unusual day. As I half expected, he answered that it was, but here was where I was due for a surprise, for he added with a grin—"A very unusual day, unusually quiet." So I asked him if the personnel of the station co-operated with them so as to make it as easy as possible. "Well, not exactly," he replied, "as a matter of fact about fifty percent of the Station never look at the Telephone Directory from one week's end to the next, and the ones that do use it, apparently don't know that there are two pages

to the directory for the notice on the middle of that page was very seldom carried out. Apparently it was considered to have the same purpose as D. R. O.'s, to be issued but not to be read."

In closing, just let me whisper (very quietly)

"Old soldiers never die,
They just afd eaway."

How true, how true.

SPEAKING OF SPORT

(Continued from page 8)

make a small contribution to either Sergeant Murray or Sergeant Cooper (WD). This contribution will pay for the evening's supply of birds and racquet up-keep. In this way no one will be required to pay for the birds out of his own pocket so that others can play. It's sort of a co-operative enterprise and we are sure it will work out well.

* * *

In the meantime—your sports committee and Sports Staff are working diligently on plans and equipment for the new Drill Hall. We hope to be able to announce soon complete plans to have points awarded to every team competitor in every sport. We expect to be able to total the points at the end of every month, and the high scoring section will be awarded the Commanding Officers' Trophy.

* * *

Borden Ball and Softball competitions are next on the list, so start getting a line-up on your players. The competition is really going to be hot from now on.

WINGS OVERSEAS

Station Monthly

Editor in Chief—F/S Lunny.
Managing Editor—LAC McMahon.
Circulation—Cpl. Medhurst.
Treasurer—LAC Austin.
Director—S/L M. J. MacNeil.

ROTA MOTA

AIRMEN'S CLUB

Membership Open to Station
President—Conjointly: LAW Loder.,
LAC Duncan.
Secretary: LAW Stead.
Meeting Entertainment—Cpl. Waide,
LAC Clarke, LAC Seabrooke.
Wall Newspaper—LAC Carter, LAC
Duncan, LAC McMahon, Cpl. Dunlap,
AW1 Markham.

STATION COMMITTEES

Officers' Mess Committees

President—S|L E. M. Williams.
Secretary—F|O L. M. Kennedy.
Members—F|L J. W. McInenly.

Fire Committee

President—F|L W. F. Orr.
F|Sgt. Stott.

Messing Officer

A|S|O E. A. DeMings.

Library Committee

President—S|L M. J. MacNeil.
Members—F|L A. R. MacIver, F|O F. Templeman, Sgt. Walker, Sgt. Lane, Sgt. Deardon.

Salvage Committee

President—F|L A. G. Dobrashian.
F|O W. D. McMaster.
F|O G. L. Young.

Blackout Committee

President—F|O L. M. Kennedy.
Members—P|O E. N. MacDonald, F|Sgt. Blair, (W & B), Sgt. LeRoy, (Photo), Sgt. Holden, (Arm), Sgt. Keleher, (Main), Sgt. MacKenzie, (S. W. O.), Cpl. Forshner, (W & B), Cpl. Francis, (Main), Cpl. Silverthorne.

Sergeants' Mess

Hon. President—S|L Badgley.
President—WO2 Painter.
Secretary—F|Sgt. Todd.

Entertainment Committee

President—F|O L. G. Home.
Members—F|Sgt. Smith, LAC Collis, Sgt. Scott, F|Sgt. Jackson, Sgt. Cooper, (W.D.), Bob Low (Y.M.C.A.), LAC Coleman, F. R., AW1 Latham, G. P., Cpl. J. F. Leith.

Station Fund Committee

President—S|L S. Volk.
Secretary—Cpl. J. Barr.
Members—S|L M. J. MacNeil, F|L A. R. MacIver, F|O L. G. Home (Entertainment), F|O J. M. Kennedy (Cent. Warehouse), F|O G. L. Young (Cahteen), F|O W. D. McMaster (Sports), Cpl. Rogers, LAC Bruyere, LAC Roy, Sgt. Cooper, Cpl. Bateman, (W.D.), Bob Low (Y.M.C.A.).

Sports Committee

President—F|O W. D. McMaster.
Secretary—Sgt. G. C. MacKenzie.
Members—P|O J. Friedlander, Sgt. Go'dstein, Sgt. Rogers, F|Sgt. MacGregor, P|O MacKenzie, LAC Walker, LAC Trepannier, Cpl. Windsor (W.D.), Bob Low (Y.M.C.A.).

Theatre Committee

President—S|L Badgley
Members—F|O L. G. Home, F|O G. L. Young, WO2 Winch, A., F|Sgt. Smith, Bob Low, Sgt. Veale, Sgt. J. H. Scott, AC1 Sturgis.

IN APPRECIATION

The station is now the proud possessor of two excellent 35mm projection machines which have gone a long way in making our movies a lot more enjoyable.

Things of the past are the squeaky noises which issued from the sound unit, the long pause required in changing the film and the embarrassing breaks in the film, which although not the operator's fault, nevertheless made him the butt of loud and juicy rass-berries. All of which makes us thankful for the improvement shown by the new machines. However, it is not enough merely to be thankful for such an improvement, we must delve deeper and find how it came about.

The idea, as some of you know, was the brain child of our own S|L Badgley and as such a great deal of credit must go to him for carrying it through and for figuring out if the station could bear the expense and if the whole project would, in the end, be profitable.

S|L Badgley was ably aided F|O Young and F|O Home who were as you might put it, the scouts in the affair. To them must go the credit of getting the necessary information and contacting the people "in the know." The fact that it only took them thirty days from time of purchase to the time of our first show is a mute tribute to the speed and zeal with which they did the job.

Now we come to the men behind the projector. If you've wondered about them, here they are. WO2 Winch or "Aub" as he is known to his friends, is an old hand at the game. He's had about eight years practical experience at it in various parts of Ontario and knows the inner workings of a projector like I know the inside of a jam jar. "Aub" is assisted by Sgt. Viau and AC1 Sturgeon, who see to it that the show "must go on."

The machines themselves are two twin DeVry 35mm projectors c|w sound equipment and, when various other accessories have been added, will not be inferior to those found in the better theatres back home in Canada—it's a feat of memory to even remember what they were like.

This is but a sketchy story on the whole affair and if anyone is overlooked, to them, too, we extend our sincere appreciation.

And there you have the cast behind the securing of the 35mm machines for this station, and to them go the orchids for the enjoyment we now get in going to see that longed for better class picture.

LIZZIE CHATTER

By DOUG. BOWSHTR

As your scribe sits idly in front of his typewriter, he can't help to think how our little station has developed from a mere field into such a fine airport. We have certainly gone a long way from the tar-paper shacks and nose-hangers.

We hear that "Digger" Grinham and Al Smith are leaving.....we are certainly sorry to hear about that as they were our private barbers as well as our very good friends. We hope that they have the very best of luck on their new assignment. So long boys and let's hope that our trails may cross aagin.

There is also the tale about the trip that "Injun-Joe" Barker had from Belle Isle back to camp. It seems that Dean Reavie found Joe on the war-path and slightly dazed as to the direction of the camp. However they finally got him on the right trail, so all ended well.

The other day the boys in the "Soap-box" ship lost their target and came in singing, "Oh where, Oh where has my little drogue gone?" Is that corney or is that corney?

One of the boys has just left on leave and during that time will listen to the sweet chime of wedding bells. Stu Mawhinney is certainly a fine chap as well as a great WAG but we are wondering if he can keep his mind on his work when he returns?

Sergeant Sargent (no that isn't double talk!) is the new drogue-puller and clay-pigeon in our outfit, and we hope he likes the outfit while he is with us.

Maybe we should ask Wally Reid where he spends his nights when he goes into town? The worst part is, he takes along "Andy" Anderson of the Fighter unit whom we know to be a nice little boy.....or so he says himself!

Did you ever look up in the balcony on show nights and when the W.D.'s are playing Volley-ball and see the bald-headed row? First on the list is |Sgt. Cozens, then the Winch bros., Stu. Mawhinney and their newest henchman, Sargent. It's funny that they are all Lizzie men, isn't it?

There's the flight signal, so your columnist bids a very hasty, "Good-bye" and so long until next time.

