

A. F. V. L. *Guy*  
*sect*



Vol. 1, No. 12

TORBAY

April 30, 1943.

# FOURTH VICTORY LOAN

THIS IS A REAL TASK. A real test of our loyalty and faith in the task in which we are engaged. A task that puts us upon our mettle and worthy of our steel. It is a big task, yes, but we are quite familiar with difficult, even impossible tasks, and we are not going to be dismayed with this one.

It gives us a new feeling of security when we realize that we are all working together to complete a common task, rich and poor; soldier and citizen alike determined that not only by our brains and brawn but by our bills and bonds, will we swamp Nazism in a flood of contributions from our pay envelopes. Already our forces have felt the support of our last Victory Loan; they are pushing the Axis around with the bombs from our bonds. Let us buckle down to make this Victory Loan so large that it will have the power to be the last we will need. Let every one of us put our name on a bomb by buying a bond so that if the Axis can't see us he will feel us and though we can't see him we can "shake" him.....It is going to take a lot of shaking to shatter the Axis but if we are going to shake him at all let us give him a permanent shiver, so that when we mention bonds to him again he will automatically start to shake.

Each Station is going to be called upon to do its part in this campaign. Let us step out in front and show the rest what we can do. Don't groan but loan; loan till it hurts if necessary. It may hurt us a little but it will make the Axis writhe in pain. That's what we want to do; that's what we are in this game for, not for fun but for fight, so let us fight with everything we've got. We are all aching to get a chance to make some real contribution to the war effort; here is a chance to do something really big. Some of us may be "Over There" in time to drop some of the bombs that we bought "over here." The Fourth Victory Loan is beginning to roll let us all push on behind. It may seem a big job at first but, "We did it before and we can do it again".....Come on fellows, "Bonds before bombs."

A. M. I.



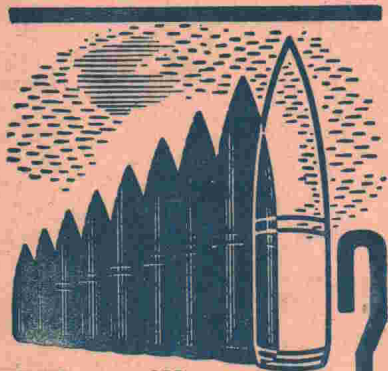
## A HERO WRITES TO HIS LADY LOVE

Dear Barbara:

I got up here from Number 4 bombing and gunning school at Finger and am writing you as I said I would but don't reckon I can write twice a day as I promised because the Sgt. got the measles off a fairy battle and I guess he'll want me to take his place till he comes out of hospital. He said every fellow coming in the section had to leave his girl's address with him or the cpl. so they could let them know if anything happened to us.

Well, sir, the first time I got heer some guy with a band on his arm and the letter S.P. or something takes me down the hall to the adjacent. (I guess that's cause he's next to the C.O.—the C.O. is the guy that runs this place). Anyway, when I walks into this Adjacent he looks at me and says, "What the hell is the air fore coming to, anyway." And I tells him they are all coming to Torbay, and he says, "Shut up."

Well, they hands me over to a guy to show me around. I asks him what AC2 was and he tells me that it is Air Commodore, second class. So I feel pretty good about getting promotion so quick. A lot of other fellows here got the same promotion so I guess Hitler might as well give up. They tell me I'm General Duties and I had quite a time telling them they are making a big mistake as I've never heard of this fellow Duties.



**Who will  
replace this shell**

It is not on the job because  
a Certificate was cashed.

**HOARD  
WAR SAVINGS  
CERTIFICATES**

Next morning, I go on parade. That is when you line up with a bunch of fellows and look dumb when anyone calls your name. After this parade the C. O. comes in and says, "Who is that man?" I says, "Me from Finger," and he says, "keep quiet," but I'm not going to let him put anything over on me so I try to explain and he says, "Shut up." Anyway, he talks to the Sergeant and says, "He's scruffy looking as hell, put him in the M.T."

So they take me over to a red headed sergeant with a bunch of guys running after him wanting to know if they can have a revally pass. He looks at me and says, "ever drive?" I says, "yes". "Well," says the sergeant, "that is a novelty in this job."

There's quite a bunch of fellows in this M. T. section. One of our flite sergeants was in London at some pink tea the other nite and an old lady asks him what three stripes and a crown means. "Well," he says, "the crown means I'm married and each stripe is for one of my children." Half an hour later she spots Sgt. Soodalhoodits trying to crash the gate and she beans him over the head with her umbrella.

We have a bunch of stoves in the buildings that have motors in them. They blow the gas out and keep the heat inside and then they moan and groan all night. The first night I woke up and thought I was back home with you with your old man sleeping under the table.

I'm going to ask the C.O. if he will get one of the fellows in the photographic section to take my picture so I can send you one.

Well, Barbara, I guess I'll ring off for this time as I've got to help the C.O. look for a Avis Hanson that somebody mislaid in stores. I'm going into town some night soon if Red gives me a pass. Remember me to your Maw and Paw and if yer down by the jail tell your brother I'll send him a picture of our guard room. Yours till the service police give us a smile.

YOUR JOE.

## AIRWOMEN'S CANTEEN & RECREATION BUILDING

The W. D. Clubhouse of Torbay will be open sometime during Easter week. The airwomen have been looking forward to this for a long time, and, as you will see for yourself when you enter this building, it is something well worth waiting for. Bright yellow walls and colourful furniture contribute an atmosphere of cheerfulness,

and chairs built for comfort add that homelike touch that means so much on a station that is almost isolated. The writing room is equipped with desks, chairs and notepaper—all ready to be used to get those letters off on the first T.C.A. The walls are decorated with large floral prints, an Airforce crest, and even a pair of Caribou antlers, in true Newfoundland style. Lamps and magazine stands invite you to relax for a quiet evening of reading. There are games, too, for the bridge players, the checker champions, and the ping-pong experts. And for those who like to dance, there is a large room with smooth, waxed floors, and a "Juke Box" in the corner that will play any of your favourites for only a nickel. Chocolate bars, ice-cream and coca cola may be purchased from the canteen to supply you with that evening lunch.

The Airwomen's Club is to close at 2230 hours daily, unless special permission is granted to stay open until a later hour.

Personnel are requested to enter by the West door, and overshoes, rubbers, etc., are to be removed before entering the Canteen proper.

Canteen service—1200 hours to 1315 hours, and 1700 hours to 2130 hours (last call).

All wrappings off chocolate bars, ice-cream containers and cans are to be placed in receptacles provided for that purpose.

Bottles are to be returned to the Canteen counter, and not left around the room.

No alcoholic beverages will be allowed in this building.

No soft drinks or fruit juices to be taken out of the Canteen.

The airwomen's club will be opened to airmen on the following four days only:

From 1400 hours to 2230 hours Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Thursday.

Dress for airmen—Blues.

The airwomen wish to express their sincere thanks to Group Captain Grandy, S/L Badgley, the Y.M.C.A. and all others who made it possible for them to have this clubhouse as their own.



## "MEMORIES THAT BLESS AND BURN"

Some friends of mine were in New York recently and in their next letter gave me a vapid, impressionistic series of little pictures of the varied sights and sounds of that fascinating city. I sat back and began to wonder what I would write or say if asked to put something down in the way of reminiscences about life here. And suddenly a bewildering array of ideas and sensations and events and incidents and phrases started to run through the mind:—

- The wind bloweth where it listeth—and it knows how to blow!
- Dark grey thrusts of bare rock and tiny brown patches of field with much wooden fencing.
- The eerieness of a graveyard shaft—and the dazed way you eat breakfast when it is over.
- Waiting and waiting in town for the bus.
- Living under the watchful eyes of the boys, who take a fabulous interest in knowing everything that happens to the W.D.'s.
- The furious sound of engine run-ups in the early morning.
- The feel of clean sheets.
- The lengthiness of pay parades—and everyone critically inspecting everyone else's salute.
- A memory of sea sickness that returns with horrible potency when they show a sea picture on the screen.
- The eternal search for butter in the mess.
- Bumping home on an Army truck to the tune of "We'll rant and we'll roar."
- Wondering if there will be a dance this Friday.
- The excitement that can't help rising up when you head for the post office.
- How the boys take to love scenes in the movies and to Rita Hayworth—and all the others.
- Cups of ice cream and cokes and fruit juice from a tin and many, too many chocolate bars.
- The way flashlights have of suddenly exploring you up and down when in town.
- "Away, away with fife and drum, Here we come, full of rum."
- How the Americans fill the road with



...WE ARE

COUNTING



ON YOU...

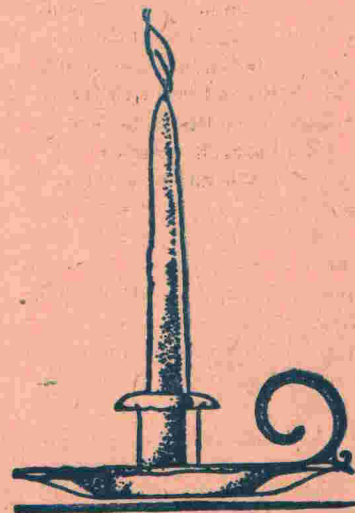


- vehicles, like magicians' pulling cars out of hats.
- Twenty workmen watching one strangely industrious soul hammer his single nail for the morning.
- Waiting for that flip.
- Moving and moving again—and the box of Rinso that insists upon spilling.
- The ancientness of that old stone church and the green-crusted gravestones.
- Parcels from home.
- The way the boys came to the W. D. concert doubting our ability to put it over.
- More wind.
- Trying to get enough material for a letter home.
- Those box-like frame houses that seem to have been all put up by the one hand.
- Fires.
- Hi, bye, how've ye gettin' on?
- The restfulness of Sunday morning church and Sunday afternoon walks.
- The first time we saw one of the new hats.
- Passes and signing on and bad checks and drill and barracks room fatigue and lights out and fire patrol and a clean shirt and mending stockings and relaxing in slacks and climbing into the upper bunk and pressing a tie and worrying about your hair and tying that unnecessary scarf around your head

on certain days and mud on your shoes and polishing buttons and Thursday night scrubbing—the routine of living.

- The sight of the blue haziness of the sea.
- The way newspapers have become a distant memory.
- Will it be six months or nine months or a year?
- Midnight in the mess—and meal chits.
- Rain and fog.
- The milk-shakes at the USO.
- Two-wheeled carts on the roads and multitudes of sailors on the streets and the feel of being definitely out of your own country.
- The sound of planes overhead.

F. G. H.



# AN OPEN LETTER TO THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND

SWEETHEART—

You're a very important person these days, as you probably realize. You are the girl immortalized since Chivalry first sent men out to fight and die in defence of womanhood, "The Girl He Left Behind Him." He didn't find it very easy to leave you, and you didn't find it easy to let him go. He would have much preferred to stay home, working at that job of his, earning enough money to lay something aside every month for the home you've been planning together. He doesn't like to think that everything has been postponed—that ring he wanted to see glittering on your finger, the formal engagement, the wedding itself, and all the joy and constructive achievement that lay ahead. But his country called him; he went because he felt that democracy was something for which a person must pay. And you were proud of him when he sent that snapshot of himself in his unaccustomed uniform, and very proud indeed when he came back on his first visit from the camp.

## REAL INSPIRATION

You are like a million other girls in Canada to-day, girls who have seen their sweethearts marching off to join the army, girls who have made a sacrifice and smiled encouragingly when the boys made the sacrifice too. All of which makes you a mighty important person. You are the inspiration in his life. When he hears the orators talk about "fighting in defence of our women and children," he doesn't think of that as a windy oratorical platitude. He suddenly sees your face, and beautifully enough, he dreams a little, like Charles Lamb and his beloved dream children, of the sons and the daughters that are some day, he hopes, to be his and yours. When he hears one of the top-ranking officers say, "men, we are not fighting a war or aggression or conquest; we are preparing to protect our homes," he smiles without any suggestion of cynicism. For he has a mental picture of the home he hopes will be his: a strong little place, clean and pure and wholesome, you the heart and centre of it. And he sees himself and you together leading the life that Christ intends should begin with a great Sacrament.

## WITHOUT THAT IDEAL

Have you stopped to think what all this means to him? If he thought for example that you weren't fine, if he knew that you were as cheap as—well as some of the girls we all know, girls in the headlines, girls you've seen on parties or on the streets, do you think he'd consider it worth while to prepare to fight for you, to train himself to die, if need be, rather than have you rough-handed or shamed? There are boys in the camp with him who haven't an ideal like you to fight for. They would be a little amused if some one suggested that our army is mustered in defence of the rights of women and children. They've seen too many women who hadn't anything but contempt for their own virtue and who were already quite unfit to be the mothers of the nation's children. The chivalrous soldier has no intention that women be manhandled. But the unchivalrous soldier didn't find it too difficult to manhandle the girl he left behind, the girl who has been to him, not an inspiration, but very clearly and sadly a temptation.

## DIFFERENT TYPES

It must sound bitter and almost derisive to some of those young soldiers to hear the orator speak of the defence of the Canadian home. Perhaps they are thinking of the girl who regards home as a place to run from as quickly and as often as possible. She's the kind of girl who's at very much at ease in a tavern or a night club. She wouldn't have the slightest interest in a home. Over the cot

of such a soldier is pinned the picture of a beautiful woman. She's glamorous and full of "oomph" and seductive and pretty sketchily clad. Your soldier thinks of you and the future and is happy that he can hope that someday you will be the mother of his children. He knows that the whole future of our country depends upon those boys and girls. He may get a glow of which he is not too proud when he looks at that tacked-up picture of one of the nation's glamour girls. But he can't by any stretch of fancy imagine her as the mother of children upon whose strength and moral fiber the nation must build. You may not be so beautiful, young lady, as the other girl. But when he thinks of you, he knows he has a glorious motive to wear a uniform and beat back any man who dares endanger you, your home, or the future that rests with your children. He has a very, very different feeling when he looks at that seductive siren who by no stretch of imagination can be picture in the act of rocking a crib or holding a baby against her heart.

## CHANGE

Once upon a time men went out to war simply because some conqueror lusted for more power or vaster wealth. That type of soldier was ruthless with the women that crossed his marauding path. He never even momentarily pictured himself fighting in defence of women, the home, and the children of the future. He preyed on women. He sacked homes. He tossed children out to die by the roadsides. Even after the advent of Christianity war went on. Often it was barbarous and savage. Yet sometimes the men who fought thought of themselves as Knights in Armor, riding their white horses in defence of women's purity and the innocence and weakness of little children. They saw themselves standing with their bodies between the tyrant and his relentless invaders and the precious homes which were modeled on that of Nazareth.

## WHY STRONG?

It was said of Galahad that his strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure. Splendid! Yet the strength of many a fine soldier is as the strength of ten because the woman he loves is pure. Why should he fight to defend a woman who has not bothered to defend herself against the one real enemy of her womanhood? Why should he think of himself as defending strong homes when the woman who attracts him is

(Continued on next page)

**5 BUCKS WON'T BUY A TIRE**



**BUT...**

**Boyl What you'll be able to buy later if you**

**WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES**

## AN OPEN LETTER TO THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND

utterly contemptuous toward the thought of home? Why should he try to make his land safe for children yet unborn if the girl he left behind him is already unworthy to give the land citizens and himself fair daughters and strong sons?

### YOUR PLACE

So, young lady, you see your importance in this whole present crisis. Please God your young man may never fight. Please God the enemy may never push the keel of its invading fleet upon our shores. Please God your soldier may come back to you without the echo of roaring battle in his ears and the memory of blood upon his hands. But whatever his part in this war, he thinks of himself as standing between you and the forces of barbarism. He does not like the strange code by which Nazi immorality has turned children from God and purity and women from noble innocence. He cannot tolerate the mistreatment of women under atheistic Communism. He still believes enough in women to love them purely and fight for them bravely. He still hopes to build a home where the national character can continue to develop. He dreams that the mother of his children will be gracious and wholesome and noble and pure. So it is your all-important task to be worthy of his dreams. You have betrayed him if, while you send him out to fight, you are not worth fighting for. You have tricked him if you are not preparing yourself to rule beautifully and unselfishly the home he hopes to establish. You have cruelly deceived him if, while he fights for the future of Canada, you are unworthy to give Canada the children who alone can make that future splendid. But we like to think that you who sent your young man into the army or smiled after him as you watched him go are really worthy of the ideal in his heart and the vision before his eyes. May our lady make it true that your soldier is right in finding inspiration and courage and nobility of purpose in the girl he left behind.

### YOUR BOYFRIEND OVERSEAS.

Sergeant ? ? ? ? "I'm groping for words."

Lady Friend: "Well, you don't expect to find them around my neck do you?"

## LIZZIE MAINTENANCE

Introducing a new column to the Wings Overseas.

Sgt. McGinnie is back with us again after a week's absence, looking hale and hearty as ever. Where has he been? How would you like to be bartender for a week.

\* \* \* \*

We wonder if it was a Gremlin that put the skids under Lou when he went for a nose-dive while adjusting the slats on one of our night fighters. After the completion of an almost perfect swan dive, he landed with disastrous effects, and the result a broken bone in his wrist. Here's to a speedy recovery Lou.

\* \* \* \*

Our insatiable sportsman, McNeil, spent an enjoyable 48 on a fishing trip. Stopping off in town, he made a purchase of what is considered standard fishing equipment (screech). They wended their tranquil way to one of the lakes that surround the station. Upon his return to barracks the boys enquired, "What success?" He responded gloomily, "No luck, but Croucehr saw one."

\* \* \* \*

We wonder why Cpl. Blanchard has been spending so many of his evenings playing badminton. Could his fair opponents have anything to do on his sudden interest in the game?

\* \* \* \*

Conversation between W. D. and our Danny.

Danny: "Would you like a drink of my rum?"

W.D.: "No thank you."

Danny: "Would you like a bite of my sandwich?"

W. D.: "No thank you."

Danny: "Now look here you stauble jumper. Just because hey had to lasso you to get your shoes on is no reason why you should refuse my hospitality."

\* \* \* \*

Since when did Cpl. Blanchard take to theatrcals. It seems that on his last 48 he took in his first lesson of fan-dancing. We are wondering if he is going to continue and get his next lesson on his coming 36.

Things we would like to know.

What does it feel like to be able to see the hangars again Petesie?

When is Fortus going to visit his new acquaintance W.O.I. Thorpe again?

When Paderewski is going to get a spark catcher for his incinerator?

\* \* \* \*

We wish to extend our sympathies to Sgt. McGinnis, Cpl. Blanchard and their first anniversary at Torbay vbg L.A.C. Weldon who celebrated their first anniversary at Torbay April 18. I suppose you know that water is only good to build bridges over.

L.A.C. Weldon is wondering when he will finally get his posting back to New Brunswick. It seems he has some unfinished business to attend to.

\* \* \* \*

We extend our sympathies to L.A.C. Rutter who is convalescing at Lachine, Quebec. We hope you have a speedy recovery from your illness (?).

So until the next time, keep them flying.

L. H.

## THE RUMOUR

Absolute knowledge I have none  
 But my aunt's washerwoman's son  
 Heard a policeman on his beat  
 Say to a labourer on the street  
 That he had a letter just last week  
 Written in the finest Greek  
 By a Chinese coolie in Timbucktoo  
 Who said the Negroes in Cuba knew  
 Of a coloured man in a Texas town  
 Who got it straight from a Circus  
 Clown  
 That a man in the Klondike got the  
 news  
 From a gang of South American Jews  
 Of somebody in Borneo  
 Who knew a man who claimed to  
 know  
 Of a swell society female fake  
 Whose mother-in-law would under-  
 take  
 To prove that her husband's sister's  
 niece  
 Had stated in a printed piece  
 That she had a cousin who had a  
 friend  
 Who knew when the war was going  
 to end.

Wings for VICTORY

## R.C.A.F. THEATRE, TORBAY



February 28th was one of the eventful days in the history of Torbay station.

The introduction of two 35 MM. machines with two shows, three evenings per week, has proven to have been a successful venture of Torbay enterprise.

Show night a large percentage of the station look forward to a quiet evening's relaxation, and for material with which to fill up a letter when conversing with the folks back home. By April 15th, twenty shows had been well attended, proving that the theatre is playing its part despite difficulties.

While all the shows have not been good, and not satisfied the taste of all patrons, some have been very good.

"How Green is My Valley," starring Walter Pidgeon, was very good, splendid supporting cast and very much appreciated.

Other good features and stars included "My Girl Sal," starring Rita Hayworth; "Commandos Strike at Dawn," Paul Muni; "Friendly Enemies," Charlie Ruggles, who is always good; "Burma Convoy," Chas. Bickford; "Sun of Fury," Tyrone Power; "Shores of Tripoli," Randolph Scott and the Shorts which on the whole have provided both light and educational entertainment.

To date the Theatre committee feel satisfied with what has been accomplished, but like the patrons desire to see more good shows.

At the present the source of supply of films is absolutely limited, many attempts have been made to obtain better films.

But reasonably soon there is every hope of having first class films available, meanwhile your committee requests your patience and good-will, till present difficulties are overcome.

Many improvements have been made to the Recreation Hall, and with time and the transfer of many activities to the Drill Hall, still further improvements will be made for your comfort and entertainment.

The first show commences promptly at 6.30 p.m. doors opening at 6.15, the second show commencing at 8.30 p.m.

To facilitate the quick and efficient entry of the patrons into the Theatre, strips of tickets are on sale at six for one dollar, obtainable at the wicket or on pay parade. It is economical to buy tickets by the strip, single tickets costing 20 cents each, buying tickets by the strip saves you from standing in the line during inclement weather, and ensures you a choice of seat.

W.O.2 Winch and Sgt. Veate are to be congratulated on efficient running of the projector booth, double checking the films to ensure the show runs with a minimum of breaks.

For the comfort of all attending, a full-house sign is hung at the entrance when the show is full.

Despite this information many still try to obtain entry into the show, please pay attention to the sign, for then the opening and closing of the door with its tantalizing clanging and avenues of light, creeping around the hall during the show will be curtailed.

All organizations must of necessity

have rules, and for the general enjoyment of all, so the theatre must have rules.

No pass-outs are permitted, and dress must be blue or khaki.

With four and five hundred of an attendance it is obvious, khaki does not mean working fatigues, but good clean khaki.

When leaving a theatre in Montreal, Winnipeg or Vancouver, it is usual to leave the theatre in a quiet and orderly manner. This prevailing custom is expected at Torbay theatre, at the end of each show, leave quietly, do not bolt for the door, keep the chairs in order for the second show. Do not put your feet on the chairs, someone in their number one blues may be using the chair next.

Easy exit must at all times be available, therefore seating accommodation is limited, passageways must be kept clear.

Smoking is not permissible, do not light your cigarettes till you are outside the theatre.

Better times may be anticipated, we are not a static organization, the President of the theatre, Squadron Leader Badgley, the driving force, ambitions, always planning something for the future, ably assisted by F/O Home, will not rest till we do not mean any more.

F/S SMITH, F.F.B.

## S'TRUTH

A German had a terrible toothache and decided to have the bothersome tooth removed. He went to one of the foremost dentists in Berlin.

The dentist examined his mouth, took x-rays of the tooth, went into consultation with an assistant, then, finally, said to his patient:

"We can extract that tooth, but it will cost you ten thousand dollars."

The German looked at the dentist in amazement. "Ten thousand dollars!" he cried. "Ten thousand dollars to pull one tooth? I never heard of such a thing!"

The dentist shrugged. "My dear sir, you forget that we will have to extract that tooth through your ear."

"Through my ear!" the German exclaimed. "Why can't you pull it through my mouth?"

"This is Germany," the dentist replied stiffly, "and no one here can open his mouth."

## CHALK DUST JOTTINGS

Chalk dust has been fairly plentiful in the schoolrooms this month—though we had to borrow some chalk, apart from what Sgt. Walker "scrounged."

Preparatory Maths got off to another good start. L. A. C. Staple is doing a fine job here, and the boys are "lapping it up." Some of the lads are prospective Air crew, but the class is open to any who wish to improve their Maths.

The Maths "B" class has been really going places. Barks can be heard everywhere in the room. We mean L. A. C. Barks, by the way. A lot of the boys who make aircrew are going to owe much to Barks. He hasn't missed a class in six months. Quite a record for a voluntary teacher. By the way—Congrats. to Cpls. Cornell, Dearden, and Hooker on passing up the ladder to Maths "A". Follow the leaders fellows.

Congratulations to Sgt. Cunningham on his recent promotion. The boys in Pre-Aircrew Maths "A" were especially glad to hear of it. It is rumoured that Cpls. Withers and Baxter, and also Lac. Eldston and Lac. Dowley, have completed their work in this class, and have been recommended for I.T.S. A lot of the boys from this class have been keeping their fingers crossed, while waiting some postings to I.T.S.

S.O.S. S.O.S. Never mind. It's just the Pre-Aircrew boys practising their wireless in the Schoolroom. Cpl Dunlap is doing a good job here.

What's that Plane? What's that Plane? We're all hoping that it's the one bringing P/O Moore for our Aircraft Recognition classes.

Have you seen the posters of the Commercial Art class now on display in the Schoolroom? It is worth a few minutes of your time to drop in and see them. This class has been restarted under Sgt. Armitage, this time on pen and ink drawings. In a month or so we hope to have another collection of their work on view.

Watch the tractors go by! The lads of Cpl. Cleve's Automotive Engineering class are studying hard for the "B" grouping. Judging from the present condition of roads, the boys see a great future in this work.

Congratulations to Cpl. Cleve and Cpl. Kales on finishing their courses in Diesel Engineering and Automotive Engineering. Best of luck to Cpl. Kales on his new station.

"She wants a new ribbon, sir." No, Cpl. Farrell wasn't talking of his nearest and dearest, but of the typewriter. The typing classes have been very successful under Cpl. Farrell. Three new machines are on hand thanks to the C.L.E.S. This class is usually filled, but if you wish to join, perhaps you will be one of the lucky ones.

We have seen some good work this month from the boys doing Mechanical Drawing. Some of the fellows in this class really have talent.

Overheard during a lesson on Navigation:

Sgt.: Do you know what is Variation?

Cpl.: Yes, it's what makes life interesting.

It is rumoured that LAC Gibson, LAC Pulley, and LAC Hemsworth who were attending wireless class for entrance to the trade, have been recommended for a course in wireless.

Parlez-vous Anglais? Anglais? Well why don't you? F/Sgt. Goodwin has been doing good work with the French speaking personnel who wish to learn to speak English. Join his class.

This is a little story of Wilbur. Wilbur did not go far in school. When he joined the Air Force, Wilbur had soaring ambitions, but he lacked the education. He wasn't getting anywhere fast in the Air Force—then he learned of the Educational Services (Maths, Science, English, etc.) Wilbur decided to rise in the world. He got down to work. Now he is in the air and on the up and up—per Educational Services ad Astra. (For illustrations to this story, see the poster on the wall of the Schoolroom).

That's all for now. Clean the blackboard Sgt. Walker.



## STATION LIBRARY

Listed below are a number of books picked at random from the library shelves, which are at the disposal of all personnel:—

My Old Man—Damon Runyon.  
Victory Through Air Power—  
Seversky.

Now it Can be Told—Philip Gibbs.  
Blood and Sand—Ibanez.  
Song of Bernadette—Werfel.  
Damien the Leper—John Farrow.  
Round by Round—Jack Dempsey.  
An American Tragedy—  
Theodore Dreiser.  
Fortunes of Captain Blood—  
Rafael Sabatini.

54-40 or Fight—Emerson Hough.  
Dead Ned—John Masefield.  
Sagittarius Rising—Cecil Lewis.  
Hitler and I—Otto Strasser.  
Flying Priest Over the Arctic—  
Paul Schulte.

The Call of the Wild—Jack London.  
The Nile—Emil Ludwig.  
Inside Latin America—John Gunther.  
Mediterranean Front—Alan Morehead.  
All Night Long—Erskine Caldwell.  
Adventures of Ellery Queen—Queen.  
Murder of Roger Ackryd—  
Agatha Christie.

Come Back, Come Rope—Benson.  
Dr. Hudson's Secret Journal—  
Lloyd C. Douglas.

Curious Happenings to the Rooke  
Legatees—E. Phillips Oppenheim.

I Hate Tomorrow—Harry J. Greenwall  
Invitation to Live—Lloyd C. Douglas.  
Anne Boleyn—Barrington.

Europa in Limbo—Robert Briffault.  
Return Via Dunkirk—Gun Buster.  
Masters of Their Own Destiny—  
M. M. Coady.

The Epic of America—  
James Truslow Adams

Our technical section is coming along nicely too. We have a brand new series of Audel's books for the mechanic, carpenter, millwright, sheet metal worker, welder, etc., which cover and answer many a problem for the tradesman. All branches of aviation are covered, plus books on science, chemistry, accounting and radio. Whatever your plans may be for the future, we are sure we have a book covering your livelihood ambition, and if perchance, we haven't a book covering your particular interest, we will try and get it on the shelves for you as soon as possible.

## LETTERS TO MOTHER

Dear Ma:—

At last I have begun to get the feeling of what you had done for me when I was too young to wash my own diapers or before I was in the R.C.A.F.

I can't imagine what's wrong. Everything gets mixed up. First I put some Rinso into the very small wash basin, then I turn on the water and suddenly a great fuzz grows up and I can't see how much water is in the basin, until it runs over and then when I put my clothes in, more water runs over and everybody shouts at me and hates me.

Then I have to scoop off some of the fuzz and start washing, so I grab it between my fists and I start to rub and my finger nails get in the way and dig out small chips of flesh, just about two bones up counting from the fingernails, and everything gets streaked with red. I have to use Woodbury's every night.

You often said I was a dumbell and all that, and every time I stole some cookies you said I would be no good in life. Well, that's talking about life, not the R.C.A.F. But, I'm beginning to think I'm pretty stupid. Please Ma, don't show this letter to all your friends.

The box says to use lukewarm water, and soak for 15 minutes, but if you start with lukewarm water, it's cold in about half a minute, so I don't know what to do. When I'm through, everything looks lopsided and unreal, not natural in color or anything. Dear Ma, please send me some advice or ask Dorothy Dix or someone to help me. Maybe I shouldn't have joined up and if Hitler only knew how much we wished he'd croak, maybe he would.

Also, don't tell sister about this letter, she thinks I'm dumb, too.

Your loving son,

A. PINSKY.

Dear Ma:—

Somebody stole the last letter I wrote you and they printed it and hung it on a wall. But you can't expect anything better out here. It's just like the twenty cent pieces the Department of Internal Confusion and Revenue issued to cheat innocent airmen. One side of it is just like a quarter and on the other side it says 20 cents. People in Newfy know that we're not provided with X-Ray goggles

.....I think the Americans are. They wear anything. Another thing, all the roads are washboards, but we ain't got a single one on the station. And that's what hurts—riding over those roads.

There's something funny about me, schoolteachers always seem to take an interest in me. I know five out here now and they all treat me like a kid. They think I'm a problem and they always seem to be discussing the problem, even when my back is turned. So maybe I should quit—or resign. I think resign would be better. I imagine they'll advance two week's pay, so you have nothing to worry about.

We have no curtains on our windows, so every night about —p.m. we put big pieces of cardboard over the windows. You see, our station is sort of a cold affair and they're very strict about the lesson you learn. I think that a nice chintz or English broadcloth print (non fadable) would be better 'cause then we could peek out to see everyone go by, but they tell me to concentrate on Hitler. Of course a chemical concentration of Hitler would be worth 47 cents dead!

Please tell Dotty that if she reconsiders my proposal I'll still marry her and also tell that boxer she goes out with to go to the devil.

Your faithful son,

A. PINSKY.

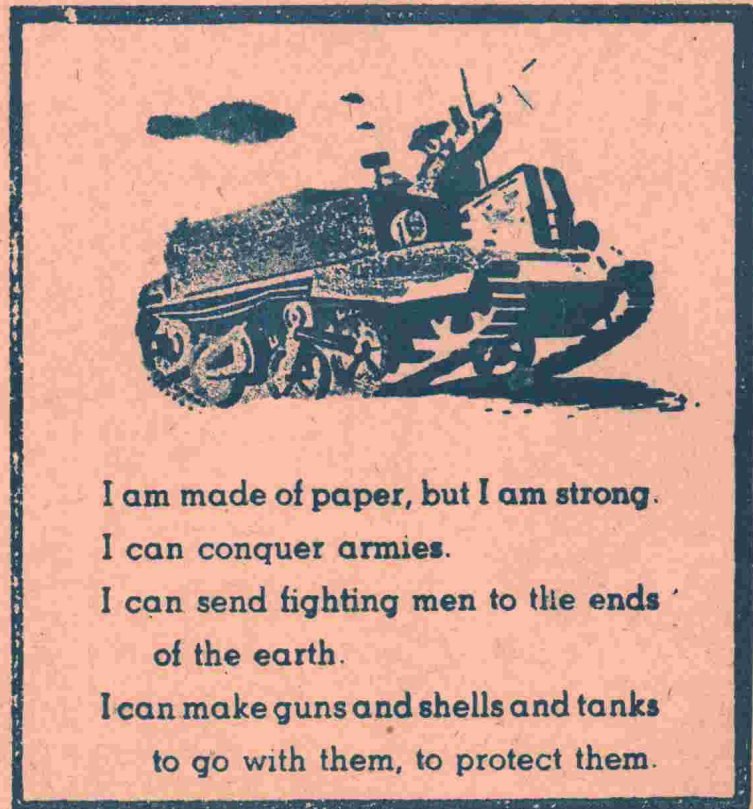


## FOR VICTORY

From Trondhiem Fjord to Scapa Flow,  
the cry goes out for help,  
We need Canadian Dollars to beat this  
Nazi whelp.  
So roll up with your Dollars and make  
our War Chest groan,  
Subscribe to overflowing our greatest  
Victory Loan.

Onward, ever onward our Victory  
Dollars go,  
Building ever higher, to fight a fiend-  
ish foe.  
Downward, ever downward will go the  
blasted Hun,  
If we keep on giving Dollars till the  
battle has been won.

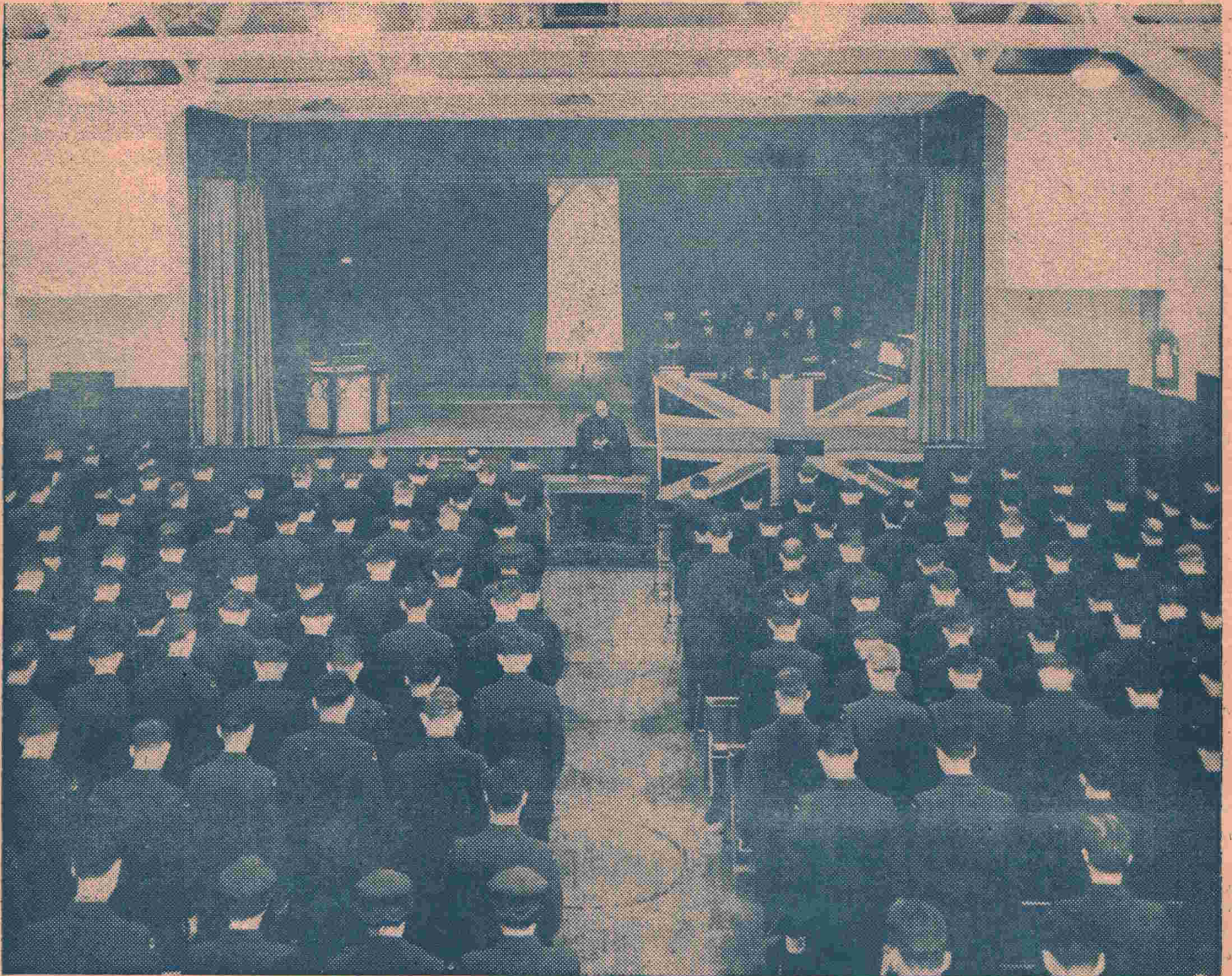
From each, his small donation, to  
make a mighty pile,  
To wipe from all Creation the things  
that are most vile.  
So roll up with your Dollars and buy  
a Victory Bond,  
And you'll help fight Naziism, to its  
death, across the Pond.



I am made of paper, but I am strong.  
I can conquer armies.  
I can send fighting men to the ends  
of the earth.  
I can make guns and shells and tanks  
to go with them, to protect them.

I AM A WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATE.

# PROTESTANT EASTER SERVICES



R.C.A.F. photo

Easter Sunday morning dawned with all the beauty and splendor that one anticipates at this season of the year. The birds with their cheery songs seemed to lend accent to the truth of new life that we celebrate on the occasion of Easter. Borne in upon our hearts with renewed clarity came the knowledge that again we were privileged to assemble together and rejoice in the assurance of Eternal life depicted to us in the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Our morning Service took the form of the Celebration of Holy Communion. In one of the best attended services we have had on the Station, one became impressed with its deep meaning as each in his individual communion with God realized the large place our worship should fill in our daily lives. In prayer and praise and in partaking of the elements of the Sacrament we felt

a common bond of brotherhood with those among whom we worshipped and with those who hold a large place in our hearts; even though separated from them by space and time.

The evening service was a departure from our regular services as we had with us in our worship the friends and relatives of the Station personnel. It gave us a touch of the "Home Church" atmosphere to have our friends with us at this Easter evening service. We are grateful for the permission that was granted to us which enabled our friends to visit our Station and to unite with us in our worship at Eastertide. The music by the choir and the messages by the Chaplain were appropriate for the day and we came away feeling the benefit of having communed together.

The high point in the day came when we gathered immediately after the evening services to listen to a Sacred

Easter Concert presented by the combined choirs of the Protestant and Roman Catholic choirs. The Protestant choir was under the direction of Sgt. Helen Barnum and the Roman Catholic choir directed by S/L MacNeil. The rapt attention of the audience and their comments following the concert left no doubt in our minds as to the enjoyment experienced by everyone and the high calibre of music presented. We all feel that a concert of this kind given at regular intervals would add much to our religious life and worship while on the Station. We offer our hearty congratulations to all those who took part in the concert and to those responsible for its direction and arrangement. May the good work be kept up and we will all look forward with anticipation to the next Sacred concert.

A. M. I.

## MAINTENANCE TALES

**Found:** Checker players. This game has received all the words, in and out of any dictionary. From our section many times the board and checkers have gone flying through the air without a parachute. The steady-nerved Cpl. Sinnott and the impatient Barrett are playing their 1000-game series now which should end when the war ends.

**Lost:** Cpl. Barker, LAC Hydman and AC Bucci. The last two on their way to the battle fronts abroad where their experience gained at Torbay will pay dividends. Hydman will catch another widow to live off. Bucci will either learn or teach the English women, new techniques. Cpl. Barker returns to Canada. A good gain for someone but our loss.

**Education:** Is continuing in our barracks. The capable teachers, LAC's Staple and Wheadon are former "masters of the brats." Staple is doing a fine job helping the boys with their pre-aircrew mathematics. Wheadon's time is spent in town perhaps educating himself more fully with the fairer sex.

**Pastime:** If you should (and we don't invite you) walk through our barracks and hear someone counting one, two, three and so on, don't think us nuts—its just a new game of cards. Game is now declining due to shortage of cards.

**Vitamins:** Vitamin B must have what it takes. Most of the boys can see the door when they come in late—maybe Lent has something to do with it also.

**Publicity:** The pulsating, wild and woolly, heart-of-the-nation (Ottawa) should pay Steele for the publicity given it. Anyhow, he'll be able to go back on relief after the war—all paid by the capital city. This city is also Eastern Canada's Allan cup team this year. No opposition in sight from the west.

**Heard Around the Section:** Let's give the Japs a slap to-night, lads. You should know better than that, chum. Who's the "bim" I saw you out with last night? Who's going for early dinner? I wonder when I'll get posted? I'm on a 48 to-morrow. Who's going to get drunk, to-night?

With fine co-operation from the combined U. S. and R.C.A.F. officials A. C. Schmitz was able to rush home to his sick father. May such helpfulness not be in vain, and his father pull through O.K.

The war looks better for us, yes,

## ELECTRICAL SECTION

By LAC GINSLER

It was indeed a great disappointment to lose the services of our friend Cpl. Medherst, who was posted across the pond recently. His services will truly be missed, especially in this Department. But never fear, for yours truly will endeavour to keep you wise on "What's doing, and Who's Doing it" in our Maintenance. Not a very encouraging thought, but here goes.

### WANT TO KNOW DEPARTMENT

Who that lovely bit of W. D. personnel "Curly" Colbourne has been courting, she must be nice, because "Curly" shaves every day now, and when he returns from his evening "jaunts", he enters the room with a look upon his face, like a cow giving milk.

Who has been writing letters post-marked Carbonear, to LAC Margerison since his return from the Osborne Expedition. Tch. tch, such goings on.

Who is the Corporal in Rm. 15 B.B. .6 that they call "Windy"? And why?

Who is the little widow that LAC Cail gets such a razzing about from the boys. Careful Cayo.

### SOCIAL EVENTS

"Glamor Pants" Masson a little Sergeant in our hangar (6 ft. 1") has

much better. Think back a few months and you'll agree on that. Slow but sure the battle is coming to a final period. If our jobs and responsibilities are successfully completed each day, then our hope for victory will be answered. ot being prejudiced, the "electrical section" on this station is doing a great job. The NCOs|C. Flgt.|Sgt. Smith is greatly responsible for its efficiency. His steady ahnd and increasing loyalty has accounted for the progressiveness of the section. His, to use an expression, trigger-men, Sgts. Murdock and Cameron are capable and hard-working. Along with these is a staff which are second to none.

Our job on this station is just as important to the war effort as any on the war fronts—not as dangerous but as urgent. When a convoy has past out of our sphere, without casualties then pat yourself on the back. The harder we fight, the sooner we win.

H. S.

P.S.—We welcome to our staff the following: ACs. Bells, Gardner, Mc-Know, Armoult. May their stay here be happy.

just returned from an extended 48.

LACA Badger "Wild man from the West" has just returned from his furlough, and reports a scarcity of the male sex in Canada, which agreed with him 100%.

LAC. Woolfrey has left for Canada to bring back his lovely wife. I hope that she can cook?

LAC. Scanlon expects to tie the knot sometime in June. Congrats and all that Scanlon old boy. All the boys wish you their best.

### POLITICS

Our very good friend Lac. Laing called "Senator" Laing, by his friends, refuses to make any further comment on the present leave and Posting situation. When yours truly last spoke to him he said: "I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY."

### WORLD OF SPEED

The speed at which the smoke room is cleared when Sgt. Angus Ralph stalks into the smoke room gleefully rubbing his hands and saying—"How would you fellows like a job "

### NUTS AND BOLTS

To the many rumor mongers on this station, who get everybody excited with their false rumors.

To the lads coming into barracks late at night and making unnecessary noises, while the rest of the gang are sleeping.

To the airmen who continually walk around the station with their hands in their pockets.

### GOODBYES AND HELLOS

Goodbye and good luck and God-speed to: F/S Osborne, LAC. Ferguson, Cpl. Duncan, LAC Logan, LAC Wilson, Cpl. Medhurst, and LAC Brown on their leaving this station to go "over there." We sure will miss them all.

Hello to all you new fellows, I hope you will all enjoy your new station. It's your Station. And how you make it, depends on yourselves. So good luck to you all.

Well that about winds up this column for this month, but I will be back next month with plenty of news. I'll be writing you.

With Pistons of Love,

Your Maintenance Reporter,

"GISN"



## GYRO HUM

By GEORGE (Inst. Section)

Congrats to Bill Rennick and the Missus on their recent marriage. The groom is doing well. And the bride?

If we had hammocks instead of bunks for a few nights, we might have been taken for sailors, there was that much water around and in our bunks. For once the instrument section was all wet.

The above mentioned statement does not concern P. P. Haley, who is a one man fire brigade in his own right. Three 'beers' for Haley.

"Bent in the Middle" Johnson is quickly overtaking "Long John" Martin with that early morning growl. Rumour has it, a special collection will be taken to purchase some "Ex-Lax". Nuff said.

"Good time" Pelyk says that if he was back in Winnipeg he would take out a different girl every night. We'll say so too. Once bitten, twice shy.

Craig, McArthur, and Johnson have lost that "tattle tale grey" after their involuntary trips to the showers, clothes and all.

Where in h-1 did McArthur go that noon hour anyway. Don't let "Grumpy" Johnson bother you Jack. Only kidding Johnson.

We understand from reliable sources that Bill and Greg are not showing further interest in sending pictures home. Anyway they had the same story. The same pictures also.

If Sgt. Hamill and Red Ketchen aren't beaten at bridge soon there will be no living with them. Any challengers?

Why all these trips to town "Choker"? Is she blonde or brunette? The boys are talking, the W.D.s dismayed.

Are all those "battery pushers" as quiet as the sample in our barracks or are they merely intimidated?

Nice things about our section—Bill O'Toole's smile, Johnny Johnson's hair, those hot records, so many married men, so many single men. G. Harts stolid disposition.

## A STUDENT—IN ARMS

He was the pride of his mother's heart,  
The strength of her love alone;  
Yet he went when called to a distant part  
To serve in a sphere unknown.

He claimed no warrior trait from birth,  
A student of life was he;  
Books and friends and the common earth  
Were his joys, and the open sea.

He chose the air and a plane to ride,  
And freedom to go his way—  
On peaceful flights with himself his guide  
In the land of his youthful day.

But he did not stall when they called him here,  
He would do his nation's will;  
Though it cost him his life in a single year,  
He would strike where tyrants kill.

So he ventured forth as an airman  
Intrepid and firm and brave;  
And he charted the skies as airmen do,  
true,  
But his life he could not save.

He had to go and I'm thinking now,  
That somewhere to us unknown;  
He is just away with a light on his brow,  
And a smile that is still his own.

For I know none perish whose thoughts are high,  
Nor lose in the common strife;  
For faith bears them through the tow-ring sky,  
To the joy of an endless life.  
Contributed by a "W.D."



Flight Sergeant Savard was heard to remark on day, "Everything repaired here except broken hearts."

Well the old rotor's stopped spinning but she'll be "revvin" up again next month about this same time.



## EASTER CHURCH SERVICES

### PROTESTANT

F|L MacIver officiating.  
Morning—Communion Service 1100 hours.  
Evening Service—1900 hours.  
Special Easter music. Choir under direction of Sergeant Helen Barnum.

### CATHOLIC

S|L. Father MacNeil, S.J.  
Early Mass—0745 hours.  
High Mass—1100 hours.

### Special Music

Mass of St. Basil, Ave Maria, Christ the Lord is Risen.  
Benediction—1900 hours.  
O Salutaris, Webb.  
Consecration, Ave Maria, Tantum Ergo, Christ the Lord is Risen.

## "THE SNACK BAR"

Six months ago it was a vague dream, to-day it is a very pleasant reality. How we ever got along without it and how we ever filled those empty corners of our stomachs before is a mystery, for the capacity of even the empty corners seems to be unlimited, as anyone who visits the Canteen can see.

Hats should be doffed to Officers responsible for this very excellent addition to our station life. F|O Hoem and F|O Young spent many weary and discouraging hours in the planning and setting up of this part of the Canteen. Impossible problems confronted them; lack of material, lack of equipment, transportation etc. With grim determination and several smart business deals they presented us with a Snack Bar that is second to none in equipment and appointments.

Such a task was not completed without a great deal of expense and effort. The men responsible deserve, at least, our utmost gratitude. Let our appreciation be expressed in an effort to keep the Snack Bar what it was intended to be, "a pleasant place to eat and meet." Let cleanliness and orderliness be the watchword while we are there, so that the need it is filling in our Station life will not be hampered by carelessness, thoughtlessness or abuse.

# WING DUSTERS

(Held over from last Issue)

Here I is all alone, with just a day to swing under the rope for this issue.

Considering such a short space of time to muster the material together, also this being my first attempt don't be too hard on yours truly.

As our friend "Andy" LAC Anderson was sporting such a beautiful shiner, and everybody curious to know what happened, I'd like to straighten this subject out. It was rumoured that the swinging doors in one of our local hotels was the cause, but when asked as to the cause, the only answer we could get was "I don't know." Maybe he is telling the truth, who knows.

I would like to suggest that the crash truck have its horn changed, the similarity with our scramble horn is too close, and the strain on the pilots and ground crew is too much, especially now the Station is getting scramble minded.

Congratulations are in order for our pilots who recently had the misfortune to be forced down and made such a good job of it. Nice going, fellas.

It seems as if Cpl. White, the "Caribou Kid," has a charmed life. His recent encounter with fate was again successful. We could hardly credit it, too good clean way of living. Or could we? Let's in on it "Whitey."

## 125 DEFINITIONS

### Hangar Party

The sharp witted devils who dodge about the hangar, quite noticeable when there's a Sergeant about looking for "Joes" to log hours on the hangar floors.

### Flat Spin

The state of a person trying to get his leave to start the same day as his T.C.A. booking. Or should I say leave period?

### Scramble

A nervous state in which one can spring from the horizontal position to the vertical, destroying every creature in the right of way, in his mad dash, only to forget to turn on the gas; then to return with an exhausted look and in a state of collapse, e.g., LAC Church.

### Flap

A varied length of time in which a person is allowed to create as much confusion and panic he can muster, doing all the jobs, muddled and badly as possible. Usual signs of this strain are, falling or thinning of the

hair. Ask Sgt. Clark, he can tell you more about it.

### 15 Min. Available

An object which can be rendered airborne within 3 hrs. with a great amount of treble.

### Barracks Detail

A time when the doors and windows are opened and the draft allowed to blow off the top soil on the barracks floor, while the unfortunate wretch on the job reclines on his bunk exhausted, dreaming of that extra pass we hear so much about.

### Smoke Period

A period of time one may sit indoors with cool confidence, ignoring the frosty glances of the N.C.O.'s, smiling nochalantly the whole grim passage of time, but glancing nervously at his watch as if worrying about his stay as it lengthens out.

\* \* \*

Just the other day our O. C. decided one of our rooms should be cleaned out, so the Major told the Sgt., the Sgt. sought out me with the glad news. So off I go to find someone who might by chance not be doing anything.

The first person I asked, well, he had to go on sick parade; the second guy, he should have quite a few fittings on his teeth by now. So on I go, not to be disheartened to get my

victim. A few more boys had to go for rifle practice, G.W.O.'s office; gas drill; early dinner; account section, and some just, well, they had to go. It didn't take me long to clean the floor anyway!

\* \* \*

I have just enough time to scribble these last few lines, as I dash toward's the Padre's office, so I wont miss out this month.

Well, here I am in his office, so I'd better say "So-long."

THE MARXMAN.

## \$336.51 CONTRIBUTED CANADIAN RED CROSS

It is gratifying to note the splendid response of the personnel on the Station to the recent Red Cross Appeal for funds. The fact that this contribution was voluntary makes it all the more noteworthy. It shows that we are not unmindful of the magnificent contribution that this excellent organization is making toward the war effort. Conscious of its value, we wish the Red Cross every success in this campaign and for its work in the future.

A. R. M. I.

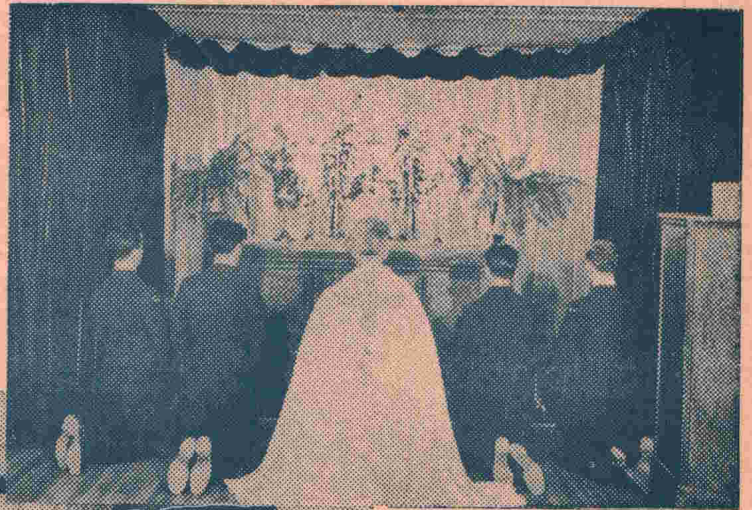


I AM A WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATE.

# CATHOLIC EASTER SERVICES

During Holy Week on the station, a four-day Mission was held for all the Catholic personnel. For the occasion, the new Station Chapel, in the Drill Hall, was opened. The Mission, conducted by Rev. Fr. Bowdern, S.J., American Chaplain, opened Wednesday morning, April 21st at 7 a.m. with the celebration of Holy Mass. At 12.30 o'clock, the Stations of the Cross, commemorating Christ's Passion and Death, were said. At 7.30 o'clock in the evening, Fr. Bowdern gave a sermon and then celebrated Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. This program of Devotions took place every day, up to Saturday evening, with the exception of Good Friday, when Mass and Benediction of course are not celebrated. Confessions were heard each evening after devotions, giving everyone a chance to make their Easter Duty and the response was 100%.

Father Bowdern's Mission talks were emphatic in theme, pointing out the sheer folly of living in a state of sin for even a day. "How utterly foolish is the pilot," said Father Bowdern, "who will even step into the cockpit of a plane when he is in a state

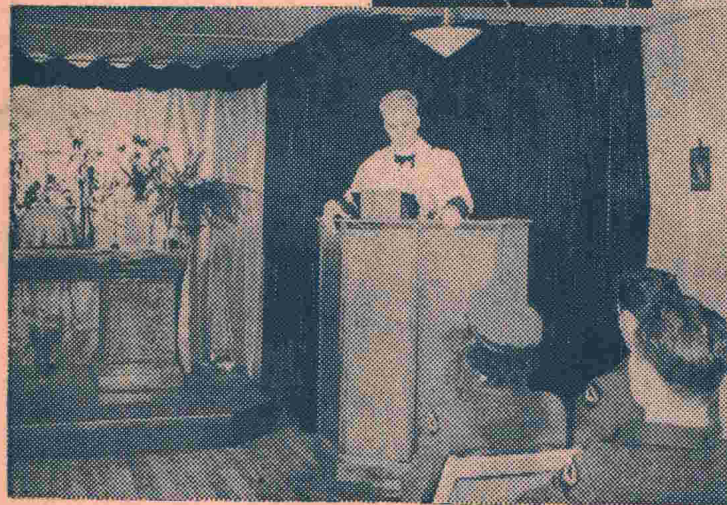


of mortal sin. If his plane crashes, and only God knows if it will, he has lost everything regardless of the fact he died for his country."

"When we sin," Father continued, "we become as one of that crowd who cried 'Crucify Him!' Christ died on the Cross for our sins and by sin, we drive the thorns deeper into His head and the nails deeper into His flesh. When

Christ encountered the women of Jerusalem weeping, He said 'Weep not for Me, but for your children.' If," said Father Bowdern, "you had a choice between an evening's illicit pleasure and eternal happiness in Heaven, there is positively no doubt as to your choice, but by sinning, we are bluntly telling God 'I will not serve' and making a clear choice between Heaven and Hell."

"Our Blessed Lord's death on the Cross, was the greatest love story ever told," Father continued, "God's love for men was so great that He sent His only begotten Son to atone for the sin of our first parents and the sins



of all mankind. God's love of men is so great that no sin committed is too great to be forgiven. Our Lord said 'who's sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven, who's sins you shall retain, they are retained.'

These are just a few quotations from the sermons given by Father Bowdern during the course of the Mission. His talks were very practical, and straight to the point. The Mission was very well attended and beside the Air Force, there were large numbers of Army men, who are to be especially commended because of the distance they walk to go to Church.

At the conclusion of the Mission on Saturday night, Father Bowdern bestowed the Apostolic Blessing to all those present.

Father MacNeil, beside giving a similar Mission to the American forces, worked tirelessly in the Chapel, preparing for Easter Sunday. His crowning achievement was the installation of beautiful plush velvet drapes, which extend the width of the Chapel and encircle the back of the Altar. The drapes are in three beautiful, rich col-

ours; sky blue, deep wine and green, which match perfectly and are majestic in effect.

To the armament section, under Flt. Lt. Hiam, go our heartfelt thanks for the gifts of Altar candle-sticks and holders and a beautiful tabernacle. The Altar was bedecked with Easter lillies, daffodils and roses. Truly, the Chapel was a beautiful scene at Eastertime and its beauty will long live in the hearts of all.

On Sunday evening, a Sacred Concert was held in the Recreation Hall. The Protestant choir was under the direction of Sgt. Helen Barnum and Father MacNeil conducted the Catholic choir. The two choirs combined to sing "Ave Maria," "Christ the Lord is Risen" and "Sweet Saviour Bless Us." L. A. W. Kay Hennessee sang "Alleluia," and Father MacNeil sang two of his own compositions "Ave Maria," and "I See His Blood Upon the Rose." It was an evening of fine music and brought Easter Sunday to a close in a true Christian spirit; commemorating Christ's triumph over Death.

VERNE DUNCAN.

## DIGGIN' ROBIN HOOD'S BAND

Greetings and hallucinations Gates! Make way for a little more chatter and beef regarding those four "beat" characters that comprise Robin Hood's "Rhythm Rascals." (Rhythm Rascals meaning we start with a beat and end with a prayer). Seriously, we are making a name for ourselves and I wish there was some way I could tell you that name and still be a gentleman.

As you no doubt know, our little band presented two broadcasts; our first and last. Our first venture was presented from the Recreation hall and was recorded. For the event, we augmented our group with Bill Collis and his clarinet and accordionist Bob Nagle. All tunes played were special arrangements adapted for the instrumentation at hand and under favorable conditions would have been fine. But, since when did we have favorable conditions? Well, a few days later, we walked cautiously into the radio studio and asked to have the recording played back. (At this point we break into a chorus of "I'VE GOT A RIGHT TO SING THE BLUES.") It sounded exactly as if we were playing from the rafters instead of the stage. Every beat of the drum bounced off the walls like a monkey after peanuts and stood out like a sore thumb. It was the fault of the hall acoustics and not the drummer. It was discouraging to have our efforts smashed by poor conditions, but we figured we could do something really presentable from the studio. Instead of the piano, we would play the Hammond electric organ, which would more than fill out the emptiness that exists with only two melody instruments present. Well sir, the broadcast was on, then it was on again. Then we were told it was off again. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the day before the broadcast, we were told it was definitely on again. (By this time we're ready for a straight-jacket, size 40). So, at noon the next day, we're whisked away to the studios to cook up a broadcast. There were no arrangements made this time, it was a case of one, two, three, four, you take a chorus, I'll take a chorus, and we'll finish when we get tired. (And did we sound tired). For variety on the program, there were two gentlemen from the Navy (piano and guitar) L. A. W. Heard, who sang, and a girls' trio from Group:—Namely: Cpls. Cooke, Hall and Stone. They are the only trio in

the country who lean to the left when singing "APPLE BLOSSOM TIME." The broadcast, because of studio conditions and organ background, was an improvement; it only smelled this time. It must be realized by all that with four men, the music can't even come close to a mail order version of Guy Lombardo.

There is a band establishment here, there are 250 men or so at Rockcliffe and yet no sign of a band en route here. Yours truly has a "peachy" trombone just itching to be played, all the boys are just aching to sink their teeth into a good March or Overture again, but all we do is go into Chorus of "BLUES IN 'B' FLAT." LORD, give us patience.

At long last, Russ Sturgess (our Mister Five by Five) and Earl Langill received their "C" groupings. Russ has been in the service eighteen months now, and when asked for a statement regarding his "C" grouping and L.A.C., he said: "I've only been in eighteen months and you can't rush things, such as L.A.C.'s and groupings." At this time, he started drooling again, so we left him alone in his cell to fully recover from the shock. Little Earl took it like a real soldier and merely took out his pencil and started figuring out his back pay. (Did that pencil ever take a beating).

On the 7th of April the band celebrated (what am I saying) its six month's anniversary of this posting and every day in every way, the land of the Maple Leaf looks greener.

Well, guess we'll sign off for now, but we'll be seeing you later. Until then, adios from Robin Hood and his little band!.....The band that plays the music that makes you want to sit this one out!

VERNE DUNCAN.

## HOW TO PREVENT FIRES

- (a) It is an old maxim that fire is a good servant but a hard master.
- (b) Shakespeare wrote: "A little fire is quickly trodden out; which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench."
- (c) Fires are the result of accident, of spontaneous combustion, and of design. If they have been accidental the cause is generally known, and it will be found it might have been prevented.

### PRECAUTIONS TO FOLLOW

- (a) Never allow rubbish, such as papers, rags, wood pieces, dust or cobwebs, boxes, etc., to accumulate in store rooms, or unused

areas. Place all rubbish in metal containers provided, remove at end of day's activities and place out of doors, 15 feet from nearest building.

- (b) Never fill oil lamps, flares, lighters etc. after dark or at any time near or in the presence of an open flame.
- (c) Never allow wood, cloth, or any inflammable materials to be placed on or near or in the presence of an open flame.
- (d) Never put asehs, cigarette butts, cigar stubs, etc., in wooden or cardboard containers.
- (e) Obey all Station Orders in respect to smoking. be on your guard for NO SMOKING signs. Orders in this respect are given with a definite safety reason, and MUST be obeyed by all personnel.
- (f) Never throw lighted or burned matches on the floor, but place both burned matches and stubbed cigarette butts in a metal container.
- (g) Never take an open flame lamp into dope, paint or gasoline stores, or in the presence of vapour from any volatile liquid.
- (h) Never close up your section at night before going over the entire premises to see that lights etc., are extinguished and rubbish has been removed.
- (i) NEVER FORGET that carelessness and neglect of duty cause 2-3 of all fires.
- (j) Persons in charge of sections are to see that buckets of sand are available for quenching fires.

### IN CASE OF FIRE

- (a) Familiarize yourself with locations of windows, stairways and fire escapes.
- (b) Keep the door of rooms shut.
- (c) Wet a towel, stuff into mouth, breathe through this instead of nose so as not to inhale smoke.
- (d) Never get excited—stop and think—remember exits. Those on the ground floor escape by windows; those on upper floor proceed by exits farthest from fire.
- (e) If room fills with smoke keep close to floor and crawl along walls to the window.
- (f) Never jump or pass through flames without covering head with a blanket or heavy clothing.
- (g) Open windows from the top if possible.

W. F. ORR, Flight Lieutenant,  
Chief Fire Officer.

## MAINT. W. SHOPS AND PARACHUTE SICS.

EMERY DUST

For many past months not a line has appeared in our well known paper, "Wings Overseas," concerning Maintenance W. Shops and the Parachute Sics. Of course everyone fully realizes why. They have been too industrious, what with packing chutes, patching, spraying and in general rebuilding our aircraft.

Have you seen our spitfire "Oh! you have," it alone speaks for itself.

We sometimes wonder how they kept them in the air so long without the W. Shop and its efficient personnel, to straighten the dents and what not.

Speaking of dents, who are the expert mule drivers in our servicing parties? The mules were certainly well named; or, is it actually the operator's miscalculations; we can surely forgive them, as some of us are ex-servicing hands, and know how erratic it can be at times.

The way the mail has been streaming into the station of late is very discouraging. We all realize it could be a good deal worse. Most of us have heard the old expression back home about, giving Canada back to the Indians, we now are willing to give up that saying and let "by-gones be by-gones," so long as we can give this country back to the Newfies. Incidentally it is trials and tribulations such as these which leave us more determined to stick it out. "Cheer up," as the criminal said to the hangman, "no noose is good noose."

Can anyone tell us why Cpl. Clugston of Dopy Fabric, and Parachute Sec. spends all his spare moments in town, "it can't be a malsie, so it must be that he hopes to discover some remedy to restore his badly hat worn cranium. One can't have hair and brains too." What does one do when he hasn't either?

We are much concerned about LAC Smith who goes about continually collecting old, worn-out paint brushes, and muttering about the dreadful system. We fully realize that he has lately made a donation to the matrimonial fruit basket. "Well! that is, he helped." "Some help!" "Good luck Smithy!"

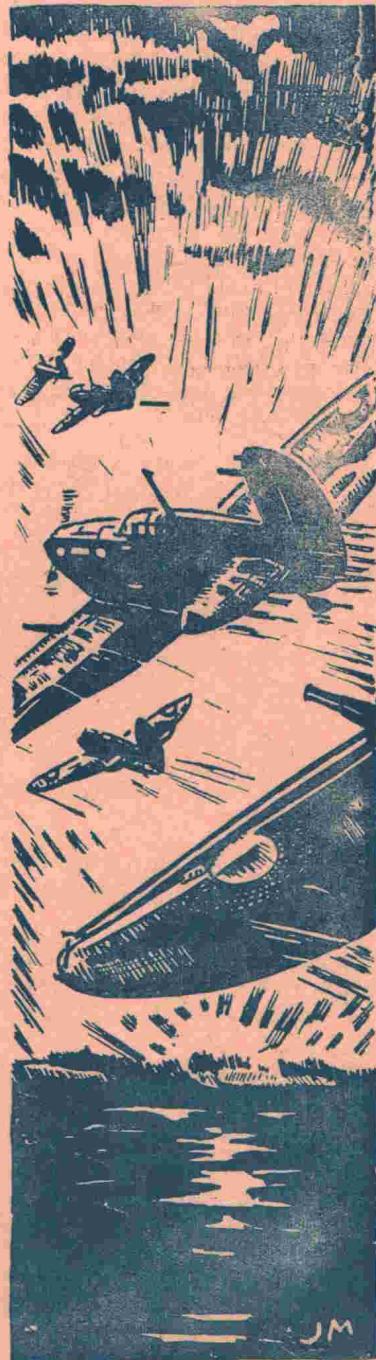
The girls in the Parachute Sec. are looking rather glum these days. We don't think it is because they are overworked; oh no! on the contrary they seldom do anything, "one's imagination can go a long way....." Never

mind girls, Cpl. Alex. was once a C. S.M. in the R.C.A.S.C. and look at him now, "a mere Joe"

We have a machinist who turns out everything from "sons to ———." Well! if he was asked to he could make his machine talk, although it was only intended for cutting screws. "What screws we ask?"

The two corporals in this building were overheard in a deep discussion not so long ago. It seems they were trying to figure out, at the end of which nine months does one get a posting back to Canada. Can anyone answer this question, is it at the end

### BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES



BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

of the 1st, 2nd or 3rd series of nine months?

We all know there are moments when our feelings drop a degree or six, and we feel rather sorry for ourselves; Even Cpl. Blip's hunch about the battle ending this month, doesn't afford much encouragement. However here is a little tip in closing:

### DON'T QUIT

When things go wrong  
As they sometimes will  
When the roal you're travelling  
So stick to the fight when you're hard-  
est hit,

It's when things seem worst  
That you must'nt quit!

J. E. C.



## THAT OLD WORD "IF"

By JAMES EDWARD HUNGERFORD  
If we would strive to give but SMILES,  
And banish frowning from our faces,  
And learn to bear our "frets" and  
"riles,"

And do our best in our OWN places;  
If we would cease from stress and  
strife,

And keep from getting in a flurry,  
We'd put REAL living into life,  
And banish ev'ry foolish worry!

If we would strive to do our BEST,  
Instead of merely idly "drifting,"  
And "play the game," and "stand the  
test,"

Our trouble clouds would soon be  
lifting;

If we would do our daily shift  
To make the world a little better,  
And other peoples' burdens lift,  
We'd free OURSELVES of sorrows'  
fetter!

If we would strive each day to give  
The finest that we have to offer,  
We'd really, truly learn to LIVE,  
And happiness would fill our coffer;  
If we would make the Golden Rule  
Our creed—and bravely try to live it,  
We'd get our DUE on God's Foot-  
stool—

And He would more than gladly  
GIVE it!

# STATION COMMITTEES

## STATION MONTHLY

Managing Editor—LAC McMahon.  
Circulation—LAC Langill.  
Treasurer—LAC Austin.  
Director—S/L. M. J. MacNeil.

## ROTA MOTA

### Airmen's Club

(Membership Open to Station)  
President—Cojointly: 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 Reporters

Instrument Section—Sgt. O'Toole.  
Armament Section—Cpl. Nobleman.  
W. T. Section—Flt. Sgt. Leister.  
Electrical Section—LAC Staples.  
Hurrie Repair Section—LAC Ginsler.  
Hud. Repair Section—LAC Caveller.  
Workshops—Cpl. Alexander.  
Orderly Room—LAC McKey.  
Educational—Sgt. Walker.

### Officers' Mess

Pres.—S/L. E. M. Williams.  
Vice-Pres.—F/L. A. R. MacIver.  
Secretary—F/O. L. M. Kennedy.  
Bar Officer—F/L. G. R. Hiam.

### Sergeants' Mess

Pres.—WO.2 B. Dembinsky.  
Chairman—WO.1 R. J. Thorpe.  
Sec'y.—F/Sgt. R. Fiarclough.

### Messing Officer

A/S.O. E. A. DeMings.

### Entertainment

Pres.—F/O. L. G. Home.  
Member—F/Sgt. H. B. Smith.

### Sports

President—F/O. W. W. McMaster.  
Secretary—Sgt. MacKenzie, G.G.  
Members—P/O. J. B. Friedlander, Sgt. M. Goldtsein, Sgt. E. S. Rogers.

### Canteen

F/O. G. L. Young.

### Theatre

Pres.—S/L. M. F. Badgley.  
Members—F/O. L. G. Home, F/L. A. R. MacIver, WO.2 A. Winch, F/Sgt. H. B. Smith, Sgt. J. H. Scott, Sgt. W. H. Veale, AC.1 R. Sturgess.

### Blackout

Pres.—F/O. L. M. Kennedy.  
Members—F/O. E. N. MacDonald, F/Sgt. Blair, Sgt. B. C. LeRoy, Sgt. J. Holden, Sgt. T. J. Keleher,

Sgt. S. G. MacKenzie, Cpl. Forshner, Cpl. Francis, Cpl. Silverthorne.

### Entertainment

Pres.—F/O. L. G. Home.  
Members—F/Sgt. F. Jackson, (F/Sgt. H. B. Smith, Sgt. J. H. Scott, Cpl. J. Leith, Cpl. Croucher, Cpl. W. Collis, LAC F. R. Coleman, Bob Law, Sgt. Cooper (WD), AW1 G. P. Latham, (WD).

### Station Fund

Pres.—S/L. S. Volk.  
Sec'y—Cpl. J. Barr.  
Members—S/L. M. J. MacNeil, F/L. A. R. MacIver, F/O. L. G. Home, F/O. L. M. Kennedy, F/O. G. L. Young, F/O. W. D. McMaster, F/Sgt. Buchanan, Sgt. E. S. Rogers, Sgt. Barnes, Sgt. Pawson, Sgt. Noel, Sgt. Tufts, Sgt. Cooper, Cpl. Bateman, Cpl. Gordon, Cpl. Skinner, Spl. Dorek, Cpl. Theede, Cpl. Clyne, Cpl. Schuman, Cpl. MacDonald, LAC Bruyers, LAC Roy, LAC Jerry, LAC Barks, LAC Grenzowski, LAC Swyver, AC1 McNamee.

### Theatre

Pres.—S/L. M. F. Badgley.  
Members—F/O. L. G. Home, F/L. A. R. MacIver, WO.2 A. Winch, F/Sgt. H. B. Smith, Sgt. J. H. Scott, Sgt. Veale, AC.1 R. Sturgess.

### Library

Pres.—S/L. M. J. MacNeil.  
Members—F/L. A. R. MacIver, F/O. F. Templeman, Sgt. Walker, Sgt. J. H. Lane, Cpl. J. K. Dearden.

### Fire

Pres.—F/L. W. F. Orr.  
Member—F/Sgt. A. H. Stotts.

### Salvage

PPres.—F/L. A. G. Dobrashian.  
Members—F/O. W. D. McMaster, F/O. G. L. YOUNG.

USE THIS PAGE AS A DIRECTORY  
KNOW YOUR COMMITTEES

## WIRELESS BRIEFS AND GRIEFS

Last week the station "WM's" held a social in the honour of our No 1 S.O.'S posting back to Canada. The party was well provided with choicest of food, soft drinks ? and able performers. It's too bad that the posting was cancelled, it only means that now we will have to get together and organize another.....Some more hangovers eh?

What prominent S. O. in attendance of the above gathering was said to have lost his hat.....and what will he wear at the next one.

A recent topic of conversation is the seven to ten club, which have in attendance many of our outstanding section.....the question is though..... just what are its activities.

Why was our Cpl. Price given temporary leave of absence from the For-Mentioned Club.....He seems like a fine fellow to me.

Our little section has not received the credit due to it, of late, in the columns of this paper.....though our men stand out in various activities around the station, so keep an eye on this entry for startling events.

It was a great exhibition of volley ball put on by aircrew and signals, and it took the limit of games to prove the best team.....cheers to them.....but "you'd better be on your toes boys the competition in sports doesn't end with volley ball."

We now have two new corporals in our section .....Congratulations Cpls. Gilbert and Ferguson.

We have a certain new corporal in our section.....Congratulations Cpls. to town with the high hopes of making new acquaintances along the feminine line.....on returning there just wasn't any story——why?

F/S LEISTER

Wireless Maintenance Sqdrn.

## HUDSON OIL SPOTS

Spring is coming don't despair. (It is here according to the calendar if there is any doubt in your mind.) Definite signs are beginning to show . . . we have seen robins, that young chap Cupid is at work on our lads and lassies on the station. Torbay road is giving everyone that ups and downs feeling with its mud holes. It makes a fellah feel like going fishing, hiking or playing baseball. It should not be so very long before "Old Sol" makes it suitable for rambling anywhere.

\* \* \* \* \*

To further lift our spirits, we were again requested to appear at the S. O. R. to make our reservation for every man's ambition . . . a posting. So with a hoping heart and hasty strides we try again . . . some for the third time . . . hoping that this time will be their last. Here's hopin'.

(To be continued)