

# WINGS

## OVER SEAS

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

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## Adieu, Padres!



According to records, it is just over the twelve month line since the first Chaplain was posted to this station in the person of F.L. MacIver as the Protestant Padre.

Now it can hardly be said that he was welcomed with open arms by the few men here; rather was he looked upon as a further proof of civilization and discipline moving in on us and the grapevine shook with the devastating rumours of compulsory Church-parades and drum-head services.

Against this mental opposition the Padre prepared for his duties and brought forth the radical idea of voluntary Church services. In the only Mess Hall the station possessed, after breakfast had been cleared away, the Bible and Prayer books

sticky with marmalade, with neither piano nor organ, he waited for his congregation, and only twelve appeared.

The average man would have quit and reverted to the old system of compulsory Church parades, but to a clergyman with a Highland Scotch name, the difficulties of setting up a Church and conducting a service were an inherent challenge harking back to the Calvinistic era.

How he overcame these difficulties is hard to realize, but overcome them he did. The voluntary services continued; the congregation grew, as the past six months has shown. A Church committee was formed (perhaps of doubtful stock as Christians go); a choir became a thing of reality, membership in which was something to be proud of. The Church moved to the Recreation Hall on its completion—a bare bleak building as Rec. Halls are. So, with the freely donated offerings of all, furnishings were bought or built and on Sunday morning, the bare bleak building became a Chapel in both spirit and atmosphere.

That same deep personality that built the Church and found loyalty in so many, put across a vibrant message that appealed to all service personnel in its simplicity and directness. But not alone was Sunday his Sabbath, for on each and every day, in a quiet, unobtrusive manner, he helped each man and woman with whom he came in contact, regardless of rank or station. Great was his interest in all matters pertaining to the station. It was with deep and sincere regrets we saw him posted, but with him go our wishes that all the finest things in life may be his, for such are the inalienable rights of the man who serves his King as he serves his.



That old saying 'the best of friends must part' struck home with all its forcefulness on the night of May 14th, when we bade adios and safe journey to our Padre, Father MacNeil. His parting was not just another goodbye; for his guidance, cheerfulness, words of encouragement and philosophy of life made such an impression on our minds that it couldn't be anything else but a personal loss.

Travelling from one place to another is nothing new to Father MacNeil, for he has travelled all over this world, during his lifetime. As a child, he was a famous singer and he travelled all over the world giving concerts. Later, he studied music in Germany and Italy. In 1920, after serving in the last war,

he entered the Jesuit order to become a priest. Ever since, he has been associated with youth as a teacher in Jesuit Colleges all over Canada and the United States. His priestly zeal and vivacious personality have won the deepest admiration and friendship of all with whom he has come in contact.

One month after the present war was declared, Father MacNeil entered the service and spent two years in England. While 'over there' he founded the paper "Wings Abroad" which is still thriving successfully. The airmen's club "Rota Mota"—'Rulers of the Air—Masters of the Audience' was also established by him in England and it was a great success. He was also responsible for the first broadcast of Air Force personnel to Canada.

In August, 1942, he arrived at Torbay and carried on where he had left off. The station paper, "Wings Overseas" was founded and Rota Mota was formed. Rota Mota went very successfully until the mature station, with its expanding entertainment activities covered the needs of the airmen more fully. With the station still in its infancy, Rota Mota had served its purpose well. Last winter, Father MacNeil installed a canteen for the boys in the hangars and served them tea and biscuits in their break periods. With the fine co-operation of the ladies in town he formed the Ladies' Auxiliary and they presented a fine Christmas tree with a gift for each man and woman on the station at Christmas time.

His only concern was the boys and his tremendous popularity with all ranks was a criterion of his great success as a zealous priest and friend.

## DIGGIN' ROBIN HOOD'S BAND

Well, here's another column about those four fugitives from Carnegie Hall. Musically speaking, I might as well write about the depression. Why the depression? Well, a depression is a dent, a dent is a hole and what's a hole —A hole is nothing. So the whole point is why write about nothing. However, talk is cheap and we might as well get our money's worth. On Sunday last, the band boys got some much needed exercise. As yours truly was coming in the hall, a huge mound of flesh caught my eye. "Gad," I thought to myself, "What sort of a creature is that?" On close observation, I noticed there were two legs attached to the mound. "Hmmm, could be human," I murmured. Then, grunts and groans greeted my ears. By this time I was really puzzled. "It's got two legs and it groans," I assured myself, determined to find the root of my perplexity. I tip-toed over to the mound and peered over to the other side. In that one short moment, everything was made clear. To my great surprise, the mound happened to be a stomach and it belonged to none other than Russ Sturgess, our tenor sax man. Russ was lying on his back, stretching and grunting like a goon in a straight-jacket. Shorty Langhill, our drummer was there. Shorty would pick up a weight; then we'd pick up Shorty. Sgt. Goldstein was giving us hints on how to exercise. Goldie is quite a muscular specimen; I wonder if he still owes Atlas some money. We all looked at Goldie, then looked at ourselves and agreed that we were one swell argument for a two-ocean navy. I was stretching myself like a pair of old socks, and the boys termed us "muscles." (Muscles meaning "We've seen bigger knots in thread). Gene Cares, our trumpet man, is a magnificent hunk of skin and bones. But, ah, exercise is a wonderful thing; you jump out of bed bright and early in the morning, throw open the window, throw out your chest and jump back in bed again. Well Gates, that old bugaboo about a band coming here looks like the real thing now. The time element cannot be put into print at this time, but just remember, if you hear the strains of "Colonel Bogie" coming up the road one of these days, you can rest assured that it isn't 'Alexander's Ragtime Band.' At the time of writing, we received word that we have to put another broadcast on. Talk about bravery, tht beats all. I

## THE TRACER OR A.P. COLUMN

Well, byes and gals, having once more opened my big mouth and put my proverbial foot in, I find myself trying to write a column. Will I ever learn! Looks grim, doesn't it? Oh, yes, the heading, or didn't you notice?

Speaking quantitatively and qualitatively it means I am going to try to trace your doings and pierce your rumour, but I assure you it will be all in good fun, so please go easy on a poor armourer. It is said that when anyone makes a mistake, it may, or may not come to light, but when an armourer makes one, the whole station hears it. Don't believe me, eh? Ask Cohen, Baker or perhaps by long distance, Sgt. Cunningham.

Before going any further, I would like to say that the station has sustained a great loss, with the postings of the two Padres, S/L MacNeil and F/L MacIver. I am sure that the whole station will greatly miss them. On behalf of the armourers, may I wish them pleasant memories, a safe journey and happy landings.

Was it Cpl. Wright whom we saw in town the other night. It couldn't be a W.D.? From what we hear, it was just a case of East meeting West. Gosh! Lucky East.

Sgt. Pallick professes he is death on W.D.'s. "Won't have anything to do with them." That's what he says. We noticed one in a plane got plenty of attention the other day, or was that all in a day's work, George. Perhaps we will see you in the W.D.'s canteen one of these days.

Congratulations to Cpls. Secker and Miller on their recent promotions.

Cpl. Nobleman and L.A.C. Elliott are can just see the sensational opening now as the announcer says, "We're on the Air." With that tremendous oration, the drums will roll, followed by the crashing resonance of the cow-bell and those four characters who are strictly from hunger will immediately break into the "Torbay Break-down." If you listen to the broadcast, we will at least have the pleasure of presenting you with your first experience of nervous prostration. Oh well, when the new band takes over from Robin Hood's troubadors, you'll sit back and say, "Well, life can be beautiful." Guess we'd better roll along now and get hopped up for that broadcast. Anybody got a weed? Hic! Fiddle-dee-dee.

VERNE DUNCAN.

making quite frequent visits to ——. What happened the other night boys? We hear that you landed in ——. Don't worry, we'll never tell. By the way, how are the pickings?

This month we salute Cpl. MacLellan. Mac hails from Kentville, Nova Scotia. He was educated at Kings County Academy and took an active part in sports, particularly rugby. Many a time he brought in a winning touchdown. He is also a musician and plays trumpet. Mac has two years in the Air Force to his credit, spending over a year at Dartmouth. He has also a couple of years of soldiering to his credit. He is very modest and shy, so if you should meet him don't think him stuck up. You'll be wrong. Congratulations Mac on your accomplishments. May your promotions be in quick succession and may you have the best of everything.

And now we leave, as we came, hoping that you will not judge this too harshly. Before going we might tell you that the song of the week being sung by many a mournful Joe—"Don't get around much anymore." Also, Scrounger Barnes' intuition is darn versatile. It not only tells him where to find things, but just where and when to take his '43 leave. He must have taken lessons off Svengali.

So long,

E. L. G. M.

## HILL-BILLY YARN

The Hill-Billy hadn't taken a bath for a long, long time. The situation grew so bad that his family finally deputized a committee to force him to take a bath.

The mountaineer objected strenuously. He kicked, and he squaked and he beefed. But it did him no good. A few hours later he found himself in the bath-house, reluctantly removing his clothes before the watchful eyes of the deputies.

Soon he was down to his long, flannel underwear. And, as he stepped out of the underwear the deputies were astounded to find that the man was wearing a sweater.

"Well, fan my brow," marvelled one deputy. "I'll be doggoned if he ain't wearin' a sweater under his long underwear!"

The hill-billy studied the woollen garment that covered his chest.

"Can yer imagine thet?" he drawled. "And here I've bin searchin' high and low fer that sweater fer over two years!"

# HURRIED MAINTENANCES TALES

By LAC GINSLER

Here we are again after a very hectic month. The Fourth Victory Loan really had your reporter as well as everybody else, going around in circles. But it really was worth it, because the fellows from Hurrie Maintenance really did come through with flying colours. Corporal Lyons and myself want to thank all you fellows for making our job of selling bonds an easy one. We do feel sure that in future years you will all realize the very wise investment that you made while at ———. It really is a remarkable record, and one to be proud of, that so many Canadians in the Service played such a active part in sending their Country's Fourth Victory Loan over the top.

## WANT TO KNOW DEPARTMENT

What very large Rigger Corporal while gaily tripping along the streets on his way back to camp, suddenly found himself on his back, staring at the stars and wondering who had dug the sewer he was now so beautifully positioned in. "Grim isn't it Willy."

What is the great interest that follows the exit of passengers from the T.C.A. Could it be the pilots' beautiful uniform? I wonder.

When the price of hot dogs that are being sold at the Snack-Bar will be reduced.

What Corporal Baxter was celebrating and then all of a sudden stopped.

Why Corporal Booth wasn't an undertaker, because when he builds a box it really looks like a coffin. Joe figures he can use it for either.

Why LAC Stacey and AC Dynes insist that LeMarchant Rd. is a haven for feminine beauty. Could it be that they walk around town with their eyes shut.

## SOCIAL EVENTS

Sgt. Paradis the Eskimo Special, has just returned to the fold of Maintenance. His very weak condition and haggard look indicate that some of the answers given to him on the Trade Board were not the ones he expected. What our poor Sergeants go through for us.

Sgt. Masson (Glamor Pants) is quite busy these days, packing bags, etc., in preparation for a journey, which he contemplates taking around the middle of June. (Could be).

LAC WOOLFREY has returned to our fold with his lovely young wife

and she can really cook. (Amazing in this day and age).

AC1 Eldridge reporting back from leave claims he really missed the station, and if possible would have returned a few days earlier. (Robert Ripley please note).

## STORY

This story was given to your reporter by F/O Kennedy your Adjutant, so it is quite authentic.

It seems that one fine day nine of our Officers decided to take a stroll, they walked and walked till they were about twelve miles (officers' miles) from the station. When they decided to return, two of the gallant gentlemen arose (they were so exhausted they had to be helped to their feet) and stated that they knew of a much shorter way home. They of course were naturally thinking of their soft bed in barracks. The remaining seven officers decided to go back the way they had come. So the two little officers went tripping away. (They were holding each other up). After hours of walking they reached not our station but the town quite a walking distance away. When they returned the remaining officers unanimously voted that in future these two not so hardy fellows, would when leaving the station, wear a bell around their necks. At present stores are getting the bells ready. In case you are interested in the names of these two officers they are F/O Hall and F/L Hiam. If any personnel do happen to see these officers wandering around the bush please return same to this station..

## WORLD OF SPEED

The time is one minute before the hour of 12.00 noon. The place—our hangar.

A calm presides over the hangar, not a sound can be heard. The whistle blows, and then a casual observer would see what is claimed by many the fastest thing in the world. In five seconds flat, there isn't a soul in the hangar. What has taken place the observer will ask. He will be told. "MAINTENANCE HAS GONE TO LUNCH."

## SPORTS

Well Maintenance has gone to the top again, this time it's our Bowling team. For the first season of its being, we are the champs. Our Bowling team has really come through with flying colours. The members of our championship team are as follows: Capt., LAC Jack Jerry, LAC John Jerry, Sgt. Rogers, Cpl. Colbourne, LAC Swimmer, and two other lads since departed, Cpl. Medhurst and

Cpl. Duncan. Captain Jerry was high man of the team with a high score of 321. Which is bowling in any man's league! The team celebrated the end of a successful season with an affair at the Newfy Hotel. Everyone had a swell time. Thanks are in order to Bob Lowe for his very kind interest in arranging the party. The boys can hardly wait for the new alleys to get finished on the station. When the next bowling season starts, they won't have to go through snow and blizzards to cop the title for dear old Maintenance.

Well, that about covers everything for this month. Don't forget if you have anything to tell, tell it to us. See you all next month, and until then "Keep them flying." I'll be writing you. With Pistons of love,

Your Maintenance Reporter,

"GINS"

# "WE ARE NOT THE HEROES"

We are not the heroes who off to battle fly,

We are not the airmen who combat in the sky;

But who puts the bombs on and who loads the guns?

Armourers; you know, chums, and we are the ones.

We are not the heroes who go to meet the foe,

We merely make the armament ready for the show,

And when Jerry's overhead and eggs are dropping 'round,

"Joe" Armourers, my children, help man the guns upon the ground,

The Pilots get the glory and why should they not?

It's they and not Joe Armourer who have the battles fought;

But what could pilots, gunners and bomb-aimers do?

If little Joseph Armourer forgot to turn a screw??

We are not the heroes on the ether soar,

But when this mess is over and angels write the score,

Among the mighty warriors whose names are on the slates,

You'll find the humble Armourers listed with the great.

F. P. & R. P. M.



## MOTHER'S DAY

I remember a year ago, I was in St. Thomas, Ontario. It was near Mothers' Day and like the other boys I was in search for a Mothers' Day card. Stepping into a store, I had but little trouble in finding one whatever. As I was looking over same, I noticed two little girls about twelve years old busy and excited over the card they would choose. I paid little attention at first and went over to a desk to address my card. They both came along to do the same, but only one began to address the card, while the other one looked over her shoulder. The little girl then came over to me and said: "I wish I had a mother." Readers, I didn't think a mere child could put so much meaning into a thing as she did. Yes, and she meant it too. She appeared to have been well kept, yet she wished she had a mother to buy a card for. She wanted to express her love. Well, there was nothing I could say other than express my regrets and talk of something else. Somehow I admired that child because, being motherless herself, she was deeply interested in her little friend's selection of a card. She wanted it to be nice—beautiful and something that would express real love. What a great blessing it is then to have a mother to write to on Mothers' Day and every day.

Did you remember her this Mothers' Day? Did you? This time above all other times, when they, who are wondering every day how we are and where we are, have us foremost in their thoughts, we shouldn't neglect them. Remember, it's never too late to do good. Write her won't you; she'd love to get even the smallest note.

Mother, the one that always cares for you, the one who's always willing to take you under her wing, the one that will always receive you back. No matter what you did against the law of sober living, she is ever ready to accept you and just say, "Son, why did you do that, you know it's wrong." So gentle isn't she? Yes, because she loves you. No matter if it breaks her very heart, she loves you still. So let us not, by word or deed do anything that will in any way hurt her. I think we realize more than ever how great a mother really is. Remember home, when you came back from work. There, supper waits, all things are ready and then into your room. What did you find? Everything laid out for you; clean shirt, clean socks, clean suit and everything didn't you? That was mother, and if there was

## CHALK DUST JOTTINGS

The chalk dust that has been settling rather heavily around the classroom lately really received a stirring up this month. Not only have we been anticipating a move to new quarters in the Drill Hall, but some long awaited postings to Aircrew have finally arrived.

Congratulations to LAC. Mathetson, LAC Elston, and Cpl. Barks. They were the lucky three chosen this time. All of the boys who are ready for posting are hoping that they will be next on the list.

With Cpl. Barks it seems to be a case of "Good fortune never comes singly." Congratulations are also due him on receiving his two stripes.

It was coincidence that we chose last month to speak of his faithful work with the members of Pre-Aircrew Maths 'B'. The boys are really going to miss him, and in appreciation of the time and effort that he has voluntarily put into his work in the class room, the members of both A and B groups took time out between dots and dashes at the Wireless Class to tell him so, and to present him with a casting rod. Good fishing Cpl. Barks in your new ventures.

While on the subject of best wishes, they are also due to Sgt. Cleve on his recent promotion. He keeps the tractors rolling in practice for the W & B section and in theory in his Automotive Engineering class. His boys are doing good work.

A number of the boys are looking to the future and are making good progress with their C.L.E.S. courses. F/S Astrop, LAC McNamara, LAC Cooke, and Cpl. Taylor wrote exams on their various courses this month. Keep up the good work.

Not only is it a matter of "Parlez-vous Anglais, but also now a Parlez-vous Francais." The former class for French speaking personnel is continuing under the able guidance of F/S

one single thing missing, you'd say—"Mom, where's this, where's that and the other thing." She always knew. So patient, so loving. Won't you write her to-night? Won't you? Yes, I feel sure you will and have. Remember, she's always wondering where and how you are and waiting day by day to hear from you.

D. J. STAPLES,  
Electrical Section.

Goodwin, and besides, an enthusiastic group of would-be French speakers are meeting on Tuesday and Thursday evenings under the direction of Sgt. Paradis. This is one group that will take nothing for granted. If Sgt. Paradis can teach the members to talk in French like they do in English, the rest of the station will have to learn a sign language to get in a word at all.

It is beginning to look as if the first of May was the beginning of open season on the Educational teaching staff of this station. Since that time, besides Cpl. Barks of the Maths B class, LAW. Prince, instructor of the Conversational French class, Professor Harling, who taught Physics, and Mrs. Stevenson, instructor in Mechanical Drawing, have departed to other fields of endeavour. We shall miss them, for they will be hard to replace. Best of luck to them in their new work.

While we think of it, we wish to remind you that the C.L.E.S. offers courses ranging from Mathematics, English and Science to Engineering, Mechanical Drawing, and Agriculture for individual study by correspondence. If you want to keep chickens or cows, or raise orchards behind your barracks, these courses are just the thing. But seriously, it is quite possible for you to study University courses in preparation for a degree. All courses are recognized for credit by provincial educational authorities. All courses may be obtained through the Education Officer. A copy of your final certificate is attached to your official documents and may well assist your chances of promotion.

## WHAT MOTHERS SAY

I wonder where he is to-night  
I wonder if he's safe and well,  
He hasn't written for most a week  
I wonder if he gets my mail.  
I know he'll write when day is done  
So now I'll pray for him, my son.

I wonder where she is to-night  
I love her so  
I wonder why she had to go  
I'll write her now.  
And send her things she likes  
And pray that God will keep her  
Safe to-night.

D. J. STAPLES,  
Electrical Section

## WIRELESS BRIEFS AND GRIEFS

What's new in the world of wireless and when I say wireless I mean just that: There is a condition that exists here on this station that irks every blue-blooded wireless man in the camp. So I am taking the liberty in this column to clear the matter up once and for all—NOTICE—We are in no way shape or form connected with the radio section . . . Any one wishing further information on the subject kindly consult any wireless man and he will be glad of the opportunity and will put you straight on the issue . . . And in no uncertain terms

Well by the time this paper goes to press our illustrious Sergeant "Wes" Veale will have taken the final plunge that besets the best of us sooner or later. Yes, the old boy has taken to pick himself a Springhill Nova Scotian no less . . . Who was it said never the twain shall meet . . . Yes sir a pure blooded westerner had to come east . . . Maybe this little example will be a good point in these easterners and westerners battles.

And let me tell you this guy "Wes" has more angles on how to get leave. Just ask him when he comes back . . . And how many fellows were laying odds that he wouldn't even get away. Best of luck to Sgt. Veale on his wedding.

What's this I hear about holding a commanding corporal's inspection up in wireless servicing every Wednesday A.M. . . . Know anything about this "Blondie."

Well the 7 to 10 makes headlines again I see . . . It has been suggested that on nights of their meeting the boys chip in and buy one of their prominent members blind flying equipment so that he can navigate that difficult stretch from canteen to barracks on these dark nights with conditions zero . . . zero . . . Do you think you could carry any more than yourself eh Hoddy?

Who was the bloke . . . who on a signals check came back to the tower with . . . Thanks for the dope old bean—cherrio.

Say what happened to Fergie when he disappeared for a couple of hours last dance . . . and he came back all smiles . . . Hm-M-M . . . Where is the hiding place eh Keed?

Noticed the other night in Room #3 that the lights were left on . . . Investigating . . . The lights were out

but there was our little friend Jordan . . . Next time you tie one on Keed how about adhering to blackout regulations eh?

What blonde flight and "Yankie" corporal earned the nick names the "Carbonear Kid" and the "Harbour Grace Kid" and tell me how many miles do you get to a bottle of "rum" hitch hiking . . . There have been many prospects asking the same question . . . What do you say we get on the road next 48 and this time we will have a written report.

We have to introduce to our readers a member in our section referred to as "Tiny" who is beyond all doubt the largest man in the section . . . One question old boy . . . Who was the tent salesman who sold you those shirts?

Here is a question now for one of our corporals from Toronto . . . are your socks bothered much with moths or is it those blasted gremlins again?

We are waiting for one of our 7 to 10 corporal members to put up his wounded in action stripes . . . It's quite a feat opening a can of lobsters with one of those issue knives eh Hoddy . . . That would have been alright if it hadn't been for the "Harbour Grace Kid" trying valiantly to assist the wounded to the dressing station and in the ensuing events colliding with one of the fire houses and badly bending the proboscis.

Well it took only a couple of well played games of volley ball to prove the better of headquarters signals and yours truly . . . Hurray for us . . . And better luck to you guys next time . . . Don't forget there is baseball coming up.

Writers:—Corporal Harvey  
Flight Sergeant Laister.

## THE MERCHANTILE MARINE FUND

This station has been very pleased during the month to make a contribution to the Mercantile Marine Fund. Two cheques representing the proceeds from a Sunday's collection from both our churches, and one night's proceeds from the theatre were forwarded to Mr. James Baxter, the Hon. Treasurer of the Fund. The total contribution amounted to \$220.55.

### TIMELY NOTICE

Wear out your old shirts now. It will soon be time to leave off the coat and vest.

## OPENING OF W.D. CLUB HOUSE

On the afternoon of the 24th of April, Air Commodore Heakes, the Air Officer Commanding, formally opened the new W. D. Clubhouse. The W. D. flight was lined up in front of the club as the A.O.C., accompanied by Group Captain Grandy, S/L Badgley and F/O Home, turned the key in the door. When the entire party was inside the building, the A.O.C. knocked on the door of the canteen and it was opened by the stewardess. The party were given whatever they desired—the very first customers to be served.

Air Commodore Heakes addressed the W.D.'s, remarking that "To build up the morale of the station was a very important factor in our war effort." He pointed out that the clubhouse was one of the finest he had seen and congratulated the C.O. for his efforts to give the W.D.'s such an attractive building for their recreation centre.

A/S/O Timberlake, the O.C. of the W.D.'s at Torbay, in reply, thanked G/C Grandy and S/L Badgley for their interest in the building, their untiring efforts to make it as charming as possible and for allowing the W.D.'s to have it for their own. To complete the opening, the A.O.C. put a coin in the juke box and filled the club with the very best of modern swing.

In the evening, the clubhouse was open for the station to visit. There was dancing in the games room, sing-songs and general joviality all round. The airmen, N.C.O.'s and officers came to see the building and to enter into the spirit of fun.

Thus, after long months of anxious waiting, the W.D. Club was opened—and now it is felt that we have one of the best recreational centres in the R.C.A.F. Our appreciation and our thanks could not be too great.

## ROTA MOTA FUNDS

A number of inquiries have come in of late asking how the Rota Mota funds have been distributed.

For your information, the only money deducted from Rota Mota funds was to cover the expenses of the banquet staged last Fall.

All remaining Rota Mota funds are now part of the Station Fund and being expended by your Station Fund Committee in the best interests of all personnel.

## YOUR FUTURE AFTER THE WAR

(Held over from last Issue)

### PROPHECY WITHOUT A CRYSTAL

The attitude of many Canadians toward the war is simply this: **Let's win the war right here and now, and let's stop bothering about the future.** We can think of that when the victory has been gained.

That sounds like a patriotic attitude—and it might be, if it weren't for the fact that a large section of the world is making very exact plans—for after the war.

The most amazing thing about Hitler is, not the way he wins battles, but the way he is **ready to profit by the armistice that will follow the victories.** He has trained men to put in command of not only the conquered countries but all the major industries of those nations, their mines, their educational institutions, their newspapers, their law courts, even their hospitals and schools.

You may be absolutely sure that even while the bulk of its man power is on the fighting front, the **Communist party** is keeping at home those trained leaders who will carry on the ideals and program of the party on a thousand fronts... The propagandist, the diplomat, the writer, the scientist, the party leader, the linguist, the musician, the artist, are being prepared for the day when the Allies win the war and the Communist party can jump in and take every possible advantage.

### WHAT IS YOUR CHOICE?

So the question in our minds ought to be a twofold one:

1. **How can we win the war**—as rapidly as possible? For that we have our appointed leaders. **And thank God!**

2. **How can we take our places in the postwar world?** And what will then be needed? And shall we be ready.

### THEY WILL COME BACK!

**We shall win the war of course.**

With God's help we need have no slightest fear on that score. The clocks of history have not been set back. The pre-Christian barbarism and pagandom of Hitler and the totalitarians will not be permitted to undo the slow climb of Christendom toward the ideals of Jesus Christ.

Out of the war the **overwhelming proportion** of our young men will return unharmed. We can remember with gratification that despite the enormous casualties in modern warfare

the proportion of men who are killed and seriously wounded is not nearly so large as we at first think.

In the ancient days when men fought with clubs, hand to hand, **One of the two combatants** in any struggle died. When men met sword to sword, it was a personal conflict in which one might be killed and **both** might be **fatally injured.** When men fought, separated the length of an arrow's flight, the chances of a man being **hit and harmed** grew smaller. Then with the use of gunpowder the distance between combatants grew greater and the chances of men being **killed smaller still.**

To-day, despite the personal conflict among aviators and the smashing of tanks into tanks, the percentage of casualties is **not** too discouraging. A thousand bullets may be fired from a machine gun before **one man is hit.** Of a thousand planes moving over Germany, **nine hundred and more** return with the crews intact. Of the millions of men in the Army, Airforce and Navy, the enormous percentage will return home uninjured and ready for the future.

### OPTIMISTIC OUTLOOK

Then in all truth—in this case all optimism—What a chance will be given them! We need not look forward to another depression after this world war. A depression will be impossible when what our hands and brains will find awaiting them will be a world ready to be remade.

For women there will be the glorious assignment to **rebuild the homes of the earth.** Let's not forget and let's repeat for the sake of enduring memory that when the men climb out of the tanks and planes and trenches and submarines the thing they will want will be **homes—and lovely homes—in which to find peace, to lead a happy constructive life, to enjoy the companionship of a charming, cultured, efficient wife, and to give the nation children who will replace the losses of war.**

### WOMEN

The nursing profession will get the same forward shove from the war that is part of war's general contribution to medical science. **American teachers will be asked to go around the world and take over the teaching in the schools of other nations.** **Social Science** will become one of the **great new arts:** We will not again wash our hands of responsibility for humanity with the cry "**We are not our brothers' keepers.**" Anyone with vision can see the women of the future working along a thousand lines of **expanding service to humanity: on playgrounds,**

## HURRAH FOR MAINTENANCE

There is a Service term that is used considerably but seldom understood, that term is "esprit-de-corps." What in blazes does it mean? For one thing it means successful co-operation and that results in victories, better understanding and intense satisfaction in work well done.

The spirit that accomplishes is another definition. That Maintenance Wing has this spirit is confirmed in the re-action of the airmen to the recent Victory Loan Drive. They responded as they did to the call to arms, unhesitatingly and voluntarily.

The organizers of the campaign in Maintenance demonstrated administrative ability and good judgment in their selection of canvassers. In some cases these organizers did the soliciting as well, double praise to them.

Now suppose that every individual in the Wing, carried his weight, what an overwhelming success we would have had, what an example we would have set. Talking about examples what about using the example of your success in this drive for other efforts. Let us get behind our every day work with the same enthusiasm, let us co-operate fully with our fellow airmen and officers, let's help them too.

Realize that your work on the ground, is as important to the war effort as any other line of endeavour. Be proud of your efforts and that is only possible by realizing their importance.

Do these things and you will realize what "esprit-de-corps" means to you and your country.

L. M. KENNEDY, Flying Officer,  
Adjutant, Maintenance Wing.

in reconstruction and rehabilitation work, in the assault on that horrible poverty which is induced by our relentless machine age, in the care of the men wounded by the war and the children who must after the nervous upset of the war be re-established in normal living.

Indeed women will play their full part in all the arts and sciences and professions and trades that will expand as the world finds peace and the need for trained hands and skillful brains and gentle, cultured, constructive souls.

## INSTRUMENT SECTION

It's fairly quiet in barracks recently, the boys seem to be settling down to a happy summer. No leaves, remember? Long John Martin is still chasing down town after that house. Wish you'd get that settled Johnny, the fellows want to start planning their evenings. P. P. Haley, the water king, was found one evening in a horizontal position in the washroom, fast asleep. Said P. P. "It's a—uva lot quieter in here than in our room. The swing fans were playing records. Wonder what gave him the inspiration though; I don't think they played "Basin Street Blues."

That pipe-smoking, bridge playing double threat man, Ketchen, ought to be going out one of these nights. Strangely enough, we hear he is out of the red, but can't say we've noticed any change. Cpl. Hanon, the beautiful, is working overtime recently at the station dances. Doing O.K. at the U.S.O. also.

We hear that Cpl. Gregory has hopes of swimming at Topsail this summer. Maybe it will be Hart's delight, who knows

Talk of a baseball team has aroused new hopes in the breast of "Good Time Joe Pelyk." We like your style Joe; used to play semi-pro. didn't you?

Eddie (Darnit) Bell's making a name for himself. (Needle)less to say, he has plenty of opportunity to prove his prowess with the darning needle. The ladies of St. John's have nothing on "Our Eddie."

Cpl. Halbert has been out only twice since his visit to Belle Isle. From all reports, that was quite an occasion. He seemed almost normal again last week though.

Johnny Johnson seems to be going over to the post-office much more often recently. Remember Johnny, it's mail you go over there for.

Jack McArthur, whom we have good reason to call the "sleeping beauty" is really in the groove lately. His most frequent remark when in the section is: "I wonder if that board's up to date."

Bill Rennick is going very intellectual lately. Poetry, if you please, has taken up considerable of his time recently. Doesn't look much like a poetic soul when flying high and I do mean high, at the weekly frenzy, Friday nights.

The "Book of the Month" must have been—"Klondike Mike" judging by the number of copies to be seen around

## FOURTH VICTORY LOAN CAMPAIGN

CONGRATULATIONS !! It is my wish, as President of the Campaign Committee for the Fourth Victory Loan, that all personnel on this Station be congratulated for their part in the splendid responses which has been shown by the oversubscription of our quota in the recent Victory Loan Campaign. To the members of the Committee, Squadron Leader Blackmore, Flight Lieutenant MacIver, Flying Officer Kennedy, Assistant Section Officer Timberlake, W. O. I. Thorpe and Sergeant Cooper, I extend my most hearty thanks for their co-operation and endeavours in this Campaign. When the Committee first met and began to organize for the Campaign, I am afraid we all must confess that the \$50,000.00 quota allotted to this Station seemed to us a staggering one. Nevertheless, the Committee got their heads together and produced some very excellent ideas for conducting this Campaign, the worthiness of which is now so evident, when we consider that our quota has been so far surpassed. Every member of this Committee did his best to further the interest at hand, and I know that, along with me, they feel proud that the Campaign was brought to such a gratifying termination.

It is evident that there is no lack of the spirit of patriotism and the desire to "Save While Serving" among the personnel at this Unit. Practically every section of the Station surpassed the quota which was allotted to it, and all sections are therefore to be congratulated. Particular mention should be made in respect to Maintenance Wing, which, under the very able direction of Flying Officer Kennedy, has conducted an outstanding campaign, and far surpassed their quota. It is impossible, for security reasons, to list in detail the contributions of all sections, but again let me say that everyone has supported this Campaign to their utmost.

To the Convassors as a whole, and to the under-mentioned in particular,

the barracks. Say the new members—"We were gypped."

Heard around the section just previous to the Trade Board: "If they ask me about nuts and bolts, I'll . . ."

In closing, a word of greeting to the new fellows sharing our section. You'll like it here chaps, we hope.

go the thanks of the Committee for their splendid efforts on behalf of this Campaign. I am sure that our Commanding Officer is proud to know that there are so many individuals on this Station who are capable of taking hold of a job such as this and seeing it through to such a fine finish.

### Headquarters

WO.1 Harper, C.E.  
F|Sgt. Jackson, F.  
F|S. LaFontaine, J. L.  
F|S. Gairclough, R. G.  
Sgt. Hehn, W. L.  
Sgt. Copp, H. D.  
Sgt. Potter, D.D.  
F|Sgt. Smith, R. S.  
Cpl. Cornell, N.P.  
Cpl. Bonin, F. W.  
LAC Stewart, J. G.  
AC1 Pitre, J. F. R.  
Cpl. Waide, E. (W.D.)  
LAW Wilson, E. (W.D.)

### Maintenance Wing

WO.2 Painter, C. E.  
WO.2 Parker, D.  
F|Sgt. Maffey, R. F.  
F|Sgt. Flaherty, L. A.  
F|Sgt. Prud 'Homme, B. A.  
F|Sgt. Smith, H. B.  
F|Sgt. Goodwin, G. H.  
Sgt. Bobinsky, E. M.  
Sgt. Keleher, T. J.  
Sgt. Pawson, F. H.  
Sgt. Baker, S. O.  
Sgt. Patternson, J. E.  
Sgt. McGinnis, W.  
Sgt. Taylor, R. G.  
Cpl. Clugston, H.  
Cpl. Lace, A.  
Cpl. Harvey, J. C.  
Cpl. Lyon, G.  
LAC McKee, E. G.  
LAC Miller, G. A.  
LAC Ginsler, S. M.

It is with gratification that we note that our Station has made a contribution second to no other Station in this Command, and I feel confident that all those who have participated in this Campaign are proud to know that they have given their Committee and Commanding Officer such a fine support.

Squad. Leader E. O'F. CAMPBELL.

Chairman Campaign Committee.



# WING DUSTERS

## WINGS OVERSEAS

Editor—LAC Duncan  
 Managing Editor—LAC McMahon.  
 Circulation Manager—LAC Langill.  
 Treasurer—LAC Austin.  
 Director—F/O Templeman.

### STATION REPORTERS

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

### ENTERTAINMENT

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 Members—F/Sgt. F. Jackson, F/Sgt. Long, F/Sgt. LaFontaine, Sgt. Scott, Cpl. Leith, Cpl. Croucher, Cpl. W. Collis, Cpl. F. R. Coleman, Bob Low (Y), Sgt. Cooper (WD), A.W1 Lath-ab (WD).

### OFFICERS' MESS

President—S/L E. O'F. Campbell.  
 Secretary—P/O J. B. Gilmore.  
 Vice Pres.—S/L Moffit.  
 Bar Officer—F/L G. McLellan.  
 Messing—A/S O. E. A. DeMings.

### SERGEANTS' MESS

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 Chairman—WO1 R. J. Thorpe.  
 Secretary—F/Sgt. R. Fairclough.

### MESSING OFFICER

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

### CANTEEN

F/O L. M. Kennedy.

### THEATRE

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### STATION FUND

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 Members—Protestant Padre, R. C. Padre, F/O L. G. Home, F/O L. M. Kennedy, F/Sgt. Buchanan, Sgt. E. S. Rogers, Sgt. Barnes, Sgt. Pawson, Sgt. Tufts, Sgt. Cooper, Cpl. Bate-man, Cpl. Gordon, Cpl. Skinner, Cpl. Dorzek, Cpl. Theede, Cpl. Clyne, Cpl. Schuman, Cpl. MacDonald, LAC

Bruyere, LAC Roy, LAC Jerry, LAC Grenzowski, LAC Swyver, AC1 Mc-Namee.

### LIBRARY

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 Members—Protestant Padre, R. C. Padre, Sgt. Walker, Sgt. J. H. Lane, Cpl. J. K. Dearden. Librarian: LAC Duncan.

### FIRE

President—F/L W. F. Orr.  
 Members—F/Sgt. A. H. Stotts.

### SPORTS

President—To be elected.  
 Secretary—Sgt. MacKenzie.  
 Members—F/O Dalglish, F/O J. B. Friedlander, P/O Noel, F/O Saunders, P/O G. Brown, Sgt. Rogers, F/Sgt. Laister, F/Sgt. Belanger, F/Sgt. Woodcroft, Sgt. Little, Sgt. Gamble, Sgt. Flynn, LAC Miller, G. A. LAC Sampson, G.E., LAC Baker, S.F., AO1 Pelyk, J.J., Cpl. Robbins, LAC Sturgess.

USE THIS PAGE AS A DIRECTORY  
 KNOW YOUR COMMITTEES! !

# THE WARDMASTER

As everyone knows, a wardmaster has practically nothing to do—that is, nothing except decide what is to be done, why it should be done by somebody else, or why it should be done in a different way, and prepare arguments in rebuttal that should be convincing and conclusive.

We must follow up to see if the thing has been done, and if it hasn't been done, to inquire why not; then to listen to excuses from the person who should have done it. Another job is to follow up a second time to see if the thing has been done, discover that it wasn't done right, to conclude that it might as well be left as it is, reflecting that the person at fault is a dim wit, and as a civilian would spend most of his time looking for another job. The wardmaster must ponder how much simpler the thing could have been done, if he had done it himself (why the heck doesn't he?) he could have finished the job in five minutes, but as it was, he had to spend half an hour trying to find out why it had taken somebody else two hours to do it wrong.

### HEADS WE WIN

The Lord gave us two ends to use, one to think with; one to sit with. The war depends on which we choose, Heads we win, tails we loose!

# THE SORT OF LETTER THE CENSOR LIKES

(Held over from last Issue)

An excellent example of safeguarding military information is exhibited by the following soldier's letter.

Date: Who cares.

Place: Who cares.

Greetings:

After leaving where we were before we left for here, not knowing we were coming here from there, we could not tell if we would arrive here or not. Nevertheless we are now here, and not there.

The weather here is just as it is at this season but of course quite unlike the weather where we were before we came here. After having by what we came by we had a good trip.

The people here are just like they look but do not look to be like they were where we came from.

From there to here is just as far as it is from here to there.

The way we came here is just like everyone comes from there to here. Of course we had to bring everything we had with us, for we wear what we would wear here which is not like what we would wear there.

The whole thing is quite a new experience here because it isn't like what it is like where we were before we left for here.

It is now time in all probability to stop this somewhat too newsy letter before I give away too much information as the censor here is likely to be a spy.

Love,

UNO-HOO.

# WINGS OVERSEAS

As a remembrance of your stay in "where we're to" why not make a volume of your station paper "Wings Overseas."

For your convenience, we offer you a copy of each edition from the beginning, up to and including April's edition for the nominal fee of 50c.

In the years ahead, when you're sitting back in your nice easy chair, a volume of this nature would bring back many memories of friends and activities you shared while in the service.

If you wish to take advantage of this offer, see L.A.C.'s Langill or Duncan at the station library.