

# WINGS OVERSEAS

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

Vol. 1, No. 14

June, 1943



## WING COMMANDER EWART

In this issue, "WINGS OVERSEAS" extends a hearty welcome to the "GANNET" squadron, to Wing Commander Ewart, the Officer Commanding, to the crews who man the ships, and to all ground personnel. The "Gannets" have built up a fine and meritorious record of service in the R.C.A.F.—a record which we feel sure, will be made even more glorious through its service on this station.

Wing Commander F. J. Ewart was born at Clinton, Ontario. Before he had attained school age his family moved to Rose-town, Sask. Here he attended both Public and High schools. He joined the R.C.A.F. in 1924 an A.E.M. (AC2). Having completed his ground studies he became interested in photography and spent a year and a half with the Hudson Straits Expedition in 1927-28.

In late 1928 he started a pilot's course at Camp Borden. On completion of the course he was posted to Ottawa and spent twelve years as a pilot on topographical and geographical survey in Northern Ontario and Quebec.

He was granted a permanent commission in the R.C.A.F. early in 1939. In 1934 he married Miss Edna Holding of Ottawa and has one daughter.

## "TOGETHER TO VICTORY"

Every day brings us closer and closer to final victory. We are all contributing to that victory to a greater or lesser degree depending upon how much of our time and our efforts—yes and of ourselves we are giving in whatever job we are called upon to do. A good many of us feel perhaps that the job we may be doing is of little importance.

I know what it is to come back from a patrol flushed with victory for I have been on one of the more successful attacks. Every member of our crew was called upon to do a definite job of work—if one fell down the degree of success with which the attack was pressed home would have been lowered. There was a lot more back of that attack though than the seven aircrew personnel who were in the aircraft.

There were the men and women in operations who had mapped out the route we would fly; there were the men and women connected with servicing, maintenance and repair who had given of their skill and toil to make sure that the aircraft would take any added strains we might have to impose on it; there were the cooks who had prepared our food—In short every one on the station directly or indirectly was responsible for the success of our attack.

We can go much farther than that. We can go back to the instructors who trained us, to the craftsman whose skilled labor first built that aircraft; to those who bought the bonds in order that the aircraft might be financed—yes and to our loved ones back home for whom we are fighting.

We don't need to do much brain work to realize that each of us is depending upon many others and that many others are depending on us. That being the case, when one of us fails to do our job we fail not only ourselves but everybody who in anyway is dependent upon us.

Just as this is true in winning the war, so is it also true in winning the peace. Let us take stock of ourselves and live our lives after the only true pattern that has ever existed—the great "Master of Peace." In this way and in this way only can come about that final peace for which the world is waiting.

—"THE DEACON."

## "A W. D.'S FANCY FANCY TURNS TO ---"

Whether it is a curse or a blessing, we don't know but down through the years there has never been a woman who hasn't had a desperate craving for a new spring outfit. Denied this privilege, she is apt to become vicious, irritable and even slightly demented. Spring is here, believe it or not, we won't argue the point, and the female eye has taken to the fashion magazines, the store windows, and her neighbour's new suit. For the girls in uniform, it has been a trying time indeed,—for

Theirs not to want things news,

Theirs but to wear the blue—

—not that we don't like our suits, but none of us have missed our share of the above mentioned yearning for spring clothes.

Then came the opening of the drill hall. There was a blare of trumpets and roll of drums as down from the heavens came the announcement that the W.D.'s were allowed to wear evening gowns. (Who says there is no Santa Claus). This needless to say, was a great boon and the cause of much excitement in the W.D. Barracks. For a week before the gala evening, there was a nightly fashion parade all through the rooms. All girls offered suggestions and criticisms for each costume, and if there was any improvement to be made, it was made — sometimes that added touch was given by a choice bit of costume jewellery donated by a bunk-mate, or by some honest to goodness artificial flowers, "the finest what Woolworth's could sell." Anyhow, it was a case of one for all and all for one, and the ownership of a girl's dress was a company affair.

On the night of the great party a spirit closely related to that of Thanksgiving roamed through the Barracks. An atmosphere of haven't you got a dress? Well, here, wear this—I'm stepping out in my blue number" or "try some of my extra special perfume to-night, I think you'll like it." When all the W.D.'s finally arrived at the dance the airmen of this station received one of the biggest surprises of their lives,—even if they don't admit it. For the first time they saw the girls of the Women's Division as girls—not as just another uniform. The transformation was quite terrific, and in

## "AT THE TOP"

It is quite natural for a fellow to be looking through his old letters, etc. but he doesn't always come upon such beautiful poems as these by Jean Morton:—

It's the shining top of the mountain  
where our hearts desire to be,  
It's the top of the sky so blue, that we  
vainly long to see,  
It's the top of the wave on which we  
always long to ride,  
Yet so often the top of things leaves  
our hearts unsatisfied.

For the top of the mountain bejewels  
the low and blue-lit vale,  
And the top of the tree is down-bent  
by the fierce and raging gale.  
And the top of the wave breaks long  
before it's caverned roll,  
And at the top of success, My dear,  
you must hold fast to your soul.

### "HAPPINESS RECIPE"

Sing a little, smile a little,  
That's the way to live;  
Spend a little, lend a little,  
Be friendly and forgive.  
Take a little, give a little,  
Laugh a little, too.  
As upon Life's Loom you weave  
Threads of Love's bright blue.  
Hope a little, pray a little  
Help folks in distress;  
Care a little, share a little,  
And so find Happiness.

Submitted by

D. J. Staple—electrical  
section.

### THIS COULD NOT HAPPEN HERE

Mable—"What does your boy friend say in his letter?"

Mary—"His letter is all blacked out, but the censor sends love and kisses!"

some cases even a little unbelievable. We don't feel that clothes make the lady—but they certainly help.

The opening of the drill hall will remain forever in our memories,—there was sound of revelry by night—beautiful ladies—sweet music—and all that sort of thing. For the airmen,—it was a fine party; for the W.D.'s,—it was the answer to a maiden's prayer. And so from one W.D. to another, I say—For what we have just received, let us

be truly thankful.

M. F. C. (Sgt.)

## MOTION PICTURES

Since the installation of the twin 35 M.M. projectors in the Recreation Hall, a few months ago, the Theatre Committee have been endeavouring to improve the class of pictures shown but have run across many obstacles.

We have been obtaining our films through a local theatre and although they have not always been the best, they were better than nothing. We approached other local theatres to see if we could run some of their better pictures, but met with no success, because of their agreements with the film distributors. We then approached Washington to find out the possibility of working in on the American circuit which serves Argentina, Fort Pepperrell and Gander, but again we met with no success. We thought of bringing in pictures by Air Express direct from Canada. After investigation we found that the cost of Air Express, plus the cost of commission on the film, would make it impossible for us to operate at our present admission price and we did not wish to alter this.

Just recently, Gander installed 35 M.M. equipment and were inquiring about obtaining up to date films. It was decided that if the two stations worked together, splitting expenses, we would be able to form a circuit and import our films direct from the continent.

With this in view S/L M. F. Badgley flew out to St. John, N.B. to interview the film distributors. After meeting the film board and having numerous discussions, he was able to book some of the outstanding productions of the year and returned with bookings for a six month period, starting June 13th.

The pictures to be shown are all 3 and 4 star ratings, from the various producers. The rental costs which are in proportion, will amount to over three times the price paid in the past.

You can rest assured that your committee is endeavouring to do everything in its power to give this station 100% entertainment and all that it asks in return is your co-operation in maintaining the theatre in a clean and orderly condition.

The features for the month of July are listed elsewhere in this issue.

A foreign express will leave at 6 p.m. to-day taking passengers for all foreign points only"—excerpt from a local paper.

## WOMEN'S DIVISION



W. D. OFFICERS

S. O. Timberlake, Flight Officer Moorhouse, S. O. DeMings

Perhaps a little general information about the Women's Division would be of interest to all who read the Station Paper. The main object in enlisting women as a component part of the R.C.A.F. was to release men from non-combatant duties which women could perform, and thus solve, to some extent, the increased demand for man power in combatant duties.

The airwomen are enlisted under the same conditions as the airmen and are governed by the same regulations and orders with but few exceptions. There is one difference in administration which might be noted and that is, that during their working hours the airwomen work in the various sections under their respective R.C.A.F. officers and N.C.O.s—they the members of an R.C.A.F. section—yet, as members of the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) Section, the Women's Division Officers are directly responsible to the Commanding Officer for their general efficiency, discipline and well-being. This position has no parallel in the R.C.A.F. and necessitates complete understanding on the part of the R.C.A.F. officers and W.D. officers.

Eleven trades were opened to the airwomen when volunteers were first called for. This number has now increased to over 40 trades, the newer ones including photographers, meteorologists, radiographers, wireless operators (ground) teleprinter operators, clerks operational, aircraft re-

cognition and canteen stewards, and there is the possibility that further trades will be opened in the future.

On the Station at present there are clerks (general, steno, medical and accounting) working in Headquarters, hospital and offices in the various sections: photographers, telephone operators, fabric workers (who are also trained parachute packers), motor transport drivers, hospital assistants, cooks in the kitchens, airwomen waiting on tables, equipment assistants working in barrack stores, technical stores, clothing stores, and postal clerks in the Post Office, meteorologists, code and cypher clerks, canteen stewards in the W.D. Club House looking after the canteen, general duties in the W.D. Barrack Block. We are eagerly awaiting the arrival of more W.D.s to act as time-keepers and runners, librarians, keepers of log books etc.

The W.D. Club House has added a little touch of social life to the Station in that it is open to the male personnel of the station four days a week, when they are invited to enjoy its homey, cheery atmosphere and join in the games and dancing. The building is one of the best of its kind on any station and presents an attractive appearance on entering, with its cheery yellow walls, and curtains made by the airwomen from material provided by the Y.M.C.A. The Y.M.C.A. have done much to assist in making this a real recreational centre, by supplying many comfy chairs, lamps,

pictures, radio, games, magazines and piano, which is the centre of many a sing-song. The Canadian Jewish Congress have also helped with the further furnishing of the building by the addition of a chesterfield set and tables.

The airwomen enter heartily into the sports of the Station and also share the educational opportunities offered on the station.

Mention should be made of the generous hospitality of the ladies of St. John's who are making every effort to provide entertainment in their homes for the airwomen, most of whom are a great many miles away from home.

These notes on the Women's Division would not be complete without mention of the "Y" Hostess House in town, so efficiently and cheerfully managed by Mrs. McLean, where many of the airwomen spend happy 48's in "a home away from home."

We would like to say "Thank you boys, for receiving us so well and kindly." We tried to fit in with as little ruffle as possible and are trying to do a job. We like you and we like the station, which surely must be one of the best.

Isn't it strange that Princes and Kings,  
And clowns that caper in saw-dust rings,  
And simple people like you and me,  
Are workers for eternity?

To each is given a box of tools,  
A block of wood and a book of rules,  
And each must make e're life be flown,  
A stumbling block or a stepping stone.

ME

When God gave out brains I thought  
He said trains and I missed mine.

When God gave out looks I thought  
He said books and I didn't want any.

When God gave out noses I thought  
He said roses and I ordered a big red one.

When God gave out legs I thought He  
said kegs and I ordered two big fat ones.

When God gave out ears I thought He  
said beers and I ordered two long ones.

Ain't I a mess.

## CHALK DUST JOTTINGS

Let it not be thought that because the layer of chalk dust under the School Room blackboards is rather thin that this has been a peaceful month at the Education Office. The chalk dust that is wont to drift so lazily from the blackboard to the floor in the quiet and sedate atmosphere usually associated with School Rooms has been blown in a veritable chalk dust storm, created by the rush of personnel wishing to Aircrew, to the four corners of the room. It has been a piece of luck that the new School Room has two doors, for the rush has been continuous.

Mention of the new School Room brings to mind the move by this Section to its new quarters in the Drill Hall. The School Room Set-up there is really a grand one. The freshness of the decorations, the new tables and chairs, the shining floors, and above all blackboards fastened to the walls create an atmosphere that makes work a pleasure. The boys in the classes certainly seem to appreciate their new surroundings. No more are cigarette butts found on the floor; no more are names scrawled on the tables. A careful check of table tops revealed only one name, which doubtless will mysteriously disappear one of these dark nights.

All that remains of the old days in the Administration Building are nostalgic memories of pulling and hauling out blackboards before each class (with, incidentally, the gravest danger to electric light fixtures), and a lone recent entry in D.R.O.'s referring to Room 14 Admin. Bldg. as the "former School Room."

Remustering to Aircrew has opened wide this month. The way the Armourers have been swarming in it would seem that they have grown tired of cleaning guns and wish to have the pleasure of firing them for a change. The Wireless men were also noticeable by their numbers. Applications have been flowing in so fast that this columnist's right index finger has scarcely been equal to the strain. But let it not be thought that he types with one finger only. He has equal proficiency with his left index finger also, but it has been so busily employed in depressing the capitalization key that it has been of little use in this emergency.

Congratulations are again in order for four former members of the Pre-Aircrew classes. Cpl. Baks and LAC Elston have been successful in ob-

taining I.T.S. "A" Grouping — direct posting to I.T.S. Cpl. Baxter and LAC Matheson I.T.S. "B" Grouping—posting to I.T.S. after a short Refresher Course. Congratulations boys, and keep up the good work. According to LAC Matheson's letter, tests in Science, Maths, Morse, and General Education must be successfully passed to get the coveted I.T.S. posting.

While on the subject, Congratulations too, to LAC Weaymouth who finished his Pre-Aircrew Classes on this station and has had his remuster to Aircrew. May he have as good luck as the other boys.

Evidently it is not yet closed season on the posting of our eachers. In addition to our serious losses of last month Sgt. Paradis who had conducted the Conversational French class for the last two months, and Cpl. Farrell who has been in charge of the Typing class for the last six months have also been transferred to new fields of endeavour. Thanks for your work, boys; we are sorry to see you go, but wish you the best of luck on your new stations.

If you see this reporter spending a lot of time looking out the window these days it is not just the scenery that he is admiring. It's that plane again—the one bringing back our Aircraft Recognition instructor. We certainly have had hard luck lately with this class. However when F/O Moore returns this time, perhaps we shall get some breaks, and get this class going steadily. A previous knowledge of Aircraft Recognition will not come amiss in the rush of work that those remustering to Aircrew have, when they are posted on their courses.

Sgt. Armitage's class in Commercial Art has gone in for water colour work again after sessions on lettering, pen and in drawing, and cartooning. The members are busy now on posters, and we are looking forward to some works of art equal to those now adorning the Library.

The Library, too, is in full swing in its new quarters in the Drill Hall. With leathered upholstered furniture, floor lamps, new tables, new writing desks, and free stationery, the Library scarcely misses the luxury class. In addition to the new furnishings two hundred more books have been added. A list of some of the books available are published elsewhere in this edition. Beside the fiction and non-fiction books a Technical section in the Library has a lot of useful books, especially for the Wireless and Maintenance Sections. If you are doing a

little work on that "A" or "B" Grouping, drop into the Library and see what you can find. Most of the Technical books may be borrowed for seven days with the privilege of renewal for another seven if the book has not been asked for meanwhile. By the way the Library hours are 1230 to 1330 hours, 1400 to 1600 hours, and 1730 to 2015 hours, daily, except Sundays and dance nights when the Library closes at 1900 hours.

Have just been looking in the chalk box and the sad truth is that about the only chalk around the School Room is already in the form of dust. Better close this off and see what can be done about this scarcity, or there will be no new dust for next month.

## "TRADE WORRIES"

Have you ever felt  
So very low,  
You'd like to melt  
Or else just blow—  
Away?

Have you ever hated,  
Yourself so bad—  
You almost debated  
Then wished you had  
Died?

Have you ever uttered  
Each nasty word,  
Your brain just cluttered  
With names absurd  
To call?

Have you ever stopped  
A bit to think  
Why you had flopped  
Right on the brink,  
Of "A"?

Have you ever cried,  
About a pain  
Down deep inside  
Yet not complain  
To friends?

Have you ever shook,  
With utter fear,  
When you sat and took  
Without a tear  
The Test?

If you have groaned,  
Along with me  
And moaned and meaned  
I can see  
You've suffered!

Peg.

W306415 LAW McLeod, M.E.



"Wings Overseas" is published monthly with the kind permission of Group Captain R. S. Grandy, O.B.E.

The policy of the director and staff is to make "Wings Overseas" a paper "of the station, by the station, and for the station."

The co-operation of all personnel in subscribing to, and writing for the paper, is heartily invited.

## EDITORIAL

I believe it is about eight or nine months since "Wings Over-Seas" was founded. It was then two issues a month and a very interesting paper indeed and still is. Since that time it has been made a monthly paper. The Director, and Editor and Staff have tried hard to keep it going and I am sure that every one would like to see this paper at its best.

Well it is up to us, the Station at large, to contribute to this paper and make it worth while. It is our paper and surely we can take care of our own.

There must be among us many who have an interesting story to tell or a poem to write and it only takes about half an hour a month to do it.

In last month's issue the W.D.'s were silent. I'm sure we would be pleased to hear from them. (They are represented in this issue.—Ed.)

Now then don't let our paper down nor let the infancy of it be the strongest for that's not a policy at all. There is no success where there is no ambition.

There should be no difficulty in finding something to write when we realize what the paper is for and whose it is. The paper is ours and it is for our entertainment, in which we can express our thoughts and opinions; write a beautiful poem that our fellowmen might well be pleased to read, or a story that you think would hold the interest of many.

Many of us refrain from contributing material to this paper because we are afraid someone is not going to like it, or find interest in our poem or story; but don't forget many will find interest and also don't forget that you can't satisfy everyone at any one time.

So make a try won't you

—D. J. Staple, Electrical Section.

## SPEAKING OF SPORT

Torbay's official softball league opened on Monday, June 14. The opener featured the hard-hitting A.F.M.'s who banged out 14-2 victory over luckless 5 C.A.C.

Hollingshead, starry hurler for the A.F.M.'s was tapped for two runs in a shaky first inning and it looked as tho' the C.A.C. batsmen were going to have little difficulty in finding his deliveries. In the second Hollingshead settled down and pitched shout-out ball for the next six innings.

It was a nip and tuck battle right through until the last half of the sixth. The A.F.M.'s really started the ball rolling in this inning and notched 8 runs from Bowser before the side was retired.

Vallee and Reavie set the pace for C.A.C.

Competition promises to be extremely keen for the station championship and with sixteen teams entered, the league will be wide open. Double-headers will be played every Monday, Wednesday and Friday in the Drill Hall. It is hoped that the League will be able to move out doors as soon as the out-door diamonds are completed which will be in short order.

### Station Softball Team

Early practices and pre-season games indicate clearly that Torbay is bound to have an outstanding softball team for inter-service competition this season. A wealth of material makes competition for every position extremely keen and the "Flyers" are a real threat to oust last year's Navy Champs.

### Badminton

Badminton enthusiasts have plenty of opportunity to take advantage of the new courts and they are letting no opportunities for play slip by. Almost every evening will find a score or more shuttle-fiends battling the bird around the Hall. Badminton is curtailed to a certain extent at the moment due to the shortage of birds but we have a definite promise that more birds and racquets are on the way.

### The Drill Hall

As the summer sports and Drill Hall programme gradually get under way, more and more opportunities for sports activities will be offered to the station personnel. Softball, hardball, badminton, boxing and wrestling, tennis, track and field lacrosse are a few of the activities that will be yours for the participation. Keep your eye on

The following letter has been received by the Commanding Officer of this station from The Canadian Red Cross Society, Nova Scotia Division.

June 3, 1942

Commanding Officer,  
R.C.A.F. Station Overseas,  
C.A.P.O., No. 5.

Dear Sir,—You have already received our official receipt for the amount of \$336.51 representing contributions to the Red Cross Campaign by personnel of your station.

In looking over our records I did feel that such a magnificent gesture deserves a special note of appreciation. I therefore would ask that you make known to your personnel the sincere gratitude of the Canadian Red Cross Society for its generous response to our recent appeal. It was especially gratifying as it came from a unit on active service outside Canada.

Yours very truly,

M. M. RANKIN,  
Commissioner.

## A MOMENT WITH OUR NEW PADRE

Since the departure of Fr. MacNeil, we were without an R. C. Padre from the 14th of May to the 30th of May. On the evening of the 30th, the express brought in our new Padre in the person of Father Brazeau. Fr. Brazeau had been at the "Y" Depot for the past seven months.

He is a member of the Franciscan Order and previous to enlistment was Superior and First Rector of St. Bernadine's Franciscan College in Montreal. For two years he was Superior of the Franciscan Monastery in Edmonton, Alberta and in spare moments was preaching Missions in Western and Eastern Canada and in the Maritimes. Father Brazeau is half French and half Irish which explains his indomitable spirit.

So, to you Father Brazeau, we say "Welcome" and may your stay here be as pleasant to you as it is pleasant for us having you here with us.

We wonder who has been seeing so much of the navy lately and if this particular branch of the service has been doing him any good.

D.R.O.'s and the sports notice board for schedules. It promises to be a busy season.

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

## OPENING OF STATION DRILL HALL

The night of May 21st, was another gala occasion for the station. It marked the official opening of the new Drill Hall, with the usual procedure of speeches and cheers, and more speeches and cheers.

Air Commodore Heakes, Group Captain Grandy and Squadron Leader Badgley addressed the large audience, welcoming the guests and lauding the purpose which the hall will serve for all personnel.

During the course of the speeches, the crowd, in true crowd fashion, milled around, anxiously waiting for the formalities to give way to the evening's dance. That familiar murmur of low conversation, mixed with the microphoned voices of the speakers, sounded like a saboteurs' convention. But at last the formalities drew to a conclusion. Mrs. Grandy, wife of our Commanding Officer, was introduced and after saying a few words of greeting to the audience and wishing for the great success of the Drill Hall, cut the ribbon suspended in the middle of the hall. With this operation over, the new Drill Hall was officially opened and the 14 piece American Dance Band immediately broke into their opening number of the evening.

Femininity was out in all its glory. A large number of civilian girls were there by invitation from the airmen and of course our own W.D.s were there. It was certainly a treat to see all the long evening gowns, for a change. We must admit that without the familiar blue uniform on, we had to look twice to recognize them. However, they were the same girls all right and mighty 'purty' too.

Refreshments were served at intermission, but to get close to the food tables presented quite a technical problem. However, with the aid of a double wing-back formation and then a quick dash through the middle, we ended up with a sandwich in one hand and a cup of grape-juice in the other.

All in all, the party was a great success, but now it is just a memory; gone, but not forgotten.

### TEN'SHUN !

The editor regrets that some of the material submitted could not be printed in this issue. Look for it in the next issue. Meanwhile keep the material coming.



L.A.C. CAMPBELL, D. W. (Photo Section) On The JOB

## FLASHES FROM THE PHOTO SECTION

Being a comparatively recent arrival to Torbay, it is pretty hard to dope out an informative article on this section.

It has had a major shakeup within the past few weeks. We have lost W.O.1 Harper, who seems to have been well liked on the station, Cpl. Hooshley and Simpson, and Lac's Wertlieb, Tennant and Thurston, and so far to replace them have come Sgt. Sampson and myself and LAC's Campell, Des Ormeaux and Crampsey. We now have, also, for full time work, AW's Clements and Quinn, who secured their C Grouping through working during their time off, in spite of working hard at the Officer's Mess. The old-timers (now), Cpl. McMillan and Cpl. Skinner and Ac McClements are still carrying on the good work as before.

The aerial dept. has been busy on (—censored—) anyway, it has been busy, while in the section itself, the two rogues galleries, (the C.O.'s album and the identity cards) have been filling up with promising candidates. The variety of expressions and attitudes is a very interesting study, from the "Stone-Face" (see L'il Abner) of one determined to go through a considerable ordeal, to the hopeless efforts of another to keep a straight face against lively opposition from heckling companions, who usually have to be finally ejected.

One thing about the photographic trade, it has lots of variety of situations and requirements, from long distance aerial work, to jobs needing a

camera that sees around two corners within a couple of feet.

However, the old and new staffs seem to work well together for a start, and the Photo section is quite confident it can keep up the good work done here in the past.

—K. H. Smith, Sgt.

## "HI TALK!"

Well, here we are in a new country, and for all of us the environment is far different from that of the past.

Those of us who come from the big cities with their culture, their cosmopolitanism and sophistication, find it frustrating suddenly to have surrounding us a type of provincialism, buttressed only by cultural exports from Canada and the U.S.A. on one side and the Mother Country on the other.

However for those who look beyond the "deses and dats" and who wish to find an affinity of interests in people of literary, musical and artistic ability such people can be found ever here, and interspersed with them will be the few with university degrees, or the beautiful gal who does everything, has a degree and also a motor car. So come out of your shells ye men and women of culture and rally forth; recreation and creation await you.

The impregnable recipe for continuing your varied interests is of course the making of friends; and don't be scared by the superficiality of understanding among some people. It is the result of a third hand contact with outside influences. The people want your abilities and interests and will quickly accept you. Social scales are very marked, so plant your feet carefully. The grapevine is more highly developed than the telephone system, and the news will be out about your having "Taken Out SUSIE" (if you take her out) even before you take her out.

And by the way, here are a few footnotes. If you are interested in securing books apart from the station library, there are good libraries at the Canadian Legion, Military Road. The Gosling Memorial Library, Duckworth Street; and at Memorial College.

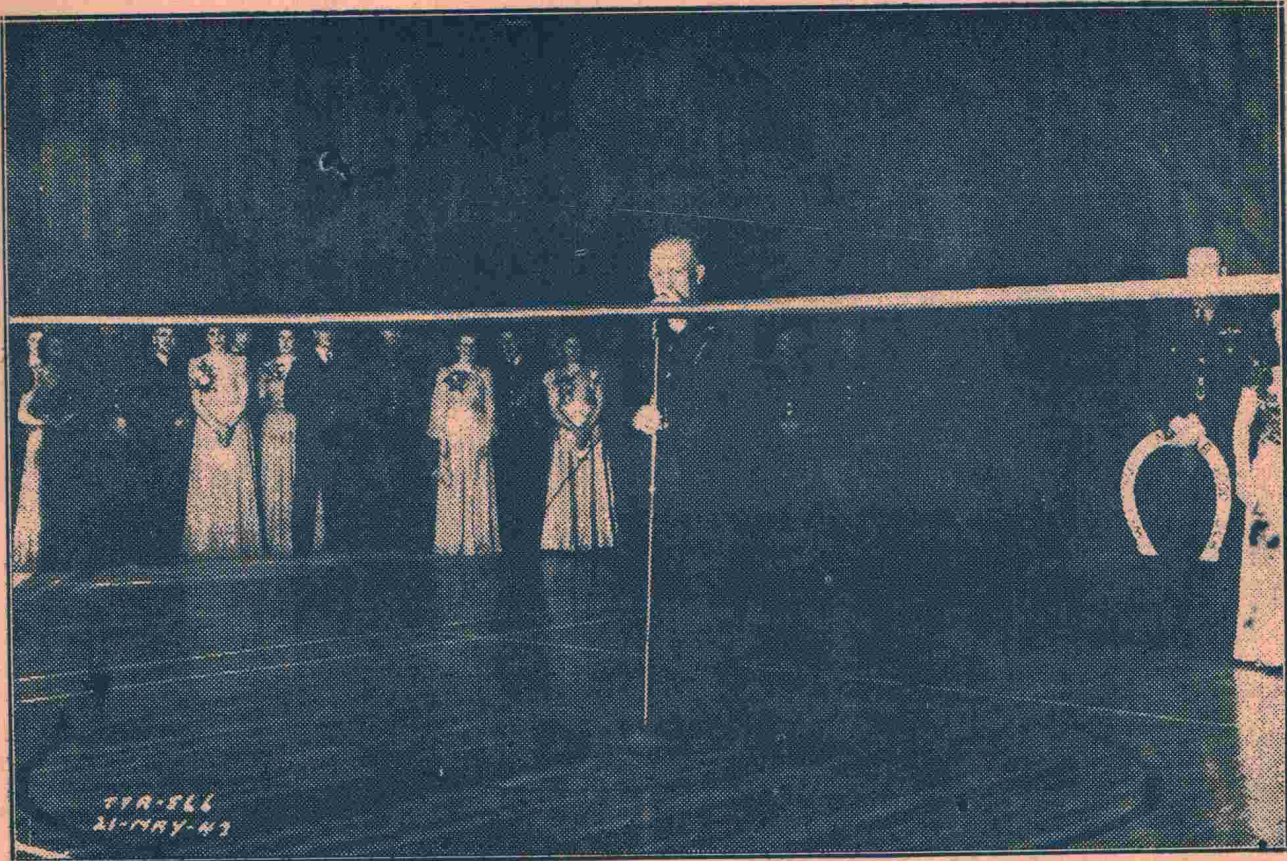
If you are interested in music—classical and swing—you can get it at AYRE'S in especially provided music booths, free of charge.

If you are interested in Art—the Art Club is now sponsoring a Servicemen's Exhibition. So roll out the canvases.

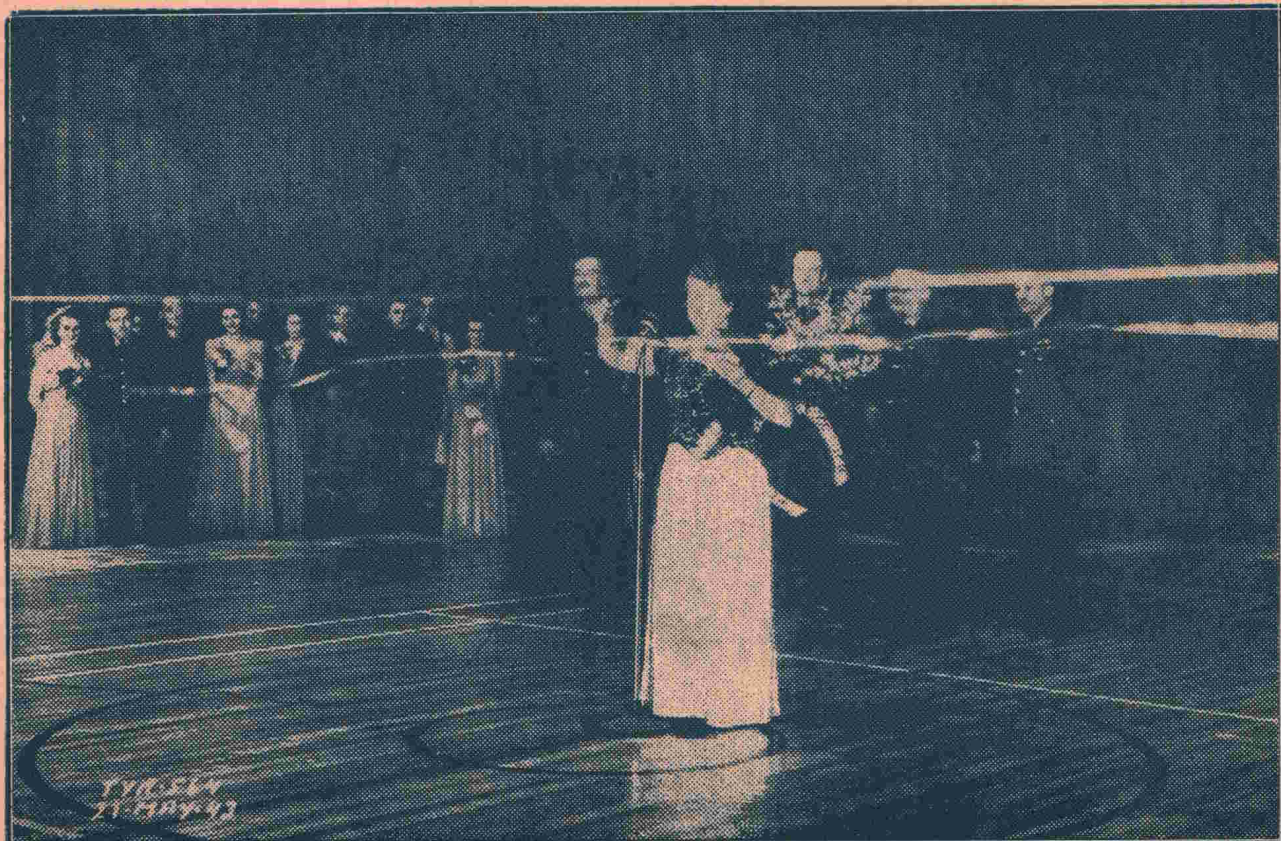
—Art Pinsky.

WINGS OVER SEAS

OPENING THE DRILL HALL



AIR COMMODORE HEAKES WELCOMES THE GUESTS



MRS. GRANDY, WIFE OF THE COMMANDING OFFICER, CUTS THE RIBBON

## GREMLINS ON THE JOB

(Condensed from Book by Judy Varga)

It is unbelievable; but there actually are pilots who do not know of the existence of such beings—how they act, their usual malevolence. There are, of course, a few friendly ones (wearing halos) who even go so far as to help a pilot in need, but naturally these are very weak of constitution and not able to do much work.

There is a good deal of questioning going on about where they came from, and when they were first seen. Well, to find the first Gremlin, we have to go back centuries into the middle ages. One day during the crusades, a knight was going to the battle field. He was valiant and brave and wore the proud colours of his lady fair. The battle was on and he was in luck—but alas! At the decisive moment a tiny intruder got under his knightly armour tormenting—sabotaging him. Flyers swear that where Gremlins originated.

Gremlins were reputed to be seen in various parts of the world. In India, in Gibraltar (where exists the Gibraltar, or the hairy-legged variety) in the U.S.A., but mainly in England where they merrily sabotage the "Lords of the Air," the R.A.F. So far none have been reported over Germany.

Gremlins are very co-operative among themselves and appear mostly in swarms, thus outwitting the pilot. It is reported by the R.A.F. that Gremlins differ in character, colour and appearance. The leader of them all is the enticing, captivating Gremlin Princess, who with her wicked charms, distracts the pilot. The white-haired "George" lazily leans against the aerial snapping directions at the little fifth columnists. The fat Gremlin parks himself on the tail of the plane, making it practically impossible to take off. One of the most devastating—the ice or high altitude Gremlin, as his name suggests, operates only in iced regions. He has been found placing huge blocks of ice on the wings. His hairy green body, and six feet long arms are a gruesome sight. A cheery group, supplied with straws, attack the gasoline tanks. Their illuminated red noses at once betray them as the gasoline-drinking Gremlins. When flying with instruments in bad visibility, the whispering Gremlins go to work, jumping on the shoulders of the pilot, whispering in his ear—"You idiot, you are flying upside down," and makes him doubt his instruments, and down he goes fast. The "Windwhist-

lers" have triangular holes on their stomachs, through which the wind whistles, giving the poor pilot the impression that he is flying far faster than he really is, upon which he throttles back, stalls his plane and goes "bang" in the deck. There are always dozens sliding down the beam to the airframe below, where others snatch the runway, making the pilot land in the mud. One fogs the spectacles, another an Australian, looking like an elephant with lightning for his tail, magnetizes the compass. The one with the tough posterior sits on the back wheels, making the plane groundloop. Grounded Gremlins operate among mechanics . . . snatching their . . . Shy ground Gremlins are trained into hangar owls. The black-out GREMLINS HAMMER ON THE PILOT'S head while in a dive, thus causing "blackouts." Some, with one very long and one very short arm, snatch the pilot's map.

Further activities of the Gremlins are well described by an anonymous R.A.F. bard. (Quoted from the R.A.F. Journal.)

When you're seven miles up in the heavens

That's a hell of a lonely spot.

And it's 50 degrees below zero

Which isn't exactly hot.

When you're frozen blue like your Spitfire,

And you're scared mosquito pink,

When you're thousands of miles from nowhere

And there's nothing below but the drink—

It's then you'll see the Gremlins,

Green and gomboge and gold,

Male and female and neuter,

Gremlins, both young and old.

It's no use trying to dodge them,

The lessons you learned on the link

Wont' help you evade the Gremlin,

Though you boost and you dive and you jink.

The white one will wiggle your wing-tips,

The male ones will muddle your maps,

The green one will guzzle your glycol,

The females will flutter your flaps,

The pink one will perch on your perspex

And dance piroettes on your prop,

There's a spherical middle-aged Gremlin

Who'll spin on your stock like a top.

They'll freeze up your camera shutters,

They'll bite through your aileron wires,

They'll bend and they'll break and they'll batter,

## THE ACCOUNTS CHATTER

"Good show there, boys, good show,"—no—we're not just finishing a Marathon; we're merely being paid the best compliment given out by our Squadron Leader. And now that we are here let us glance at the office where he presides. Why, there goes that telephone again. Strange but a Corporal answers it with, "Would you be interested in buying a handy dandy kitchen kit?" Just can't help but wonder how much commission he gets . . . Another look—hm—reminds me very much of—

Do you like variety?

Boy, we've got it—

For there are tall ones

And short ones

And skinny ones

And stouter ones

And some have curls

And some have none

And we have girls

And boys with fun;

Have we got a good gang?"

Tops, I'd say—the best.

Way down there at the far end of the room is our C.O. of GOOD TIMES in the personage of our Flight Lieutenant. Incidentally he started our frolics the other day. We all congregated in the Drill Hall where we loosened up lazy muscles in a few minutes of P.T. Following that we had a thrilling ball game. A certain Flying Officer really gave us a few pointers on how we should play. Looks like bigger and better times ahead.

My—there goes the siren. Guess that big cloud of dust going out the door was our staff—so bye for this round. And, although we find it impossible at the present to answer your pleas of, "Please slip me another ten"—or "Could you manage a bonus for my leave?"—still—we're with you. Be seein' you.

—"PEG" ACCTS.

They'll insert toasting forks in your tires.

There are of course, groups of Gremlins sitting in the clouds, snickering at the sight of the tortured pilot.

But, pilots! I'll let you in on a little secret. In a hidden part of England, Prof. Gremosky has practically completed his life's work, an concentrated anti-Gremlin powder—which when sprinkled on the plane makes it absolutely Gremlin-proof. So, until then—Gremlins or no GREMLINS. . .

"KEEP 'EM FLYING"

Submitted by Sgt. MacKenzie, G.C.

## MOANING

By S/L E. O'F. CAMPBELL

"THAT dinner today was terrible! Why doesn't someone see that we get good cooks and good food." . . . "I've been back to work three nights this week! What do they expect a guy to do, work all the time? . . . Parades? What good is a lot of marching around going to do us? . . . P.T. As if we don't get enough exercise without that!" . . . "Why do we have to drink this dishwater? Can't we get any Canadian beer?"

Moans!! Has anyone been in this Air Force more than a couple of weeks, nay a couple of days without hearing something like the above or even been the perpetrator of such remarks! The more fastidious among us, perhaps, prefer to designate the common garden variety of moaning by the more intellectual phraseology of constructive or destructive criticism. Regardless of what we call this phenomenon, it is moaning and moaning is an integral part of Air Force life. Don't think that moaning is peculiar to the Air Force. Moaning is common to all walks of life and to all classes of people. Witness the Arm Chair Politicians and Generals who could "win the peace" in a few weeks. You and I well know that moaning is probably the greatest mental sport in the world.

Let it be clear at the outset, that moaning is a valuable trait in human behaviour. It is safe to say, perhaps, that all advances made by civilization have been the result of moans. Someone, somewhere along the line was not satisfied with his present status. He moaned. Having moaned, one of two courses were open to him. He could set about, himself, to improve things or he could continue to moan hoping that someone with more initiative than himself would heed the cry and improve the situation for him. Thus have we progressed through the ages and present observations ensure us that contemporary humans have no intention of lying down on the job of moaning.

You have heard the time honoured saying that "You can fool all the people some of the time and you can fool some of the people all of the time but you can't fool all of the people all of the time." It seems to me that this could readily be applied to the business of satisfying people thus "You can please all of the people some of the time and you can please some of the people all of the time

but you can't please all of the people all of the time." If there is any truth in this statement it certainly gives us a basis for explanation of moans.

Why do we moan? I think from a psychological basis there are about four reasons why we moan. Instinct! Reason! Pleasure! and Self Expression or Ego! It is difficult to separate an individual's motive for moaning from all influences and ascribe it to any single one of the above reasons. Rather they act in a combined manner to produce moaning.

Instinct is that quality of human behaviour which makes a new born baby moan when it is hungry. A baby has an instinct to eat. When food is withheld the baby is dissatisfied and cries. It moans! A baby has little or no ability to reason about such things. Some of you have probably experienced the futility of trying to reason with little Johnny that mother will soon be home from shopping for her new hat and he can then have his supper. Johnny doesn't understand that.

Moaning because of pleasure is that one has the ability to reason a situation to a conclusion and set up a definite goal to be achieved. Moaning of this type along with the necessary action to achieve the goal is the type of meaning which has led to progress.

Moaning because of pleasure is the previously referred to mental sport. The greatest percentage of moaning is done because of this motive. Perhaps we have not realized it, or if we have, we have refused to accept it but the fact remains that a great deal of pleasure is derived from moaning. The cause of the moan may be distinctly unpleasant but the actual moaning gives us pleasure. It is an outlet for the steam we have generated and which produces conflicts within us unless it is released. One of the nicest things about moaning along these lines is that it costs nothing more than the effort involved in moaning. We moan with no intention of doing anything about the moan and this relieves us from the necessity of labour, and we enjoy it. It is moaning of this type which affects morale, because it is a selfish type of reaction and productive of nothing but personal pleasure and perhaps discomfort for others.

Moaning because of expression includes those types of moans whereby the timid, retiring individual attempts to express himself. It is also the stock in trade of the blustering, energetic person who finds it easier to

express himself by moaning than by offering concrete suggestions. The more moans a man can make the more impressed are his susceptible companions. They think he is a clever laddie who really knows his stuff. How many go so far as to look and see what he actually achieves by his moaning.

Moaning then is the logical sequence to human behaviour in the face of unsatisfactory or unpleasant situations. Moaning has its attributes and disadvantages. Unfortunately most moaning is unproductive of results beneficial to anyone but the moaner. Moaning with a reason and intent to follow the action through to a pre-arranged goal is worthwhile. Moaning for pleasure and expression simply clouds the picture, confuses the issue and irritates those who are trying to correct fallacies.

Let us remember then that while conditions in this war torn era are far from satisfactory, moaning will not dissolve when war is over. Let us remember that if we are going to moan about present problems that there is a correct time and a correct place and a correct manner in which to moan and that results of moaning will undoubtedly depend on the proper combination of the above factors. Let us remember when we moan that we may be called upon to assist in action to rectify the cause of the moan and if we are unwilling to assist then let us desist in our moans and let those who are willing get on with the job.

## 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 May'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, or the Educational Officer.



# RADIO SECTION

That our Section has found that a spirit of co-operation and friendliness towards other Sections is indicative of complete efficiency and smoothness of operation in the complicated setup of a station such as this. It seems a pity that slanderous innuendos, however childish and insignificant they are, must be cast by lesser individuals even though their accomplishment results in a mere display of the perpetrators own chronic megalomania and general lack of perspicacity.

But in a lighter vein . . .

## A POEM

(With apologies to E. A. Poe and Reggie)

Once upon a midnight dreary, while in the Section bleak and bleary,  
O'er thoughts of Morpheus' respite I did pore;

Suddenly there came a tapping, as of somebody gently rapping,  
Rapping at the Section door.  
"Tis that visitor", I muttered; here I opened wide the door.

Ah, distinctly I remember. My hopes of sleep fade to an ember  
As this rare and radiant member squats in front of desk and door.  
Not the least obeisance made he, but the whole night stopped and stayed he.

Quoth this member, 'Got a Gasper Jasper'  
As he opened wide the door.

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed by a gasper censor,  
Puffed by him whose staples stuck in stately form;

And this action then beguiling my sad fancy into smiling  
At the avid anxious aspect of the countenance he wore:

"Is there no respite nor Nepenthe for that bostich they have lent thee  
Until with posting they have sent thee from this section some bright morn?"

Quoth this member: 'Got a Gasper Jasper',  
As he squatted on the floor.

And this member never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,  
At that painless placid place just before the section door;

And his heart is ever dreaming of the System he is scheming,  
And the lamplight o'er him streaming casts his shadow on the floor;

And my tired body on the mattress which, too, lies upon the floor.  
Shall be prostrate, Ah! Nevermore.

**FAMILIAR SIGHTS:** Smitty taking the bull by the horns . . . Ray glibly gabbing to gullible glamour girls on the Section Phone . . . Peg in a Coma . . . R. G. B. with effort fever . . . The 'Pugwash Kid' chasing Kites . . . Gruson grimly grumbling over the lack of his type of W. D. . . . MacLeod stoutly denying that F. M. stands for Ferdinand Murgatroyd . . . J. D 'Handlebar' Southall blotto profundo and insisting he's as sober as Judge Hardy . . . George 'On the Wagon' Kirk and his banker Derby planning a binge . . . MacK. predicting Bacon & Eggs for breakfast . . .

**LOCAL NEWS:** This reporter is unable to state definitely who is present President of the "B" Club. The holding of this high honour seems to change hands daily. The "You've Ad It" Club seems to be in temporary suspension. R.B.D.

## MOVING PICTURES TO BE SHOWN IN RECREATION HALL DURING THE COMING MONTH.

July 1—MY FAVORITE BLONDE—Bob Hope, Madeleine Carroll.

July 4—PANAMA HATTIE — Ann Sothorn, Red Skelton.

July 6—SOMEWHERE I'LL FIND YOU —C lark Gable, L a n a Turner.

July 8—HOLIDAY INN—Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Marjorie Reynolds.

July 11—THE FLEET'S IN—Dorothy Lamour, William Holden.

July 13—THEY ALL KISSED THE BRIDE—Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas.

July 15—HONKY TONK—Cark Gable, Lana Turner.

July 16—WHISTLING IN DIXIE—Red Skelton, Ann Rutherford

July 20—IN THIS OUR LIFE—Bette Davis, George Brent.

July 22—CRASH DIVE (Technicalour) — Tyrone Power, Ann Baxter.

July 25—LADY IN A JAM—Irene Dunne, Patrick Knowles.

July 27—TALES OF MANHATTAN—Charles Boyer, Rita Hayworth, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda.

July 29—WAKE ISLAND—B r i a n Donlevy Preston.



Sgt. J. H. Scott of the Armament section, was born in Manchester, England. He came to Canada in June 1929, when he was 17 years of age. He worked on a horse ranch until Sept. 1930, when he was stricken with infantile paralysis, and was in hospital until April 1931. He attended O.A.C., Guelph, Ontario, for two years on a scholarship and then went into the Seed Grain Business, later branching out into the Commercial Grain Business.

Sgt. Scott applied for enlistment in the R.C.A.F. in August, 1940 and was called in February 1941. He trained as an Armourer. During his service career he has served at Trenton, Mountain View, Dartmouth and on this station. He has now been posted to the School of Flying Control with recommendation for a Commission.

Sgt. Scott has taken a keen interest in the life of the station, being an active member of Rota Mota, the Discussion Group, the Station Entertainment Committee, the Church Committee and the Swimming Pool Committee. He gave his services freely and willingly and this station is pleased to wish him continued success in his new field of service.

## "WINGS OVESEAS," JUNE 1943. ORDER BLANK

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# STATION LIBRARY

## FICTION

Escape—Ethel Vance.  
 Emperor of Evil—John Daly.  
 Arizona Feud—Frank Adams.  
 A Sombrero for Miss Brown—Charlotte Baker.  
 The Little Minister—Barrie.  
 Return Via Dunkirk—Gun Buster.  
 Lorna Doone—Blackmore.  
 Young Dr. Kildare—Max Brand.  
 The Big Wheel—Mark Benny.  
 Raiders of Spanish Peaks—Zane Grey.  
 This Above All—Eric Knight.  
 Sorrell and Son—Warwick Deeping.  
 Old Pybus—Warwick Deeping.  
 The Red Saint—Warwick Deeping.  
 Evening in Spring—August Derleth.  
 The Clansman—Thos. Dixon, Jr.  
 Out of This Nettle—Gates.  
 Foul Weather—George Gibbs.  
 The Wrath to Come—Oppenheim.  
 The New Adventures of Ellery Queen.  
 Mr. Fortune Here—H. C. Bailey.  
 Bloodbird—Thomas Burton.  
 Storm King Rides—Colin.  
 The Gay Sisters—Stephen Longstreet.  
 The Way of a Transgressor—Negley Farson.  
 Catherine—Gina Kaus.  
 Last Train From Berlin—Howard K. Smith.  
 Sealed Lips—Victoria Yorke.  
 Secret Sentence—Vicki Baum.  
 Crocus—Neil Bell.  
 The Buffalo Hunters—Tom Curry.  
 Invitation to Live—Lloyd C. Douglas.  
 The Secret Agent—Joseph Conrad.  
 Bulldog Carney—Fraser.  
 The Good Sheppard—Gunnarsson.  
 Hot Lead—Grinstead.  
 One Red Rose Forever—Mildred Jordan.  
 Love of Life—Jack London.  
 Burning Daylight—Jack London.  
 Up, The Rebels—Birmingham.  
 The Black Camel—Earl Derr Biggers.  
 The D. A. Goes to Trial—Earle Stanley Gardner.  
 Audel's Welders Guide.  
 Rogers' Mechanical Drawing.  
 Audel's Electronic Devices.  
 Audel's Machinists and Tool Makers Handy Book.  
 Many other books for your reading pleasure and educational furtherment may be had at the Station Library. Drop in and look around. And, by the way, you chaps who may be leaving for Canada, if you have any books on hand—why not donate them to the Library. We'll be glad to have them.

# "WHO CAN ANSWER?"

Have you lifted anybody  
 From the wayside dust to-day,  
 As you went about your business  
 In the old familiar way?  
 Have you brightened anybody  
 With the sunshine of your smile,  
 As you trod your path of duty  
 In the old familiar style?  
 Have you talked to anybody  
 Through your sunny hours of life,  
 Of the happiness of labor  
 And the sweetness after strife?  
 Have you tried to make them happy  
 And to blossom and to sing  
 As the days went by so gently,  
 With life's sweetness on their wing  
 Have you heartened anybody  
 With your own heart's joy to-day,  
 As they struggled all around you  
 In the conflict and the fray?  
 Have you made the world seem better,  
 As with gladness and with trust  
 You have lifted someone's spirit  
 From the shadows and the dust?  
 —Selected.

# "DREAM FLIGHT"

I was on lone patrol this fine day,  
 And soared up around the milky way;  
 The plane did scream along and roar,  
 I tried the trigger and tested the bore.

I was warned to be on the lookout,  
 For enemy planes were lurking about;  
 I looked here and I looked there,  
 But nothing did I see anywhere.

Suddenly from out the clouds came  
 A plane,—Dornier was it's name;  
 I knew it would be a grim fight  
 The Dornier,—and I in my little kite.

The Jerry and I did both wheel,  
 And got set to spout some steel;  
 I looked around at sea and sky,  
 And knew it was either he or I.

I aimed and finally got in a burst,  
 And hit the pilot where it hurts worst;  
 Since his pants had caught on fire,  
 He entered the sea in his funeral pyre.

I flew back and was acclaimed a hero,  
 I strutted about like 'Little Nero';  
 In front of the station and all the rest,  
 The C. O. pinned a medal on my chest.

I stood there proud and a little older,  
 When I felt someone tap me on the shoulder;  
 I turned around to see what he wanted,  
 But to my dismay I was daunted.

The Barrack Corporal into my focus  
 did loom,  
 "You're Barrack Joe", he said, "Grab  
 a broom.  
 And sweep the room, go shake a leg,  
 For if you don't I'll put you on the  
 peg."

So my dream is over, and once more  
 My name is Joe", still learning the  
 score;  
 But my ambition is to fly on high,  
 And knock the Jerries out of the sky.

LAC Gibson, P.

# "HAVE YOU?"

I rather hesitate to write you for  
 fear of annoying you, but the time  
 has come when I must ask you a very  
 serious question, the contemplation of  
 which has caused me many nights of  
 restlessness and corresponding anx-  
 iety. You will understand my reluct-  
 ance in writing you regarding a matter  
 of such importance when I tell you  
 that many homes have been wrecked  
 by such troubles. Still I feel you  
 should know the worst at once, for in  
 all sincerity it may be the best for us  
 both.

I have not communicated the state  
 of my mind to my nearest and dear-  
 est friends for a person of your wide  
 experience will realize so many are  
 false these days and repeat what is  
 told them in strict confidence. In my  
 distress I am, therefore, appealing to  
 you knowing that you care for me to  
 some extent.

I am fully aware I ask a great deal  
 for more or less, you will have to  
 curtail your social joys and devote  
 your time to the most careful consid-  
 eration of this question which I am  
 about to ask.

I don't know whether to sign my  
 name or not for fear other eyes may  
 see this letter. So once again I ask  
 you, yes, I beg of you from the bottom  
 of my heart to decide this question:  
 "Do you think Jeff will ever grow as  
 tall as Mutt?"

Sincerely,

Submitted by R. P. MacGowan, Arm.  
 Servicing.

# ROUGH ON WIVES

A caption appeared under a picture  
 of an airman and his wife in a local  
 newspaper. It stated:

"First Canadian airman to shoot  
 down a Jap Zero fighter with his  
 wife."

## WINGS OVER SEAS

### "WINGS OVERSEAS"

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USE THIS PAGE AS A DIRECTORY!  
KNOW YOUR COMMITTEES!



### AIRFORCE EXPRESSIONS

When you hear about a stand-off,  
It's a forty-eight you know;  
And if you feel well browned off,  
You're fed up from head to toe.  
When you speak of being cheesed,  
You are generally right low;  
And when you're not so pleased  
About a job—you're "Joe".

When your graveyard shift appears  
You work the whole night through,  
And you feel like shedding tears,  
When you find no pass is due.  
When you read in D. R. O.'s  
That you must don number one's,  
You prepare for quite a show,  
With the C. O., men and guns.

When you think about a leave  
It means fourteen days away;  
You hope you can achieve  
A bit of scrounging on your stay.  
And when you speak of wolfing  
'Tis a bad word meaning dates;  
And when they have you doing  
Extra duties—you've been late.

### "LIFEBUOY FOLLIES"

On May 28th, 29th and 31st, the popular road show, "Lifebuoy Follies" visited this station. The three night stay enabled all military personnel in this area to see the show, which has been so popular with all services from coast to coast in Canada.

The show is headlined by Pat Rafferty, that ageless character of comedy and song. Pat is a hold-over from that famous group of "Dumbells" which provided entertainment for the boys of World War No. 1. Now he's back, large as life, doing the same good job for the men, who were just babies, or not even born, during his sojourn of comedy and morale-building in the first international fracas.

The cast consisted of four boys and four girls, with the comedy skits ably supported by vocal and ensemble song numbers. That the "Follies" were well received by all goes without saying. More shows mean more entertainment, which is so necessary for the morale of men who are on active service.

The "Lifebuoy Follies" is sponsored by Lever Brothers of Canada.

### WIRELESS BRIEFS AND GRIEFS

Here we are back again after a prolonged absence. We'll try to do better in future—but no promises.

\* \* \*

Since our last column there have been a good many changes in this section, among them the posting of F/L Mathieson and the change of the section being taken over by F/O Saunders.

\* \* \*

The telephone section has welcomed ? ? pardon the question mark—three W.D.'s, namely Cpl Tyrrell, LAW Andrews and LAW Burgher.

\* \* \*

The teletype section is richer by the addition of Cpl Weeks, Lac Woodliffe and Lac Dufresne.

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To be congratulated (better late than never) are Cpl Wells and Cpl Forbes on their promotion.

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By the time this paper is on sale, Cpl. Dunlop will no longer be a bachelor. Congratulations and best wishes from the whole section.

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Our sympathies are extended to LAC Richardson, LAC MacIntyre, LAC Walker and Cpl. Scott. They know why. Enough said.