

WINGS

OVER SEAS

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

Vol. 1, No. 15

July, 1943

We Bid Adieu to



Squadron Leader S. Volk is a true Westerner. Born at Medicine Hat, Alberta, he was educated in Calgary Schools. In 1927 he enlisted as a Carpenter Rigger at High River, also in Alberta.

In 1928 he entered upon the N.C.O.'s pilot course at Camp Borden.

In the following year he began his varied career as a pilot in the Royal Canadian Air Force by doing forest patrol work from Grande Prairie in the Peace River country. From 1930 to 1932 S/L Volk flew transportation planes for survey and photographic flights in the North

Continued on page 4

We Welcome



Wing Commander J. A. Easton was born in Brockville, Ont. He attended the University of Glasgow, Scotland, securing his B.Sc. with Honours in Mechanical and Aeronautical Engineering. Was later elected an Associate Member of the British Institute of Mechanical En-

gineering. In 1932 as engineer and observer he flew with Lt.-Col., now Wing Commander L. A. Strange in the King's Cup Air Race. Later, after a voyage as engineer of a North Atlantic freighter, he returned to Canada and worked for the DeHavilland Aircraft of Canada.

Continued on page 9

The W.D.'s "At Home"

To The Ladies of St. John's



AIR COMMODORE HEAKES has tea with two charming visitors.



Our Commanding Officer GROUP CAPTAIN GRANDY, O.B.E., meets a Red Cross worker and a Navy nurse.

"We Will Remember"

The other day we were out on a picnic and the view was lovely and someone said, "We're going to have such a lot of memories of this country." Yours will be different from mine, for no one's personality is the same as the next person's—but for the record, here are some of the memories gathered on walks which I expect to take away with me when that posting finally arrives.

Fields, richly green, scattered like patches on a quilt amid the black of fir trees, and rocks.

Buttercups growing in the rock crevices by a stream that tumbles down in hasty joy.

The scent from the fir-trees in the evening when the air is hushed and the sun is but a golden glow lying gently over the hills and the

birds are twittering themselves to sleep, and the wind has fallen from a sweep to a quiet rustle.

How the paths seem never to be able to stray far from a lake.

Misty purple and blue haze over gray rocks that seem centuries old but have not lost any of their rugged, jagged strength.

The white frill of waves breaking below as you watch from the cliffs above, and the mottled colours of the water near shore—blue and jade green and the purple of Tokay grapes.

Icebergs lying cold and white and silent against the bright blue of the sea.

The thrill of standing upon a hill and having the wind seize you in all the glory of its coolness and strength.

The beauty of villages roaming aimlessly over the hills with the

houses white and yellow and red and the tiny wooden churches and the criss-cross fences and the network of lanes that are the streets.

How cold the sea-water is, and the strange buoyancy of it and the shock of tasting the salt that clings to one's skin.

Fish-racks with the cod lying in orderly rows and nets stretched out on the fences to dry and boats scattered about the bays and two-wheeled carts plodding up the hills.

The smell of caplin and fish heads.

Dust.

Fog.

Goats clambering over the rocks and ducks sailing on the ponds and small boys dashing around on horses without the need of a saddle.

The oddity of lilacs and apple-blossoms in July and how good it was to know that such familiar

things existed here too after all.

The friendliness of the "good-evenings" that never fail to be given you on the road.

Birch beer and a lemonade that was the brown of Belfast ginger-ale bought in a tiny store boasting only one window.

Partridge-berry jelly and seal-meat and Arctic steak and all the other strange-sounding foods.

The clink of a cow-bell through the trees.

The sound of the pebbles on the shore being washed up and back by the waves, and the seaweed and shells and sea-gulls.

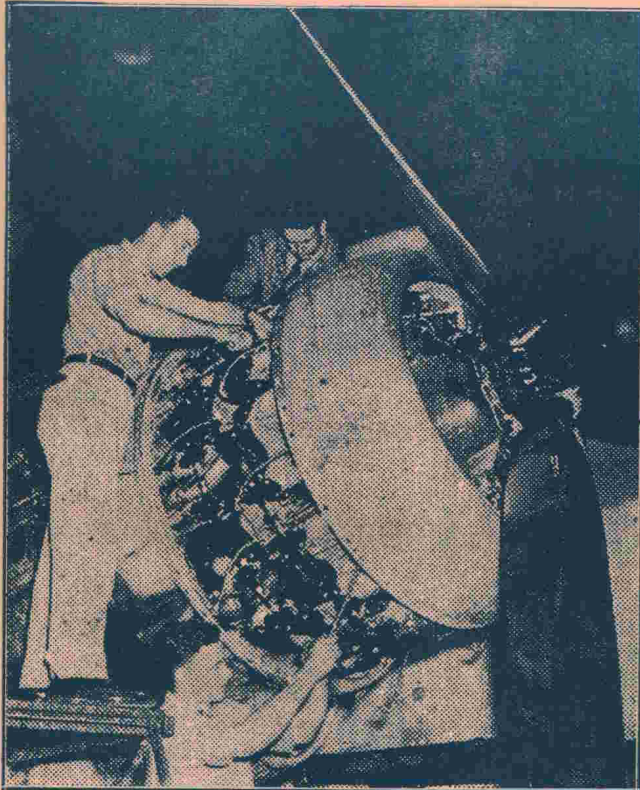
The sense of satisfaction with which you come back to the station after a long hike and much fresh air and the sight of beauty and novelty.

F. G. H.

"Keep 'Em Flying"

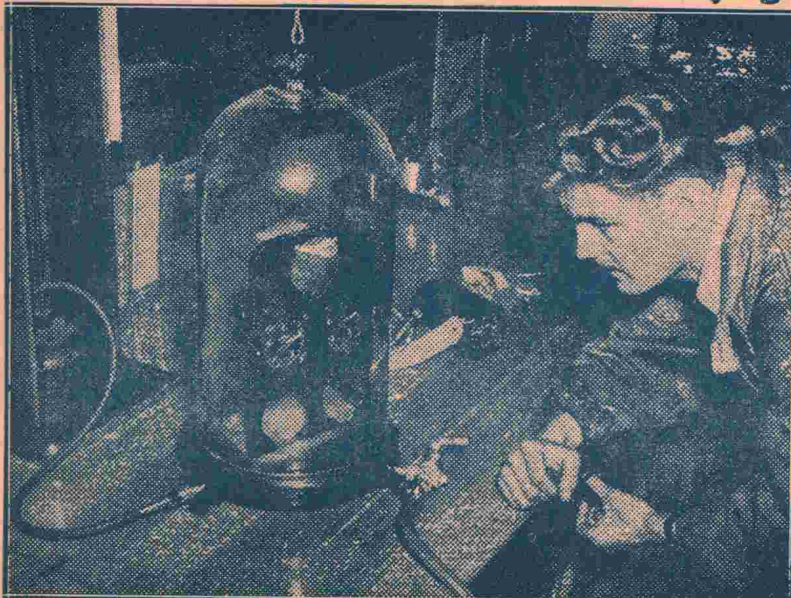
It is the men who fly the ships, both large and small, who get most of the glory in the Air Force. But it is to those, shall we call them, 'forgotten men', who keep the ships flying, the men of maintenance, that we give this column. Their's is a serious, immensely important job, and in the pictures we print below, with the names of the personnel at work, we are not singling out the men in pictures themselves for special mention, but instead we use them to symbolize all the personnel of maintenance, whatever their job. Your's is a tremendously important job, fellows. Do it well. Keep the ships flying.

"A Check in Time..... Saves"



L.A.C. HESTER (top), L.A.C. THISTLE (lower) checking over HEWITT (centre) and L.A.C. an aircraft motor.

A Hill Is Never Too Low—When You're Flying



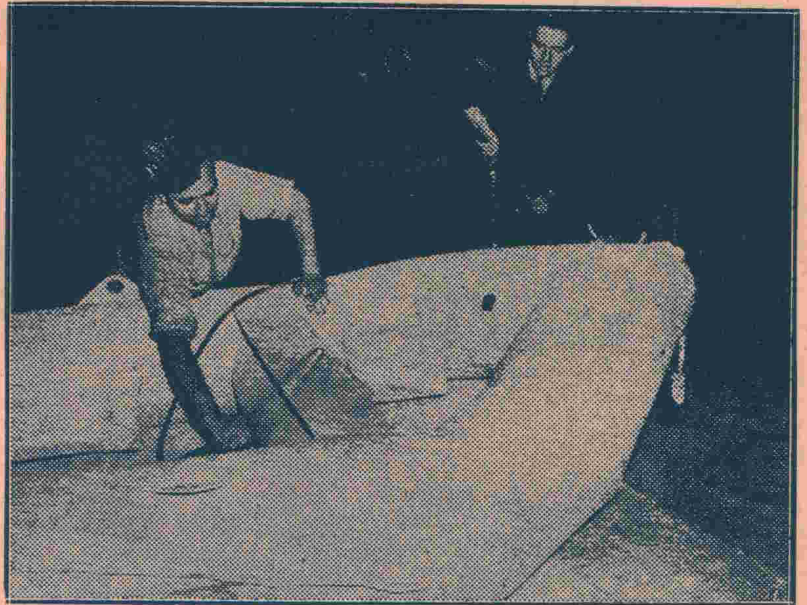
L.A.C. JOHNSON testing altimeters in the Instrument Section.

Hours Count too—Fellows



Sgt. AUTY entering up the air craft log book.

"It's Only Air—But it Makes Riding Easier"



A.C.1 CANZER and Cpl. HOLLINGSHEAD inflating an aircraft dinghy.

Vale

As we go to press comes the news that we shall soon be losing our mainspring and director of activities, S/Ldr. F. P. Blackmore, who is being posted to No. 1 Group Headquarters. It is with real regret that we see him go, and his place will not easily be filled.

During his period of nine months on the Station he has endeared himself to his staff by his ease of manner and affability of

temperament. The work has always gone smoothly and without friction under his direction, and we feel that whatever reputation the Section has built up for efficiency and cheerfulness has been in large measure due to his influence.

We wish him luck and success in his new post and sincerely hope that in his role of 'GeStapo' at Group the harsh necessities of the Service will be tempered by remembrance of the pleasant times spent with us on this Station.

Submitted by F/L SPILLER.

"Editor Wings Overseas"

Before taking my departure I want to say it has been a pleasure to serve under our Commanding Officer, Group Captain R. S. Grandy over this past year. Under his guidance and with the whole hearted co-operation of his staff he has brought this station from practically nothing up to a standard where it now ranks among the top in this command.

As I look back over the past twelve months or so and think of some of the changes that have taken place it seems unbelievable. . . the ungainly hovel in a corner of the Supply Depot as a canteen with its limited supplies and now our wet and dry canteens with a smart Snack Bar and all the accoutrements and variety of merchandise. . . how we used to eat, dance, have the Y.M.C.A. (God Bless 'Em) 16mm. movies etc., in a hot, smoky atmosphere in one side of the air-men's mess. . . and now our spacious Recreation Hall for dances and our own motion picture circuit with two 35mm. projectors that provide us with modern shows that run straight through. . . practically no facilities for sports or outdoor recreation. . . but now our grand Drill Hall where nearly every sport is at our disposal and very soon our new BOWLING ALLEYS will be ready. . . our greatly improved messing and more room in the barracks, etc., etc., etc. Well one sort o hates to leave all this just when it gets to be the tops, so to those mainly responsible. . . S/L Volk who soundly managed our Station Fund and expended its revenue so wisely, S/L Badgley, the chief instigator and prime mover whose foresight and ingenuity made most of these things possible, his assistant F/O Home who so ably abetted him in all his efforts, F/O Young, F/O Kennedy, F/S Smith, Sgt. Scott, Bob Low and others who have been shining lights in giving up hour after hour of their time and succeeded in boosting the morale 100% over the past year. . . to these gentlemen we are indebted for their untiring efforts. . . their successes are our pleasures. So just before leaving I would like to take this opportunity on behalf of all ranks to say how much we really do appreciate your consideration for our welfare. . . little

did we realize then the difficulties you were confronted with, nor the obstacles to be overcome before accomplishing or obtaining your objectives. . . but we DO appreciate it all the more now. You have been looked upon with scorn, criticized, condemned etc., but we should have remembered, this was a growing station and no matter how hard one tries, it is impossible to please everyone.

So. . . to those I leave behind and the newcomers I say "You really have something to be grateful for" and once again "THANKS ADMIN.—A JOB WELL DONE." AN OLD TIMER SIGNING OFF

Harbour Grace Y.M.C.A.

ATTENTION: All you lucky people who are fortunate enough to get a forty-eight now and then! If you have been wondering where you could go to spend an enjoyable couple of days here is a suggestion:

The Y.M.C.A. building at Harbour Grace, will provide you with bed and meals at the same rate as those in town i.e. bed—25c., meals—"?" depending on how hungry you are! You can be assured though, that you will get all you can eat for at least 50c. The return bus fare to Harbour Grace is \$2.50. There is plenty of swimming, dancing, and fishing, as well as local spots of interest that are well worth seeing.

I have always felt that when a person is in a strange place, he should try and learn as much about that particular place as he possibly can, so that he will be able to talk intelligently about where he has been, and what he has seen, later on.

This, of course, does not mean to try and impress people that you are a world traveller or such, but to be able to explain the nature of the country, historical locations, incidents of interest, the people, etc. We may only "pass" this way once, so we might as well learn as much about it as we can, while we are here.

There are many here who could think of a hundred and one places they would rather be at the present time, but we are here, with a job to do, so we might as well get the most out of it that we can! One way of doing that, is by taking an interest in our surroundings. Some of you may say that the "surroundings" aren't much to

Dust From The M. T. Section

Putt—Putt—Putt—yes sir, we made it, Old Lizzy and I, to bring you, through Wings Overseas, a few paragraphs of happenings.

We wish at this time to welcome to our Section, F/S Cox and Sgt. Therien, who have come here to replace WO2 Swetnam and Sgt. Roy. Also a hearty welcome goes to our new Corporals and airmen who have come here making it possible for some of the old faithfuls to be posted back to Canada.

There has been a lot of comment on the Miller-Nicholson partnership. Now that Miller is in Canada is it possible they will unite again in the near future to establish the fifty-thousand dollar dude ranch for the post war period?

We must break in at this time to congratulate Sgt. MacRae on his promotion to Flight Sergeant. We all wish you the best Flight and hope you remain with us to the glorious end."

Many times I have been asked: "Is it possible for a W. D. Driver to drive a vehicle and knit at the same time?" I myself, know from past experience, that it is possible to drive with one hand, but as I know nothing at all about knitting maybe we should ask one of the W.D.'s about that. How do you do it Sullivan?

Is it possible that wedding bells are soon to ring again in the M. T. Section There are rumours that our two "glamour boys" Latrielle and Chase are making good headway, so be sure and watch our following issue for further developments.

There are also rumours that one of our Corporals, who was known to be so famous at one time for his activities in various sports, is soon to leave us for Canada. The best of luck to you, Cpl. Logan and we all hope that you again take your place in the ball-field, skating arena, and in the wrestling ring.

Could it be a certain "Flood" that keeps our W. D. Despatcher busy take an interest in but many would be greatly surprised to find the many picturesque spots of interest that there are to be found even quite close to the station.

Take a walk some day, keep your eyes open, and see if I'm not right!

BOB LOW

Y.M.C.A. Supervisor.

knitting when she's not answering the phone? If she doesn't watch out she will be drowned in the "Sea of Matrimony." Will she mind, well I guess not.

At last one of the pilots of the "Gannets" has made a hit with M. T. The hit was a cute, blonde, blue-eyed 5' 2" W. D. driver. If the phone in the W. D. Barracks doesn't ring every fifteen minutes well it's not Eddie's fault, (whoops I slipped and gave his name). It must be nice for Eddie to have a hobby, I think he said it was flying, is that true?

Then there is another W. D. Driver, who claims to be 5' 2½" tall, (personally I can't see where the ½ comes in) who keeps seeing blue eyes out of her brown ones. Could it be that she thinks the discipline of this station is not what it used to be? We notice that her favourite past-time is knitting. Whose boots are you going to keep well socked Dottie?

Well friends, I better get back to starting Lizzy, as I may have to crank her if she gets cold.

Putt—Putt—Putt—she's away, so adios, we leave you in a cloud of dust.

LAC TWYVER, J.

We Bid Adieu to

Continued from page 1

West Territories. From heer he was transferred to the other extreme of Canada and until 1937 was engaged in flying anti-smuggling sea patrols along the eastern Maritime coasts.

From 1937 to 1939 he was an instructor at Trenton; from 1940 to 1942 he was attached to a wireless squadron at St. Hubert. In 1942 S/L Volk was transferred to this Station, where for the past twelve months he has been Officer Commanding "Operations."

He married Miss Alma Baker of Montreal, and has two sons.

S/L Volk is one of the few officers left on this station who has seen it grow from almost its beginning. Now as he is about to depart, "Wings Overseas" wishes to thank him for his part in promoting this growth, and to wish him the best of luck. A sincere man, a respected officer, and a conscientious worker, he will be an asset to his new station.

RATIONING IN BLACK AND WHITE

Don' gib anyone a piece ob yo' min' 'til yo' am sho' yo' can git along wid wat yo' hab lef'.

For What We Are About to Receive

The Accounts Section is happy and proud to be asked to contribute the first departmental article for "Wings Overseas" and has no qualms whatever about inflicting the above group photograph on its readers, as this must surely be the one and only opportunity we shall ever have of showing ourselves en masse to such an appreciative public—or at any rate to the public.

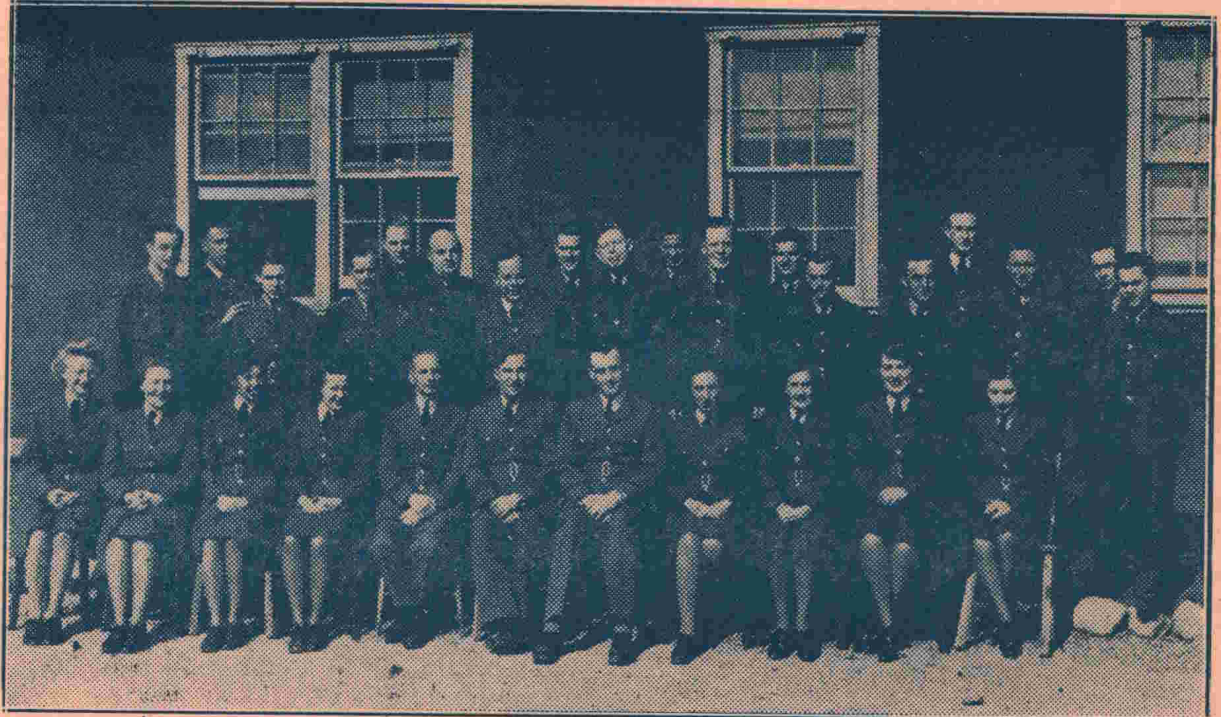
It might be as well to add that we are not supposed to have nearly as many bodies in the Section as there are in the photograph, and our O. C. must have been feeling lately like a hen with too many chicks. It is hoped that a copy of this magazine will find its way to D.A.P.S. where it may serve as a gentle hint that a few postings would not be unwelcome.

We are expected to say a few gracious words about our work in order to justify our presence on this page, so let's take a look at the broad outlines of the job.

Throughout the ages, war, as practiced by man, has depended on three essentials, namely something to fight with, something to fight for, and something to do between fights. In other words Equipment, Pay and the Canteen. So we kid ourselves that the whole war effort depends on us. With that modest statement for a beginning it should not be hard to retain your interest for a few minutes while we enlarge on the more sordid details of how we fulfill these important functions.

Anyone who has ever tried to get a chair, kitchen, to sit on—or a pair of boots, ankle, leather to stand up in will have acquired a small idea of the tenderness and loving care with which H. M. stores are treated. Also he will have acquired, we hope, due respect for the great god of R.C.A.F. procedure, the humble voucher. Anyone who is so unlucky as to be burdened with an Inventory to look after is deserving of the deepest sympathy, because Inventory holders are logical game for all humanity, particularly R.C.A.F. humanity. There is no close season on Inventory holders and it's every man for himself, with the Accounts Section holding the score. This enchanting game of give and take is dignified by the title of Equipment Accounting and if any of you readers think that you have

Featuring the Accounts Section



Front Row (Left to Right)—LAW Latham P., LAW Cox D., LAW MacLean B., F/L Spiller R.O., S/L Blackmore F.P., F/O Edwards A. J., LAW Miller N., LAW Sutton W., LAW MacLeod M. E., LAW Walker B.

Second Row (Left to Right)—LAC Butler A., LAC French D., LAC Pontbriand J., F/Sgt. Fairclough R. G., F/Sgt. Thatcher F., F/Sgt. Green D. H., F/Sgt. Niccolls F., Sgt. Harrison G., Sgt. Johnston J., Cpl. Hutchings W., Cpl. Shaw W.

Third Row (Left to Right)—Cpl. Barton E. C., Cpl. Schuman W., LAC Austin R., LAC Skulsky M., LAC Lister W., Cpl. Farquharson J., LAC McDougald D.

to sign a lot of papers in order to get something you need you ought to come up some time and see the grief we have to go through to get rid of it.

Then, of course, there is the delicate subject of Pay Accounting which is a bit more personal and has to be handled accordingly. It's an extraordinary thing what a wide gap there is between how much we think we're worth and how much is pushed across the pay table. Even more extraordinary is the cheerfulness and optimism with which we turn up at the Accounts Section at odd times for a little bit on account. Small wonder the Accounts personnel faces bear an habitual pained expression.

As to the mechanics of Pay, each man in the R.C.A.F. is the possessor of an individual Record of Pay whereon is duly noted all he's had and all he's likely to get. This Pay Record is an affectionate little document and, like Mary's little lamb, follows the owner wherever he or she may go. Of course, occasionally Mary gets led astray and the record has a hard time catching up, but a little thing like that does

not bother us. We just throw up our hands and tell the man he isn't here so how can he get any pay.

In addition to pay there are plenty of headaches in connection with travelling claims, dependent's allowance, assignments of pay and so on which turn the section into a cross between a Cook's Travel Agency and the Court of Human Relations. Needless to say nobody has ever admitted doing anything else but lose money on a travelling claim and as for dependent's allowance well who would have thought that you actually have to ask for it? Surely such a world shaking event as a marriage or an addition to the family would automatically receive its reward from Ottawa?

As for the third and equally important branch, viz., Non-Public Funds Accounting, there is rapidly growing school of thought which maintains that more Gremlins get into the accounting books of N.P.F. than have ever been known to get into the air. After all it's a logical assumption that grounded Gremlins or whatever special name they have should outnumber air crew

Gremlins by at least ten to one. And what happier hunting grounds could they have than cash boxes and tills and stocks of chocolate bars and nice cool refrigerators full of beer. N.P.F. handles all the Accounting work for the Canteens and Messes throughout the station, and in case anyone should think it is an easy job we recommend them to try running a quarter million dollar a year business with the staff that we're allowed.

We hope you will all think of us a little bit more from now on, and as you draw your next issue of clothing or buy your next coke, or line up at your next Pay Parade (in the wrong order as usual) we sincerely trust that you will murmur a heartfelt "For what we are about to receive . . ." and incline your heads graciously in the direction of the Admin. building.

What four chaps went on a "48" together and used so much red paint and "thinners" . . . Could "Jordy"—our little "Glow Worm" tell us?

"The Fighting Foxes"

Recently there came to this station from the rock-bound shores of Nova Scotia a bunch of boys who call themselves "The Fighting Foxes" although their Mascot is a goat to which rumor gives the name of "Mabel."

In the short time the newcomers have been here they have adjusted themselves most admirably to the operational routine of the station, and have been gladly welcomed by the "oldtimers". Although the prospect of being posted to this station was not at first viewed through rose coloured glasses, since their arrival here they have found that this island is not as grim as it is sometimes reported to be.

The close co-operation that exists between the ground crew and the air crew may well be envied by any unit. The enthusiasm displayed by the entire ground crew in the execution of their work cannot be surpassed. The very efficient armament section, organized to a high state of perfection, is doing a great job in keeping the aircraft "loaded for bear."

The pilots desirous of living up to the reputation of mythical pilot of fiction, are a happy-go-lucky lot, but conscientious in the work they are doing. Ever ready at a moment's notice for any emergency, the "glamor boys" are eager for action.

The entire unit, under the capable and inspiring leadership of Squadron Leader Cannon, is making it's weight felt in all the activities of Station life. The high purpose for which they are here is readily understood by every "Fighting Fox" and each member of the unit is doing his utmost to perform his duties to the best of his ability.

So, it is onward and upward, and come what may,
The "Fighting Foxes"—and Mabel—will keep them at bay.

We are glad, through the pages of "Wings Overseas" to welcome the "Fighting Foxes" to the station, and may their stay here be a happy one.

News of Station interest—"Tiny" lost five lbs. in one day—perhaps the girls could learn something from him.



L to R (Kneeling and Sitting)—P/O Fowler, P/O Pickard, P/O Brown, "MABEL" P.O. Redeker, WO2 Herod, WO2 Washburn, F/O

Rowley, WO2 Gellatly.

L to R (Standing)—F/O Johns, WO2 Smith, LAC Meadwell, F/O Wood, P/O Cleghorn, F/Sgt. Saund-

ers, WO2 Dack, P/O Beasley, F/Sgt. Ulmer, WO2 Wegg, Sgt. Gregory, Sgt. Mannerin, S/L Cannon (O.C.)

Bars and Stripes

Promoted

P/O Fletcher, G. E. to F/O; P/O Saunders, C. T. to F/O; A. S. O. Timberlake, D. to S.O; A. S. O. Demings, E. A. to S.O; F/O Bixel, W. J. to F/L; F/O Hastie, J. R. to F/L; F/O Robinson, E. LaP. to F/L; P/O Duncan, J.A. to F/O; P/O Rue, D. R. H. to F/O; P/O Ather-ton, W. R. to F/O; P/O Moody, G. H. to F/O; F/O Baldwin, D. G. to F/L; P/O Grecco, N. to F/O; P/O Gilroy, G. S. to F/O; P/O Edwards, A. J. to F/O.

To Commission Rank

W.O.2 Winch, A. W.

To WO2

F/Sgt. Swetnam, J. B.
F/Sgt. Lashinski, A. S.
F/Sgt. Lunny, K. U.
F/Sgt. Johnson, S.

To Flight Sergeant

Sgt. Bolam, K. W.
Sgt. Lecompte, J. W. C.
Sgt. Ferris, H. W.
Sgt. Groves, W. J.
Sgt. Thomson, A.
Sgt. Merrill, G. C.
Sgt. MacRae, R. V.

To Sergeant

Cpl. Barker, E. A. O.
Cpl. Cook, C.
Cpl. Cummings, R. E.

Cpl. Spencer, D. R.
Cpl. Dunlap, E. W.
Cpl. Goldstein, L.
Cpl. Taylor, S. J.
Cpl. MacAulay, C. M.
Cpl. Iannarelli, F. C.
Cpl. McQuay, W. R.
Cpl. Hook, W. J.
Cpl. Berson, H.
Cpl. Clugston, H.
Cpl. MacDonald, I. M.

To Corporal

LAC Plecan, T. G.
LAC Smith, G. A.
LAC Bridges, J. R.
LAC Howes, C. L.
LAC Allgood, R. D.
LAC Crampsey, J. G.
LAC Forestall, H. J.
LAC McKee, D. J.
LAC Stinson, D. L.
LAW Keenan, B. M.
LAC LeBlanc, D.
LAC Lee, V. H.
LAC Caveller, M.
LAC Rosart, J. A.
LAW Ross, M. M.
LAC O'Donnell, W. R.
LAC Steeves, V. R.
LAC Forbes, B.
LAC Cross, W.
LAC McDonald, J. C.
LAW Shenfield, R. V.
LAC Hollingshead, A. D.
LAC Mitchell, A. G.
LAC Campbell, D. W.
LAC Dinnin, A. K.

LAC Zacharias, H. H.
LAC McDonald, M. N.
LAW Heard, R. T.
LAC Boudreau, J. B.
LAC McNamee, F.
LAC Richardson, E. J.
LAW Towns, M. G.
LAC Boivin, M.

From June 20th to July 14th, 1943.
To all of these, and any unfortunately omitted we offer our congratulations.

Matched

Cpl. Wright, K.A.M. to Miss Patricia Pauline Searles.
Cpl. Cossette, G. R. to Miss Louise Squires.
Sgt. Dunlap, E. W. to Miss Olive Pearl Saunders.
Cpl. Earl, H. D. to Miss Dorothy M. Breyfogle.
LAC Stewart, H. J. to Miss Joan G. McCormick.
Sgt. Johnson, D. E. (W.D.) to Mr. Albert L. MacNeill.
LAC Gunson, C. R. to Miss Mary Druken.
LAC Scanlon, D. G. to Sgt. Morgan, I. P. (W.D.)

Hatched

To P/O and Mrs. J. W. Slater, a daughter.
To Sgt. and Mrs. S. J. Burwood, a son.
To WO2 and Mrs. J. J. Elden, a son.

Down the "Schute"

By Acting AC2 (unpaid) PARASHUTE

Congrats to Sgt. Clugston on his recent promotion. Hope you'll soon get another Sarge.

We welcome to our fair station, Cpl. Gordon Kere, LAC George (Happy) Moffat and LAC Jim McGarry from Sydney, N. S. We mourn the loss of our good friends LACs Murdock and Smith who have been posted from us. From Sydney, also, we welcome to our workshop our Cpl. Jack Duffy and LAC Ted Prosser; also LAW Elaine Burns and LAW Dorothy Luning of the W.D.'s.

The W.D.'s by the way are an asset to the parachute section. (Take a bow girls). Even the pilots like their work (and the girls, too). "The work of the W.D.'s is exceptionally well done and it takes a load off our shoulders." So says LAC Moffat. He should know, as he was a parachute jumper and instructor in civilian life, and was one of the old members of the Canadian Parachute Club at Toronto. We hear too, by the way that LAC Moffat is an accomplished stage artist. We hope to see him in one of our stage shows, soon.

Notes by the way. Cpl. Alexander has a sore neck. We wonder what happened. Married life has nothing to do with it, eh Corporal?

One of the Yankee boys was just mopping his brow. "Hot as hell, isn't it," he says. "You Yanks have been everywhere," said LAC Jack Brill.

Said LAC Keith Williamson as he watched the aircraft flying overhead: "I'd hate to be up there with it." Said LAC Mitch Laike: "I'd hate to be up there, without it."

We beg to submit our poem of the month, entitled:

"OUR NEW SARGE"

By LAW PHYL GLEED

Parachute section! Hail the King!
A fanfare of trumpets heralding
That personage who is in charge,
The Great, the Magnificent, OUR
SARGE.

Know now to whom you speak,
For he is strong and you are weak;
He also bears a magic charm,
'Tis that third stripe on his arm.

You must now be willing slaves,
Listen while he rants and raves;
Can our SARGENT ever fail?
Parachute section—ALL HAIL!

"Between Pegs"

For reasons unknown to this reporter he has been asked to pen a few notes on the comings and goings of the section that lives in "the house by the side of the road." If you have read this far, you will have flattered our literary ability, and so on with this column. First we extend a welcome to Cpls. Moulder and Ridgeway. The latter comes from "out in God's Country", the West. Cpl. Moulder comes from the central provinces, although he does not boast of them as being home. Incidentally Cpl. Ridgeway's wife is also a member of the R.C.A.F.

In welcoming these chaps, we in turn say au revoir to Cpls. Bennett, Hapton, and Seculich. Cpls. Bennett and Hapton each received one of those dream postings to their respective homes, while Cpl. Seculich has been posted, as he has long desired, to aircrew. Last, but far from least, we say au revoir to LAC Farmer and LAC Bujold, the heart-throbs of this section. On behalf of the Guards and all other personnel who knew them, we wish them every success in their new surroundings and chosen vocation.

Finally we bid adieu to F/O MacDonald our popular officer. We wish to express the thanks of the whole section for his untiring efforts on our behalf while D.A.P.M. of this station, and we all wish him every success in the future.

By the time this reaches the printer's hands (if it ever does) one of the chaps attached to our section, LAC Gunson, will have taken to himself a very charming daughter of "those that go down to the sea in ships." On behalf of those in our section and all the readers in general we wish them every happiness as they walk side by side down life's pathway.

Have any of our readers lost anything recently. If so, kindly report it to us, for we have all manner of articles on hand, ranging from issue glasses to ladies' umbrellas. A large number of these articles have been in our possession for some time, and if not claimed in the near future, we are going to raffle them off and send the proceeds to the "Milk for Britain" or some similar fund.

If you are caught some cold wet morning on the C.O.'s parade without an identification card, do not say that we did not warn you. For your own safety drop around and

we will gladly look after you. The photo section really do a smart job on those photos, so let's be seeing you.

As our station grows older and the personnel changes, we would draw the newcomers' attention (and also remind the veterans) that the Air Force holds a position of respect in the minds of the citizens of St. John's and the surrounding district. However, recently a small number of airmen seem to have overlooked this fact and put on a show; that, if it was amusing to themselves, was disgusting to everyone else. Such demonstrations are not fair to the personnel who act like ladies and gentlemen, for such actions damage the reputation of the Air Force in general in the surrounding communities. In bringing up this matter we are not voicing the personal grievance of this section, but of the station as a whole, and in passing, to any who may have ideas along similar lines, consider this a little word of warning.

Things we would like to know:

Why F/Sgt. Little is so interested in the Station Records.

Why that little blonde in the Accounts Section is forever calling for the great "A. J. Stevens."

What Cpl. Steele finds so interesting at Pouch Cove.

Someone just said, "Why don't you shut up" and it is not bad advice for this time.

A. C. M.

Wireless Briefs And Griefs

One of the wireless chaps recently was bestowed with the title—"G. L. Smith, M.D."—donated by none other than one illustrious Cpl. G. A. F. Forbes—anyone wondering about the meaning of "M.D." ask Smithy—he'll be only too glad to tell you—eh, keed

* * *

Greetings and salutations to the new boys of our section—namely—Chappy—"Joe" (We wonder what that means)—Cann, Hewson, Dale. Just look out for the liquid sunshine, boys—also the "Screech."

* * *

"7 to 10" lost many prominent members—may we say "Solong" and best wishes and luck to—"Hoddy"; Gilbert, the Great.—Hannah (Simon Legree)—Price, our Chilliwack Indian,—"Besi" Wells—

those remaining are carrying on in true style—Burp-Burp.

* * *

Congratulations to Cpls. Smith, Stinson, Cross, Forbes, Algood—nice going—but how about the low-down—did we hear of any parties?—Hmm.

* * *

The posting of Flt.-Sgt. Laister—better known as "the Carbonear Kid" was quite a shock. Wonder what he'll do for "Muxils" now,—

Hot News and Candid Views

Greetings Gang! This is Air Force Anne asking, "Are you happy in the service?"—and bringing you hot news and candid views from Records section here. "Here" is a military secret, but you are all "here," and unless you've had a snort from ye jug of "Screech" you know where "here" is. R U following? Bumpy isn't it?

Records is this exciting office where "Nothing But The Truth"—not starring Bob Hope—reigns. That preceding sentence is purely irrelevant material AND A RUMOUR.

Regretfully announcing that these former staff colleagues have been posted elsewhere: F/Sgt. "Red" Hilliard; F/Sgt. Belanger; Cpl. Jack Brownell; Cpl. Farrell—but enthusiastically welcoming the new personnel including AW2 Baldwin, AW2 Danielson, AW2 Hicks, WO2 Parker, Sgt. Bone, LAC Young and AC1 Fleming.

Congratulations, too, to these four members of the fair force upon their re-classifications: AW1 Baldwin, AW1 Danielson, AW1 Hicks and Cpl. Ross.

Purely incidental, but when that attractive girl attired in airforce blue made a hit everyone looked crestfallen. SHE didn't have to LOOK crestfallen—she had fallen, but not on her crest.

"Well I see my time is up"—quoth your correspondent. Cannot, however, sign off till this question is asked: Confidentially it's "Off the Record" with Records—BUT, "What W. D. Cpl. is 'on the beam'; no static, but reception 100% perfect all in favour of the Wireless Section? Oh—knew I'd put my foot in it somehow. Kindly address answers to "The Digger", Here.

LAW RIGGS.

"Through the Ether"

You may not hear from the Hospital very often, but here we are, always ready with a helping hand when needed, always ready to tie up a cracked head or hand out a much needed No. 9.

Those who have been fortunate enough to never need hospitalization may not know much about the inner workings of the hospital. So here is a quick run through from front door to back.

First thing just inside the front door is the Dispensary, ably presided over by Sgt. Tufts. "Tuffy" is one of the most genial and best liked persons on the station.

On down the hall, next door, is the Treatment Room in charge of "Ronny" Degaust. Ronny works hard and well, but in spare moments bursts into song, and displays a very good voice. A most unusual adjunct to a hospital, but then, this is a most unusual hospital.

Across the hall, we have the Orderly Room under the eagle eyed supervision of The Moustache—oops! pardon me, Sgt. Dreisinger. In the background (as far as he is concerned) are a couple of W.D.'s who, as he claims, don't amount to much, but surprisingly enough, they manage to struggle along quite well, even with such a handicap.

Next door to the Orderly Room is the S.M.O.'s office, occupied as everyone knows, by Squadron Leader Campbell. We, on this station, are truly fortunate to have E. O'F. C. in charge. He is kind, understanding, very competent, and runs the hospital so effortlessly that it is a joy to work for and with him. Assisting him are Flying Officer J. S. Jameson and Flying Officer Spence. These three doctors all have one characteristic in common. They can disappear in a way that would put the late Houdini to shame. Any time they are around when the telephone calls them is purely coincidental, and has little or no likeness to actual fact. So be patient the next time you call one of the doctors—remember, someone is running up and down the hall calling plaintively for a man who was there just a minute ago.

Across the hall from the S.M.O.'s office is the M. I. Room (Medical

Inspection Room, to you), where you appear so early in the morning and stand shakily in front of the Duty M. O. wondering if he will fall for your story, and give you an Attend "C" so you can get over that hangover, or miss C.O.'s parade. However, if you are really sick, you will get a kindly reception and a thorough going over. Thump and prod, peer and listen—until you wonder if anything is sacred—but don't worry—our motto is "WE fix."

We will pass silently by the next door marked "W.D." Only, and so find ourselves at Times Square. We will leave the cross street until later, and go right down the hall. On either side are small wards where you get to have your mumps, measles and such. So we won't go into them... Next on the left is the W.D. ward, the Mecca of most of the visitors who have to get thrown out at 8 o'clock each night.

And so down the hall—oh, there is the Chart Room. Here the Hospital Assistants are kept busy recording those ups and downs of temperatures—sometimes the charts look like the market during the 1929 crash.

Oh,—here we are in the big ward. Bright and sunny sometimes, here is the repository of most of the station's aches and pains.

Let's go back to Times Square and investigate the Cross Road. Down at the right end of the street is the Nurses Quarters in which live the Nursing Sisters, Joyce and MacLean.

On the right is the Lab. in which Sgt. Rogers spends most of the day peering through a microscope at queer little squiggles that look like Egyptian hieroglyphics but may spell months in the hospital for someone, or may mean "You can go now."

Across from the Lab. is the Operating Room, we scurry down the hall. Next door is the Crash ward, always ready and waiting for victims which luckily seldom come. Here's one room that the staff is glad to have unused.

Across the hall are the Torture Chambers for Prospective Aircrew. Well, all right then, the Special Exam Room and the X-Ray Room. Through these portals enter the most hopeful people in the world. Through these portals exit the most bewildered people on the station, who had the impression that they were in perfect condition, but that

darned mercury just wouldn't stay up.

Back to Times Square again. Across the intersection, on the left, we have the Patients' sitting room. Comfortably furnished by the kindness of the Red Cross, with a radio and writing desk and games, it offers a change to those who are still shaky in the knees, but can get out of bed for a while.

Opposite is Pack Stores—Flight Smith's den. Into here your clothes disappear when you go into hospital, and happy is the day when they reappear—that means "out."

Next door is the up patients' dining room, a very popular place three times a day. Next come the swinging doors into The House of Woodward or you may more prosaically call it the kitchen. Here Sgt. Woodward and LAC Ramsay hold forth nobly, always getting along very well, only bursting forth into arguments about three times a day (that is, on a quiet day) but there is no quarrel about the food that emerges regularly three times a day. IT'S GOOD.

Well, that's that. Do you want to go out the back door?—or say, just a minute, come on out the front door. We almost forgot old faithful—the ambulance that perpetually waits outside for a crash call—and happily rarely gets one. And so on up the hill—and come back and see us again some time—but don't stay too long.

"CUBBY."

Moe's socks still seem to hold on—but we wonder how?

Sittin' Thinkin'

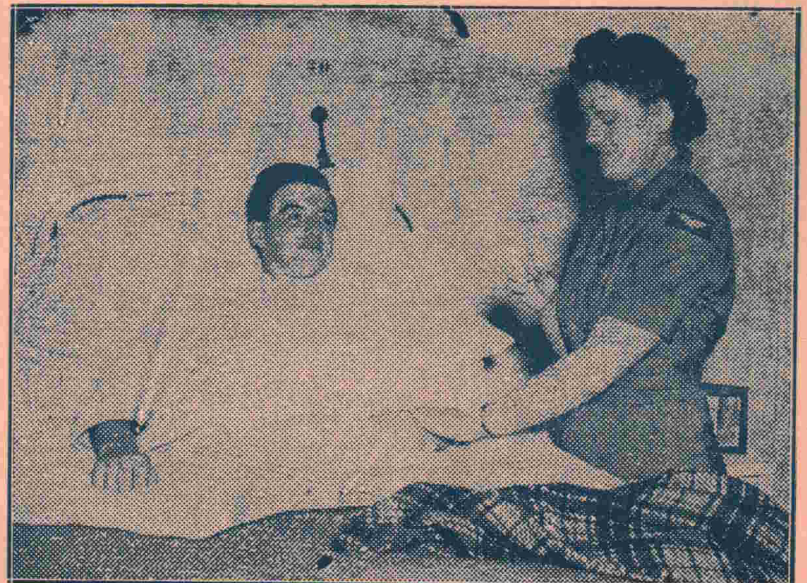
Words are wonderful things. To me, they are God's choicest gift to man. Spoken or written they stir up emotions and memories within us that can never be compared in value with gold or silver.

The other day, whilst sittin' thinkin' and looking into space, under a tree beside a little falls—my eyes suddenly saw a spot of blue. A little spot of blue amidst all that green.

A forget-me-not—the last time I saw a forget-me-not was in civilian life—at camp. I'd used the little flower as an object lesson for my morning scripture class—a group of mischievous little six year olds. I was trying to impress upon their little minds the importance of remembering God—who made us and loves us—who is always ready to hear us speak to Him—and to answer our word prayers. To help them remember, I'd told them a story of my own concoction of why the forget-me-not got its name. Fantastic, but it worked. They understood.

Now, here, I see a forget-me-not, I remember a text, "Watch and Pray"—and so I pray for those little ones—and little ones all over the world—"O. God save them the horrors of war"—whilst to a passer by, I am seemingly sittin' thinkin'.

We wonder what happened to E. Forbes' bunk—he never seems to be able to find out.



LAW WILSON, F. I. takes the "temp" of LAC BALLARD, F. R. (Ballard is getting along fine now, thank you. Who wouldn't?)

PADRE'S CORNER



First Impressions

I am happy to have been invited to contribute a few words to "Wings Overseas" though I am most uncertain of what those few words should comprise. It has been suggested that "First Impressions" might form the theme. I am wondering if I can remember what my first impressions were. I first visited the station nearly a year ago and I remember it as a place of much construction work. I think then I was most impressed with the speed with which things were progressing. On my way in I drove up one road only to find an hour later on my way out that it had been torn up and a detour arranged. I can see now where that pace must have been kept up to bring the station to its present state. I could not have formed any but the most favourable impressions in the short time that I have been with you for on all sides I have met with the utmost cordiality and great kindness. I look forward to a long period of most happy associations with you. Do feel free to drop in to see me at any time. I can usually be found in the office during the morning and after supper. In the afternoons I try to get around to hospitals, detention barracks and the sections. You can always reach me by 'phone if you wish, day or night. You may have a problem which together we can solve. You may want to help dispell some gremlins. You may merely want to borrow a match or find out the time (my watch, by the way is always wrong). Perhaps you merely want to

have a smoke and a chat or a good argument. Perhaps you are looking for a shoulder upon which to do your weeping. Just come along whatever it is and I will be glad to see you. Should W.D.'s bring a chaperon for the shoulder weeping ceremony. I wonder? I don't think so. Congratulations on an excellent station paper and a splendid station spirit and many thanks for a cheerful welcome and many friendly greetings.

C. V. TOMKINS, H. F/L. The Rev.

"All Men are Evil"

The German Fuehrer has stated that all men are evil. His way of living and ruling gives the impression that this is so. The German government and civil services are apparently all motivated by the same ideals held by their leader. The system in force in Nazi Germany is tyrannical and treacherous, because administration is carried on by persons who share this same view. Blackmail and murder are common methods of eliminating rivals. This way of life suits those whose interest is the advancement of themselves by fair means or foul. Consequently they try to convince others that all men are evil. The Gestapo, to whom nothing is sacred, and to whom no docr in Europe is locked, are merely legalized thugs. These men-monsters are the force which gives weight and power to the decrees of the Party officials. Their word is law by reason of the flexibility of the legal statutes and the corruptness of the courts.

However there are people in Germany who fight this regime because they realize it is criminally wrong. These people cannot be evil or they would not fight for a decent mode of life. In England, a man has a right to a private life. Be it only a single room it is his castle. In America the privileges of the individual are also guaranteed. The law stands for all—the same. Lord or labourer, rich or poor, it is unchanging. This is the light which shines as a guide to those who, in peril of death or worse work unceasingly to destroy the evil power. The Allied Nations war with Germany for this principle, but it is the people within the borders of that country who are the greatest refutation of Hitler's statement.

No more need be said in denial of the German dictator's condemnation of all mankind. He has been proven in the wrong by his own people.

L. A. C. PULLEY.

"WINGS OVERSEAS"

Perhaps by the time this letter arrives at its destination, Robin Hood's Little Band will have left for Canada, taking with them the editor of "Wings Overseas," LAC V. Duncan.

The Old Gang, or Vets if you will, should, in due time receive those much coveted postings, perhaps back to Canada as I did, yet when leaving the station which we saw grow from a hundred men (and no girl) to its present complement, I feel sure that a few memories will stay with everyone, and not the least of these will be the Friday Night Sessions in the Rec. hall. Some of us went to dance, others to look and listen, and again still more just went. But regardless of the cause, I believe in most cases a good time was had by all. (Any comments, what do you expect for nothing chum?)

Sometime during our lives, comes to the fore a pet "BEEF", so with your kind permission Mr. Editor, I choose this time to air mine.

Contributing to the proper functioning of the R.C.A.F. machine is a small group of men known as R.D.F.M.'s. Will someone please tell me from where do these mortals obtain permission to wear a halo?

In the column headed Radio Section of Wings Overseas for June 1943, a member of this elite clan writes of other tradesmen (possibly W.E.M.'s) as being "Lesser Individuals," and again in a recent issue of "Liberty" an L.A.C. after completing his R.D.F. course, wants to know the reason why, the men of his particular trade didn't receive upon graduating, their commissions, (a life size portrait on the front cover of the local paper would have been very nice too.)

Many a time we have heard it said, that we all have a job to do, and for my part I fail to see where one trade is any more important than the rest. Had my fellow airman (R.B.D. of "Radio Section") used his beautiful flow of words to describe "Adolf" or one of his satellites, I for one would have complimented him. Unfortunately between the lines of his opening paragraph I see the letters W.E.M. (maybe I'm wrong) and under these circumstances I find it rather difficult to pay him the homage he feels should be his right.

However, I would much rather

retain the more pleasant memories gathered during my stay on your station, so I turn to the page bearing that clever little poem, "Trade Worries," or "What's new at the Show," reading some of the articles for a second or third time, but for this "Set me up on a Pedestal Stuff," I find very little time.

In signing off may I wish "Wings Overseas" continued success, to the personnel at C.A.P.O. No. 5, happy landings and finally to the members of the "Seven to Ten Club" (a noble fraternity) keep it going men, and as "Arry" would say, "Ave One For Me."

Sincerely,
JIMMY BESWICK.



We Welcome

Continued from page 1

In 1934 Wing Commander Easton entered the R.C.A.F. as Engineering Officer, and after the Provisional Pilot Officer's Training at Camp Borden was posted to No. 1 Depot as Workshops Officer. After a short attachment to Air Force Headquarters in 1936 he was posted back to Camp Borden for Flying Training and on to Trenton for Seaplane Conversion Training. In the summer of 1937 he was posted to No. 7 General Purpose Squadron at Rockcliffe becoming "B" flight commander later that year. During the following year courses in astro-navigation and aerial photography were taken at Rockcliffe and Trenton. In the late fall of 1938 he was posted to Air Force Headquarters as Assistant Staff Officer of Aeronautical Inspection and except for a short period in 1939 when he had temporary command of Soll Technical Detachment in Montreal, he remained at this job until April 1940, when he was posted overseas for Engineering liaison duties on the staff of R.C.A.F. Overseas Headquarters.

In 1941 he returned to Canada and was posted to Air Force Headquarters as Deputy director of Aircraft Inspection, later becoming Assistant Director of Aeronautical Inspection.

In February, 1942 he was posted to Summerside and after a course there was posted to this station.

Wing Commander Easton is married and has two sons.

Rainy Day Blues

Oh, what an isle is this!
The sun just never shines,
We'd think it perfect bliss,
To escape from this darn "rine."

We wake up in the morn,
And so hopefully look out
But no—no sun is born,
'Cause the fog has blocked it out.

And if it isn't foggy,
Then the wind is whistling by,
It almost makes one groggy,
Keeping dust out of the eye!

And if you go out walking,
With rather worn out boots,
Very soon you will be limping
With the big stones underfoot.

And if you meet a lady,
Whether morning, noon or night,
She greets you with a ready
"Evening folks!"—so nice and bright.

But when it comes to hills
The pride of this fair land,
In a car they may add thrills
But in walking lend no hand.

Even though we oft complain
And rarely bring forth cheers
We will smile about the rain
And the wind in future years.
PEG.

Wonderings

Numbers?
Funny how they play;
Changeable?
Terrific I would say,
Aggravating?
You can easily guess;
Truthfully—
They give us much distress.

N.P.F.—
We rather dread a show;
Why?
It makes us count the dough—
Canteens?
They're just grand for eats
Complaints?
Balancing the sheets.

Planes?
How do they ever fly?
Parts?
Their names just make me sigh;
Vouchers?
Nasty bits of written notes—
Stores?
Come on—let's grab our coats.
PEG.

Clothing Parade

When I was young and in my prime
(In other words a "civie")
I used to shop and take my time
That was a well known privi-
lege that now I long for when I
stand

In a long queue (even as you)
And hold a shaky hand
For what Equipment doles us out
(Three hats! Whatever for)
But none of them individual
And none from a "Shoppie" store—
You stand around for hours
When it's time off on your own,
But when it comes to standing
On the Air Force time, we moan!!
"CUBBY".

They come in shapes and sizes
That would amaze the makers,
They never would win prizes
At an Auction sale,—no takers.
They're red and blue and even green
Or mottled pink and yellow
Never intended to be seen
By anyone's best fellow.
Sometimes only the top is worn,
And sometimes just the others
And then again we wear them both
We know it would please our
mothers.

You can let your tastes run riot,
Confident you'll not be seen
What's that? What am I talking of?
It's pyjamas that I mean!!
"CUBBY".

I wish I was a little bug
Perched in the C.O.'s ear—
And I would think and talk
And tell some things he'd like to
hear.

I'd tell him how the weather
Interferes with having fun—
When the sun shines while you
work
And then the rain comes when
you're done.

I'd tell him that the daylight
Lasts too long into the night
And the sun comes up too early
It just don't seem quite right.
I'd tell him that we like the lakes
And woods and trees and rills,
And moonlight on the water
Early mist upon the hills.
And working hard and eating well
And dances, shows and such—
And pals that really are quite swell,
We're thankful for so much.
"CUBBY".

Seems the boys make many trips
to Sub-Stores next door—what's the
attraction—eh Have they a supply

Dangerous Kisses

(Being an osculatory lament from
the heart of AC2 WOOER, voiced
by LAC Mott, F. J.)

I've long been aware
Of the dangers of kisses
And kissing—Mah Mother done tol'
me!

They're simply a snare
Used by wily young misses
To lure and to catch and cajole me.
"Of course, you may kiss,"
Mother said, "But get this:
"Never write 'em, or you'll be in
letters.

"You may kiss lip to lip
"But, if you take my tip,
"YOU WILL NEVER PUT CROSS-
ES ON LETTERS."

Then one day I wed
And the dangers of kisses
And kissing were somewhat trans-
muted.

The bride simply said:
"You will lay off the misses!—
"And that's a command. . . un-
diluted."

"Of course, you may kiss,"
Wife said, "But get this:—
"From now on I'm your Queen of
Petters;

"And if you're on a trip
"Just remember this tip:
"PUT A CROSS AT THE FOOT OF
YOUR LETTERS."

But now I'm aware
Of new dangers in kisses—
When written—no longer it's Cupid
But Mars who'll ensnare
Both the men and the misses
Who are loose in the tongue or
plain stupid.

"Of course you may kiss,"
Censor says, "But get this:
"Never write 'em or you'll be in
letters.

"You can kiss lip to lip,
"But if you take my tip
"YOU WILL NEVER PUT CROSS-
ES ON LETTERS."

We are very glad to welcome a
poem from the pen of this talented
author—yes, he is an author, hav-
ing published a number of quite
serious books. We hope that LAC
MOTT will be a regular contribu-
tor to "Wings Overseas."—Editor.

We welcome to our Poets' Page
"Cubby" and "Peg". These W.D.'s
really have talent, too. Keep the
poetry coming, girls. We have an
idea by the way that "Cubby" is
Cpl. McCubbin of the Hospital
Staff.
—EDITOR.

"That Was a Met"

Did you ever sit down beside
someone in the mess and say cheer-
fully to them: "Looks as though
we'll have a fine evening to-night,"
only to be greeted by a pitying
stare and a shake of the head. That
was a Met. Observer.

Did you ever see someone with
a red balloon hanging on his finger,
like a little boy or girl home from
the circus—and watch them watch
that balloon rise into the blue. That
was a Met. Observer. And that's
not a game but how the height of
the ceiling is measured.

Did you ever hear someone talk
about OXO? That was a Met. Ob-
server. And they weren't referring
to a food, but to good old fog in all
its richness and fullness.

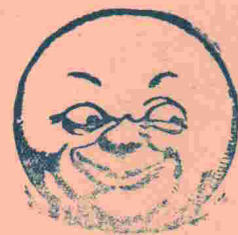
Did you ever hear of Rosie the
Riveter? She's not someone who de-
corates the title-page of a popular
song, but a Met. Observer.

Did you ever see someone come
out of a building and stand and
stare fixedly at the clouds That
was a Met. Observer. And they
weren't temporarily out of their
senses and they weren't trying to
make contact with the man in the
moon—they were deciding that
there was nine-tenths of cloud—
four-tenths cirrus and five-tenths
altocumulus.

Did you ever hear someone men-
tion a cumulonimbus cloud with
reverence and fear? That was a
Met. Observer. And when Mr. C.
B. cloud comes comes looming over
the horizon, look out below and
above.

How do the Met. Observers occu-
py their time? With sequences
and thermometers, and barographs
and synos and anemometers, and
theodolites and ceiling projectors
and cavu and dense fog and light
drizzle and heavy continuous rain
and visibility and winds and ther-
mographs and stratocumulus and
raobs.

And by the way, pibals are not
something to eat and we don't keep
pigeons or even bees in that little
white box.



Speaking of Sport

The Air Force Senior Softball team is sitting comfortably in second place in the six team Inter-Service Softball League.

Pre-season games served to put the team right on the bit and fair warning was given to all clubs that the "Flyers" had an outstanding ball team that was a real threat to former Navy supremacy.

The "Group" team was taken on for an exhibition home-and-home series and this station came out on top with decisive victories in both games. We won't mention the scores! The Navy squad was next in line. We sank the Navy—twice!! F/O Brown, a former senior softball hurler from Toronto had the "lads in blue" tied up in knots. The scores of these two games were 9-1 and 13-2.

The Inter-Service League officially opened on July 9th, with the Air-Force stacked up against the A. A. Battery. This game was far too close for comfort. The "Flyers" trailed the surprising "Ack-Acks" by one run going into the last inning. Coming up for the "old college try," Wright singled sharply. Miller came through with a beautiful bunt and both runners were safe. The next two batters struck out. One run down; runners on first and second; Gordy Robbins had his chance to do a Frank Merriwell. Hi Frank! A sharp liner over second and Wright and Miller scampered home to win the ball game 8-7.

Monday, July 12th found the Air-Force playing the Commandos at Ayre's Field. AC1 Barry, pitching for the "Flyers" cut down the opposition in rapid-fire order. Again the "Flyers" came out on top. This time the score was 7-3.

Friday July 16th. The first defeat! Navy 5, Air-Force 0. It was a grand game all the way through and the Navy earned their win. Brown was again on the mound and pitched a steady, heady game of ball. The Navy lads were only able to gather eight hits from his deliveries but those hits all seemed to come through at the right moments. In the meantime Air-Force bats were completely powerless against the outstanding Navy hurler. Three weak scratch hits were the best our lads could manage and it is pretty hard to win a ball game on three hits.

The first defeat of the season really hurt and you can bet that from now on we will have a fighting ball

club that realizes that it can be beaten but it is going to take plenty to beat them. From here it looks like a Navy-Air-Force play-off. The "Flyers" are quite confident that the next meeting with the Navy will give them a win, but it is going to be a real ball game, win, lose or draw.

Defensively, our lads undoubtedly have the smoothest infield in the league. Vallee catching, Pel on third, Wright on second, Blondeau at short and Therien at first have set the league pace. At bat it is a different story. The whole team has been wiffing badly at the plate but batting practice is the order of the day and the majority of the lads are beginning to find their batting eye.

Inter-Service Baseball

The Inter-Service Baseball League promises to be the real sport attraction in town this summer. Although each of the six teams has only played three games up to date, it looks as tho' it's going to be a wide open league with the Americans having the edge on the betting to cop top honours.

Uniforms don't make a ball team. The "pretty" Navy Team found that out to the tune of 10 to 3.

Lefty O'Connor completely baffled the sailors. He fanned no less than 10 in the first 5 innings. Wilson took over the pitching chores in the six and easily held the Navy in check for the last two innings. In the meantime the Air Force bats were booming and a 7 run lead was quickly piled up.

Final score Air Force 10, Navy 3.

The Americans are right in their element when it comes to Baseball. Boasting two professional ball players and an outstanding right hander in Fry. The Amercs. took the field against the Air Force confident of an easy victory. They got a rude shock! It was a nip and tuck battle all the way through. But the Pepperrell crew showed they could take advantage of the breaks and a 5 run inning late in the game was too much of a lead for the Flyers to overcome. Final score, Amercs. 8, Air Force 2.

Air Force 13, Commandos 1.

The less said about this game the better. It only took 4 innings for the "Flyers" to pile up a twelve run lead. Barton held the Commandos almost hitless and rather than continue the massacre the game was called at the end of the fourth.

The Air Force is assured of a play-off position in the Baseball League and the Americans are the only outfit that will offer much opposition. It should be an outstanding play-off if these two teams meet in the finals.

The "Flyers" boast a very strong team all the way through. O'Connor, Wilson and Barton make up the pitching staff and all three have shown they've got plenty on the ball. Pell at first and Blondeau at short are a smooth working combination. Best at third, as well as playing good ball, handles his coaching duties extremely well.

Inter-Section Softball

The sixteen-team Inter-Section Softball League is going full blast these days. As the league rolls along the better teams are drawing ahead but the season is young and there is still plenty of time for any team in the league to come through and cop the Commanding Officer's Trophy. Those Air-Force Crests are going to look pretty nice on the winning team too!

Instrument and Electral are topping "A" League at the moment with three wins and no losses. Maintenance is pushing hard, also with three wins but with one loss chalked against their record. The M. T. Fire and Photo. team is tie with Administration. Both teams have four points and are a real threat in the play-off positions.

In "B" League we have a three-cornered tie for the first spot.

So the League is still wide open and competition should be really keen from here on in.

OFFICERS' BALL TEAM

The officers, not to be outdone by the airmen, are also going in for softball in a big way.

An Inter-Service officers ball league is going strong and the battles really are wild and woolly. The Navy are leading the League at the moment with two wins. Their recent victory over our officers was a real thriller with the final score 12-11. The next game slated to be played on Navy grounds should be equally exciting with the Air-Force going all out to "sink the Navy."

Inter-Service Swimming Meet

Don't let popular rumors fool you. Sailors are good swimmers. In fact they are more than good. They are outstanding! They certainly proved this on Wednesday, July 7th, when they handsomely defeated our swimming team. Barton, Blondeau, Barry, LeFebvre, and Mackenzie made up the team that accepted the Navy challenge.

There were five events carded for the meet held at the Caribou Hut.

In the 60 yds. free style, Quipp for the Navy, a noted swimmer from Montreal, edged Barton, the flashy Air-Force lad, by inches. It was a thrilling race all the way through and Barton, after a little training promises to take Quipp in their next meeting.

The Four-man Relay was next on the card and again it was a nip and tuck battle all the way. First one and then the other team forged ahead but the Navy edged up in the final lap to take the race but only by inches. Barry swimming the breast stroke was outstanding for the "Flyers". Duck for the Navy living up to his name and swimming the crawl, managed to give the Navy its necessary lead.

The 240 Free-style Relay was another close affair but Duck repeated on his previous smooth performance and crossed the finishing line before Mackenzie, anchor man for the Air-Force.

LeFebvre bowed to the superior experience of Langly in the 60 yards back-stroke, but all told made a very fine showing.

The open 60 yard breast-stroke saw eight swimmers churning up the water. It was a thrilling finale but Navy superiority was marked and the Air-Force natators had to be content with Barton taking a second. Duck from England and Langly from Hamilton, both swimmers of note, were outstanding for the Navy. Barton another of Hamilton's outstanding swimmers and Barry showed up extremely well for the Air Force.

The next meet, to take place shortly, promises to be a thriller and our boys are quite confident of a win.

Wings for
VICTORY

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DIRECTORY.

Chalk Dust Jottings

Greetings to you lads and lassies who devote part of your spare time to increasing your knowledge. Here is your Educational Reporter bringing you the latest news gleaned from the chalk dust dug from every corner of the School Room. The supply of dust appeared at first to be extremely limited, but far be it from this columnist to be stuck for something about which to write. By beating the chalk brushes vigorously together he has found a new source that yields more material than he can use.

First of all it may be stated that the remustering to Aircrew fever has abated to some extent this month, although at the moment of writing there are indications that an upward surge may shortly begin again. Meanwhile the applications on hand are being completed and forwarded just as rapidly as the overworked medical staff can give the necessary examinations.

Many of the Pre-Aircrew personnel whose applications already have been forwarded are making use of their time while waiting for postings by brushing up on their Maths and Science. For these chaps who are taking out a little insurance on an I.T.S. posting by attending Pre-Aircrew Classes, a new Wireless Class under the direction of LAC Martin has been started this month to give them some knowledge of this subject before facing a Selection Board at Manning Pool.

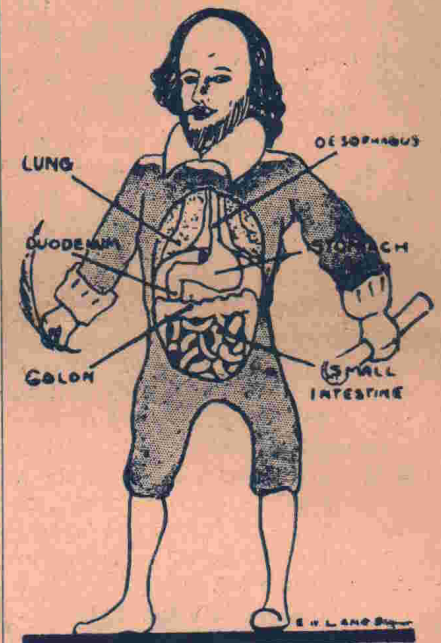
Since last this column was written, a quite large number of remusters have come through. Best of luck to these boys in their new venture. Here's hoping that the rest of the Pre-Aircrew lads will soon get their posting to Aircrew.

By the way, the plane that this department has been so anxiously awaiting has finally arrived. The Aircraft Recognition Class under the capable direction of F/O Moore is under way again. In case that you are interested in this subject the time and place—on Saturdays at 1900 hours in the School Room.

According to long established custom the month for bouquet tossing is June, but we have managed to hold over a few for this month and this column wishes to pass our congratulations to LAC McNamara and LAC Cooke of the W & B Section on the completion of their courses in Automotive Engineering. Thanks also to Sgt. Cleve for the time and work that he has given

to this class. Best wishes for him on his departure to his new station. Congrats. too, to Sgt. Bradette and LAW Russell on completing their Legion Courses.

Thanks to S/O D. Timberlake, F/Sgt. Ganong, Cpl. Tyrrell, LAW Carson, LAC McMahon, LAC Crane, LAC Manning, LAC Pinsky, and Cpl. Dinnin for their help this month in the Library. If the above personnel had not voluntarily given of their time, the Library could not have been kept open during the several weeks that the Station was without a regular librarian. Thanks to them not only from the Education Department, but also on behalf of the four hundred personnel who are at present making use of the Station Library.



"The Works of Shakespeare."

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