



# Station Pilot Awarded D.F.C.

## Flight-Lt. Colborne Attacks Two U-Boats In 18 Days As R.C.A.F. Bombers Make History In The Atlantic



FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT COLBORNE, D.F.C.

By AC1 MAURICE FLEMMING

This is the story on an RCAF bomber-pilot in the Eastern Air Command who did 1500 hours of patrol duty over the North Atlantic before sighting an enemy submarine and then in the space of 18 days attacked two U-boats to win that coveted award—the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Primarily a story of the exploits of him and his gallant crew, it might well be the story of the many hundreds of Canadian airmen whose names history will record as having played so large a part in the winning of the Battle of the Atlantic.

To this pilot and his crew and to all the pilots and all the aircrews, some of whom go on their last patrols never to return, this story is their story in that it tells in part something of their valorous deeds in providing that "umbrella coverage" without which the Battle of the Atlantic might have a different ending.

To-day, because of their undying devotion to duty in good weather and in bad weather, by night and by day, in the face of innumerable

hardships, on patrols fraught with perils, the great convoys of the merchant marine of the Allied nations sail the stormy seas of the Atlantic carrying with them a never ending stream of the produce of war that will eventually send the Axis down to total defeat.

### RECEIVES AWARD

Fittingly enough recognition of the great part played by the airmen of this theatre of the war has come to a pilot typical of their ranks. That recognition in the form of a highly prized award, the D.F.C. has been made to bomber-pilot "Freddie" Charles Colborne, Flight Lieutenant of the Royal Canadian Air Force, a member of the personnel of this station.

Announced from Air Force Headquarters at Ottawa the award goes to an officer who has done credit to King, country, station, squadron and himself. The official citation accompanying the award reads:

"This officer has completed 1900 hours of flying, 1500 hours of which have been on anti-submarine operations in the North Atlantic from Jan., 1941 to May,

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1943. He has participated in two attacks on enemy submarines and has proven himself to be a skilful pilot under any and all conditions.

"Recently while 600 miles at sea he sighted and made an attack on a submarine which has been reported as being probably sunk. His enthusiastic persistence in all his undertakings has contributed greatly to the efficiency of his squadron. He has been an inspiration to all who work with him."

Cosmopolitan in nature—born in Saint John, New Brunswick, bred in Calgary, Alberta, he fights on the Eastern seaboard. A husky curly-headed blonde is this Canadian airman, tipping the scales at 185 pounds and the beam at six feet; he is in the flesh a typical Westerner. His frank open manner, his warmth and friendliness betrayed by his laughing blue eyes, his clipped English accent, are all so typical of the man. An early career in the field of theatricals and later in radio announcing, have made for him a personality that smacks of the West.

The morning F/L Colborne added the finishing touches to the winning of his D.F.C.—unknown to him at the time—found him harbouring secret regrets. His first clash with an enemy U-boat in all his 1500 hours of patrol duty had to end in an "F" category attack.

In airforce phraseology that meant "insufficient evidence" to claim as sunk. True, he mused, there was little doubt in the minds of he and his crew that the damned sub had never returned to her home port. Pictures they had been able to snap and other evidence gathered at the time of the attack had not been sufficient to satisfy cautious officials at Air Force Headquarters who guard against any over optimism and announcement of false sinkings by demanding conclusive and positive proof.

### READY FOR TAKE-OFF

Now shinning up the side of the big flying-boat and through the blister of the ship—his ship—as he affectionately liked to think of her, Colborne had little hope this morning would again see them in action. Sliding the big glass halves of the gun-blister together, Colborne made

his way forward and into the nose of the plane.

Over the non-com the routine check of the crew was made.

"Captain to co-pilot," F/L Colborne's voice came over the amplifier.

"Co-pilot Duncan here," came the reply as the airman, another Westerner from Calgary, answered. In turn came the replies from the navigator F/O W. P. "Deacon" Irving of Medicine Hat; 1st WAG, WO2 J. J. L. Elden, Dartmouth, N. S.; 2nd WAG, WO2 Lorne Blaine, Winnipeg; Flight Engineers, Sgt. George Thompson, Fredericton, N. B., and Cpl. John Watson, Barrie, Ontario.

Turning the motors of the flying-boat over, Colborne checked the instrument panel and controls. Everything was ready. In a few seconds with the signal from the Control Tower they would be off on another dawn to dusk patrol over the North Atlantic.

Shivering inside his big flying suit against the nip of the raw damp wintry winds that swept the field, pilot Colborne's thoughts strayed to the squadron smoker his crew had passed up last night. The first squadron celebration too. Lord, he speculated, some of that "hot-toddy" would feel uncommonly good on his stomach now.

The prospect of over 15 hours of convoy patrol duty that faced them, left Colborne far from excited. Behind were hundreds of hours of flying time in the two and one-half years of duty on the East Coast—barren years that had contained the minimum of excitement. Besides he had a headache this morning. If

only those damned engines didn't beat into his brain so.

From Control came the "all clear to take-off." Gently easing the plane into line and swinging her into the wind they lumbered slowly down the runway. Here and there spaced even over the field, gleaming glass-domed landing lights showed yellow and hazy through the blackness. Pushing her gently into throttle he listened with satisfaction to the answering roar of the motors. Steady pressure brought the stick back, back against his stomach and chest and up went her nose. They were airborne.

### "HEADING OUT TO SEA"

Navigator F/O "Deacon" Irving, a member of the "cloth" later destined to return to the ministry as an RCAF padre, set the course and Colborne sent his ship climbing steadily.

After checking the fuel mix to make sure the engines were getting the proper feed, Flight Engineer Watson left Sergeant Thompson at his post and joined 2nd WAG Blaine in the tail of the ship sprawling on the bunks to make themselves comfortable.

The steady clicking of WAG Elden's key came forward over the inter-com cutting into the dull drone of the motors. Routine reports of weather and atmospheric conditions filtered in. If the Met observers were correct and they had yet to fail, another few hours would outrun the confounded fog.

WO2 Blaine was given a rest when Elden replaced him at the key. Just then occasional flashes of brilliant sunlight glinted through

riffs in the fog bank. Slowly the stuff was lifting, though it was still too thick to see the sea below. Toward noon came clear weather. From then on it was a perfect day with not a cloud in the sky.

Below, a heavy underswell following in the wake of the storm sent waves all green and white and cold breaking in foam-crested fury. Nothing had been seen of the convoy until the staccato chirping of the wireless from base gave the tense news that a pack of U-boats had been sighted and were attacking the convoy.

F/O Irving hurriedly jotted down the new course on his scratch pad. Plying compass and ruler he plotted the change in course and passed it forward.

### THE ATTACK

Anxiously between narrowed eyelids F/L Colborne scanned the tossing swells through the glass windows of his cabin while every member of the crew strained their eyes in anticipation.

Was that a moving black speck he saw there in the distance, slightly to port? No it couldn't be! But it was.

"Submarine, dead ahead, about four miles," Colborne bellowed, tense with suppressed excitement.

Here was game at last, after months of fruitless search over thousands of miles of open ocean. Live game to blast from the seas and repay in part for all the murderous attack on helpless merchant marine. At last the hunter was the hunted.

The alarm rang throughout the  
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History-making crew of R.C.A.F. Bomber

## We Bid Adieu to



Squadron Leader Barry Moffitt

Interviewing Squadron Leader Moffitt was obviously not the best way of gathering information about Barry Moffitt. He was not used to talking about himself and was undergoing some small torture at the prospect of going over to the photo section to take a picture. To look at him, standing not much over five feet, barely topping 120 lbs., you wouldn't associate him immediately as a former captain and quite at ease in those 15 ton monsters that surround the runways. But his log book is a pilot's log book, taped with cellulose along the edges, the binding reinforced, and jags of cloth missing from the cover from entries of 2144 hours and 30 minutes flying time, 1900 hours flying off the east coast. Only 23 and a Squadron Leader, with the AFC, and one attack on a U-boat which the Admiralty in London recently confirmed as a sure kill.

It all started in Toronto on January 9, 1920. He had the usual growing pains but there is no reason to associate them in any way with flying. He did not build model aircraft, nor play hookey from school to haunt airports. In fact the rumor is, in those days the closest touch he had with flying was sticking airmail stamps in his stamp album.

In October 1939 Barry was in the third PPO class at Trenton. At Windsor he finished elementary flying, at Borden intermediate, and at Trenton in May 1940 he had those wings on his chest. Squadron Leader Black was a classmate.

He stayed on at Trenton for a navigation course, completed that in August. Then out to the west

coast for a BR course at 13 OTU, Jericho Beach. His next stop was Dartmouth in November '40. By that time he was a Flying Officer, keen, and raring to go on this U-boat hunting. November slipped into December, December into January, January into February, February into March, March into April, April into May—and Barry was checked as first pilot day, night and day on water. But not so much as the wake of a U-boat did he see.

June slipped into July and Barry moved to ——— on a photo survey that was to serve as a preliminary for building that great airbase up there which we all know about, never write about, and read about in the Saturday Evening Post. This survey went through September and Barry was made a Flight Lieutenant. In October Barry was back in Dartmouth with the squadron, hunting U-boats.

In January Barry was awarded the AFC. Great, ah, but the subs. In February there were three sub attacks for other captains. In March Barry was made Squadron Leader. Great, but another captain got a sub attack. In April there were two more attacks for others. Then in May, what Barry waited 2000 hours for, and which some never see, Barry sighted 3 U-boats, of which he attacked one successfully. In July the Admiralty confirmed it as a sure kill.

Now it's Mister Moffitt in Ottawa, number two in command of BR Operations.

## Editorial

The Germans and Japs are on the run. There is a chance that this war may end much sooner than many expect. To hasten full victory, complete efficiency must be maintained in all branches of our forces. This includes us. If we want to get home before we're eighty we all must do our job—indeed overdo it a little. Let's forget petty beefs and gripes that drain our initiative.

Working together in harmony now under conditions none to smooth is a training for the vast and confusing trend of humanitarianism and socialism which will follow this war. How can we expect to straighten out Democracy and kill political strife in a post-war-world if we are unable to work without friction in an organization such as the R.C.A.F. devoted to a concrete and definite ideal.



This month we're glad to give a lift to the M.T. section. May their tires never go flat.

Front Row (L. to R.) LAC Latreille, LAC Duke, LAW Sullivan, Cpl. Waide, F/Sgt. MacRae, F/L Nicholls, (Officer in charge of Section), F/Sgt. Cox, (N.C.O. in charge of Section), Sgt. Therien, LAW Kerr, Cpl. Whalen, LAC Twyver.

Second Row (L. to R.) LAC Lutz, LAC Scott, LAC Cookwell, LAC

Corbiel, LAC Phelan, Cpl. Logan, Cpl. Goudreau, LAC Eyans, Cpl. Robbins, LAC Gilbert, LAC MacKay, Cpl. Perry, LAC Dawson.

Third Row (L. to R.) Cpl. MacLennan, LAC Underhill, LAC Thompson, LAC Hadley, LAC King, A. A. Miller.

Fourth Row: (L. to R.) LAC Trudel, A., LAC Lyon, LAC Forreau.

## Dust From The M. T. Section

Lizzie and I have been very busy this past month. We managed, however, to kidnap a photographer, helped him set up his camera, and now we have brought you a picture of the personnel of our section.

In the front row one can see F/L Nichols and the three senior N.C.O.'s, F/Sgt. Cox, F/Sgt. MacRae, and Sgt. Therian, who with a sturdy hand and hard work make it possible to provide to the station, transportation on a day and night basis. One can also see gathered around these worthy gentlemen, the drivers—or should I say, the low flying pilots of the R.C.A.F. Also among those who drive you so quickly and safely to wherever you may be going, are the mechanics who keep these vehicles in good running order. The mechanics are seldom seen, as most of their time is spent in a pair of greasy coveralls, praising Henry Ford and the makers of all other trucks and cars, in the peculiar way of the boys and girls of our section.

Our glamour boy, Latreille, has returned from a lengthy vacation at Corner Brook. He says the fish were "biting good," but the boys say he has a girl friend there. What have you to say about this, Gabby?

We have with us in our section, "Lyons." No, it is not an animal friend. If you have not already met him, look for a pleasant looking chap with a prominent Charley Chaplin moustache.

It is rumoured that our good friend, Sgt. Therian, likes the telephone system. Or is it the operator, Sgt.? However, she will surely appreciate those salt and pepper shakers when she learns of the hours you spent making them.

What makes our dear F/Sgt. so interested in spare parts of late? Could it be the lovely profile of the girl in attendance there? Watch your step, Flight. Other boys have had to leave here heart broken.

Before we close we wish to welcome to our section, LAC Oumet and we hope his stay with us will be a happy and pleasant one.

We must chug along now, as we have some more deliveries to make. So, adios, till you see us coming again.

—LAC TWYVER, J.

## To The Aircrews of Canada

By LAC MOTT, F. J.

Son of the virgin prairie  
And the high untrodden snows;  
The proud untrammelled moun-  
tains  
That only the eagle knows;  
Child of the silent forests  
That never an axe have known;  
Man of the Northern Vastness  
Where the grey wolf stalks  
alone;

Son of the Great Dominion  
Where the races meet and merge  
Like the mingling of the waters  
That blend for a new upsurge;  
Twice in a generation  
The youth of your pleasant land  
Have fought, that the things your  
fathers  
Had fought for still might stand.

Your brothers sweep the seaways  
Or stand to the waiting gun  
In the distant heart of the Old  
Land

And face to the threat'ning Hun.  
But YOU ride the nation's airways,  
Where the eagle has his throne—  
Hearken to this, my burden, for  
This is for YOU alone.

Son of the virgin homeland —  
Of the high, unrodden cloud —  
Yours is the dome of heaven  
Where the silence shouts aloud.  
Airborne, you, for Canada! —  
The wings that you proudly wear  
Are the heraldic bearings  
Of your lordship of the air.

Over your homeland winging  
From Eastern to Western sea;  
Look down on your nation's bosom;  
Look up to her destiny!  
Live up to the trust she gives you;  
Fly high in your heart and mind  
That you may still serve truly  
When the war days lie behind.

So, till the war drums falter,  
And free men rise to police  
The skies, that the peaceful peo-  
ples  
May go their ways in peace —  
Till then, with your winged sword  
ready,

And your heart serene and true,  
We send you an airman's greeting:  
**HAPPY LANDING, SIR, TO YOU!**

Lakes and rivers are more num-  
erous in Finland than in any other  
European country.

## Der Iron Cross For Sayerstein

LUFTWAFFE LULLABY

By LAC MOTT, F. J.

Der Flieger (pilot to you!)  
didn't even bother to slam the door  
behind him. In fact, he was too  
hurried even to give the Hitler  
salute. He rushed through the  
clothing stores at the great airport  
of Sauerkraut-am-Ramburger and  
came face to face with Sayerstein.  
Now, Sayerstein was the Fliegen-  
desergeant (which is German for  
"flight sergeant" — I hope!) in  
charge of stores, and upon this  
particular day he was sitting at  
his desk ruminating gloomily.

"Achtung, Sayerstein!" shouted  
the pilot hoarsely, still omitting the  
Hitler salute. "Der is ein Britisch  
submarine off der coast. Give me  
der flying zoot und der Mae West,  
dot I may bomb him und gain der  
Iron Cross."

Sayerstein lifted a troubled face.  
His eyes fell moodily upon the ex-  
cited man before him. But his mind  
completely ignored the pilot. He  
did not even notice the omission of  
the Nazi salute. His mind was  
elsewhere.

Fliegendesergeant Sayerstein's  
mind was far away. It was wan-  
dering (as the minds of all good  
equipment men do wander) in the  
etherial fields of the Deficient and  
the Surplus—a strange and ghostly  
world, peopled with the etheric  
forms of equipment which are in  
stock and ought not to be, or the  
ghastly shades of equipment which  
ought to be in stock and isn't.

"Quick!" Yelled the pilot, his  
neck growing red as a beetroot.

But Sayerstein gazed straight  
ahead with unseeing eyes. Before  
his mind's eye there floated the  
haunting spectacle of 103 lost res-  
pirators. There they floated like  
the spectres of lost souls, or like  
spots before the eyes on the fol-  
lowing morning. He saw their limp  
pathetic haversacks, their straggling  
airtubes, their facepieces with the  
vacant eyes—eyes like the eyes of  
forgotten men.

He heard a voice saying mecha-  
nically (surely not his own!)  
"Sorry, Herr Hauptmann, but der  
flying zoot und der Mae West mit-  
out an E. 42 can I not ge-issue."

The melancholy row of facepieces  
nodded macabre approval. The  
empty eyes shone with fleeting  
triumph.

"But, mein Fliegendesergeant!"  
shouted der pilot, "Dis is war! Dis  
is not der child's play—hein! Der  
is a submarine to gesunken. Gimme  
der Mae West und der zoot, and I  
will let you hold mit der hand der  
Iron Cross which from mein glor-  
ious Fuehrer I shall later receive."

The facepieces before the eyes  
of Sayerstein shook gloomily, as  
if to say: "No, No, a thousand  
times, No!"

"Nein," came the voice of Sayer-  
stein. "To issue der equipment  
mitout der E.42 is it verboten."

"Ach! So you are in der oint-  
ment der fly, eh?" screamed der  
pilot. "You are a communist — a  
saboteur!"

Sayerstein felt the lash of the  
pilot's flying glove upon his cheek.  
He saw the empty eyes of the res-  
pirators in his mind's eye—empty  
eyes filling with hatred! Sayer-  
stein rose slowly from his seat and  
lurched towards the pilot.

Two hours later they found Sayer-  
stein on the floor of the stores.  
He was out like a light!

Pinned under him was the pilot  
—out like two lights! !

\* \* \*

It was a great day at the airport  
of Sauerkraut-am-Hamburger. On  
the parade ground, under the whip-  
ping swastika flags, the whole per-  
sonnel of the great camp was as-  
sembled.

"Achtung!"—the command brought  
the parade to rigid attention. The  
band struck up the famous march-  
ing song: "Ach! Ach! Ach! der  
Strumpfeldammerungsgesellschaft-  
endungen."

The Kamp Kommandant marched  
swiftly across the square, follow-  
ed by der Adjutant.

"Fliegendesergeant Sayerstein!"  
yelled the Station Sergeant Major  
White to the gills, Sayerstein  
stepped forward.

The Kommandant laid a hand  
upon Sayerstein's shoulder — then  
half-turned to the assembled par-  
ade.

"Hier" gulped the Kommandant  
(his eyes moist with emotion and  
Pilsener)—"Hier, meine Freunde,  
is a great hero. When der foolish  
pilot Snickelgruber wanted der Mae  
West und der zoot to bomb der  
submarine, dis hero, dis Sayer-  
stein!—he alone knew that der  
submarine was not a Britischen  
submarine, but a U-boat of our  
glorious Fuehrer. So, at der risk  
of his own glorious life, dis hero  
dis Sayestein!—he grab der pilot

and hold him fast until help arriv-  
ed. Thus did he save our glorious  
Fuehrer's glorious submarine."

A roar of "Sieg Heil" burst spon-  
taneously from the parade. The  
Kommandant wiped his eye with  
his glorious moustache.

"Und so," shouted der Komman-  
dant, "Un dso, in der name of our  
glorious Fuehrer, do I present out  
hero mit der Iron Cross—E.42nd  
class."

He turned to the Adjutant and  
held out his hand.

"Kom, kom, Herr Adjutant—give  
to me the Iron Cross."

The Adjutant gulped, turned  
pale, and fiddled with his monocle.  
"Herr Kommandant," he whis-  
pered abjectly, "We have not der  
Iron Cross got."

The Kommandant opened a pur-  
ple face to yell:—

"Vat is der meaning of dis—dot  
you no Iron Cross have brought  
mit you. Are you the Best Man  
like, who to der wedding of his  
friend does not the ring bring?"

The Adjutant turned a delicate  
shade of pastel green.

"Herr Kommandant," he gur-  
gled, "We cannot der Iron Cross  
from der Stores get without an  
E.42."

"Fool! Schweinhunde!" Yelled  
the Kommandant, "Den get at once  
der E.42."

"Och! Herr Kommandant!" Gasp-  
ed the Adjutant, "But der E.42 have  
we not also got."

A sound as of falling bones caus-  
ed the Kommandant to turn his  
head. At his feet he saw a huddled  
form.

Der Fliegendesergeant Sayer-  
stein, hero of the hour, had fainted  
on parade.

## Tuffy

There is a young man named Tuffy  
Who is, D.R.O.'s say, a dispenser  
by trade.

More often a carpenter, or plumber  
or milkman,  
Accountant or even powdered-milk-  
man!!

One Friday  
Our Tuffy  
Turned Cook—no, Chef  
Decked in cap and apron, he  
Marshalled the hospital staff  
To the kitchen—no guff!  
Why? To show us how he  
Could open a sardine can with  
dexterity  
And a meat cleaver.  
What a super—not scruffy  
By Tuffy!

## We Bid Adieu To



S/O TIMBERLAKE

Last month, the W.D.'s bade farewell to their first officer of this station. S/O Timberlake came over with us last fall, became seasick with us, battled through the winter with us, shared our troubles and sorrows, and became a rock for us to rely on whenever we felt that life was too much to cope with. Her time was our time—she was always ready with a sympathetic ear for our problems, no matter how small, and she always had some very helpful suggestions to aid us. We shall miss her very much here, and we wish her the very best at her new station, Scoudouc. —M.F.C.

## The Art of Doing Up Hair

"Hair must be worn clear of the collar of the tunic."—and so, every night, no matter what the hour, or how weary she is, the W.D. must do up her hair. This is a complicated process involving numerous pins, papers, curlers, combs, mirror, water and much patience—mostly patience. Skill is required, too—and you can always tell the amount used by the resulting coiffure. Needless to say, the above quantity varies greatly.

First comes the untangling stage. The hair is combed to free it of its kinks and knots acquired during the day. A little water is used, too—this gives the "oil slick" affect and a good basis to work on.

Sometimes a wave lotion replaces the water—this is inclined to produce a firmer curl, but the lotion itself is very slimy and creates an awful sensation in the spinal column if a glob of it slithers down your neck.

Once the hair is smooth, we come to the second or the pin curl stage. Thin strands of hair are separated from the mass and wound about the index finger—clockwise or counter-clockwise, depending upon the desired result. (Note, I said the desired result. There is sometimes a vast difference between desired result and actual result. I would not like to have you think that some of our hair-do's were done on purpose!) These curls are then secured firmly by a bobby pin, several hair pins, or rolled wax paper. Or, the hair may be wound around a metal curler and clamped down by a wire—causing several hairs to part company with the scalp. Then, finally a net is tied over the head, to keep all the ironware in place—and so to bed.

There are many dangers linked with this business of hairdressing. For example, nine times out of ten, some pins are dropped on the floor—always landing under the sinks. Once upon a time, it would not have mattered, but due to the present shortage of pins, they must be recovered at all costs. This, there are always two or three W.D.'s on their hands and knees, crawling on the floor in search for hair pins. And nine times out of ten, there is always a crash of cranium vs. wash basin when they try to stand up. (A little secret here:—Should you run short of pins, just take a gander under the sinks—I always count on it for at least three!)

Then again, there is always, the chance that a pin will become dislodged in the night and find its way into your ear. No girl takes pleasure in having to wake up in the middle of the night and extract a piece of metal from her ear drum. It is not only that it causes discomfort, but it isn't very good for the ears either.

While pins do not usually stick into your ears or eyes, they always drive themselves into the head. Result:—scarred scalp, fitful slumber and washboard blues the next day.

So you can easily understand the difficulties we have with the old straw, and realize that the glamour bob, and feather cut,

## The Rhythm of Life

At a quarter to seven the first stragglers, or rather iron-souled stalwarts, make their way to the washroom and then more and more dribble in until by 08.15 the sound of running water has become a fury, and everyone is foaming at the mouth with toothpaste and hair-curlers are coming down and the complexion is being put up.

"Whose turn is it to sweep the floor?"

"I washed my hair last night and I'll never get it up!"

"My tie has come undone—who'll to the rescue?"

"I hope my watch is fast."

So the rhythm of another day begins.

Work and lining up for meals.

A coke at the canteen at noon hour.

Is there a TCA in? The P.O. will be open at two o'clock.

Standing in line for the show and the hush that calms the laughter and suddenly binds us all together when "God Save the King" is played.

The eternal clink of horseshoes that comes from beside the barracks across the way.

The wild barn-dancing that goes on in the barracks down the road on pay-day nights.

"Madeliene" and "If I Had My Way" and "The Girl with the Pig-tails in Her Hair" and "Black Magic" and "As Time Goes By" and "Moonlight Becomes You."

Is there a dance to-night?

"I hear there may be postings for some of the W.D.'s soon."

Duty Watch and how much more complicated it seems to make change with 20c. pieces.

Duty Airwoman—"Sorry she's not in: try the canteen."

Fire Picket.

Pay day and seeing the airmen trot off down the road with the little blue bag.

"I've got so many letters to write, it's not even funny any more."

That dead, stupid feeling after a graveyard shift.

Sunday morning church.

"Will there ever be an outside line, operator?"

while very charming, have no place with the uniform—"1929" is the best we can do.

The Wind and the Rain in Your Hair may inspire some with songs but to us it means another session with curls, pins, and patience.

## Library

Hello Readers,—Just a short note to let you know we are still in operation. On a recent census we estimated that at present we have nearly fourteen hundred books in our library. That is not counting the pocket editions: But of that fourteen hundred books we have at present almost four hundred and fifty on loan. Some of them quite a bit overdue. So lets see you make a path to library door borrowing and returning books. We hope to have a permanent librarian but so far that is only a hope. A very good idea was brought to our attention the other day by F/L Sparrow. He has already donated several books to the library and in front of each of his books he has asked the reader to write his name and date of reading. He hoped in this way that it would be soon noticeable if that particulars book were read often: also to be able to get an idea of the type of books most read, by the readers of this library.

Recently we have added close to three hundred books to the station library. Among these are some of the most recent works, and also some of the best sellers of a few years ago. We will be adding to the library according to the amount of our finances.

A system of fines has been started. For each day a book is kept over a week a fine of one cent per day is made. In this way we will insure a greater turnover of books and also have means to buy more books. In time we are to have curtains for the library. We already have six writing desks: equipped with writing materials, about fourteen easy chairs and three reading lamps, so come down to the library and spend an evening or two. Remember the hours, two to four in the afternoon; six to nine in the evening except for the show night when we close at eight.

—LAC McMAHON.

Aircraft whipping across the sky, landing and taking off and flying around the circuit in slow serenity.

Walking-out passes and late passes and meal chits.

A good book from the library and a pillow propped up behind you.

Chocolate sundaes and crackers and cheese and tins of grapefruit juice.

## Account of Accounts

Hail and Farewell to Flt. Lt. Spiller, who went from us to return to the scenes of his childhood. The location of those scenes? Tut, tut! Don't you know that our Editor is also Censor!

Our best wishes go with Mac-Dougald, Butler and Austin—the lucky dogs! But we understand that there is no escape for Mac-Dougald: as soon as he touches P.E.I. he will be permanently taken into custody. Rumor has it that she's a pretty girl, too.

Sqdn. Ldr. Blackmore's speeches of farewell were both humorous and kindly. We hope we shall have more occasion to hear him soon.

There is perhaps something in the persistent rumor that two of our senior N.C.O.'s are to visit the M.C. shortly in order to be cut apart. At the best of times, we understand, Siamese twins are difficult to separate. But the twins in question may well prove inseparable. Most Siamese twins can converse separately—our two actually tell the same stories.

It is no secret that LAW Cox is making a serious study of radio mechanics—the science, not the men! Her present instructor is a well-meaning but careless fellow. The other day he was demonstrating something to her when his hand slipped and caught her in the eye. Dangerous business, this radio!

What do the mystic letters G.A.T. stand for? It is rumored that they are the initial letters of Georgius Aloysius Terence. But you know what Air Force rumor is!

Flt. Sgt. Thatcher is in revolt against the commonly held idea that we in the Accounts have a soft job. He asserts that the Accounts personnel does more rushing about (clearing up other people's messes!) than any other section.

There is more than figurative truth in the assertion that LAW Millar leads the boys a dance. A domestically-minded girl, she spends her evenings cutting up rugs.

Attendants at the lectures of Cpl. W. Schuman have been impressed with the excellence of his instruction. In fact, during his lectures on Non-Public Funds he made only one mistake, and that was when he declared that he was "no lecturer."

We think it ought to be known that the so-called Administration

Soft-ball team is composed entirely of Accounts personnel. And, naturally, it is a good team. In fact, it is a splendid team. Gosh! It's a glorious team. (At this rate we'll soon be convinced of it ourselves!) Its next game is against the clerical accountants of the Sub-Equipment Depot. Need we say it will be a walkover? And need we say for whom?

Flt. Sgt. Fairclough seems to be under the impression that eggs are good for him. Or is his Easter late this year?

Hilda doesn't seem to be making out with her "A" Group. And what does "A" Group have to say about it?

Flash! We hear that LAC Lister, not being able to find a girl friend went to clothing stores and asked LAW Rhind for permission to draw a "housewife" on repayment.

"G'd Ma-a-a-a-a-a-arming" as Peggy says.

### Utterly Blank Verse

(Written by an anonymous committee specially called together to pay homage to what has been termed The Most Beautiful Voice in the Camp-us!)

There are lots  
Of Pigeons  
In the Pay  
Office and  
Squadron Leader  
Blackmore  
Is the Loftsmen  
Who tenderly  
Guards them.

But, in addition,  
There is also  
A Dove  
That coos  
Charmingly  
On the telephone  
To all callers  
And invests  
Even the slightest  
Question with  
Cosmic proportions;  
Making even  
The humblest caller  
Feel like an  
Air Vice Marshal.

Whose is the voice  
That cooooooocoos?  
Whoooooocoos?

Meat vitamins and proteins can be replaced with flour made from cotton, peanut and soyseeds.

## The Better Mouse Trap Builder

One night, not so long ago, one of our Corporals who had just come off duty on the night shift, came into barracks—sat on his bunk—rubbed his eyes and undressed and got under the covers of his very welcome bunk. But could he sleep? No Sir! There was too much noise. 'Twas at first thought that an A.C.3 had brought in a race horse from Canada, as other animals had been brought in that way, and billeted it in his barracks. But it could not be, as no A/C would have dared venture to fly on such a zero zero day. A few squeaks were heard a little later and so it was decided by our tired corporal that it was not a race-horse but some other four-footed animal of a smaller species than a horse.

The mouse emerged from LAC Bowsher's packed kit with its whiskers wrapped around a satisfied and contented smile. The look on that mouse's face irked said sleepless corporal and then and there he decided to build a "better mouse-trap" to ensnare the little beast and thereby suffer from no more sleepless nights.

The next morning that Corporal, Staten by name, made a little wager with LAC Brodie, that he would have that mouse by the following morning.

He first thought of making a pit covered over with grass, and refuse from the barber shop, a method somewhat like that used to catch the elephant in the recent picture shown here, "Beyond the Blue Horizon" but his ingenuity "hit upon" another plan. He called his trap "The Square-Deal" because it was made with a little "square box with the front bottom part extended a little in the front. He had the back part of the box screened. Therefore he could catch the mouse alive and "deal" with it as he saw fit. A shutter affair was placed over the entrance and it was kept up by means of a little stick propped on top of the cage. A piece of string was tied on the top of the box near the back. A piece of cheese "ordinary cheese" was tied onto this other end of the string. The idea was, that when the mouse nibbled on the cheese, the force would pull the prop from the shutter and the shutter would close up, enclosing the mouse, in the

trap. The first night the mouse had eaten all the cheese and had successfully eluded being ensnared. Corporal Staten had to make a slight modification on the shutter as it was found that it had been too tight. The next morning the maurauding mouse was found secure inside mousetrap.

The Corporal was congratulated by all ranks of this unit on the successful "better mouse-trap."

We are sorry that the inventor did not permit us to draw a picture of his invention as he has not yet secured a patent on it.



## Lizzie Chatter

Roy Smardon

Here we go again—it's been a long time since this column last made the final dead-line of Wings Overseas. So once again here goes!

Congratulations are in order to Bill Fulton who recently received his promotion to Pilot Officer. Danny O'Neill is now a member of the N.C.O. ranks. He was fortunate in obtaining three weeks' leave in which to celebrate his Non-Commissioning.

Danny O'Neill and Chuck Weldon are the good-will ambassadors of our flight, spending all their spare time touring the country on their motorcycle. Anyone find a Wedge Cap between here and Carbonear?

The army personnel at one post are much perturbed over the manoeuvres of P/O "Spike" Barton. They say that if he is going to use his aircraft for an automobile, he can at least put a horn on it.

Why is it that "Short-Pants" Swimmer is always talking about girls? We advise him to grow up first . . . Or is he standing in a hole?

We bid farewell to two wild W.O.G.'s who succeeded in getting postings where they wanted them. "Duke" Cumberland, we hear, is rather disappointed that he couldn't go too.

## The Gremlins' Corner

Some months have passed since the Gremlin Squadron has made the pages of "Wings Overseas," and many changes have taken place in the meantime.

During the Spring we bade adieu to S/L Williams, A.F.C., and to F/L Lowry, under whose able guidance the Squadron had progressed for some time. In their places we welcomed S/L Lee and S/L Black who soon became both liked and respected by all with whom they came in contact.

Many other changes in personnel have taken place. Recently posted to Canada were F/Sgt. Baker, Sgt. Patterson, Sgt. Taylor, Cpl. Baker, Sgt. Barker, Cpl. Croghan, LAC Greenfield, LAC Norton and LAC Havard. The Squadron is pleased to wish these men continued success on their new stations. Recently posted to us are F/Sgt. Adderley, Sgt. Younge, and Sgt. Pamelko, whose stay with us, we hope, will be pleasant.

We mourn the passing of F/L Hastie, WO1 Richardson, WO2 Griff, F/Sgt. Drynan, and F/Sgt. Lee. Their conscientious devotion to duty and the cheerful attitude displayed at all times will not soon be forgotten.

Just as he was leaving the flight rooms the other evening this reporter had the misfortune to trip over an isobar that had fallen from his F-2330. Wally had failed to staple it securely in place. Now tripping over isobars is something that is done in the best of circles. All would have gone well, no doubt, had your columnist not been standing so close to the stairs. The result was an unorthodox descent, flying boots over goggles. On picking himself up, bruised and shaken, this writer found himself confronted by that picture of a Gremlin that indicates the route to his squadron flight room. It may have been his dazed condition, but this reporter is sure that that Gremlin winked at him and then smirked. Since then it must be confessed that Gremlins have held an important place in his thoughts (especially each time he goes to sit down), and with this subject so forcibly brought to his attention, he decided to do a little investigating concerning the origin of Gremlins.

For those not versed in Gremlinology, a brief history of these marvellous beings is in order.

It was one of King Arthur's knights who first made accurate notes on the activities of Gremlins although there is considerable evidence to prove that they were present during the wars of the Greeks and the Romans. But where and when they actually originated no one knows.

They have always made their presence most strongly felt in war time, and have always been the fear of soldiers. Before the development of the modern weapons of war, their favorite pastimes were snapping bowstrings, breaking swords off at the hilt, and tripping horses. Doubtless these activities proved very embarrassing to the warriors of those old times.

But it was with the development of the aeroplane that the Gremlin found his true field, and his feats have become well enough known to airmen through personal experience, and to the public through the press.

We also have made it our business to find out why we are known as the Gremlin Squadron. It seems that when the squadron was first formed that F/O Caldwell and WO2 Harron outdid the Gremlins at their own game, and to such an extent that their wrath was incurred, and the little fellows really turned on the heat. The servicing crews were at their wits' end. The situation became so grim that for some time it was felt that the Squadron would have to be disbanded. Drastic action had to be taken. To this end F/O Kirk made numerous trips to Ottawa to negotiate with the Air Member for Gremlins who had established his headquarters at a certain well-known hotel.

It was found that the Gremlins never did mean harm, but that their feelings were hurt when they were confronted continually by such an unfriendly attitude. A satisfactory settlement was made when it was decided that all Gremlins should be made honorary members of the Squadron with passes to ride in all squadron aircraft, and a forty eight every week. In return the Gremlins pledged themselves not to meddle with the squadron aircraft, and with the exception of an occasional prank (which we ignore) the system has worked perfectly.

This account is accurate in every detail and is dealt with fully on page 318 of AP-1234.

F/O MOORE.

## Hot News and Candid Views

Airforce Ann your (alleged) correspondent from the Archives here in Records again greeting you with a lusty "Let's go to press."

Postings and promotions this month are in the limelight starring: Cpl. Hooker, from C.R. to No. 5 "M" Depot (Aircrew) Happy Landings; Cpl. LAC Deacon—out to where the West begins, Brandon, Man. Last but not least, Cpl. Deardon (lucky, lucky lad) to Pat Bay. Drop in anytime for dinner with the family, (umm, I'm from the Pacific Coast.)

Reclassification came through for W.D. Miller, now AWI. "Banner headlines" say the Fair Force when it concerns the promotion to Cpl. of LAW Eva Seaman. Here's looking at you Eva, with a rum 'n coke in a certain room in a certain hotel or is that a trade secret?

Again the "Welcome" mat is dusted off for LAC Greenwood to C.R., LAC "Mickey Rooney" Lloyd C.R.

The tyme haz cum to delve behind the shelves and bring out intimate news and views NOT found on the records of the following and which the following are trying to keep shelved, but haha chuckles yours truly in sinister Shadow fashion, "Airforce Anne knows, he-beheh!" Wandering Wanderings—commonly known to you all as "Blinkety Blank Blunderings". Let's dig into some of these and try to read between the lines.

Wonder why Cpl. Ross (W.D.) has started to learn Morse Code? Can't you reach the wireless section by phone, Margie?

Wonder if anyone has ever heard a Yankee call up via phone to say, quote "Ith Cpl. Eva Theaman there, pleath?"

Wonder if WOLL Parker . . . Well, we wonder.

Wonder why the four wolves from C.R., namely Bone, Young, Flemming, Greenwood, consistently visit Records. It could be that our little Newfoundlander has personality plus. Could be.

Wonder why Triggs keeps racing to the D.A.P.M.'s Office? Not to get weighed? Right, Flight

Wonder if it is possible that Cpl. Ford carries on all his love affairs by letter now, or is it . . . ?

## The "Pick" of Them All

We land upon your station  
As posted here we are  
Like any other airman  
Who has travelled from afar.

The old routine of "Bun king"  
Is what we then must do  
And sometimes "forty-eights"  
Are given when they're due.

The D.R.O.'s are printed  
And in a tiny place  
An order for Blood Grouping  
Shows what each man must face.

The days that follow D.R.O.'s  
Are days when airmen flood  
In streams of many hundreds  
To get their type of blood.

They venture in and look about  
And quiver at the sight  
Of someone pricking someone  
To draw his blood to light.

Some are pale and ghastly  
While it bothers not the rest  
And every victim worries  
As he asks "Is mine the best?"

Each stands before the needle  
And shivers at each joint  
Then pointing with his finger  
Comes straightway "to the point."

At this the blood starts oozing  
As he mumbles something trite  
Then goes to sign his name  
To find he cannot write.

The O's and A's and B's  
Are, as well as the rare AB's  
A puzzle to each airman  
And to all the W.D.'s.

So to really set them right  
Here's all that we can say  
Just wait 'till you need new blood  
You'll know why that day.

We leave your well run station  
With reluctance and regret  
Hoping soon with you to rejoice  
When this upturned World's reset.

AC2 BRUHMULLER, J. H.  
R.224197, R.C.A.F.

August, 1943.

Ye editor is here poised, ready  
with his blue pencil, so this is Air-  
force Anne mentioning that "If  
this news is Records—we've had it."

—S. T.

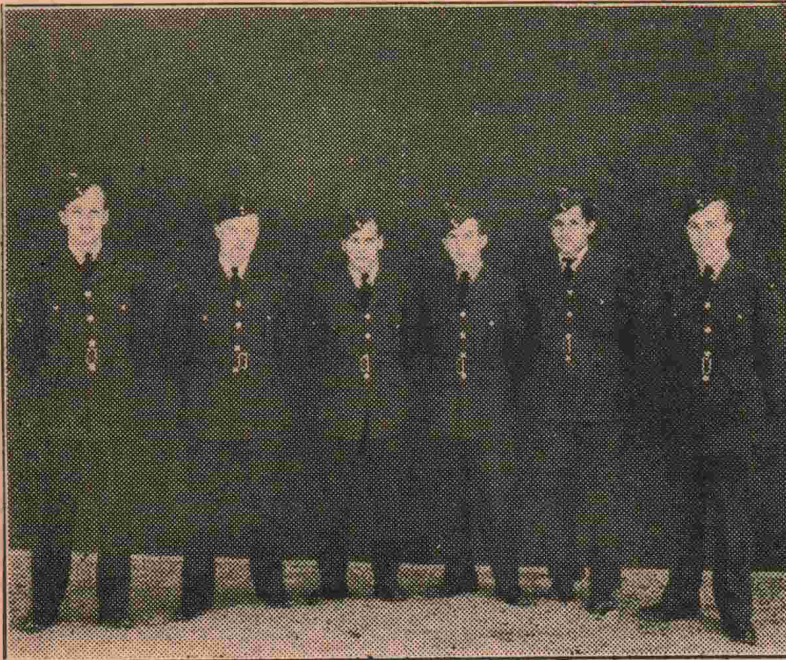
# Men At Work

In last month's issue this page was dedicated to the Maintenance Section. Recognizing the importance of the work of the men who "Keep 'Em Flying," we offer no apologies for again presenting Maintenance men at work, and we hope to continue this practice in future editions of "Wings Overseas." However, we have felt com-

pelled to enlarge the scope of this page, and hope eventually to cover many sections on the station.

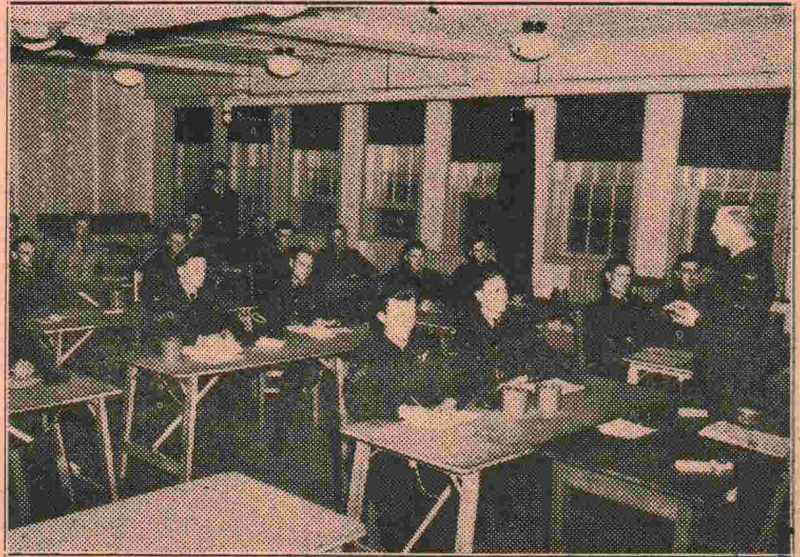
In this month's issue we wish to draw attention to the fact that there are two kinds of work—physical and mental. To those men who after their regular day's work have come night after night to the School Room to study to prepare themselves for a place in Aircrew we give a salute. Our wish is that you all may soon get the Aircrew.

# Happy Landing



Six of the boys of the Pre-Aircrew Maths Class who this month have received postings for Aircrew training. Left to right: LAC Fisher R.O.; LAC Cornell N.P.; LAC Dawley W.S.; Cpl. Hooker E. W.; LAC Drutz D.; LAC Botham W.F.

# The Sum Of The Square



Professor" D. Staple driving home a point in the Pre-Aircrew Maths



# A Clean Getaway



WO2 Thackery (top); Cpl. Fox (left), WO2 Croskery (middle), F/Sgt. Conley (right) giving an air-craft the "once over."

# "Food For Thought"



We are not trying to create a run on it, but judging from LAC Ramsey's work, the hospital has its points.

## PADRE'S CORNER



HON F/L J. P. A. BRAZEAU

### First Impressions

People say that life is what you make it. The same could be applied to an R.C.A.F. Station. When a posting comes in for an officer or airman or an airwoman the first question that is asked is "What is the Station like?"

This R.C.A.F. Station at \_\_\_\_\_ has practically the same set-up as all other stations in Canada and Newfoundland. The Commanding Officer, the Staff Officers and all other personnel live here and carry on their duties as if they were all members of one big family. Indeed, the first thing that impresses a newcomer on this station is the spirit of co-operation and enthusiasm that exists among the officers and men alike.

On arriving at this station I was given a warm welcome by the Commanding Officer, the Senior Administrative Officer, the Adjutant, the Personnel in general. Of course it always takes some time to find your bearings and to adapt yourself to your new home. But now I can frankly say this is a swell Station. There is plenty of work to be done, and I have noticed that everyone goes at it with willingness and good cheer. Apart from that the Station has a splendid recreational centre where the boys and girls can relax and rest after their day's work.

Of course one has to provide for the dreary days which are bound to come. For one reason or other they do come. So, let us be prepared. Past experience has taught us that we must keep our grit.

Sitting down and whining never helps. Come what may, let us hang on, cling on, push on, work on. The best way to reach our goal is to keep up our courage. Men give up too easily. If we make a little error let us not be dismayed. The kind of man we need is the man of ready wit and of lasting courage.

H. F/LT. BRAZEAU.

### Between Pegs

As press time rolls near, this reporter finds it difficult to pen a few lines in reply to our our editor's urgent request for the column from "the house by the end of the road."

An interesting sight was viewed by this columnist as he lined up in the Mess Hall a month ago when the last issue came off the press and he saw the many personnel slowly follow in line around the Hall while scanning the latest edition. It is on occasions such as these that we fully realize the interest taken in our station paper and here and now we suggest that all the personnel take a bow for the Editor and his staff who make our paper possible. (We also take a bow for the compilation Editor).

May we at this time join with all personnel to pause for a moment in silent tribute to those four gallant young gentlemen who gave their all that we and ours may carry on. As we sat among the personnel and marched with the attending party we are sure that each one of us made a silent promise to put our shoulders to the wheel and really dig in that victory and peace may soon be with us all.

Has any one seen the bus lately? It would seem from this writer's point of view that the service from the city to the station is sometimes badly neglected. We fully appreciate the difficulties experienced by the bus company in regards to drivers and repairs, but yet we also believe that some definite schedule could be arranged in order that personnel would not be left standing in the city at midnight waiting for a bus that eventually does not show up. Surely the personnel of this station are sufficient asset to any community to warrant a steady bus service to and from the station. Possibly the powers that be could do a little investigating in

### Hot Off The Wires

Well to get things started we wish to welcome to our section our new SSO F/L Mann. We hope you will enjoy your stay here with us. Also our welcoming committee want you to meet our new Wogs: Cpl. Leslie LAC Towers, Cunningham, Henderson, Logan, Auld, Houghton Ferguson, and Jenkins: TT Operator LAC Alsop and Telephone Operators LAC Takefman and Asselin. Congratulations to Sgt. Dunlop Booth and Johnson on their recent marriages. The best of luck to you.

One of our newest arrivals has been keeping our PBX operators pretty busy calling a certain local number. Money is not everything, is it Towers.

The best of luck is extended to the following on their recent postings: Colford, Hanna, LAC Rogers, Leblond, Petroski, Soles, Ferguson, and Saunders. They are all doing pretty well from the latest reports.

A certain Cpl. has taken a great liking to Burgers, lately. They are the very best kind, so he says.

What is going to happen to the other WD's in our section? Watch out boys, we know these chocolates are pretty good but remember it is for life.

Why does F/Sgt. Ganong seem to think that one of our LAC's is just plain dumb when he asked him about W.D. summer uniforms. Really Mac you should know they have to wear them too. Congratulations to F/Sgt. Merrill, STG Dunlop MacDonald and Cpl. Richardson on their recent promotions.

As long as there are a few WOGS left in this world song writers will never run short of ideas for the popular songs people are singing. Here are a few already inspired by

the above respect.—it would really be appreciated.

Does anyone know the Security Guard Corporal who went on the blind date with a W.D.? Who would think he was interested in parachutes? Take a jeep next time, Krug!

Anyone interested in opening a joint bank account kindly apply to F/Sgt. Little for full particulars.

Any personnel interested in getting their laundry done kindly inquire from Corporal Heaphy. No doubt he will direct you to Gertie's. Or will he?

See you next month. Maybe!

A. C. M.

our famous section:

I Want to Go Home—Walker.  
I'm Gettin' Tired So I Can Sleep—Burton.  
Gotta Get Some Shu' Eye—Margetts.  
Margie—Stoik.  
I Want a Zoot Suit—Scott.  
As Time Goes By—Leslie.  
Oh How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning—Adams.  
Move It Over—Weeks.  
Anniversary Waltz—Dunlop.  
Sleepy Time Pal—Smith.  
What Say Let's Be Buddies—Grant.

At last Walker has found what he has been looking for for the past three or four months. Yes it's that thing some people get: A posting to Canada. Best of luck WTW and think of us when you say your prayers.

—JAM/HAM.

### Ten Commandments

1. Thou shalt salute each and every officer thou meetest, bearing in mind their commission from His Majesty, the King.

2. Thou shalt refrain from putting thy hands in thy pockets. Yea, verily even if they freeze, for thy pockets are merely for adornment and not to be used.

3. Thou shalt not shoot the innocent game of crap, especially where thou shalt be found out.

4. Thou shalt not stay out all night on a walking out pass, for it causeth much consternation at the Main Gate of St. Peter.

5. Thou shalt shine thy buttons at least once a week, and thy shoes when the mud gets over one inch thick.

6. Thou shalt refrain from using foul language in the presence of W.D.'s lest they in turn slay thee with a new and unexpected phrase.

7. Thou shalt not dunk of the wine when it is red, thereby causing thyself to lie in the gutter and get thy uniform dirty.

8. Thou shalt become familiar with D.R.O.'s, S.S.O.'s, A.F.A.O.'s, A.F.R.O.'s, but do not allow thy familiarity to breed contempt for they have much power over thy daily life.

9. Thou shall not raise any rows when in St. John's, lest the natives thereof shall take up arms against thee.

10. Thou shalt not ask for a posting to Canada oftener than once a week, lest the powers that be take thee seriously.

## Sergeants' Corner



F/S LaFontaine

Here's a handsome character known to one and all, our own Flight LaFontaine. His ambition is to see a gossip column in the paper. A gossip column with juicy bits from all the sections. In his section to section travels the Flight has come across many weird and wonderful doings. Well, you know the Flights motto "Share the wealth and the gossip."



Sgt. Mackenzie

The next exercise will be done from this position says Sgt. Pay-Parade Mackenzie. The other day he was heard moaning, low, there isn't enough space given to sports activities, Mac wants more support and enthusiasm for the swimming pool. Get behind it fellows and help yourself to fun and health.



Tufts I.L. Sgt.

Here that pill rollin person dropped mortar and pestle long enough to give out with this gem. As a periodical reminder, Tuffy dreams of viewing the following lines in the paper. Dear Boys when you depart this Little Eden please oh please bring back, bring back, Oh. Bring back my bottles to me, and don't forget the corks.

## A Job Well Done

This morning I had just looked at the clock (added thirty and took away seven) and crawled back under the covers for another hour, saying to Terry—"It's good to be able to sleep in like this on the four to twelve shift—but I wish I wasn't so hungry."

"You're just kidding," Terry replied.

Just then, our door, the sacred door of the shiftworkers room silently opened. A W.D. Sgt. entered. Crept stealthily down the corridor. We were so pleased with this consideration of our desire for quiet—we smiled—sweetly.

That was where we made our mistake!!! As was, and is, and evermore shall be, our dear little wavy-haired Sgt. had a job to be done. Honestly, she has the darndest way of "joe-ing" you for a job. One minute you are thinking, "Oh no—not this little tomato." The next minute you've just said, "I'd love to." Whatever it is, she uses—it always works. So carry on, Sgt. Cooper.

This time it was the dire need for material for Wings for twelve o'clock to-day!

"Aw, c'mon, it won't take a minute. You can lie in bed any day." A feeble "OK".

"Thanks a million old girl." And so, she was on her way after another victim. But F.G.H. was asleep—at least, that is what sound effects led her to believe.

"Tell her I was up, will you" Tip, tip-toe and out.

"Has she gone" This from F. G. H. who was at this point sitting bolt upright in her little upper bunk. Sleep, far from her eyes.

We howled with laughter. "Well, at least there is one clever girl in our midst," said I, reaching into my locker for pencil and paper.

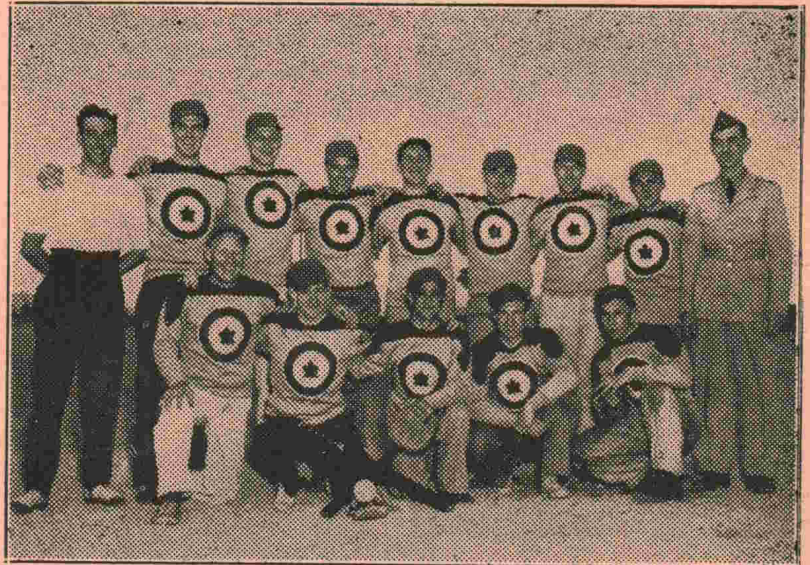
"What will I write about?" "Food." This from Baird who never wastes words—and is always on the beam.

"It won't take a minute. Sgt. Cooper said it wouldn't. Ha! That was Terry again.

Food. Hmm. That is a sort of hard subject to get at. As we well know, when we wait in those queues that slowly and affectionately curl their way around the mess hall.

"Is it worth waiting for" It certainly is. No matter what hour of the day or night you enter the mess—with or without a meal-

## Station Softball Team



Front Row: (L. to R.)—LAC Blondeau, P.O. Brown, Cpl. Vallee, LAC McKrow, LAC Slobodian.  
Back Row: (L. to R.)—Sgt. Burton, P/O Weir, LAC Miller, Sgt. Therien, LAC Barry, Cpl. Fox, Sgt. Wright, LAC McKinnon, F.O. McMaster.

## Speaking of Sports

Since our last edition we have had the misfortune of losing our Sports Officer, F/O McMaster, who has been posted to another station as an Intelligence Officer. F/O McMaster will be missed by all sports-minded personnel on this station, and on their behalf and also of the sports staff that had the pleasure of working with him this reporter takes this opportunity to wish him the best of luck on his new station and in his new work.

To replace F/O McMaster, F/O A. A. Stark has just come to the station as P.T.I. and Drill Officer. We wish to welcome him to this station, and we hope that his stay here will be a pleasant one.

The Station softball team has been doing very well for itself, and

chit, and a hungry glint in your eyes—the folks in the mess are always ready to meet your requirements. The food is tops, too!! By the way if you're on your toes, you may get a second of dessert.

Truly, we do appreciate the work of the folks in the mess from Flight Bickerstaffe to those smiling lads that dry the silver.

Oh, and orchids to Miss DeMings who is doing a super job all over the station.

All in all, a difficult job, well done.

A.H.M. (5x5).

by the look of things at present they should come out on top of the league. Out of nine games that they have played they have won eight and lost only one. On strength of their showing to date we are putting their picture in this edition of "Wings Overseas." They had better win the group, or else!!

The hardball team deserves just as much credit. They have played five games, winning four of these and losing only one. Evidently we grow good ball players on this station.

Owing to conditions over which we have no control, we have been having a little trouble finishing the Inter Section Softball League. By the end of the month, however, we hope that we shall be able to crown the Champs.

Some very good news! The bowling alleys are near completion and by the beginning of September we should be able to start the Inter-Sectional Bowling League. It is hoped to have 26 teams in the league and that each section will be able to field full teams so that the schedule will not be marred by defaults.

The W.D.'s Bowling League will consist of five W.D.'s to a team, and we hope to have at least eight teams.

Hope to have a more abundant supply of sports news for you next month, and especially a note on the Track Team. Better hike out now and do some P.T.

## Wireless Briefs

We haven't been heard from for several issues, but don't get the idea that nothing has been going on up here in the OPS building. The fact is that we have been so busy that we haven't been able to get around to talking about ourselves. And boy that's being busy.

Ever since I took the big plunge I have been so busy coping with the transportation system and sprinting for trucks and busses that I don't get in much extra time in camp but that story that there are men in the section who have never seen me is a lie that I shall track to its source.

Flying Officer Saunders has formed a "Track and Field Club" among the WMS who pace aircraft down the runway in the cold light of dawn. I have it on good authority that he is not doing this with the view to having men run alongside the aircraft landings and hold up the trailing aeriels the WAGS forget to wind in. He is interested in getting a few WOGS and such to join in the marathon. So are you men or are you mice. You too can be like a greyhound come on and try it.

Cunningham and Logan have been reading the Charles Atlas ads and go in for weight lifting. Recently they took Johnny "goodness" Admas down for a work out but Johnny claims he will stick to closing windows and holding on to his record of the most horizontal hours of any man on the station.

Henry (Pip-Pip) Stoik takes long walks but we do not believe that they are entirely for exercise. Hiya Günsel. We hear that Martin is in there pitching too, but has come to the conclusion that shaving is a dangerous occupation. We understand that he outdid Shylock and got three pounds of flesh off his face the other night in a bout with the razor.

"Pops" Walker is on his way to a posting in Calgary. He has long been our most industrious agitator—for or agin anything.

We have heard from a few of the boys who finally got their dream postings back that "happy land away." From their reports the new stations don't come up to in many ways.

It is much more pleasant looking through the wicket into OPS these days and we don't mean that they have painted the furniture either.

## Choir Notes

Although the choir has been organized for quite some time, up to now we have not had anything concerning it in our station paper.

The choir was first started last September under the able leadership of Sgt. Barnum. We functioned fairly successfully during the winter and were invited to several places in town. (To strut our stuff).

Let's get this straight first off, however. We not only do choir work, but have done some Glee Club work also. In this club we have three solists, namely: Law Andrews, Cpl. Herd, LAC McGonagle. At present we number (at practice) about fifteen but we are hoping soon to have at least forty members. At present our leader is F/O Harle who took over very successfully when Sgt. Barnum was transferred to town. F/O Harle has given us some good ideas concerning the boosting of the Glee Club. So how about recruiting a drive for more choir members. Let's see at least forty out to our next practice. Remember—every Wednesday evening at 1830 hrs., choir practice in the Recreation Hall. How about seeing some of you there next week. So long for now. See you in the next issue.

LAC McMAHON.

## Hospitals Whispers

Though Cubby, 5 x 5, and the Captain were all out on leave since our last edition, the Captain was the one to return with an engagement ring. Congratulations—Stan and Mildred !!!

Many farewells have been said in this past month. First of all to F/O Jameison—Good luck Dr. Jimmie—it was a pleasure to work with you. L.A.C. Ramsay has flown our coop, for a bigger one at Trenton.

L.A.W. Barnett was posted too. Lucky girl—to Montreal. Good luck Kae, we miss you.

S.M.O. Campbell is off to Canada a-gettin' hisself some farther edyucation. Don't forget to come back, that's all.

Hope you like TT here girls.

That seems to be all my poor old tired brain can dream up at the moment so so long for this issue.

—SGT. DUNLOP.

## Station Pilot Awarded D.F.C.

Continued from page 2

ship. All tensed at their posts as the pilot slapped wide open the throttles and went roaring in a dive to the attack. Cameras were checked and guns made ready.

Dead ahead on the surface knifing through the heavy seas at about 12 knots, the black-painted hull of the U-boat slid through the swills. Plainly visible were her conning tower and deck gun; fifty feet of her deck was awash. Still she came on.

"Don't the fools see us or are they going to fight it out with us on the surface, to try and knock us out of the sky with their heavy gun," Colborne asked.

"Just a few seconds more," the pilot was whispering over and over again, half to himself half out loud. "God give us time" were our thoughts as in a screaming dive we raced in on our prey.

### THE KILL

"Then he saw us. But too late he started his crash-dive," the pilot revealed. They were over him then and "I pressed the button," F/L Corborne said. The depth charges dropped and the plane bucked upward with the sudden weight leaving her.

Banking sharply to port to go in for pictures of the kill, Duncan and Irving were shooting from every angle with their big cameras.

"She's going down, she's going down," Colborne hooted as the conning tower of the big submarine wallowed in the swirling waters. Mountainous geysers of water foamingly white and blue, shot skyward. The spot where the charges hit, boiled and foamed.

"Bubbles, look at them," FO Irving was shouting. And sure enough there they were, air bubbles, glorious air bubbles coming up from the depths of those swirling waters.

Everyone was shouting and yelling, crazy with laughter and joy. Gone were the memories of all those long hours of fruitless search for the enemy, of the hardships and of the fatigues and the weariness. "This one moment was worth waiting for. A long watch but oh the reward," echoed the sentiments of the entire crew.

Before the oil and the debris spread over the surface, they knew the battle had been won. They had struck and they had killed.

"Air bubbles from the deep were the important evidence we had been looking for," the officer explained. "And we were not disappointed," Colborne added, explaining they could come from only two places.

"In making his crash-dive the submarine commander had to empty his ballast tanks of air and take on water. That left but one other place for the air and that from the inside of the U-boat itself."

For an hour they hovered over the vicinity. Satisfied at last they headed for home where the news of the attack had been radioed. They were bringing the evidence and a celebration was in order.

Thus ended a patrol similar to any of the hundreds of attacks made by the bombers of the Eastern Air Command as they range the Atlantic seaboard. With the months the attacks and sinking of U-boats increase and with them grows the prestige of the Royal Canadian Air Force fostered by airmen such as F/L "Freddie" Charles Colborne, D.F.C., and his valiant crew.



Flt.-Lieut. Colbourn, D.F.C., on duty.

R.C.A.F. Photo

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KNOW YOUR COMMITTEES. USE THIS COLUMN AS YOUR DIRECTORY.

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

Sept. 2—SHADOW OF A DOUBT. Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten.

Sept. 5—SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES (Technicolor). Betty Grable, John Payne.

Sept. 7—THE LADY IS WILLING. Marlene Dietrich, Fred McMurray.

Sept. 9—ICELAND. Sonje Henie, John Payne.

Sept. 12—SILVER SKATES. Kenny Baker, Pat Morison, Belita.

Sept. 14—REAP THE WILD WIND (Technicolour). Ray Milland, Paulette Goddard.

Sept. 16—THE WAR AGAINST MRS. HADLEY. Fay Bainter, Edward Arnold.

Sept. 19—NOW, VOYAGER. Bette Davis, Paul Henreid.

Sqpt. 21—THE PALM BEACH STORY. Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea.

Sept. 23—CASA BLANCA. Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergmen.

Sept. 26—THE IMMORTAL SERGEANT. Henry Fonda, Maureen O'Hara.

## Bars and Stripes

### Promoted

F/O Smith J. to F/L.

P/O Wishart H.A. to F/O; P/O Anderson L.H. to F/O; P/O Love G. to F/O; P/O O'Neil H.D. to F/O; P/O Macquire E.S. to F/O; P/O Hall J.M. to F/O.

### To Commissioned Rank

WO2 Spence C.E.; WO2 Ross C.E.; WO2 Cohen R.M.; F/Sgt Paul M.W.; F/Sgt Etherington H.E.; WO1 Fulton W.A.; WO2 Hazlett C.C.

### To WO2

F/Sgt Hunt L.A.; F/Sgt Duncan R.; F/Sgt Skutelnek G.E.; F/Sgt Davis J.P.; F/Sgt Wylie C.E.; F/Sgt Edwards E.E.; F/Sgt Hall J.N.; F/Sgt Williams E.F.; F/Sgt MacGillivray N.E.; F/Sgt Conley; F/Sgt Smith S.W.; F/Sgt Gallatly D.; F/Sgt Wegg D.J.; F/Sgt Henry W.

### To Flight Sergeant

Sgt MacLeod R.J.; Sgt Elliott R. W.; Sgt Musgreave E.C.; Sgt Kohute W.; Sgt LeClair J.G.; Sgt. Robin A.C.; Sgt Burwood S.J.; Sgt McLeod N.E.; Sgt Nev-in J.H.; Sgt Dwirnychuk W.; Sgt. Diver V.J.; Sgt. Pauze J.J.M.; Sgt MacCallum F.A.

### To Sergeant

Cpl Earl H.D.; Cpt Wilton A.J.; Cpl Fairhurst J.H.; Cpl Harvey J.C.; Cpl MacLennan C.E.; Cpl Halbert W.H.A.; Cpl Weekes J. A.; Cpl Odney V.O.; Cpl. Burnditt J.B.; Cpl. Hunter E.; Cpl Burton E.G.; Cpl LeGard A.N.; Cpl Hardy B.M.; Cpl. Boilard J. P.; Cpl Terrio N.J.

### To Corporal

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Sept. 28—TAKE A LETTER DARLING. Rosalind Russel, Fred McMurray.

Sept. 30—EDGE OF DARKNESS. Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan.

Seaman E.J.; LAW Hartling, D. M.S.; LAW Jilks J.I.D.

### Matched

Sgt Booth P.D. (WD) to Robert Charles Hayes

LAW Oake C.A. (WD) to S.W.L. LeMoine

LAC Dolman J. to Miss Freda Fleishman

F/Sgt Duncan R. to Miss Isabel Wright

Cpl. Kline A. to Miss Marjorie E. Gavel

LAC Freeland D.K. to Miss Helen N. Hutt

F/O French J.A. to Miss Viola L. Hardwick

Cpl Fountain T. to Miss Adele P. Gallagher

### Hatched

To AC- and Mrs. B. L. Stewart, a daughter

To F/O and Mrs. R. H. Harle, a daughter

To Cpl and Mrs. G. B. Kerr, a son

To LAC and Mrs. A. L. Lillies, a daughter

To AC1 and Mrs. A. J. Abercrombie, a son

### Not Understood

"Sometimes," said the mistress, "it will be necessary for you to help the butler upstairs."

"I understand, madam," replied the new maid, "when he's had one too many."

### Knows Now

A bishop was accosted in a railway carriage by a reveller, who said:

"You think you know everything, but I'll tell you two things you don't know."

"Very likely," said the bishop, "What are they?"

I'm your cook's husband and I'm wearing your shirt."

## "WINGS OVERSEAS"

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

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