



# TRACK TEAM WINS LAURELS

**Two-Man Track Team of This Station Wins Laurels in Recent Track and Field Sports at Bell Island, Moncton and Halifax.**

The two-man track team consisting of Sergt. Burton and LAC Waram, represented this station in a track and field meet at Bell Island on the 18th August. They competed against the Canadian Navy, Canadian Army and American Army ending up in a tie with the Navy for third place with 19 points. Sergt. Burton took first place in high, broad and hop-step and jump and 2nd place in the pole vault. Considering that the other teams had from fifteen to twenty members the showing of the lads from our station was considered remarkable.

### They Go To Moncton

On the merits of the showing of these two men, it was decided to enter them in the Track and Field Meet at No. 31 Personnel Depot, Moncton. This meet was sponsored by Eastern Air Command. The winners of this meet were to participate in the Inter-Service Meet at Halifax on September 6th.

Entries at the Moncton Meet were from nearly all stations in Eastern Air Command. Sergt. Burton and LAC Waram, our two-man track team, were entered in the following events: high, broad, hop-step and jump, pole vault, 100 and 220 yard dashes.



SGT. BURTON



LAC WARAM

### Sergt. Burton Breaks E. A. C. Record

Sergt. Burton won the pole vault and the broad jump and placed third in the high and hop-step and jump. He also broke the E. A. C. record for the pole vault by a foot. LAC Waram placed 2nd in his heat for the 220 but was a close fourth in the final. LAC Waram was also entered in the 100 yard dash, but

due to transportation delays he was unable to arrive in time for this event. We feel that had he run he would have come out with a win, as his time for this event is better than the time made by the winner.

Quoting from the Moncton transcript: "Most scintillating star of the meet was a Montrealer, Sergt. Burton. He was half of a two-man team and personally made all twelve points his team gathered."

### The Meet at Halifax

On September 6th, Sergt. Burton and LAC Waram entered the Inter-Service meet held at Halifax. Sergt. Burton placed first in the broad and hop-step and jump, and third in the high jump. LAC Waram placed third in the 100 yard dash and was on the relay team that placed second.

(Continued on page 2)

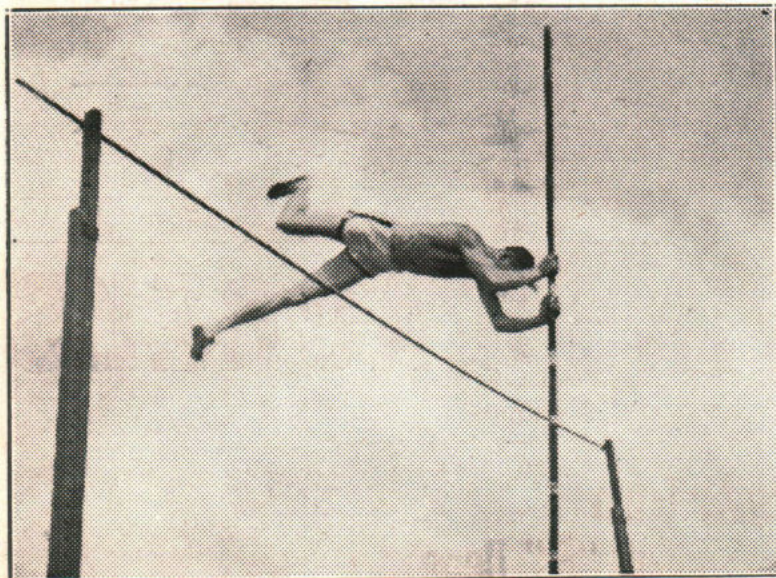
## Track Team

(Continued from page 1)

In this meet Sergt. Burton broke two records—the records for the broad jump and the hop-step and jump. In the hop-step and jump he also broke the E.A.C. record which he had set the day before.

Sergt. Burton and LAC Waram returned with some very handsome

prizes which were well worth the trip not only from their own point of view, but also for the station, which was put on the map in the realm of sports, in a big way, and when we stoop to consider our limited facilities for training personnel in track and field events, the showing made by our two-man track team, Sergt. Burton and LAC Waram, was something of which this station might well be proud.



SGT. BURTON IN ACTION

## Work and Play

We all know that work is work, and play is play. We have always maintained that you cannot mix these and be good at either. It remained however for two of our officers, one S/L and one F/L (accompanied rather unwillingly by a F/Sgt.) to prove beyond a doubt that we were wrong.

Had anyone been watching (as we were) the area around No. — hangar the other day, he would have witnessed a sight that would have amazed and shocked him, and without a doubt made him envious also. For there, on the taxi strip, behold were our three heroes, the F/L sitting in a kiddie's cart (the red flyer) with a Gibson girl between his knees. (Now don't look shocked, the G. G. is an it and not a she). Towing the wagon, rather reluctantly we must admit, was our illustrious F/Sgt. Bringing up the rear and obviously enjoying himself immensely was our popular S/L. Back and forth they went, adjusting this and that, hotly debating this point and that with due seriousness, until they finally declared themselves fully satisfied (much to the relief of the F/Sgt who won-

dered anxiously how many of his brother NCO's had seen him.

What were these three doing? What great project required such energy, such persistence, such brain (not to mention braid)? Give in? Well, here it is folks, they were simply flying a kite. That's right, just flying a kite!

Edmonton, Alta.,

Sept. 17, 1943.

The Editor, Wings Overseas  
C.A.P.O No. 5.

This is just a word of thanks for sending me Wings Overseas. It is certainly a pleasure to keep in touch with the boys at the "Bay". There are several fellows here who served at — and are now back in Canada. Cpl. Featherstonhaugh of the Admt. Section is here at No. 2 A.O.S. Lac. Florence, D. P., formerly of the Accts. Section is stationed at No. 3 "M" Depot, while Lac. Stewart, J. G. who was in the Photo Section is stationed at No. 4, I.T.S. F/O McGuire, formerly the adjutant, is at No. 2 A.O.S. on a navigator's course.

In closing I would like to say "hello" to my friends who are still on the station.

Thanking you,

Lac. C. U. TENNANT.

## We Bid Adieu To



S/L M. F. BADGLEY

On the 5th of June, 1896, in the city of Montreal, this Station's former Admin Officer, S/L M. F. Badgley first saw the light of day. He received his early education in that city graduating from the Montreal High School in 1914. With the outbreak of war, S/L Badgley joined the forces. He served with the 66th Battery C.F.A. and the 1st Battalion Canadian Tank Corps, returning to Canada in May, 1919. (It is interesting to note that S/L Badgley's two brothers served in the last war and like S/L Badgley himself are on active service again in this one).

In between wars S/L Badgley has been active in financial circles and in sports of all kinds. He enlisted in the R.C.A.F. October 25th, 1939, whilst Adjutant of the Veteran's Guard in Montreal, to which he had been called by the Canadian Legion at the outbreak of war. Upon receipt of his commission as Flying Officer June 5th, 1940, he went to Trenton for the Administrative Course and from there direct to Camp Borden where he remained prior to posting to this station in July 1942.

Since coming to this station S/L Badgley, or "Badge" as he is called by his friends, has shown the same keen interest in sports which in civilian life led him to organize, coach and manage several successful teams. A great believer in "Esprit de Corps" and high morale, S/L Badgley has, in close association with the Commanding Officer made untiring efforts to obtain the necessary facilities which go such a long way in building that morale to a high standard. As a result

we feel that this station has made great strides towards becoming the number one station in this Command.

During S/L Badgley's stay with us as Senior Admin Officer, an up-to-date set of movie equipment has been installed; our bowling alleys, a picture of which you will find elsewhere in this paper have been completed, our sport's palace—the drill hall with its appliances for all types of recreation, has been opened; the recreation hall has been re-decorated; the W.D.'s canteen opened and the airmen's mess renovated.

If we were to ask S/L Badgley how we could best show our appreciation for his efforts on behalf of the Station, he would tell us that we could best show it by keeping these places of recreation in the best of condition at all times so that all personnel on the Station might enjoy a pleasant environment for a long time to come.

Squadron Leader Badgley will be a great loss to this Station. We wish him good luck, and at some not too distant date, we hope that he will drop in for at least a "look over" again. Best of luck, Badge and au revoir.

## Hangar Shorts

Oh to be in Senior N.C.O. in Repair Squadron Hangar. Especially when the Hooter sounds at 10 and 3 o'clock, then you see all the boys who do the bossing stroll up the stairs of right lean-to of the Hangar. There they discuss how to keep them flying, for the day. Of course, that is just secondary to their main purpose of heading in that particular direction. I'll let you in a secret, tea and biscuits is a marvellous way of passing the "Smoke Period."

Why is it that a certain F/S in the P.V.'s Squadron always has a uniform looking like a "Cork Screw"?

Can it be he is trying to set an example to the men under him or his special social activities?

Sergeant Charles Auty the hard working N.C.O. i/c of the Log Book Room has finally gone on leave. Here's wishing him a pleasant holiday and to take it easy on Yonge St.

Repair Hangar has lost on posting two of the best liked N.C.O.'s Maintenance have had in some time in F/S Flaherty and F/S Peden. Both will be hard to replace.

# Featuring The Gremlin Sqdrn.



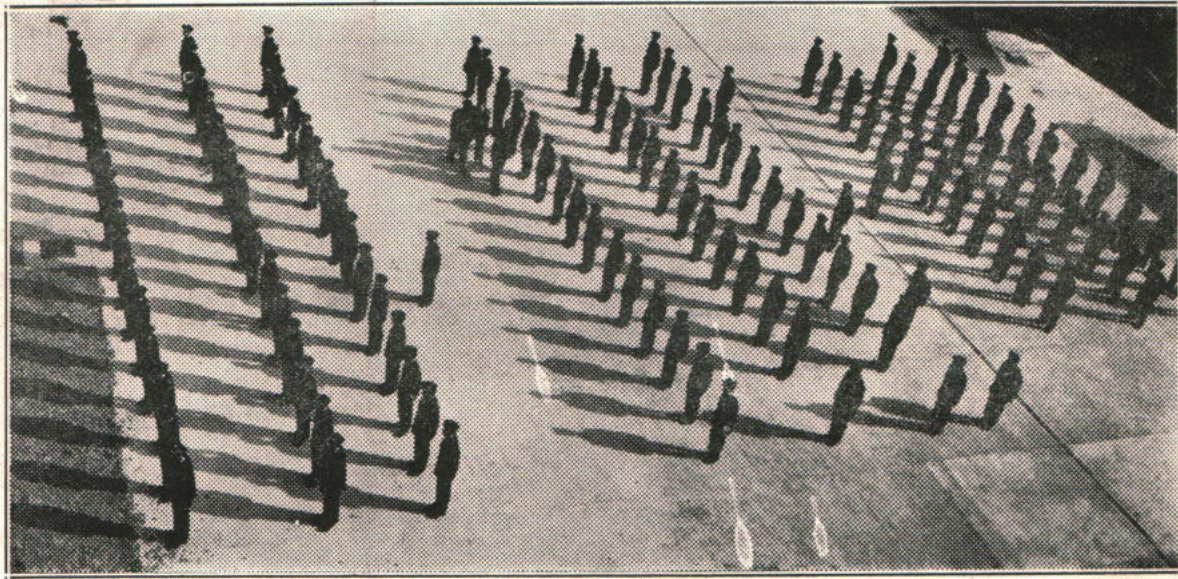
S/L R. J. LEE, Officer Commanding

Another month, another "Wings" and this reporter is pleased to note a busy four weeks in the Squadron. The highlight of the month was the Gremlins GALA DAY,—a day that won't soon be forgotten. Activities began at 0900 hrs., when everyone made his appearance in No. 1 Blues, buttons shined, boots and shoes polished, and an air of smartness about his person. The Squadron fell in on the tarmac, were inspected by the Squadron Commander, and moved to the right in column of route, led by S/L Lee. A piper, complete with kilt, sporrans and bagpipes was in appearance and lent a distinct atmosphere to the parade.

After making the rounds of the station and showing all personnel what the Gremlins could do, the parade proceeded through the main gate and down the road. There they broke off for a breather and a smoke, were formed up again and retraced their steps to the station where the parade was dismissed on the drill square.

Festivities were resumed again at 1300 hrs., when the Squadron fell in again on the drill square. To this reporter's knowledge, no such parade has ever taken place before. Much credit is due LAC Machin, LAC McPherson, Law Chow, LAC Southall and to F/Sgt. Lecompte for his able direction of the Stretcher Party.

The piper of the morning's parade was also present and made many commendable efforts to lead the parade on to glory, but his music went unheard due to the



GREMLIN SQUADRON

boisterous singing in the rear. The parade proceeded through mud and thicket to Soldier's Pond and was dismissed in an efficient, though somewhat unorthodox fashion. Light refreshments were served at this time to rouse the spirits of the weary marchers.

The sports programme for the day began with "tug of wars" Tiny McPherson proceeded to pull every section across the line and to chalk up victory after victory for Maintenance, until the WAGS tied their end of the rope to a tree.

By a series of eliminations it was found that F/O Gib Love was the best "piggy-back" fighter in the squadron, and F/O Bob Moore the worst.

The Squadron adjourned to the shores of Soldier Pond to witness a race between a flying boat and F/L Bixel's punt. The punt won by default and sank from over loading. In the interests of secrecy, the gallant crew members of the punt can not be mentioned but five of the members are now proudly displaying the most derogatory order of the irremovable fungus (Ref Tee Emmins) and the Adjutant of the squadron is still sneezing (F/O Kennedy, to those who don't know).

A new record was reached in the manly sport of eating, when F/O Maguire consumed four pies in thirty seconds flat. He then proceeded to guarantee his niche in the hall of fame by coming first in the race for the "bread line."

## Quips From Sub "E." Depot

Just a word from the new section of the station. This is our first opportunity of getting recognition in the Station's official publication, "Wings Overseas."

We are rather proud of our accomplishments and progress this past few months. Everyone has "pitched in" lifting crates, shovelling gravel, Security Guard (14 hr. stretches) and numerous other so-called "Joe" jobs without moaning. The spirit of the depot as a whole is really amazing, but wonderful.

Cpl. Reeves, Cpl. McAuley and L.A.C. Stickley often are heard wishing they were back in the local city. On asking them why? The answers are as follows: McAuley, "A certain W.D." Stickley, "The

Supper was enjoyed amidst riotous laughter and singing, and the activities were concluded with a game of baseball. The Squadron returned to the Station by Motor Transport (luckily) but on return, the "Stretcher Party" again had to come to the fore..

So ended a great day for "THE GREMLINS." More Squadron activities are in the process of planning. Arrangements are already near the to brighten the long winter months. Stage of completion for a "GREMLIN" dance, that promises to be an outstanding event.

food," and Reeves, "Just on general principles."

L.A.C.'s Beattie and Smith, our veterans, are waiting for the word "Go." It must be a wonderful feeling.

L.A.C. Whitby is keeping everyone informed regarding entertainment, etc., on the Station.

"Junior" was told by sweeping the floor he could release an airman to lift heavy crates. His slogan: "He serves that men may fly."

How does Marg. do it? One night it's a Dental Clerk; next it's an A.G. and then it's a Major. Uses a lot of match sticks in the early morning though, around the 8, 9.30 period. You see what I mean (??)

Why was it that the boys from Sub "E" had to get their invitations to the formal dance from the girls up above. Could it be that they see too much of our own girls during working hours?

The Camp Alexander crowd really enjoyed themselves at F/S Bouchers. One of the boys was heard to remark, "Is a 10, Jack, Queen, King and an Ace worth anything?" Oh, brother!

Sgt. Goldstein really puts it over with his "Supply Control Goldstein Here".

F/S Elliott is our despatcher, receiver and Canteen steward (double "AA" group with prices to match.)

Although our Security Guard is very efficient don't be surprised to be halted with "What's Cookin' Chum" instead of the usual "Halt who goes there!"

## Newfoundland To An Airman

A land of rocks and stunted pine  
And villages, and flakes  
Where codfish dry.  
A land of lonely rugged miles  
And boats, and ponds  
Where gannets cry.  
A land where independence shouts  
Defiance to the new,  
And yet where genial smiles re-  
flect  
A welcome thought to you.

Strange to the pilot from afar  
And all his crew  
Why fly this way.  
Strange to the soldier marching  
here  
And standing guard  
Along the bay.  
Strange, until the enquiring mind  
Probes its wealth  
And finds the folks so ready here  
To drink his health.

Dark from the muffled light  
Of wartime rules  
Just for to-night.  
Dark from the slinking threat  
Of warlike fish  
Within its sight.  
Dark, but a silvery wave shines  
through  
Beneath each cloud  
And victory marches in each long-  
ing heart  
Each heart so proud.

## Hot News and Candid Views

O.C. of Invoices, Lac Lester: "Is everything kopo-set—copath—kopo-setic?" (Did you ever see a member of the fourth estate who could spell?)

Moe: "Step right up here 'n' say that."

Accts. daily harvest fine crops of corn. Too bad they can't sell it.

Cpl. Farquarson wondered how expensive it would be to phone Ottawa. Lac "Sunny—because he's so bright." — Edmonton, answered "It'll be \$3.94"—and as an after-thought—"Of course that's only when you're phoning from Arn-prior."

A young woman goes upstairs at seven-forty-five to dress for the evening. She weigh one hundred and ten pounds. State the wait of the young man who called for her.

## An Open Prayer

Dear God, as my tired eyes close  
in sleep,  
In Thy hands I place my soul to  
keep,  
Night has fallen and another day  
ended,  
A day, not peaceful, as t'was in-  
tended.

All freemen are now fighting with  
a will,  
With weapons and their utmost  
skill,  
Against madmen, who seek the  
world to entwine,  
To supplant their will, instead of  
thine.

Thou created an earth far and  
wide,  
That men in peace, may live side  
by side,  
But They have engulfed the world  
in strife,  
That seeks to obliterate all human  
life.

As the flood Thou caused to flow  
one day,  
So now, a great surge is sweeping  
the wanton ones away,  
That after the dark interlude we  
might,  
Emerge into a peaceful world that  
is pure and bright.

L.A.C. GIBSON P.

## To The Foxes

Here's to the gallant Flying Foxes  
Gone to the land of bogs and  
rockses,  
Far from the comforts of civiliza-  
tion  
The abundance of rum is their sole  
consolation.

Departed, alas, from the shores of  
Cape Breton  
And leaving a host of Glace Bay  
Gals a-settin'  
With time on their hands and their  
hearts filled with woe,  
'Cause Ulmer and Fowler have both  
had to go.

While Richard the Rowley and  
Mabel the goat—  
Their loss brings a lump to the  
editor's throat—  
Sit sadly together and long for the  
day

When the Squadron heads home-  
ward down Cottage Road Way.

—From Sydney Patrol.

## Matin (a story)

Azure pastel wisps fringed in  
sherbet pink beautifully suggested  
another dawn. An overstuffed  
robin—probably conscious that his  
red breast rivalled the sky in tone  
—trilled his singular greeting to  
the new day but cocked his head  
in silence at the drone far over-  
head of a single aircraft which in  
the yellow light gleamed like a  
golden glow-worm and slowly  
blended into the sky.

The pilot was very young. He  
had never quite become used to  
the delusion of grandeur that  
flying above the clouds can develop.  
As he looked down now at the  
carpet of down, he wondered if he  
would ever see real action in the  
War that had so disrupted his life.  
He thought of home as he always  
did when he was alone up there.  
He lived for the day when he could  
return to those familiar scenes  
that he had never really appreciated  
until now. It would be al-  
most boring up there if he didn't  
have so much to think about. And  
he thought now of that girl who  
meant so much more to him now  
that he could miss her.

He was lost in romantic remin-  
iscence when things began to hap-  
pen. A sputter—a cough—choking  
sounds from the engine sent shock-  
ing chills up his spine. His every  
flying talent and instinct flew past  
his frantic mind in a panic of re-  
trospect as he tried one thing then  
another to no avail. Then the  
sputtering ceased leaving nothing  
but the whine of the wind. Nothing  
to do—no field near here—just

wooded country and farther on—  
the sea. This was IT then!

Nothing he could do! Nothing  
but pray. And praying was far  
from his strong point. The only  
prayer he really knew was the  
Lord's Prayer! Perhaps it would  
calm him to say it as the aircraft,  
deprived of its initiative of motion  
began to settle and lose altitude  
at an alarming rate.

OUR FATHER . . . Why do we  
so rarely pray except in direct  
need . . . WHICH ART IN HEAV-  
. . . no more billows of fluffy  
whiteness below me now  
HALLOWED BE THY NAME  
I am much calmer now—not afraid  
of what must come—perhaps re-  
signed . . . THY KINGDOM COME,  
THY WILL BE DONE . . . a more  
sympathetic attitude towards Thy  
Will and my mind would be easier  
now . . . ON EARTH AS IT IS IN  
HEAVEN . . . If I could live again  
could I not have made my life more  
full. But that sullen green rush-  
ing up was tree tops—no time now  
to speculate.

Even the incredible hearing of  
the overstuffed robin behind  
did not catch the thunderous crash  
in the morning stillness. But that  
is nto surprising for his anxious  
eye had noticed that the sun was  
climbing in the sky. And after all  
he had a family to feed.—R.B.D.

Kell: "We sent Junior to his  
uncle in the country because we  
were afraid of bombing."

Mell: "But I see he is home  
again."

Kell: "Yes. Uncle telegraphed:  
'Returning Junior, send bombs.'"

## The Armourers

And if our hands be scarred and burned,  
The safer, we, for all we've learned;  
The calmer, we, to see it through,  
The armourer's jobs are never new.  
We know we're "Joes", but don't blame us  
If sometimes we make such a fuss.  
Don't think us lazy, bored or dumb,  
For, lugging bombs is not much fun:  
Not after days of work at it,  
When, too your health begins to slip,  
With weighted breast, and aching arm,  
We work to keep the Axis warm.  
Oh, it's as sure as it is sad,  
We may be hard, but not that bad.  
And what's a "Joe", to dare explore  
The "Big Boss" for a stripe or more?  
Though we be tried and we be bold,  
And swearing death should be so cold,  
We'll run the path that others went . . .  
For Armourers, are not different.

LAC PITRE.

# The W. D.'s Page



SGT. COOPER

"Coop" has up and left us. Packed up, bag and baggage, just like that. Things won't be the same around here without the gal who thought up so many things for us to do (both fun and Joe jobs) but we'll struggle along as best we can.

It was somewhat of a surprise to find myself pitchforked into "Coop's" job on the Station Paper. The burning question is: Can I fill her shoes? (She wears 7½'s; I wear 4's). That leaves a little space to fill up, so I've got my work cut out for me. Bear with me, children, and I'll do the best I can.

All joking aside, Sgt. Cooper will really be missed by the W.D.'s (and by a few assorted sergeants as well) and we most sincerely wish her the best of luck in her new venture. Congrats to her too in becoming an Officer Cadet.

CUBBY.

Do right, and fear no man.  
Don't write, and fear no woman.

The impulse that leads people to commit suicide is not incomprehensible to yours truly. It happened when F/O Edwards had the W.D.'s goggle-eyed, practically hysterical with fanatical glee, drooling with anticipation—about NYLONS in town. That is—until he remembered they were \$9 a pair. Is that a build up to an awful let down? Well, is it ever!

## "Ride Bye"

You get a pass to stay out late  
And then you go down to the gate  
And there you stand and hope and wait.

Forever.

At last a motor comes along  
And suddenly its sturdy song  
It stops. You leap and then hang on.

Eureka!

You ride along that lovely road  
O'er which two pounds is overload  
And upside-down is quite the mode.  
It's bumpy.

The city finally hoves in sight  
You madly screech in sheer delight:

"We're here! Oh, brother, what a night!"

You've had it.

The blackout hid the fact that there  
Was never much to do in there  
And now the lights are on, you'll swear

There's less.

You put away a trencher's meal  
For which you must pay a great deal!

And when you're through you're  
sure to feel

Stuffed.

You sit around and burp and moan  
Until it's time to start for home.  
Down to the Cross you slowly roam.

And wait.

"Airport," you cry at passing cars,  
They sneer at all these "Men from Mars"

And hurriedly go, by leaps and jars.

Without you.

You start to walk along the way.  
It's four good miles, and that ain't hay.

The dust puts quite a coat of grey  
On you.

Your thumb has grown quite limp  
by now

(Too dark to see it, anyhow)

So bravely on and on you plow

And cuss.

Suddenly, quite heaven-sent,

There comes a car that's Airport bent.

It stops, and in you crawl, all spent  
And tired.

## Dog's Day

While sauntering from the mess with a satisfied feeling about the midriff and an expectant air in our walk (train mail is in), an amusing scene caught our eye. Have you ever seen the front doormat of No. 27 Barrack-block. Well, two famous pups, Blackie and Chug-a-lug Muck Luck, discovered it on Sunday at noon. These young lads were having a grand time wrestling with it. Chuggie sat on the mat while Blackie almost pulled his front teeth out, trying to drag it along the ground, until Blackie stopped for a breather and noticed he had a passenger.

We passed this little scene with a large grin wreathing our face and proceeded on to the peace and quiet of the W.D. barracks. Peace perfect peace, descended on us and we snoozed in our usual Sunday style. Time passed, and we came to life again. Bent on some now forgotten errand, we visited an adjoining room, and there saw a sight that will linger long with us. There on one of the beds, well wrapped in a blanket and slightly damp from his shower, smelling to high heaven of Lifebuoy soap and Apple Blossom cologne, and with a mauve ribbon around his neck—was Chuggie. Chuggie, the Husky dog—lying in the lap of luxury and loving it. The sight was too much for us, and we departed hastily.

Things are now back in their normal proportions. We saw Chuggie again yesterday thickly covered with mud, as usual. He didn't smell quite as nice as on Sunday but he certainly looked a little more like a Husky.

A.H.M.

You blink and there in front of you  
The hangar lights are full in view.  
The guard says "And so, you're home, too,

And late!"

Yes, bye, we're home and here we'll stay

Until we find an easier way.

You have to work too hard to play  
In town.

CUBBY.



NURSING SISTER MACLEAN

This business of people leaving amounts to practically an epidemic. Herewith is one of the latest victims, who has left our tender, loving care for the hardships of Toronto. Let us hope that success attends her every effort and that she will beware of the Bay Street wolves.

## On The Beam

FORMAL FETE

Airforce blue, Royal Canadian Navy and American Army uniforms blended with bouffant net, crisp taffeta and smooth satin gowns when the W.D.'s were hostesses during the formal in their clubhouse Wednesday Sept. 1st.

The American Orchestra arranged tantalizing tunes that set the tempo for a gala evening of swinging and swaying, jiving and fag cutting.

An hilarious intermission was spent when the boys designed paper chapeaux—that Milady definitely would not be wearing this season—which the girls modeled; the winner receiving a war savings stamp corsage and her partner—a boutainnere.

Caterers for the sumptuous buffet supper at midnight were F/Sgt. Bickerstaff and his "staff."

A genuine "Thank you, Sir," is extended to our Commanding Officer, Group Captain Grandy, without whose kind permission the formal could not have been held.

H.C.

# Featuring The Sections

## Fox Hole Gossips

### ARMAMENT SECTION

Who's Who in the Armament Section . . .

Following are the pass words whereby you can identify the various tenants of the Foxhole.

"You know what?....  
 "That's the pay-off....  
 "Isn't that the....  
 "Any mail, any mail?....  
 "Up the blast tube....  
 "It's hash time....How? Why?....  
 "O.K. Bye....  
 "Coming to town?....  
 "Hello there Kid....  
 "My shattered nerves ....  
 "Pretty darn grim....

We wonder how many Bunty cigars the Foxhole chief had to supply an anonymous writer with in repayment for a previous article praising the high efficiency of the Foxhole brood?....

Any aspirant aircrew dreaming of a quick and effective course in air gunnery in one easy lesson may apply at the Foxhole for same. Surprising results guaranteed.... For further reference please contact Cpl. Yates, fitter, the first honoured graduate from this streamlined school....

All personnel is hereby advised to be on the lookout for a species of gremlins especially assigned to the Foxes in the performance of their sabotage duties. These Foxolins have the knack of keeping the firing buttons depressed, to go AWOL with much needed tools, unscrew gun panels of A/C during flight and to tamper with the air bottles.

A squad of gremnoligists is actually investigating the disappearance of a shipment of coveralls incriminating the ill-doings of these lilluptian saboteurs.

It has been suggested by all the Joes concerned to train a flight of "Foxolins" specifically detailed for the cleaning of the hangar floor and airmen's room. It is said that certain N.C.O.'s are highly qualified for this matter.

The laundry bottle-neck at the Foxhole has been partly remedied with the opening of the Arky-Lee Laundry. The noble establishment holds its quarters in the shower room where the stone-age methods are in use. The prices are typically Newfie and no responsibility

## Hot Off The Wires

Well here we are again, although some of us are still hoping for a posting. Won't we ever learn. However it is time we got started on our monthly gossip so here goes.

F/Sgt. Ganong celebrated her birthday here. Which one? Sorry we don't know. You know how women are about those things. Anyway apparently even if there was a shortage of those delicious chocolates, we enjoyed the homemade cookies. Or were they? The toast, proposed by "As Time Goes By" Leslie went something like this. "When cupid shoots his arrow I hope he MRS You." Sorry it did not sound like that, but we hope it anyway.

Happy birthday to you Flight, even tho' we are a bit late.

Sgt. Jordeson has been spending all her spare time at the EOQ so rumour tell us. What's up Jordie. It couldn't be the beautiful high-ways you tell us about.

Johnny (Horizontal) Adams has been working mighty hard these days. His own expression explains everything. Really our Johnny must be extremely clean by now if the number of cold showers he has been taking lately is an indication.

Cpl. Leslie really got home sick for some of that gool old time music a few weeks ago, so he tippie-toed down to that little village—, you know, the one, where a drum and a mouth organ really beat out the time. What happened, Les??? Well

is shouldered by the owner for the bottle-neck shape of shirts following the hands-and-feet washing process.

"Love is blind", goes the common saying and we may add that love is also expensive. To corroborate this observation a certain joe armourer is said to have sent via air-mail a box of chocolates 60 cents worth and paid \$1.05 postage fees. May we assume that love is now indirectly proportional to the rationing of sugar? This lovelorn problem calls for a special column from Dorothy Dix unless a benevolent W.D. wishes to throw light into the matter. The common psychologist would thus end the argument: "Nuts!"...

The Chief is barging in, so in the Foxhole we scam....

THE FOXHOLE-MONGER.

better luck the next time and here's hoping they have more of that "SWISH SWISH" type for you in the future.

Our TT Cpl. has certainly had a blue look about him lately. It's not because he is freezing either. Boy, he sure misses his burgers. By the way, Scottie, what happened to that tractor operator???

Quite a number of our WOG's have remustered to Brush salesmen "Fuller maybe". Free demonstrations. Just ask them to remove their hats. On show three times daily at the mess hall.

The PBX has had quite a time trying to keep a mascot. Some how or other they just won't stay and they never have any lick. "Here to-day and gone to-morrow" seems to be the motto of old mascots.

At this time we would like to welcome AW1 McNamara to our section and also wish LAW Burgher the best of everything on her new station.

Why is Johnny "GOODNESS" Adams (what another alias) always singing "Will I never hold a Girl in my arms" Hardly appropriate in our opinion.

At last we have a laundry—in our barracks. Hope your business does not get out of hand PEPSI and BRETT.

It seems like we have stirred up enough trouble to keep us in hiding for another month. In the meantime we give warning to Sgt. MacNeil. Those snacks she has in her room may lead her into some complicated matter. It is not every-one who can get into that PX is it Johnny.

HAM/JAM

### Remain Ignorant

A Negress, after a disastrous experience with a husband, vowed that she would have no more truck with men. When, shortly afterwards, she turned up married, her mistress exclaimed: But, Lizzie, you haven't known this man very long!" "No, ma'am," she answered, "but I figured if I waited any longer I might fin' out sompin' 'bout him!'"

All Hail and Welcome to our new boys. We need some more nicknames now, e.g. J.F. (Hydrometer) Elko; C.H. (Chippendale) Hoogvelde; Short Circuit Smillie.

## Radio Section

Your columnist was particularly amused at someones' parting meanderings under the heading "Wings Overseas" in July issue. Alas, the friendly rivalry and difference of opinion that makes the world go round was lost on the shallow mind.

\* \* \*

The doleful decorum that Mic and Mac brought back with them from the Big City is dissipation, not disappointment.

\* \* \*

A certain New York taxi driver must think the roads here are paved with gold—What sap F.M.?

\* \* \*

Customer for Dorothy Dix: R.A.W. "Love's Labor Lost."

\* \* \*

A Jap invasion of New York would be a mild respite after Gruson and Kork complete their recent sojourn.

\* \* \*

C.T. will have to open new fields on his new station. More broken hearts in our local village.

\* \* \*

### A POEM LAMENT

Clouds of smoke arise  
 When the boys are on D.I.'s;  
 With many a gripe and grunt  
 Equipment they do shunt.  
 Oh glorious day potential,  
 When that Jenny so essential,  
 Functions on the note  
 Of that Chev now in repose.

\* \* \*

Several grinding concerts have been given recently with Reggie at the gear shift. I'm afraid our dilapidated chariot is ready to be put out to pasture.

\* \* \*

A new playground was opened in a prominent American city recently. They call it the Vanderbilt.

\* \* \*

The "Pugwash Kid" is back in action. He hardly had time to rest up after his prolonged vacation before he was off to the Big City.

\* \* \*

New York Gypsies are ambidextrous. J.D. knows one who can tell fortunes with one hand and perform sleight of hand tricks with the other.

—R.B.D.

# Featuring The Sections

## Off The Records

Here it is about a quarter to eight and I'm up already. I've got lots of time—fifteen whole minutes to get to work. I've missed my breakfast again—so what—who doesn't. It sure is a swell morning—nice enough to be stuck in an office all day. Are you coming to work Mr. Young? **George Young** works in Central Registry with the rest of the gentlemen. Here we are at work and on time too. What happened this morning? There's Cpl. "Vern" (come and get him girls but you can't have him) **Ford**, who is in charge of Central Registry. **Bill Greenwood**, **Pierre "Music Lover" Rainville** and **Maurice "Cigar" Flemming** are just coming in now. C. R. welcomes a new comer—**LAC Lawrence Pouliot**.—Too bad he's married girls.

Across from C.R. we have the Records Office which is a W.D. establishment—it seems. Corporal **"Marg" Ross** is the boss. It must be swell to come back and work at nights with your boy friend beside you all the time Marg. It's nice work if you can get it—I've tried. **Shirley Triggs** just got off a 48. She has't said "good morning" to anybody yet. Maybe it isn't such a good morning after all—to her. Did you know that **Olive Baldwin**—I should'n't be so catty, should I—anyway all the nice girls love a sailor—but who likes nice girls. The best way to find out if a W.D. is married is to get in good with these girls from Records and they will probably find out for you—but I don't think it matters anyway—do you?

Next to Records Office we have the Orderly Room. What's all the noise about anyway—buzzers typewriters, phones ringing, everybody talking at once—by the sound of it you would think it was a "working project". If you want to know anything about transportation "to and from" just ask **LAW "Danny" Danielson**. I don't see why she doesn't like her job. It must be very interesting to see people going off the station with a smile on their face. It would make me feel so happy—am I kidding?

Congratulations are on hand for **F/Sgt. "Jack" Lane** who just got his crown. Have you ever heard him raise his voice—just once. I

have'nt. He has more patience than anyone I know.

In this corner we have **LAC Dick "Blonde Bombshell" Lloyd**. I wonder what he would do if the W.D.'s didn't have a Canteen for the boys to wander in once in awhile—I said once in awhile—not every night.

Major **"Doug" Parker** just got to work. How was the party last night, Doug? Oh, you were'nt at a party. I'm sorry—but I heard . . . here I go again.

Corporal **Eva Seaman** just went on leave. It sure is mighty quiet around the Orderly Room now—anyway a little quieter.

We welcome to the Orderly Room **LAC "Nick" (Court of Inquiry) Strashok** and **LAC Fred (D.R.O.) Lawrence**. They are both swell eggs and the O. R. sure needed them. Who's this coming in with the nicest smile I've seen this morning—? Oh, yes—**LAW "Arva" Millar**. I sure wish she was my school teacher when I went to school. I would'n't have learnt very much—would I—and then again ????

My time flies—here it is about twelve o'clock and I haven't done a darn thing. WHO AM I?—oh—just one of the gang—ain't it a shame.

I wonder what the heck we are having for dinner. I'm sure hungry. I worked hard this morning—OH YEAH!

XLX.

## Wireless Briefs and Griefs

— Congratulations are extended the following of W/T Maintenance: **F/Sgt. Veale**—**Cpl. Jordan** (The little glow worm)—**Cpl. Shaw** (the Belle Isle Wolf) **Cpl. Chapman** (the man of the hour).

— We hear that a couple of signals personnel went for a hike one day—not satisfied with the roads and by paths—simulated Rabbits through bush—fences—lakes—and streams.

— Rabbits don't get lost though!

— Latest D.R.R.—**Tiny** wants to go aircrew on the Mars—S'pose there's room keed. By the way is the Parachute Section short of material since you got your new uniform . . . !!!!

— Is it true that a certain Cpl. ??? we know can talk Aleut????

— We welcome to our section **F/Sgt. Brennan** (Moose—Known near and far for his prowess in story telling).

— **F/Sgt. Hepple**—(Tom).

— **Cpl. Rosevear**—**Cpl. Martin** (Not related to the Martin Bomber but apt to develop into the Marauder Type at any moment).

— **L.A.C. Gibson** (six feet of silence . . . !!!!)

— We bid farewell and best o' luck to **F/Sgt. Prud'hon**—better known as **Barry**—A damn good egg gone "WEST"—He's posted to Mossbank where men are men, and **Barrie's** no less, We'll miss him as he's a regular guy!!! "Bon voyage et bonne chance," **Barrie!!!!**

— Have you heard the story about **Chaplain by Ripley**.

— If a Cpl. ??? we know could sell the lead he's been swinging in the hospital to the W.A.G.'s—He would save them considerable expense.

— There is a chap that seems to get twice as much sleep as anyone else on the station. — Much to the envy of all— You can divvy up on the secret "Joe"—Take a bow now "JOE" and tell us how you do it.

— Why do **Gawlicki** and **Smith** want to take their passes together ????

— Partners in crime?????

— **Ferguson** has gone west to Harvest — What's he harvesting, wild oats . . . !

— "MOES" socks look like spats . . . When is he going to get the ends put in.

— It's a Hep! . . . Hep! . . . **Hepple day** . . . Toodle oodle oodle ay . . .

— **Wes** finally decided to join the health through strength club.

— Was this voluntary **Wes**, and are the bones still creaking.

## Down The Shute

By **PARA SHUTE**

Way down the road on the corner of **Richetts Avenue** you'll find **Building No. 12**—better known to its inmates as the "Madhouse". Within its stately portals, slaving and sweating, are to be found workers from workshops, sparkers from the spark plug section and

dopers, and chuters from the fabric, dope and parachute section.

The latter is usually found to be the most interesting as its assets include six scintillating, vivacious, glammers W.D.'s. Take a bow, girls! Two of them are missing just now. They're home on leave, **AW1 Banks** and **AW1 Thomson**, and their smiling faces are missed by all. A new face has appeared among us, **Cpl. Macklin**. We say welcome. You are already considered one of the family.

I have been asked to insert the following advertisement here:

"Wanted:—Postings to Canada—new or used—Toronto or vicinity preferred. Anyone knowing the existence of same please notify the Parachute Section immediately. Your co-operation in this matter will be greatly appreciated."

Cigars were in order in the workshops the other week when **Sgt. Valley** became a very proud and happy father of a bouncing baby boy. Congrats! but where are the cigars?—the boys are still waiting.

Drinks are in order from our new Corporal too—**N. P. Parffitt**.

Congrats, to you **Slim**. There's still plenty of room on those long arms of yours for more stripes.

The lads down in the spark plug section are seldom heard from except by static on the radio. They're hard working boys and haven't time for idle chatter even with the W.D.'s. But we would like to see more of you, boys.

## Hot News and Candid Views

Money, money, money. Are you financially embarrassed? Do YOU need, \$5, \$10, \$25—Would you like a thousand? Umm—me too. "Hi-ho everybody" **Airforce Anne**, your News and Views correspondent broadcasting this month for Accounts.

It's "Welcome to the Boy, bye" for **F/Lt. Stacey**, newly arrived Senior Officer; and, also, to **F/O "Morgenthau"**—in charge of pay—Christie.

Au Revoir and happy landings to **Cpl. C. Barton** who has been posted to **Vulcan, Alta.**, in the golden west.



## PADRE'S CORNER

Someone of greater wisdom than mine has said that it is better to remain silent and be thought a fool than to open your mouth and remove all doubt of it, but with the Editor badgering me for notes for the corner allotted to the Padres I have no option but to open my mouth and take whatever risks there be.

Two services every Sunday. Do you get to them? Holy Communion at 0900 in the Station Chapel in Drill Hall. Only lasts half an hour and you can come in fatigues . . . but quite apart from that you should come for the health of your soul.

What we call the Parade is at 1100 Hrs. in the Recreation Hall. I am glad it isn't a parade and so are you. Quite a few come and I hope more will make the effort to keep up a good spiritual front. I have heard people say they don't feel worthy to come to church. If that's an excuse I will have to stay away myself next Sunday. I'm not worthy either but I go. The Church isn't a society for the Perfect.

Soon we will have a small chapel of our own. We have it now but I mean very soon it will be properly furnished and look like a House of Prayer.

The Choir carries on. Don't you sing? We do want more voices. Expect to do some Glee work too now that Autumn is here. Practice on Wednesdays in the Rec. Hall. Glad to see you.

Have just got new hymn books for the congregation or for as many as we usually have anyway. However don't stay away because you think there won't be enough books to go around if too many come. About seven hundred hymns to choose from now. Would be glad to hear if you have a favourite one. And don't forget to return the books after the service, they cost money.

A few people drop into to ask about matters of the faith . . . the whys and wherefores. Not enough though. Wish more would come. Have lots of New Testaments, Books of Devotion, Prayer Cards, etc. Can get you crosses, medals, pictures and other devotional aids if you will only let me know.

C. V. TOMKINS

## Baseball

The first play-off game was played at Fort Pepperell Sept. 10, 1943 against a strong American team. This aggregation is really packed with T.N.T. in both fielding and hitting. The final score ended 9 to 5 in favour of the Yanks.

Geraci and McClosky were the stars for the Yanks. Geraci with his timely hitting and superb fielding while McClosky with three hits including a homer. Jack Best and McKinnon kept the Flyers in the game with three and two hits each. Mills in centre field and O'Connor on the mound played steady ball. WO2 Pell who is on leave would have been quite an asset in the hitting line.

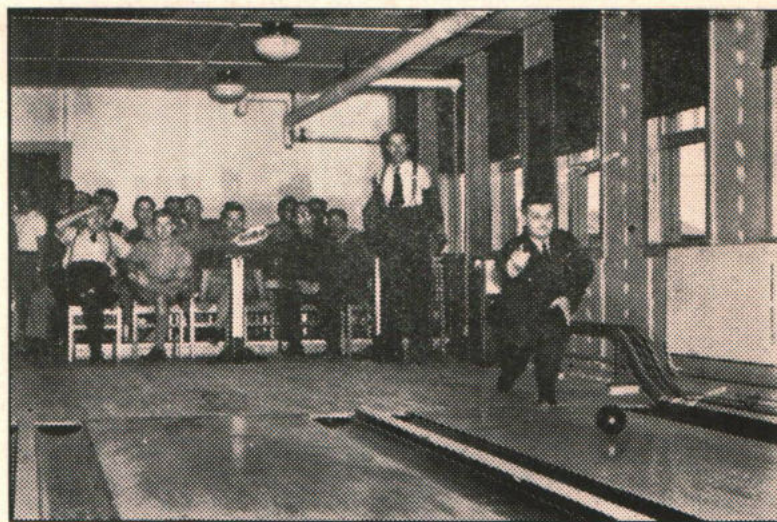
The second and last game was played on September 14, 1943 at the Americans home field. Very little has to be said about this game. The final score, Americans 12, Air Force 0. The Yanks had the strongest team out they could field taking no chance in losing. The airmen has an off day which proved fatal. Errors were far too numerous. O'Connor pitched good ball but with no support he could not keep the Yanks in check by himself. Fry on the mound for the Americans allowed 4 hits. Mills in centre field again played stand-out ball, making the most spectacular play of the day by catching a short fly ball on the run and whipping it over to second for a double play. Best played sound ball which included a leap in the air catching the ball in one hand. He also had one of the four hits and two walks.

In all fairness to the boys they were up against a stronger team, which had in their line-up several professional players. Besides they have been handicapped all season with no field to hold practices and numerous other obstacles.

The line-up for the Flyers:—

Blondeau, S.S.  
Mills, C.F.  
McLester, 2nd B.  
Best, 3rd B.  
Wilson, 1st B.  
McKrow, R.F.  
McKinnon, L.F.  
Banks, C.  
O'Connor, P.  
Fair, L.F.

According to a young "B" block blade, he has found that the freezing point is 32 degrees, and the squeezing point is two in the shade



WING COMMANDER EASTON, ROLLS FIRST BALL

## Bowling

On Monday evening Sept. 6th, our magnificent bowling alleys were officially opened by Wing Commander Easton who acted for the C.O. in bowling the first ball.

From the day the first nail was driven, until the alleys were officially proclaimed open, considerable interest was shown in the progress of the construction of the alleys, owing to the fact that everyone was particularly anxious to get going.

Now that everything is in full swing, the alleys are being used to full advantage every afternoon and evening. A thirty-six team inter-sectional league is now in operation, and these games are played every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings. Officer's and W.D.'s leagues are being formed, and their games will be played on Tuesday evenings. The alleys are open from 1.30 until 4.30 every afternoon and from 6.00 until 10.30 on Thursday, Friday and Sunday evenings, for open bowling.

How different it will be this year operating the bowling league under these favourable conditions, as compared to those under which we had to work last year. Those that were on the station last year, will recall how on many miserable nights, they had to take that long bumpy, wet, cold ride into town to bowl at the Caribou Hut alleys. The truck, as you will recall, left the Mess Hall at six o'clock with all the teams aboard (those that didn't default) and made its hazardous way to town, to return only when all the games were bowled, which was usually some time after eleven o'clock. However, disagreeable and

all as the excursions to town were, the league was a success and a great deal of interest was shown throughout the season as to who would come out on the top of the league. Maintenance No. 2 Team under F/S Flaherty were the winners of last year's league. Whose team will be in the first position to receive the station trophy this year? Time will tell!—Right now, it doesn't look as if the Drill Hall Team will have their name on it, that's a cinch!

Just one last word about the care of our alleys. As you are all aware, it took a considerable amount of money to install the alleys, hence it is up to us all to take as good care of them as we possibly can. We mean by that, that you don't go on the alleys with shoes in any condition that will score the floor like some have already done. Also recognize the foul line, and don't slide a foot or so down the alley before delivering the ball. Roll the ball from as close to the foul line as possible, not throw it half way down the alley. Don't bowl when there is "dead wood" on the alleys. If these hints are accepted for what they are worth, we should have no difficulty in keeping your alleys in perfect condition. --BOB LOW.

## WANDERING ANDERING

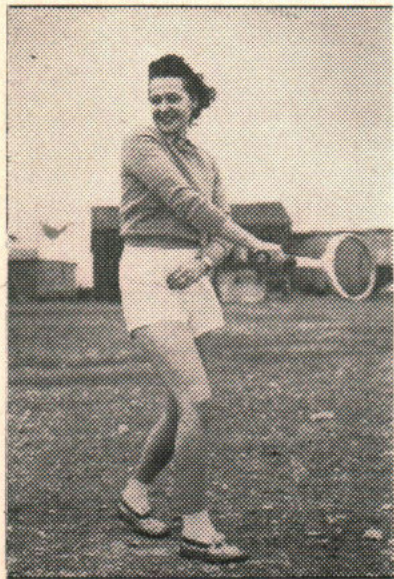
Wonder who said: "She's food at figures." And the Cpl. who answered, "Good . . . umm . . . figuratively speaking she's perfect."

Wonder who said: "She's good at bonenar—ah yes—the piano's have such nice legs."

"Deadline" is here, so this is Anne of the Airforce saying—"If you're broke cum up n see me sumtime. I am too.

## Featuring Station Personalities

By LAW HARMONY CARDINELL



TOPS IN TENNIS

Junior Tennis Champion of Vancouver, British Columbia, is Airwoman Bernice "Bonnie" McLean of the Headquarters Accounts Staff here.

Five foot two—eyes of blue. — "Bonnie's" avidity for this racquet that always has been flung around in the courts, rocketed her to the envious position of "CHAMP" just prior to her enlistment last year in the Women's Division of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

"Tennis is my favourite sport," she declares as her enthusiasm knows no bounds when one rallies a conversation on "Sports." "It was fascinating when one watched the game, but more than anything, I wanted to play."

"Bonnie" admits she used to spend hours eyeing the players and wishing she could be on the court, too. Wishing alone doesn't accomplish much, so with that determination so typical of this wee Scottish lassie, "Bonnie" picked up a racquet, served a ball—and headed for the top.

Her candour and zeal soon set her in the limelight as little by little she surpassed her opponents.

Only a year later—a strenuous year of smashing, lobbing short, playing net and serving sizzlers—"Bonnie" acknowledged the congratulations of her fans when she won her title: Junior Tennis Champion of Vancouver.

Then "Bonnie" went for the "Doubles." Muriel Birch—sports reporter with the Vancouver Daily

Province—was "Bonnie's" partner when they won the finals against Marjorie Garrett and June Lake.—the latter two also Vancouverites.

Mixed doubles saw her sharing honours with Don Peck—a champion also—from Seattle.

With the hard fought victory and the excitement she became aware that tournament tennis was too hard on her heart. She, however, defended her title, and retained her championship, and still plays a hard, vigorous game. She's an all round athlete and moreover—speaking off the record—a distinct acquisition to our station dances.

Climax of her playing since being in the Air Force and while stationed this spring at No. 1 Y Depot, Halifax, was the winning of the mixed doubles with Sgt. B. Fraser.

"Bonnie" has toured Vancouver Island; the West Coast and south as far as Seattle, Washington, District of Columbia. She has played on every court in Vancouver—her favourites being Jericho—the ones under the evergreens at Stanley Park—and naturally, the home court.

Although tennis IS her favourite sport, "Bonnie" definitely looks good, bowling; definitely looks good playing basketball—in fact, DEFINITELY LOOKS GOOD.

## Commando Training

(Continued from page 8)

to perform considerable feats of endurance. They need to be so for the men they join are harder. One troop in training once marched a fighting order 63 miles in 23 hours and 10 minutes, covering the first 33 miles in eight hours. Another in field service order carrying five days supply of all they needed marched 130 miles in five days, covering the first 42 of these in 19 hours. Such marches are the rule not the exception.

When not engaged in active operations Commandos continue their training. They live for the most part in billets and receive no extra pay. In the maintenance of discipline, petty punishments are as far as possible avoided. The man who commits too many small crimes suffers the full penalty. He leaves the Commandos. To judge from some letters written by men who have so left and who have asked in vain for a second chance, this is a hard service and second chances are not given.

F/O A. A. STARK.

## Patter 'n Chatter

There was a practice blackout here—not saying when—and while scrambling round in the dark; grovelling in mud puddles and stepping on people's physiognomies (Well, step on my face and call me "Flattie") these points flashed through your roving reporter's chaotic mind.

1. Take advantage of opportunities offered you when sirens sound—for example:

If in the canteen—grab some chocolates.

If in the bar—grab a bottle.

2. Start gossiping to your best friend about her bunk partner; until you find it is her bunk partner you're talking with. Moral therefore is "Button your lip or you're likely to slip—from being tapped on the jaw by said bunk partner.

3. Start telling ghost stories so everyone gets hysterical and you have the moronic pleasure of dousing them with a bucket of water—as it says in First Aid Manual.

4. Drink heavily, eat onions, hamburger cheese and all sorts of stuff before entering a crowded room. This will make you unpopular with the crowd in your immediate vicinity eliminating unnecessary discomfort that would be more prevalent if people crowded too close.

Overheard during blackout: "Would 10 of you girls like to come with me " Of a sudden a mob scene which would thrill even Cecil B. DeMille as 20 of the fair sex swarmed up to him with tiny voices: "May I hold your hand, Sgt. Tufts?"

"Um—wonder if there'll be more blackouts soon. I WISH . . ." Could have been Cpl. Bill Collis—could have been.

For Only Translators of the Lancashire Dialect—After sitting on a hard bench all night in an air-raid station a little Lancashire lad stretched wearily and turning to his mother said, "BY GOOM, MOOM, MY BOOM-IS NOOM!"

"I used to be a chiropodist," explained a deep masculine voice.

"A what?" came light fluffy feminine tones.

A Chiropodist—a hand and foot doctor."

"Well, Doc, my knee is NOT my foot, so kindly remove your hand or I'll slosh you across the chops" . . .

THEN THE "ALL CLEAR" SOUNDED . . . DARNITALL.

—H. C.

## Busy Bee of Sub E.

Adjutant, serene and sweet,  
May we throw flowers at your feet?

Across the floors you busily flit,  
Never do you stop to sit.  
Can you tell us why you're always busy?

Personally, we think the pace is dizzy.

When the O.C. deigns to call,  
Over your feet you always fall.  
When the phone begins to ring,  
Your hand is there to grab the thing.

Problems arise, and people bawl,  
But you're there to help us all.  
EL. BOW.

## Dear Johnny

You asked me to write  
Now what will it be  
I can't write a thing  
It's censored you see.

Can't mention the weather  
Whether raining or shine  
About all I can say is  
That I'm feeling fine.

Can't say if we're drafted  
Can't say where we'll go  
One reason for that is  
We usually don't know.

Can't take any snaps  
Within miles of the shore  
There's really not much  
We can do anymore.

Can't keep a diary  
About what we do  
Just hello and good-bye  
If I telephone you.

If we tell any secrets  
We're sure in a spot  
We're CB'D for two weeks  
If per chance we're caught.

I've nothing to write  
In my letters no more  
So please don't blame me  
Put your blame on the war.

Please write and remember  
In spite of the wars  
Write all that you know  
Cause they don't censor yours.

In answer to her advertisement for a cook, the housewife received only one reply.

"I suppose I needn't bother asking for references, John?" she asked, discussing the matter with her husband.

"No, my dear," said John; "just ask her to submit samples."

## Notes About The Foxes Library

'Twas on a Monday when it happened. Amidst the clouds of nicotine fumes and hot sprays of steam pouring forth from the lads, diligently did I observe our own dear, dear Sgt. Norris gasping and groping his way into our smoke room.

Trouble, or some more "Joe Jobs," I thought. But, strange as it may seem, I was soon to find out differently. Or was I?

In a fashion which has always been a trait of his character, an inimitable behaviour of all disciples, polite and meek, does he request—quote: "Listen you guys, I want one who has some semblance of wit and who can write!" Impossible isn't it!

Here and there:—

Congratulations are in the offing to: WO2 Dack and Cpl. Zinck who recently decided to take that daring step and as a result are members of that somewhat cherished institution of marriage. Good luck and happy landings.

Congrats to Messrs. Johnston, our engineering officer on his promotion to Flying Officer, Mayson to Pilot Officer, Saunders to WO2 and Cloutier to F/Sgt.

### Barrack Block 6 on Parade

Incessantly does our own LAC (Meatball) Meadwell repeat "No, No. Never shall I see her again." Yet does he faithfully return as did the prodigal son. Could it be that she turns up his collar so well? And, by the way, it looks like LAC's Meadwell and Luque are doing the sister act!

Sgt. "Irregardless" Wiederhold is expecting to go to Canada, we hear from authoritative circles. A big party is being planned by his crew to celebrate—"irregardless."

LAC (I love me) Kimenius, our squadron glamour boy (he thinks) is soon leaving (he hopes) for Canada to take up aircrew duties. Good luck, Benny. (He actually went.—Ed.)

AC1 Hubert Kolke is wishing he was a navigator so he could breeze into operations more often. What about it Coke?

Dear LAC O'K Emile Guay—if you have to go travelling and see what St. John's has to offer young men in uniform; we can not see why you insist on resorting to doing the Rounds at the Big Hotel. Especially as it is simply up and down and vice versa on the elevat-

Just wondering if we should show our face in this issue. But, after thinking it over don't see why not for it certainly isn't our fault that our doors have been closed and locked for the past while, apparently this is just one of these times when duty calls.

Since our last issue a Hospital Library has been opened and about fifty books placed there for the use of the patients. In the main Library quite a few new books have been added. Very good ones, too, even if we do say so ourselves. Right now we are members of three Book Clubs, and these have started coming in already.

Last month (August) we had a turnover of over two thousand one hundred books, which is not too bad considering that we have only around sixteen hundred books in the Library. We also have quite a number of pocket edition books and back copies of the Reader's Digest, plus a fair number of Technical books. Some of the more recent editions to the Library are the following: Combined Operations, Dress Rehearsal, Malta Spitfire, Thunderbird, Klondike Mike, Assignment in Brittany and many others. So when we open again in earnest lets see YOU among some of the first down here.

LAC McMAHON.

or. Could it be that beautiful blonde operator? If so and we don't doubt it, do leave her name at the office on the left as you go out.

Along the Rue de Rumour we heard that one of our AC's, namely Pretty Boy Thomas, will soon be a father. In interviewing this upright young gentleman we were clarified upon a very delicate situation. We understand that if it turns out to be a boy, his name will be "Booby"—but if a girl, and we earnestly hope it will be a girl, since that will offer one opportunity whereby our squadron can be carried forth to posterity, her name will be Mabel.

That's all now for the hounds are chasing us.

Waiter—"Tea or coffee?"

Customer—"Coffee—without cream."

Waiter—"You'll have to take it without milk—we have no cream!"

## A Plea From W. S. and P. S.

If you have any work to do,  
Fixing up old and making new,  
Then Building 12 is where you'll go.

If there's something you want to get,  
That you haven't found anywhere yet,  
You'll find it in Building 12 I know.

If you've work that keeps a plane on the ground,  
Then Building 12 is where you'll be bound;  
Whether we're to weld it, sew it, or glue it,  
You can be sure we're the guys who can do it.

So if you have some work to be done,  
Fixing anything from curtain to gun,  
Building 12 is the place for you.

But there's just one thing I'd like to say,  
Some advice, before you start on your way.  
One thing we would ask you to do,  
Please! Oh please! Bring a Work Order with you.

AW1 GLEED.

## Tail Wind

The north wind shall blow  
Bringing plenty of snow  
(And the east, and the west and the south)  
We don't mind a gale  
When it blows from the "tail"  
But resent one that blows in one's mouth.

In our parkas so warm  
We shall keep safe from harm  
And prepared for the worst that arrives.

Right or left or in front  
Through snowdrifts we bunt  
Into places that no one dare drives.

Oh, we're hardy and snappy  
And slightly slap-happy  
As we battle our way in the weather.

Of course, one can get lost  
As we found at great cost,  
So it's safer if we stick together.

But it downright amazes,  
In fact, really fazes  
Us when rarely we get a fine day.  
We are worn out from carrying  
The clothes that are burying  
Us. In fact we are too tired to play.

CUBBY.

Casey: Can anyone tell me what an icicle is?

Voice from rear: "It's a drip caught in the draft."

## 80c Return



## WINGS OVERSEAS STAFF

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Oct. 3—The Forest Rangers—Fred McMurray & Paulette Goddard (Technicolour).

Oct. 5—Revellie with Beverly—Ann Miller Crosby Orchestra and Duke Ellington Band.

Oct. 7—Yankee Doodle Dandy—James Cagney & Joan Leslie.

Oct. 10—Geo. Washington Slept Here—Jack Benny & Ann Sheridan.

Oct. 12—Something to Shout About—Don Ameche & Janet Blain.

Oct. 14—The Hard Way—Ida Lupino & Dennis Morgan.

Oct. 17—The Amazing Mrs. Holliday—Deanna Durbin & Arthur Treacher.

Oct. 19—The Moon is Down—Sir Cedric Hardwicke & Dorothy Bowden.

Oct. 21—Thunder Birds—Gene Tierney & John Sutton. (Technicolour).

Oct. 24—Hello, Frisco, Hello—Alice Faye & Jack Oakie. (Technicolour).

Oct. 26—The Desperadoes—Randolph Scott & Evelyn Keyes. (Technicolour).

Oct. 28—The Black Swan—Tyrone Power & Maureen O'Hara. (Technicolour).

Oct. 31—Orchestra Wives—Ann Rutherford & Geo. Montgomery, Glenn Miller Orchestra.

## Bars and Stripes

16th AUGUST—16th SEPTEMBER  
PROMOTED

F/Lt. Viau, J. M., to S/L.

P/O Maguire, J. G., to F/O.

P/O Murray, J., to F/O.

P/O Johnston, J. S., to F/O.

### TO COMMISSIONED RANK

WO2 Washburn, D.; WO2 Gelately, D. G.; WO2 Herod, H. R.; WO1 Dembinsky, F. D.; WO2 Mayson, G. L.

### TO OFFICER CADETS

Sgt. Cooper, M. F. (W.D.); Sgt. Walker, H. G.

### TO WARRANT OFFICER FIRST CLASS

WO2 Hay, W. B.

### TO WARRANT OFFICER SECOND CLASS

F/Sgt. Currie, T. H.; F/Sgt. Ross, G. G.; F/Sgt. Saunders, L. C.; F/Sgt. Astrop, V. R.; F/Sgt. Purdie, J. D.; F/Sgt. Ward, W. H.; F/Sgt. Campbell, G. L.; F/Sgt. McMichael, A.; F/Sgt. Kaye, G. T.; F/Sgt. Dunlop, B. M.; F/Sgt. Kennedy, C. J.

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### TO LEADING AIRCRAFTSMAN

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### POSTED TO AIRCREW TRAINING

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### HATCHED

To Cpl. and Mrs. W. N. M. Peden, a daughter.

To WO2 and Mrs. G. H. Ineson, a daughter.

To F/Sgt and Mrs. R. S. Smith, a son.

To LAC and Mrs. V. E. Reeder, a son.

### MATCHED

P/O Ledingham, W. M., to Miss Edith Rundle Tait.

Cpl. C. M. Zinck to Miss Audrey Louise Publicover.

F/Sgt F. Nicolls to Miss Cynthia Pearl Fortesque.

LAC D. H. S. Robb to Miss Evelyn Bonn.

P/O J. L. Templeton to Miss Gladys Jessie Baxter.

Cpl M. G. Towns (W.D.), to Mr. Stanley Henry Carter.

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