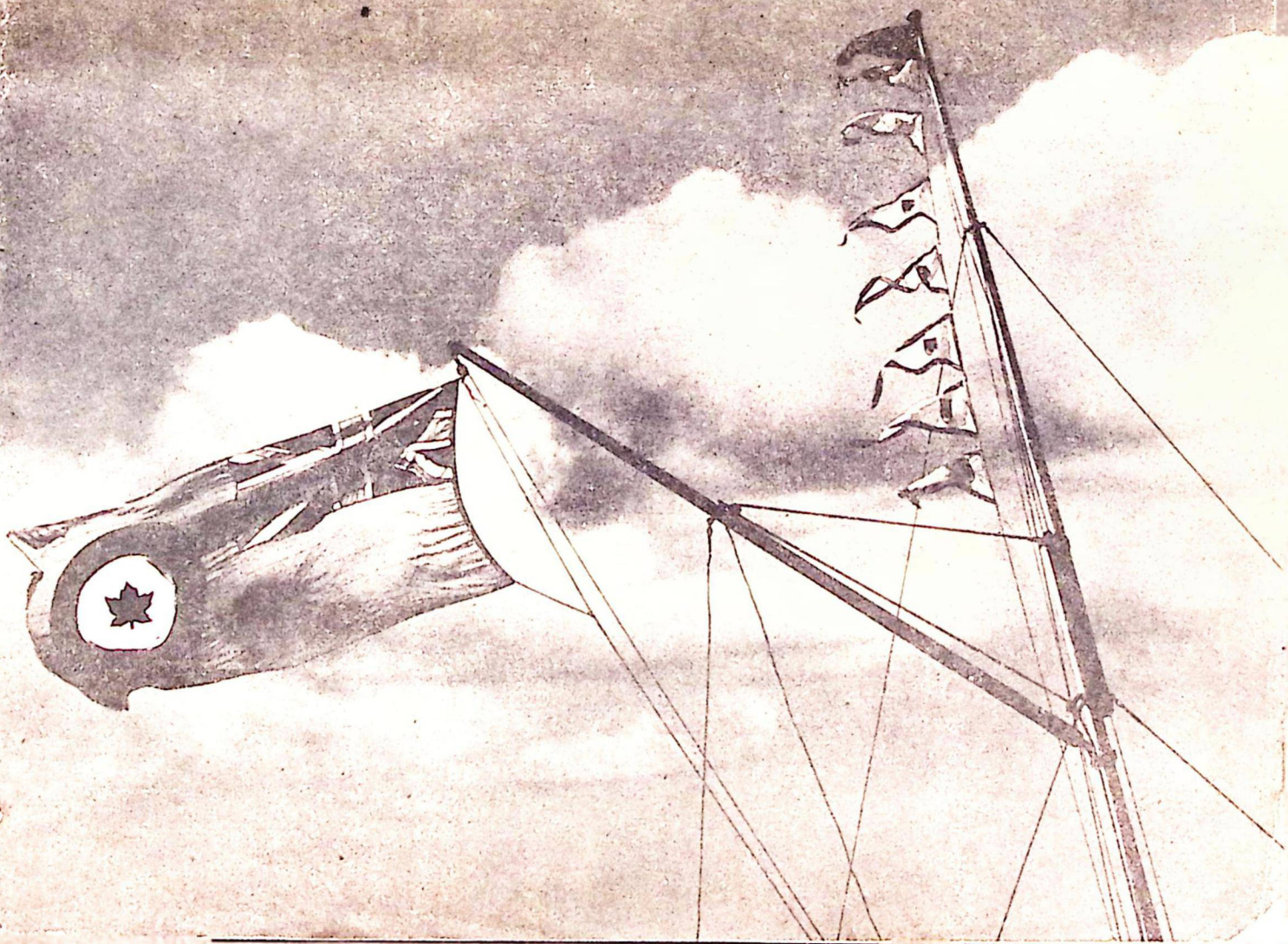


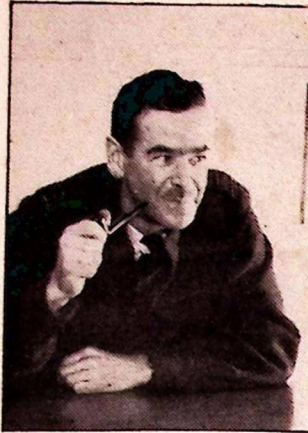
R
·
C
·
A
·
F

WINGS OVERSEAS

A stylized globe with wings, positioned behind the title 'WINGS OVERSEAS'. The globe is dark with a white outline, and the wings are simple, horizontal lines extending from the top and bottom of the globe.

T
O
R
B
A
Y





S/L M. B. MacKinnon

"THE KING IS DEAD—LONG LIVE THE KING!"

Retiring as President of Station Fund, S/L M. B. MacKinnon has just handed over the reins of office to S/L G. T. Elliott.

During his term of office, from Nov. '43 to April '44, the retiring President built up an enviable record of accomplishment . . .

The Station Fund is now in excellent shape—due to his wise management. Supervisor of all financial Committees on the Station, he was able to direct various improvements along all lines . . .

Extensively re-organized and improved the Central Warehouse—Helped in the organization of a really excellent Station Orchestra.

Snack Bar in Airmen's Canteen enlarged, remodelled, re-opened to give splendid service to hungry personnel.

Obtained supplies for Hobby and Arts Clubs—intensified a program of making life brighter for patients in our Hospital—with movies, new radio, drapes, etc.

Increased grants to Library for purchase of additional, more up-to-date books, home-town newspapers and periodicals—Installed arc lights in Theatre, for the better presentation of stage shows.

For the first time, information was published regularly, about activities, financial and otherwise, of the Station Fund.

Helped set up the Commanding Officer's Benevolent Fund

It might not be amiss to add here—that his was the guiding hand—at the helm of the very successful 6th Victory Loan Campaign.

Shure, S/L Elliott, and it's a good-sized pair of brogans you'll be after having to fill—

Here's luck to ye!

Vital Statistics

Statement of Receipt and Expenditures Station Fund April, 1944

SOURCE OF REVENUE

Sales in Canteens:		
Beer	\$3,873.00	
Dry Canteen	9,576.26	
Snack Bar	1,207.96	\$14,657.42
Less Cost of Sales		10,731.79
Gross Trading Profit		3,925.63
Theatre Net Revenue		562.05
Bowling Alley Net Revenue		289.05
Band Revenue		57.00
Library: Fines and donations		60.23
Wurlitzer		6.90
Sundry Revenue:		
Discounts earned, warehouse handling charge	149.75	
Interest on D. of C. Bond	20.51	
		\$5,071.76

DISPOSITION OF FUNDS

Entertainment	\$ 725.53
Sports	29.32
Library	34.05
Sundry General Expenses:	
Insurance, washtubs, wax, stationery	97.05
Wings Overseas	137.55
Hospital Account	16.15
Extra Messing Appropriation	2,000.00
Donation to Overseas Smokes Fund	100.00
Canteen Operating Expenses:	
Spoilage in Canteens, bonuses, express, postage	161.10
Loss on sale of bottles	360.00
Loss on Property Inventory	4.71
Extra Messing:	
Appropriation, meals sold, donations....	\$3,145.20
Cost of Extra Messing	3,982.82
Over-expenditure of Extra Messing for April	837.62
Profit for month of April	568.68
	\$5,071.76

20 SUB HUBBUB

By BETTE

Since the last issue of "Wings", the most important event which has happened was our Squadron dance which was held in the Recreation Hall under an entirely different set-up. Tables around the sides; a gleaming dance floor; soft lights; our civilian girls so attractive in their party frocks; our W.D.'s in civvies (quite a change), everyone declared it to be one of the best dances we have had to date.

Everything turned out so well, and every single person there un-

selfishly "pitched in" to make it a good party. Among our guests were our adopted F/L Teaffe, S/O Dunbar, S/O Wilson, Sgt. Leiffer, Sgt. Chisholm, Forbay W.D.'s, F/3 Devlin (Thank you Flight for all your help), as a visitor I think we could also name Phyllis Gaffney, and two of our former girls, Lib McKenzie and Susan Coffield. There were so many little incidents which proved to be so screamingly funny as we were talking over the events the "morning after."

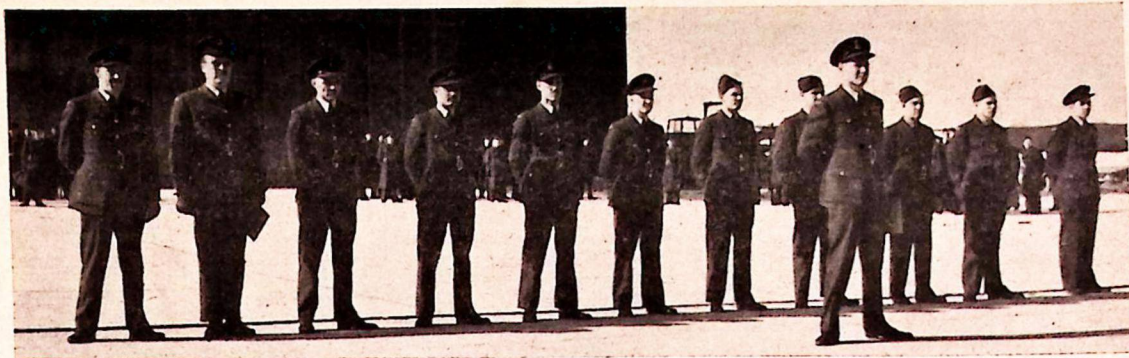
Here are some of the ones you may have missed. Did you see

The LAC Dares and Marg Fardy (lovely couple, lovely)—The missing—LAC Gordon (urgent business)—Al Stickley (in the business)—LAC Stewart, "I can't dance but save the next one for me."—Hackett calling "Hello, Fuzz" all evening.—The laxity of a certain doorman.—Hurley gathering news for "The Equipper."—Krehm and Brldc Hunt jiving it.

Things you didn't miss: Ken Harvey's little mishap. Working in the I. & R. Is so dangerous!--P/O McCuaig collecting kisses at the door.—F/O Potter paying sweet attention to a W.D. formerly of E.A.C.—Our Junior McLeod doing a good job as M.C. (Thanks a million. We all loved it).—Our O.C.'s remarks (Corny and otherwise) (we liked that, too) while presenting the tournament prizes.—Vera Parsons and Tor McConnel chin-wagging at a corner table.—Perfect performances by LAC Robinson and LAC Novak. Bank and Levesque very anxious to do their bit. (P.S. Next morning they wanted to know how they went over. Answer, "You didn't perform." Levesque, "Well-l-l, what-d-y-know.") "Butch" O'Connell and F/L Teaffe singing "MacNamara's Band." The surprise of the evening—Jack Dalton announcing his engagement. That was a mighty interesting clinch, Jack. All the best to you both.

OTHER Depot doings: Several postings: F/S Dockerill to EAC and replaced by F/S Falardeau from Dartmouth; LAC Waites and LAC Ross to Pennfield Ridge; LAC Fanks to No. 4 W.S., Guelph, replaced by LAC Verrill from the same station; AC2 Szyk from Edmonton really taking a beating at roll call. Has been called to date: "Stick," "Zeek," "Zick" and "Skeezix." F/S Elliott and F/S Goldstein (temporarily held up in Canada due to an error on their part arriving at the Depot from a long siege of temp. duty. How is Gertrude, Goldie? Gerry Pyne hooking a ride on the carloader. Mary Manning having a swell time at the Sgts.' dance. Sgt. Mignault attending typing classes and taking the teacher on at badminton (an unfair way to get good marks). Our Editor of "The Equipper", LAC Hurley and his staff, Doug, Milne, Vivian Sedgwick, Phyllis Gaffney, Al Stickley, pestering folks to "Get crackin'" on their contributions to the paper.

Bouquets to Stan Skura for taking a big loss and disappointment in the spirit in which he did.



O/C—W/C Cook—Lined up to receive wings. Left to Right—F/O Snyder, F/O Spencer, P/O Bott, P/O Dobson, P/O Fisher, P/O Lawrence, WO1 Kirkwood, WO1 Gauthier, WO2 Coates, WO2 Smith, F/O Maclise.

Ceremonial Parade

On May 5th, 1944, this Station had the honour and privilege of witnessing an auspicious event—the presentation of Operational Wings to 12 gallant men. . . .

In a colorful Ceremonial Parade—Squadrons formed a hollow square on the tarmac—the 12 aircrew to be honoured, in the centre.

They earned those Wings!

Day and night, in all kinds of weather, they kept their lonely vigil—ever on the alert for the lurking U-Boat—seeking the enemy out—plunging in for the kill—waging relentless, winning war, in the cold reaches of the North Atlantic.

Said the C. O., in tribute—

“We are assembled to-day on this Parade to take part in a Ceremonial that is unique on this Station—The presentation of Operational Wings. The officers and men who will be the recipients of this award for gallant service against the enemy have completed a Tour of Operations in action. We all wish to pay tribute to their fortitude and devotion to duty during many arduous hours when they carried the war to the enemy and wrested the initiative and supremacy in the air from his grasp.”

Royal Canadian Air Force



This is to Certify that, on the authority of the Chief of the Air Staff, Squadron Leader Garrett Munro Cook has been awarded the Operational Wings of the Royal Canadian Air Force in recognition of gallant service, in that he has completed a tour of operational duty in action against the enemy

Signed this 20 day of April 1944

[Signature] A.V.M.

For Meritorious Service



“Said the C.O. to the O.C.”

In the Role of Honor

W/C Gary Cook, AFC. 25, Pilot, of Toronto, OC of the Joe Squadron. 1300 Operational Flying Hours.

F/O Will Snyder, 27, Navigator, of Windsor. Mentioned in Despatches. 800 Operational Flying Hours.

F/O Dick Spencer, 24, Navigator, of Montreal. 600 Operational Flying Hours.

F/O Doug. Maclise, 22, Pilot, of Wadena, Sask. 650 Operational Flying Hours.

P/O Bill Bott, 25, Navigator, of Ottawa. 650 Operational Flying Hours.

P/O Les Dobson, 22, WAG, of Bathurst. Mentioned in Despatches. Member Caterpillar Club. 600 Operational Flying Hours.

P/O Jack Fisher, 27, Pilot, of Oshawa. 600 Operational Flying Hours.

P/O Jack Lawrence, 24, WAG, of Toronto. 600 Operational Flying Hours.

WO1 Jack Kirkwood, 22, WAG, of Toronto. 900 Operational Flying Hours.

WO1 Ray Gauthier, 29, WAG, of Boniface, Man. 800 Operational Flying Hours.

WO2 Jimmy Coates, 23, WAG, of Melita, Sask. 600 Operational Flying Hours.

WO2 Graham Smith, 33, Navigator, of Ottawa. 800 Operational Flying Hours.

R.C.A.F. STATION PUBLICATION

WINGS OVERSEAS is published monthly by permission of G.C.R.S. Grandy, O.B.E., Commanding Officer, R.C.A.F. Station, Torbay.

Executive Editor—F/O Pete Peterson.

Directors—F/O Frank Templeman.

Production Manager—LAC Stan Schrag.

F/O Syd Potter.

Managing Editor—Sgt. Len Leiffer

STAFF

LAW Hi Cardinell, S/O Peggy Dunbar, LAW Fran Halpenny, LAC Ross Irish, Cpl. Pat Latham, Cpl. Bert Maltin, LAC Ted McLeod, LAW Jean Tod.

JUNE, 1944

"CANADA"—A TRIBUTE FROM AN AMERICAN

There are many things about Canada, which Canadians do not generally get to read about in Canadian newspapers; due, no doubt, to modesty on the part of the Canadian Government.

People are ever ready to criticize. Refreshing, therefore, is this tribute from a great American journalist—Walter Winchell.

"Canada does not use Lease-Lend help. Most of her money payments to Allies have been outright gifts.

She is the world's largest producer of aluminium, nickel, and asbestos, used in the manufacture of all the tools and implements of War.

Has the largest small arms plant in the British Empire—Has developed the most powerful explosive in the world.

Canada has the largest volunteer force in the world. More than 700 ships at sea—in the Canadian Navy.

Canada provided the invention which licked the magnetic mine. Developed secret type of ground and air-detection apparatus.

The RCAF numbers over 200,000 men—has 36 Squadrons overseas RCAF crews in addition, make up 25% of RAF aircrew—besides thousands of Canadians in the RAF; 40,000 women serve in Canada's 3 Armed Services.

Canada is world's largest producer of newsprint. Has the largest fishing grounds in the world. She is now the air crossroads for Europe and Asia.

In Canada, the cost of living has gone up only 25% in 2 years, due to a Price Ceiling policy no other country in the world has equalled.

Last year, Canada spent 4 billion dollars on the war effort. Production and national income have doubled since 1939.

She has the second largest amount of hydro-electric generating capacity of any country in the world.

Canada declared war on Japan a full day ahead of the U.S.A.

Say the American Army and Navy men of Canadian fighting men.

"They're the finest in the world—"

When the smoke of War clears Canada will emerge as one of the very great powers of the world—"

"The Maple Leaf Forever!"

On Rehabilitation

PENSIONS

Q. What is the basis on which pensions are awarded

A. Pension is paid to provide that portion of maintenance which an ex-serviceman is unable to provide for himself due to service disability. Except where complete disability is a result of military service, the pension is not designed to provide maintenance. For this reason pensions are awarded on a percentage scale. For example, a man 5 per cent disabled gets a 5 per cent pension, while a man 75 per cent disabled gets a 75 per cent pension, i.e., 5 per cent or 75 per cent of total disability.

Q. Who are eligible for pensions?

A. All service personnel overseas who suffer disabilities during service may be awarded if the disability is not a result of their own misconduct. Personnel serving in Canada, with no overseas service, may be awarded pensions only if the injury or disease, resulting in disability or death, arose out of military service.

Q. Does this mean that, if I were overseas and injured in an accident while on leave, any disability resulting would be pensionable?

A. Yes, provided the accident did not arise as a result of your own misconduct.

Q. What is the scale of pensions?

A. The annual rates for 100 per cent disability for all ranks up to and including that of Sub-Lieutenant (Navy), Lieutenant (Military) and Flying Officer (Air) are:

Man	\$900.
Wife	300.
First Child	180.
Second Child	144.
Each subsequent child	120.

Higher rates are provided for ranks above those stated, but the additional pension for wives and children remains the same.

Q. If I am totally disabled and need to secure an attendant, is any provision made for me?

A. An additional allowance for helplessness, not exceeding \$750. per annum, may be paid in the case of total disability when the services of an attendant are required.

Q. If I am killed on military service, what pension will my widow get?

A. Up to and including the ranks quoted before, a widow's pension is \$720 per annum. Pensions for children remain the same. Higher pensions are provided for widows of officers above those ranks.

Q. If I were killed on military service and left orphan children, what provision is made for them?

A. The rates for orphaned children are double those for children with a parent or parents.

Q. If I am killed and have dependent parents, is there any provision for them?

A. Dependent parents may be pensioned at the rate for a widow, or such lesser rate as may be deemed necessary to provide maintenance.

Q. What is the procedure in granting pensions?

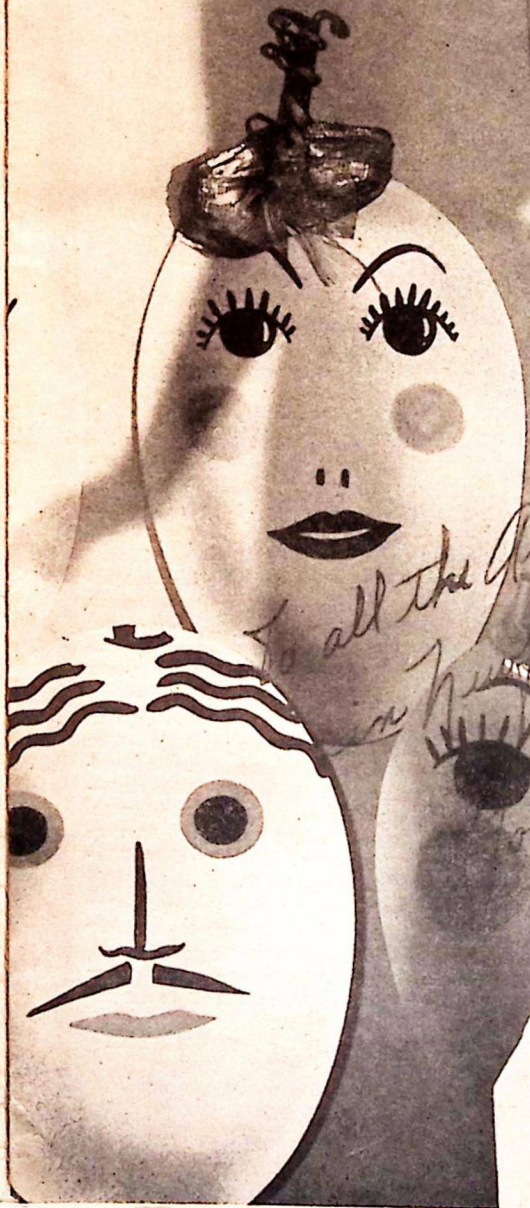
A. In every case where a member of the forces is discharged for medical reasons, his documents are sent to the Department of Pensions and National Health, and they are examined by the Canadian Pension Commission. If the Commission is satisfied from the evidence available that a pension should be awarded, it is granted automatically following medical examination for assessment purposes.

Q. If pension is not granted automatically, or I am dissatisfied with the award, what procedure is followed?

A. Briefly, it consists of three steps: on first application the evidence presented is considered at what is known as a "first hearing". If the decision is adverse to the applicant, he is entitled to a second hearing, provided he applies within 90 days. When presenting his claim for second hearing, he is required to include all disabilities which he claims to be due to military service. He is furnished with a complete and detailed summary of all evidence pertaining to his case available in the departmental records. He is given every opportunity to review this evidence, to include any additional evidence he can secure, and is allowed six months to prepare his claim. If the second decision is adverse, the applicant has the right to appear before an appeal board sitting in his district and to call witnesses. The judgment of an appeal board is final, unless special permission to re-open a claim is secured.

Q. Am I given assistance in preparing my claim?

A. Pensions' advocates, attached to Veterans' Bureau throughout Canada are available to give impartial unbiased advice and assistance at no charge to you. These men are fully experienced in pension procedure.



all the Airforce Boys
in New York
would take a
great deal of
pleasure in
seeing you





"Hope springs eternal in the human breast . . ." but then it was not so much hope that made me do it. I suppose I was led away by the rash promise on the package: "A mass of marigolds in ten days . . ." and that for only thirty five cents. It's not easy to resist a promise like that on a dull day, especially if one has a mind for horticulture. At the time it looked more like a birds nest except that it was wrapped in yellow cellophane, but the rules were so simple. At a glance I could see that I could do my part; "Unwrap . . . soak thoroughly with water . . . add a little water each day . . . place in a sunny window

I had done all I could; lavished my money, which might better have been put into Victory Bonds, obeyed the instructions, waited hopefully. It is true that three fertile bits of vegetation did appear to give me cause to hope, but it seemed that they were just bowing to the strange, unfathomable decrees of fate, when they allowed themselves to be dropped on their delicate little heads by an interested sightseer. After all it hardly gives things a chance but there it is . . . a total loss. I've thrown the whole lot away now but of course "Hope springs eternal . . ." What did you say? There must be more to it than that, a moral or something? Why of course there's a moral. I think it is this—Don't be led away by vain promises on packages of seeds or by the extravagant pictures in seedsmen's catalogues. In fact don't be led away at all. Stop . . . Look or don't, as you wish, and listen. But then of course someone has beaten me to it and said it all in fewer and more poetic words: "All is not gold that glitters." . . .

C. V. TOMKINS,
Protestant Padre.

On a Wing . . And a Prayer

You heard that before, didn't you . . . ? Oh . . . Yes . . . but did you notice that they seem to believe more in the WINGS than in Prayers, except, naturally . . . in an emergency.

The plea of a stranger is never as effective as the plea of friends. Some men act towards God as they act towards their country. They seek to avoid paying taxes, to escape public burdens, but when their property rights are attacked, they call on their country most vociferously.

Do you know . . . God . . . is Dead to the . . . DUMB, to prayerless hearts, specially now . . . we are older . . . our sins are bigger, more sophisticated, more malicious.

And . . . do not make all your prayers, prayers of petition. What would a young man think of a young lady who suffered from give-me-it-its, who did nothing but ask favours?

Where there is love, we seek rather to give than to receive. Such is the test of a real love of God.

You remember the Parable . . . yes, about the ten lepers . . . cured . . . only the stranger came back to thank Our Lord . . . so . . .

Every boy at four wants a revolver, and no father yet has ever granted that request. Why should we think God is less wise?

We should never pray for anything without at the same time submitting to God's will . . . since God is GOOD, petition is inseparable from resignation.

As they say in Ireland, when it rains and spoils a picnic: "Well, 'tis a good day to save your soul." . . . Well . . . I'll say, here, on rainy days . . . we have plenty of such occasions, don't you think?

If you pray before, you'll come back not only on one wing . . . and a prayer . . . but on two WINGS.

H. F/L Jean-Paul Davignon.

R. Catholice Padre.

• • •

Terreneuve . . . et ses charmes . .

Non, Padre . . . vous savez bien, vous meme que . . . Regardez donc . . . il y a de l'eau, des calloux et des sapins . . . puis encore de l'eau, encore des sapins et encore des calloux . . . oui, c'est vrai il y a tout ca . . . mais aussi d'autres choses . . . il y a la

"The Greatest One of All"

You've heard of famous questions
In history; through the years. . . .
By famous men of famous lands
From China to Algiers. . . .
By men who stood on battlefields,
On decks of rolling ships.
By statesmen and by leaders
From Chiang Kai Shek to Cripps!
The questions range from every side,
From weather down to crap. . . .
From the flaming plains of Russia
To where they fight the Jap.
These questions sometimes tell the fate
Of thousands o'er the world.
They sometimes only make the choice
Of how "her" hair is curled.
From "Wherefore art thou, Romeo?"
To "can you spare a dime?"
The questions stand the test of years
Down through the length of time.
Each country has its questions. . . .
Recall them if you can. . . .
From "Mother, should I trust that wolf?"
To "How ya gettin ain?"
But, over all these famous lines
There's one we know the best.
There's one that we will bet, with ease
Could pass each single test.
It's one that's asked by every rank
From C. O. down the line.
And if the answer comes out 'yes'
Then every heart will shine.
You know it well, and this is it. . . .
(The one we're sure would win)
It goes like this, "Hey, Wimpy,
Is the Ganderberry in?"

mer, les villages rustiques, les
vot's abruptes qu. r'alisent en
beaute avec notre Gaspesie.

Mais diras-tu, ce n'est pas
comme "chez-nous" . . . d'accord,
car je sais qu' on il y trouve peut-
etre pas les beaux lacs des Laur-
entides, ni les plaines verdoyantes
et les riches fermes des bords du
St-Laurént, ni les potagers
abondants de la region de Joliette
ou de la vallee du Richelieu . . .
d'accord ce n'est pas chez-nous .
mais il vaut la peine de s'exiler
quelque peu et garder a jamais
Intact nos foyers . . . et entre
nous, ici cest pas si dur . . .
Remercie le Seigneur.

Profite de ton sejour, ici, pour
enrichir tes connaissances et a
apprecier l'hospitalite proverbiale
des gens de Terreneuve et surtout
apprends d'eux, et c'est la, mon
dernier mot, leur foi vive. Tu peux
les voir, le dimanche matin par
tous les temps marcher, je dis bien
marcher plusieurs milles, jeunes
et vieux, pour aller entendre la
messe a l'eglise de leur village.

Jean-Paul Davignon, H. F/L.
Padre Catholique.

Reorganization Of Staff

In line with the customary policy of WINGS OVERSEAS—which is to reorganize its staff every 3 months, a change will be noticed in the masthead.

This is done so as to give all the staff a chance to learn the different, interesting types of newspaper work—make room for new members, fresh ideas, keep the paper constantly improving.

LAW HI Cardinell, the retiring Editor, has done a grand job—Her vibrant, happy energy and enthusiasm, perked up the entire staff—made her a treasure to work with. Long hours of work at night were all taken in her stride—a Swell Issue, well worth it.

She remains on the staff—her time, energy, and experience gladly offered, and as gladly accepted.

Her dainty footsteps left large imprints which we shall do our utmost to follow.

THE EDITOR.

The Marchpast

by Len Leiffer



LAC STEVE PESKLEVY

A husky lad of 19, Steve became adept at all sports during his Toronto schooldays.

After a spell of railroading with CNR, he enlisted in the RCAF, shortly after coming of age. Stationed at Hagersville, he played Senior football with Hamilton Wildcats (half the team were Airmen). Never missed a practice or a game—using his thumb to get to Hamilton before the opening whistle blew.

Was one of the spark plugs of our own Station Basketball team. Always in there—giving all he had.

He'd like to stay with CNR after the War—become a railroad engineer.

Theres a gal, back home, whom he's never met—waiting for him. Phyl and Steve aer pen pals—but she wants more than that—

Can we blame her?

LAW ALICE MATTHEWS

Dimpled, blue-eyed Alice, 19, a vivacious Newfoundland red-head—perks up the morale of the Station in general—and the M.T. Section in particular.

Educated at Centenary Hall, Saint John's. Participated in hockey, basketball, swimming. Dabbles in amateur photography. Proudly wears the insignia of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade. Likes dancing, creams puffs, driving, 48's. Vic Mature.

Stationed at Brandon, Man., for

awhile. Delighted with the friendliness and hospitality of the Westerners—



LAW Alice Matthews

Can drive an M.T., change tires, get a smudge on her nose, and still look completely feminine—

F/L LES COCKBURN

To 2 parts lawyer and counsellor—add a dash of executive; mix with 3 parts father confessor, psychologist and diplomat, stir well—flavor with the spice a sense of humor gives, and you have the recipe for a swell Station Adjutant.

He is asked a thousand and one questions—and knows the 1001 answers. You go into his office with all the worries of the world on your shoulders; and come out—gay, confident and smiling.

Ladies and gentlemen—I give you our Station Adjutant—F/L Les Cockburn.

The Great War came, and he enlisted as signaller in the Royal Canadian Engineers, at the age of 17. He was gassed twice—at Quarry Wood, and when the Canadians broke the Hinderburg Switch Line, at Bournon Wood.

Resumed his interrupted university career after Armistice.

Served five years as Field Supervisor with Soldiers' Settlement Board, during Revaluation period—1927-1931. Was chairman of the local branch of the Canadian Legion. Elected member of York County Council.

Joined the R.C.A.F. in Sept. 1941, receiving his training at Trenton. Opened and closed No. 3 Y Depot, Debert, and No. 2 Y Depot, Moncton. For 14 months, was Adjutant at Summerside. Came here in Nov. 1943.

Keeps his finger on the pulse of station life. Covers all sections and activities—establishments, promotions, M.T., trade tests, court-martial, permission to marry



F/L Les Cockburn

In the political betterment of Canada in general—and the welfare of returned servicemen in particular—he is intensely interested. To give all returned servicemen a square deal—to implement the promises made so far—into actual fact—is F/ Les Cockburn's post-war goal.

F/L BILL BIXEL

Old enough to fly in the last war, and young enough to fly in this one, 'Bix has been around.

A native of Oakville, Ont. (Where his wife and 2 young daughters count the days till they see him again)

Went Overseas in the last war, Saw action at the Somme, Ypres, Vimy Ridge—

Wounded at Vimy, he chafed during his hospitalization. Transferred to the Royal Flying Corps soon as he got back to duty.

Bix had exactly 2 hours and 40 minutes dual flying before he soloed—Went back into action shortly afterwards—flying single-seater scout planes intercepting—and destroying enemy aircraft.

The oil business, tame in comparison, occupied F/L Bixel for the 10 years following demobilization. He switched to finance, which profession he followed till his enlistment for flying duty in the R.C.A.F. in 1940.

A good flyer, like a good doctor, never stops learning. After 14 months as Staff Pilot, he took the S.F.T.S. course at Calgary—to familiarize himself with all the new advances and methods in modern flying.

Bix has reached the retirement age for General List Officers—a recent edict at Ottawa calls for automatic retirement—so he intends to offer his services, in any flying capacity that will aid in the winning of the war.

Bix wants to stay in harness till the last shot is fired!

To a great flyer and a grand guy we regretfully say—"Au Revoir!—Good Luck—and happy Landings!"



F/L Bill Bixel



INSTRUMENTS

By CPL. W. FORREST

In the last article we explained the working principle of the altimeter and in this we will outline the principle of the Airspeed and Rate of Climb. However, perhaps, it would be better to also explain how these instruments obtain correct pressure indications.

As all these instruments require "true" outside atmospheric pressure for correct reading, it is necessary to transmit the pressures to the instruments by means of the Pitot or Pressure Head. In appearance the Pitot Head resembles an automobile crank BUT ISN'T and is usually installed at the front of the aircraft at the leading edge of the wing or under the fuselage. It incorporates two air chambers: one vented directly to the front to obtain dynamic or pitot pressure and the other chamber obtains static pressure from the little holes or vents placed around the diameter of the head.

In flying, there are wide variations in temperature and humidity, so to prevent incorrect pressure indications (caused by ice accumulation), being transmitted to the instrument, the pitot head is electrically heated, non-corroding and moisture-proof. It transmits pitot pressure and static pressures to the Airspeed Indicator and static pressure to the Rate of Climb and the Altimeter.

The Airspeed Indicator measures differential pressure; that is, it measures the difference between the (pitot) pressure of the air through which the aircraft is flying, and the still or static air. The case of the instrument is of course airtight and contains the static pressure. The capsule is connected to the pitot side of the pressure head. As the speed of the aircraft increases or decreases, it causes the capsule to expand or contract as the case may be and this movement is magnified by a system of levers to the hand staff pinion and the speed of the aircraft is registered in miles, knots or Kilometres.

Since the density of the air decreases in proportion to the increase in altitude, a variation takes

place between the "indicated airspeed" and the true airspeed, because the differential pressure in the instrument will be less. The result, that although the indicator registers a speed of 150 miles per hour, the aircraft is actually travelling at the rate of 180 miles per hour. Variations are in proportion to the difference in altitude and a chart is used to rectify and convert these variations and provide the true airspeed."

The Rate of Climb or Vertical Speed Indicator is essentially, a level flight instrument, but can be used to govern the throttle setting in "blind flight" (e.g. to govern the elevator setting). It registers the ascent or descent of the aircraft in feet per minute (usually 350 ft. per minute being the most comfortable rate for passengers).

The case of course is airtight. In it are suspended the capsule or diaphragm and the necessary mechanism to magnify its movement. The capsule is connected to the static side of the pitot head and a leak device restricts the air from the capsule to the case. Thus in level flight the pressure on the inside of the capsule and in the case are equal and a zero reading is indicated.

Remember that pressure and density decrease with height, thus when the aircraft ascends, the pressure in the capsule becomes less than the pressure in the case and the capsule is compressed. This movement is magnified and is indicated on the dial by a clockwise movement of the pointer. As soon as the aircraft resumes level flight the greater pressure in the case leaks into the capsule (by means of a porous pot or some other such leak device), the pressures equalize and the hands return again to zero. The opposite applies when descending. From five to ten seconds should be allowed for the hands to return to the zero setting after level flight has been maintained, this is due to the "lag" in the instrument as the pressures equalize.

The three instruments we have covered constitute the primary flight group; and with a few others are all that are necessary for "flying blind," so we'll dig out some more "gen" for the next time.

Let's Discuss it

1. The first discussion for the month of April by this group was 'Women's Part in the Post War World.' The speaker for this topic, L.A.W. Wast, pointing out that early historical writers were inclined to the belief that women were regarded as inconsequential in economic, political and military spheres of life. Modern history has proved this belief false as evidenced by the part played by women in every sphere of life today. 23% of industrial workers today are women and many are leaders in arts and professions. Accepted by many that in certain professions and industry, women even exceed men. Suggested here that, unless our economic plan be drastically changed, women might have difficulty competing with men in the post war world. It was agreed that while it was man's prerogative to protect and care for women, equal pay for equal service should be women's right, with the stipulation that man's prerogative should have certain safeguards and protection. Another suggested solution to the post war problem for women as well as men was the shortening of the number of hours of work each week, enabling a greater number to be absorbed by industry and thus providing room for all, both men and women.

2. The second topic of the month was that of "Immigration" the meeting being opened to the group with a few remarks on the subject by F/S. Dixon. It was agreed that during the years of early settlement immigration was desirable and

essential for development, but that to-day each province's agricultural and industrial problems and requirements varied greatly, therefore, each required separate consideration with regard to any proposed immigration scheme. Suggested that Canada had a choice of three things:

- (1) Open immigration
- (2) Closed immigration
- (3) Curtailed Immigration, with the majority agreeing that curtailed immigration was desirable, whereby skilled workers and professional men would be encouraged to take up their abode in this country, with a view to further development of Canada.

The next discussion was on the subject of "Post War Education" a general outline of this topic being given by P/O Smith. He suggested that the panacea for most, if not all, our social ills, might be found in education.

Agreed that motion pictures, newspapers and books were great sources of educational value and could be used to even greater advantage to educate people to realization of citizenship. Agreed here that there was room for improvement in educational system, where teachers were underpaid and supervision poor, resulting in pupils not getting proper education. It was pointed out here that in rural schools some teachers were handling as many as eight or ten grades, while in urban schools teachers handled only one grade or possibly two.



"I won him in a CRAP GAME!!"

Blind Date

By ROSS IRISH

ONE noonday about two weeks ago my ex friend Bozo Mc-Snur calls to me as I'm on my way out the mess hall door. "Hey Buck," he says, "wait up." I wait for him and when he catches up he asks, "What are you doin Fri. night?"

"Just what I usually do," I replies. "Sleep."

"Naw," he says. "I mean before that."

"What do you mean before that " I cracks, "there's nothin before sleep."

"O.K.," he says, "but look, how about going to the Commodore with me!"

I'm about to decline but he doesn't give me the chance. "Look," he says, "I meet the nicest little dish you ever laid eyes on, at the K. of C. the other night and I ask her to go to the club Fri. night but she won't go unless her girl friend goes."

Right away I smell a rat. "Nice to have seen you Bozo," I says, "maybe we'll bump into each other again sometime. It's a small world, ya know."

"Ah Buck, wait a minute." He pleads with tears in his voice. "Do me just this one favour, I'll even pay the shot."

Now that helps his argument a lot so I asks: "What does she look like?"

"Well," he says, "I ain't never seen her myself but Bessie says she's a real nice girl."

"She would be," I says with feeling. "That's the only kind I ever meet, damn it."

I'm still pretty leery of this blind date business, havin been on a couple before and batted zero each time. Bozo does a lot of high pressure talkin though and against my better judgment I say yes. That makes Bozo very happy. "Gee, you're a pal," he say, clapping me on the back. I'll go and phone Bessie and let you know the score about meetin them."

So off he goes with neither of us realizing that that was the beginning of the end of our friendship.

We're to pick the girls up at 9.30, so at nine I'm ready and waitin when Bozo comes around. Seein as how we're both ready we start out. It's a nice night for Newfie and I enjoy the walk which turns out to be the only thing I do enjoy that night.

We'd bin walkin for about ten minutes when Bozo announces we're there and points to a shack alongside the road. We stop at the gate and Bozo whistles. They must have been plenty anxious cause Bozo's whistle hadn't finished echoin off the icebergs before they're standing there beside us. It's too dark to see what their faces are like but it don't take much figurin to know which one is mine. If she was five foot I'll eat a suit of issue underwear, and so thin a whole olive in her stomach would have doubled her waist line. A fine combination for my six foot and 170 lbs. I don't get a look at her face till we're down the road a bit and a car goes by. In the glare of the headlights I take a quick look, expectin the worst and gettin it. With difficulty I stifle a scream. She has features alright but what an assembly job. It looks like something a female welder would do that's just learning the job. Her complexion fits everything else. It reminds me of my mattress: yellow and lumpy. The light only lasted for a moment, somethin I am thankful for, cause it gives me a chance to get used to the idea before I have to look at her again. To top it all off, she giggled. It ranged from a low titter to a piercing scream. By way of conversation I say "Nice night, isn't it," and I thought she'd have hysterics. I kept my big mouth shut after that.

We get to the club o.k. and once inside, my dame, whose name I learn is Gertie, says: "Will ya scuse us till we go upstairs and make ourselves pretty?"



"I STIFLED A SCREAM"

"Sure," I says, figuring it to be a major project for her and countin on a couple of hours at least.

To my dismay though she takes less time than any dame I ever met. In no time at all they're down-stairs again and Gertie's leerin at me with what she fondly thinks is a smile. Then I notice for the first time she has teeth. Two of them that hung down like a couple of icicles. I can't think of anythin better to do, so we go over to a table in the corner, the darkest one I can find. We just get seated nicely when Gertie wants to dance. I'm not very happy about the prospects but I can't think of any excuse, so we get out on the floor. She's too short for me to get my arm around her waist so I compromise with a shoulder blade that sticks out her back like the business end of a plough and she hangs her chin on my tunic belt. We just get started when she says "Du ya jitterbug by?" "Nope," I says, "never learned."

"It's more fun," she says, "cmon, I'll learn ya."

She won't take no for an answer and half an hour later I'm swingin in her and she's swingin me and I'm gettin the worst of it. Then I get an idea. Maybe if I swing her just a wee bit too hard she'll go flyin and maybe bust a leg or an arm or somethin more serious. Bein a gentleman though I put it out of my mind for thirty seconds or so, then wind up and let fly.

She takes off like a rocket and I close my eyes to wait for the crash. Nothin happens, so I open my eyes in time to see her comin at me a mile a minute. It's too late to duck so she hits me square in the belly and I go flyin under a table. By the time I recover

enough to know what is going on she's haulin me out from under the wreckage and sayin how sorry she is and was I hurt. After I look me over I tell her there's nothin serious but let's sit down

Continued on page 17





So There's No Place to Go

This lament has echoed from hangar to hangar and from mess hall to rec-hall for so long now a lot of people believe it just as they believed in Santa Claus when they were very young. We too were more or less convinced that despite the proximity of a fairly large community we were really bushed. Curiosity, however, got the better of us, so we prevailed upon the Editor of Wings Overseas to investigate the situation and report. Accompanied by three friends and Flight Sampson of the photo section they toured the town one Sat. night recently and brought back visual proof of but a few of the places a guy and his gal can go to have fun.

Dinner, of course, is usually the first thing most of us think of when we go to town for an evening. So we choose the U.S.O. Steak, mashed potatoes and all the trimmings. This is an excellent way to fortify oneself for an evening. The U.S.O. is but one of several places where fine meals are to be had. Our appetites satisfied, an early movie seemed the logical choice of entertainment, but on arrival we found a line of such proportions that we were forced to abandon the idea. We were not lacking for things to do though. A trip to the K. of

C. and the bowling alleys filled in the time before the dance started.

The Caribou Hut and the Square dance was the next call. Unfortunately square dancing has been labelled "rube stuff" and shunned by a lot of people who are really missing a good time. If you have never tried it we recommend that you do, for it isn't as difficult as it may seem. Just listen to the caller and do as he says and it is all very simple. We had a lot of fun, but there were other places to see; so we left, with the Red Triangle as our next port of call. Here the Jive Bombers from Fort Pepperrell were dishing out the jive in the most approved manner. This band is good, as anyone who has heard them will testify. We've heard a lot of bands but outside of name bands there are few any better than this crew to dance to. Pleasant as it was we were out on a tour of inspection so we had to leave. Our next call had not been included in our original plans, but we decided to see if we could visit the famous Barn Dance programme that is broadcast every Sat. night over VOCM. For a long time we've heard this programme and the

Continued on page 12



BOLY BANTERS

Well, well, here we are back again; the noted "Panzer" division—with a few more slants and slams from our meager organization. H'ar you all?

To begin with—unfit activities. To win, or not to win, that is the question? If the members of this unit bowling team don't show more enthusiasm toward the competition, then, I fear, we shall have to withdraw! C'mon fellows, how about backing us up, en masse?

Congratulations gang, upon the good show of Victory Bond subscribers!

We may lose in the world of sport, but we're surely on top in the drive, and that alone compensates for our physical discouragement!

We've also learned by the time this column goes to print, we'll have lost our O.C.! Every one of us is sorry to see you go, boss, but wish you all the luck in the world and hope to meet again. So-long—

Over Your Shoulder

By JACK

WINGS TO . . . S/L MacKinnon and Staff for doing a swell job on the Bond Drive . . . The Station band for clucking with the local populace . . .

Washouts To . . . These "Soldier Stage Shows" that reek with suggestiveness. My God! Why in hell don't they give out with more "All Clear" patterned programmes?

Bet You Didn't Know that . . . Some of our cartoons are done by an Army Lieut.

Just Things . . . A couple of darn good dances during the month . . . F/Lt. Tomkins doing okay in the role of chief auctioneer at the Victory hop. . . S/L MacK should have been a public speaker, he really has a lot of savoir faire . . . The Gander W. D.'s Basketball gang really okay on the floor, our gals gave 'em a close go, tho . . .

Nice to know that Jean Tod is okay again . . .

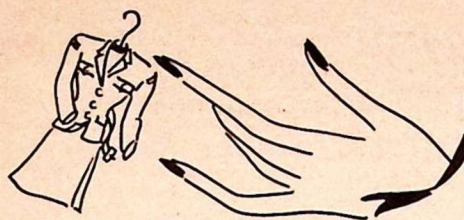
Classiest Pic of the month was "DIXIE". Should have more of 'em.

So There's No Place to Go

Continued from page 11

famous Biddy O'Toole. We thought perhaps others might like to see the performers in person. After the broadcast was over they kindly consented to pose for us, and Biddy invited the girls to join her in a song which turned out to be "O'Brien Had No Place To Go." By this time the clock was creeping around towards midnight and there was one place in town left on the list—The Old Colony Club. On the way, the effects of the evening's activities began to tell on the feet so when a large flight of steps loomed up invitingly out of the dark we took a few moments to rest our weary dogs. On finally reaching our destination it turned out to be the swankiest place we had been in all night. Time made our stay here brief. Our next problem was Rawlins' Cross and transportation. We were fortunate though and made the one o'clock deadline with seconds to spare.

In this way another rumor was scotched. We learned that not only is there something to do in town but lots of it. So if anyone should come to you with the wail that here is no place to go, just tell him to look up the June issue of Wings Overseas and see for himself.



Feminine touch

... As Gal to Gal

By FRAN HALPENNY

There is a house in town which we have viewed with pleasure many times—it stands upon a slope which gives a view of hills in the distance, its living room windows are broad and very light giving, there are deep inviting chintz chairs scattered about within sight and there is an atmosphere of graciousness and ease very attractive to one fresh off a bumping truck. The last day we saw it there were crocuses in a thin line through the grass and their cheery heartening yellow and mauve and blue seemed a bright and happy symbol of all the other things of beauty which come with the season. Of course there has been dust which greys the shoes and turns the hair into stiff thick straw and grits the throat—but there has also been an atmosphere warmly soft and subtle with the suggestion of blossom yet to come, the streams are full and strong and talkative in their newly released energy, and in the hush of the early morning the robins sing, and a white aircraft smoothly skims bright and sharp against the blue and the hills are richer now with an intenser veiling that has the texture of a filmy crepe de chene shaded brilliant purple. And as a last authentic note of this change, there is the click of horseshoes in the evening and the reappearance of baseball and glove.

Other things too:

The flurry all over barracks of a last bit of trade-test studying before lights out.

The trim smartness of our winning flight in the drill competition. Dances to the rhythms of "My Heart Tells Me", "I Heard You Cried Last Night", "No Love, No Nothin'", "If You Please", and the Rumanian 'savoir faire' of Robert Donat in "Tartu", and the chills of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

And this month, as every month we polish our buttons and work our shifts and go to drill and put in a pass and visit the post office and think about home—and watch

our aircraft as they come and go about the business of all of us, and think, too, of those overseas who wait and wait for the match to be lit.

From the Feminine Point of View

By PEGGY DUNBAR

The wearing of a severe uniform, brass buttons, and offensive gray lisle stockings has brought about a great many changes, both physically and in the mental outlook for these of the weaker sex. First of all, the veteran service men of 'the old school tie' regime found it extremely difficult to accept the fact that women were attempting to encroach upon his masculinity.

Of course, it hurts his pride to see a sweet, dainty little person, the essence of femininity, come and capably take over his recent occupation in life—this huge specimen of the superior male has had his well defended, impregnable fortress shattered. He is no longer the awe-inspiring breadwinner.

On the other hand, the situation under discussion also shatters the man's conception of us females. He has found that the crystals has emerged from the cocoon of house wifery, babies, and consequently, laundry, to that of an efficient tradeswoman; and the tradeswoman is now clad in a restricting uniform hiding those curvaceous curves from the roving eye.

For example, we have been instructed, it has been pointed to us, it has been drummed into us, it has been demonstrated, that we must at all times on entering public places such as restaurants, theatres, and private houses, remove our hats and gloves with the men. Then we are suddenly hurled back into the realization of our sex when we feel most uncomfortable sitting in church with our hats on—so we are not 'men' this time.

When we are given the glorious opportunity of earing our femin-

ine fripperies and frothy evening clothes we are delirious with joy. We tear off our collars, brush down our 'crowning glory' and find that we stride forward with a 30" pace only to fall flat out in an ungainly position having forgotten the art of stepping lightly in high heeled slippers and the dexterity required in coyly holding up the hem of your skirt.

Or even worse, one finds oneself lolling back in a chair and admiring the ankles of the lady-friends of your fellow-men.

Perhaps the most shattering experience is when this worldly service tradeswoman returns to her hometown on leave to be greeted with joy by her friends. There they are, now all young marrieds and mothers. Our manly service-girl finds she now sits back and drowns in a conversation of "I gave Johnnie his first Pablum today." "Will I ever catch up with the baby's diapers?" "How long do you take to de-burp Mary-Anne?" "I find it so hard to get elastic in the shops." This is too much, this is not our language. It is when one of our fellow-men come in that we can sit back and gratefully talk about A.O.G.'s or ceiling zero, viz. or single engine procedure or the A.E.M. who told his O.C. that he had seen in A.F.K. O. from A.F.H.Q. that he could appear before the T.T.B.

Well, perhaps this is a man's world, after all.

Fatigue Furloughs

I ain't blamin' no one for nothin' I'm not sayin' furloughs ain't neat But I am sayin' brother Don't give me another Until I get back on my feet.

They saved all their fanciest cookin'

They stuffed me with only the best Life was one rushin' chase To each relative's place Now I'm back in the Air Force to rest.



Squadron Officer Peller

INFORMAL INFO:

'Miss Fix-It' to all her Eastern Air Command W.D.'s is Squadron Officer Peller—senior W.D. Officer of E.A.C. who recently has been 'trouble shooting' at this 'Bay station'.

A Montreal-er, whose hobbies are skiing and sailing, Sqdn-O Peller tours E.A.C. interviewing W.D.'s and solving problems—a feminine John J. Anthony.

Sympathetic and understanding she rates high with the girls because she's come up through the ranks. It was September '41 when Sqdn.O. Peller enlisted as A.W.2. It was February '44 when she won her Sqdn.O. third ring.

Devotee of dogs, she has a scottie called Hamish and a sealham who answers to 'Judy O'Grady'!

Sqdn.O. Peller's husband Lieut. Colonel M. F. Peller is stationed overseas—which is about the only thing she can't get for the W.D.'s—no—not the husband, but a posting to the U.K.

P.S.—Watch for Sqdn.O. Peller's article in "WING'S OVERSEAS" July issue.

There are a few girls around here who are taking bets on the age of a certain gentleman with the initials of W.C.C. Mc. Who is so intereste..



Our reading this month has taken the form of a ramble through some lighter literature. The hit for hilarity was found to be Margery Sharp's "The Stone of Chastity". It concerns a professor famous for his researches into ancient legends who descends upon a remoter English Village in quest of a stone which in olden days rested in a brook and tripped up any young ladies who did not fit its stern moral requirements. The professor finds the stone, replaces it in the brook and then, pursuing his purely scientific investigations, sends around the village a request that all the women make trial of the stone.

The quiet life of the village, revolving around farm and chicken-house and church and sewing circle and the local pub and walking out of a Sunday afternoon with a beau, has been completely disrupted. The Vicar's wife calls out the Boy Scouts to gather up all copies of the professor's questionnaire—and the fun begins. This little novel is written with the tongue carefully in the cheek, with much good-natured laughter, with great wit, and without vulgarity. It is a clever, intelligent joke that takes a while to tell. And the telling involves the depiction of a choice set of vocal English types whose peculiarities are a basis for high comedy.

Of a very different nature is another amusing book "Past Imperfect" by Ilka Chase—a reminiscence of her life at home and on the stage and in the smart sets. Just as Margery Sharp's book was undeniably English, so is this as definitely of a recognizable American type. It is a sophisticated smart, cynical, snappy, frank, scintillating and very urbane comedy that sparkles frostily with the cold and hard but intense brilliance of a diamond.

Moving into quite a different background we have also been reading of the Kentucky backwoods in "Taps for Private Tussie" by Jesse Stuart. The war is the raison d'être of this story, but it figures in such a very strange way that one

seems to have wandered into a hallucination. The war snatches from his hills a man who loves to hunt and drink and shoot off his guns; and then it kills him. His wife receives for him \$1000 in cash—immediately she and her family buy a 14-room house complete with new furniture and soon all the needy Tussie kinfolk settle in with them to the number of 46 and proceed to eat, drink rotgut whiskey, dance all night and lie out under the trees by day. Their doings are as amusing as hillbilly cartoons and yet all this high living from the death of a soldier who has been forgotten almost at once. Forgotten except by the lad through whom the story is told, his continuous memory of his uncle's death is a background against which the events of the story seem those of a weird and crazy and startling and unsettling fantasy. The prose of the book has a manner all its own—it is made up of simple, and very few words that have not the solid, firm, steady advance of much prose but seem to run together like swiftly flowing, softly singing brook water. An odd book—try it. F. G. H.

SEAPORT

I'm back again on the waterfront,
To the gently rocking ships,
'Neath a cheerful sky
There's a busy cry
Over wharves and decks and ships.

Day here wears a jolly face
As labour sings a song,
The gulls scream
And the hours seem
To joyfully run along.

Till daylight fades, and all is still,
And mists appear with night,
The boards squeak,
The hulls creak,
And the world seems hushed with
fright.

I turn away, my joy is past
For the picture that I see,
Is a cold world
And a dark world,
As low and sad as me.

R. G. S.

Library

By CPL. G. R. SURERUS

A few days ago I had the pleasure of sitting in on one of the weekly Discussion Group meetings.

The topic for the evening was "Rehabilitation."

Many interesting problems and phases were covered. One point in particular that occurred to the writer was the fact that so many of us do not know as yet what vocation to pursue nor what plans may be in store for us at the conclusion of this war.

Present indications are that the government have set up a definite plan for the training of service men. Generally this covers a course for a period of one year in selected vocational schools. The scope of the plan covers a multitude of trades and for those found qualified, has been extended to include University courses.

In connection with the University angle weekly allowances are made and tuition, and athletic fees are paid. The time limit for such, in general is the number of months in the service, and those who show exceptional ability will be granted the privileges of post graduate work.

The Educational Section of this station, under the able guidance of P/O Templeman, is doing a great work in the promotion of programmes by which we may be prepared for the day when we go back to our homes and take our place in business life again.

Courses in various subjects, such as Mathematic, Navigation, Languages, English composition and Grammar, Typing, Hobbies, Arts, are continuously in progress; the station Library contains reference and technical books on a wide variety of subjects in which to develop one's particular desire for know-

ledge. If perchance you do not find a book on your special field of endeavour you are requested to use the "Suggestion Box" placed in the Library for this purpose.

A note placed in this box receives the direct attention of the Library committee and thus we discover your needs.

The Canadian Legion Educational Services are also available to everyone who wishes to take advantage of improving himself on any subject.

The Educational Officer and the Library are only too willing to help you out or provide the information you desire along this line.

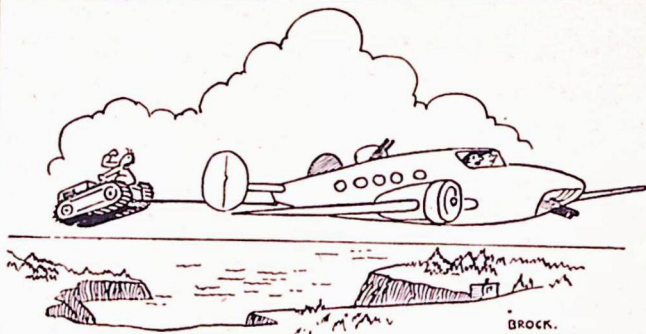
My closing thought for this month is "Are You Prepared for the Future"—You alone know your needs. What are you going to do about it?

Noted In Passing

Gander's razzle-dazzle passing attack—Marg Burns way of keeping her left elbow bent inwards as she dribbles. Alicia Danielson's red-socked figure tussling with a much bigger girl for the ball—and holding on—Louis 'PeeWee' Clark—85 lbs. of greased lightning—Gander's big cheering section—Gander's added height telling in the rebounds—Our W.D.'s rooting with 'Goosie Gander.'

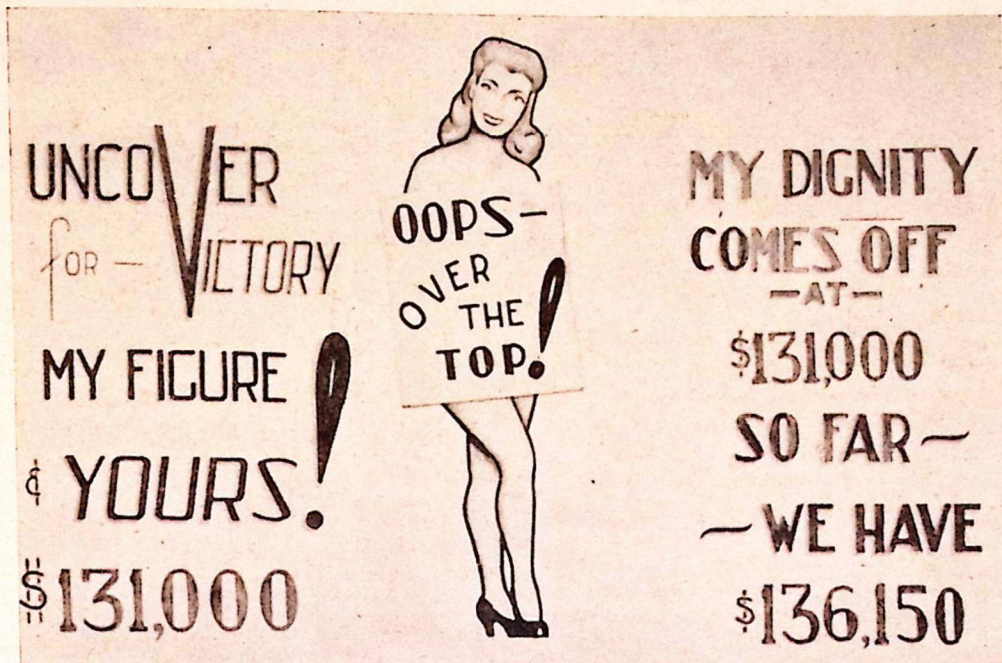
Podolski, Fetchell, Cunningham, Harvey, Hardy, PeeWee, very effective for the winners—Sgt. Mamie Farley top scorer of the evening. Marg Burns, the 2 Hazels, Danielson, all our girls, playing with all they had—never quitting till the final whistle—

The large crowd of rooters and spectators saw a swell game!—



"SHE FEELS A BIT TAIL-HEAVY TODAY!"

Torbay Wins A. O. C. in C's Pennant'



"Our Lady of Burlesque" half-way through the campaign.

Well Done Torbay

Now that the crash and thunder of Victory Loan rallying battle-cries has faded into the distance—it is fitting and proper that we say a word or two in appreciation—of the magnificent effort of all concerned in this highly successful Campaign.

To single one person out above all others—is rather difficult, if not impossible. All had their own particular job to do—and did it, more than well. . . .

The whole Campaign was a triumph of organization—of superb teamwork—

All the enthusiasm—all the drive—all the effort in the world—is of no avail—unless the entire Station is behind it—and all of you men and women on this Station—answered as one voice to our Call to Arms. . . .

As a measure of success in this Campaign:

4th Victory Loan	\$ 60,000
5th Victory Loan	216,000
6th Victory Loan	324,050

The figures speak for themselves

In respect to this Station's position amongst others—

Our % of Quota raised was	247%
Our nearest competitor, Sydney	241%
Our Station Total	\$324,050
Sydney Total	241,400

The competition was exceedingly keen—so intense that the combined efforts of all units in the Command resulted in EAC winning again—the Deputy Minister's Shield.

EAC Total	\$2,908,300
% of Quota raised	187.61%

Another indication of this Station's success may be gained by comparing the % of Quota of EAC, the top Command in Canada, to our own . . . 247.37% . . .

Space does not permit singling out individuals—but one group on which the success of the Campaign stands or falls—are the Canvassers—

No further tribute is needed to their untiring efforts, than the final results. . . .

7 Victory Pennants proudly floating in the breeze, on our flagpole—(See Cover).

An eighth, the A.O.C.-in-C's Pennant—has since been added . . .

Well done—Torbay!

Morale

By Cpl. H. Dion

It seems to me that the most mis-used word in the service vocabulary is the one "Morale".

Unlike manna it doesn't come from Heaven but from within our being.

Drooping spirits and a lowered morale tone generally are often due to a depleted physical force and vitality. An occupied and contented mind is a sure antidote for

all negative attitudes and darker moments. It takes initiative to use ones intellect to a better advantage.

The happier ones amongst us are those who have spiritual morale. In these days of confused and constant emotion our being demands that we have peace of mind regardless of our outward pose. It all depends on your mental aptitude to face facts.

Morale is expendable. It is your greatest asset. How do you rate. You have one of three choices; waste it; use it; or salvage it.

SPORTS

The Girls Play Ball

By LEN LEIFFER

For thrills, spills and sheer excitement—give me a gals' basketball game any day!

On Sat., May 13th, our own smart aggregation took on the Gander gals. Outweighed, and far smaller in size, our girls were never outfought. They gave a good account of themselves and with a little added weight, might have turned the tide.

As it was, the type of game these girls play—boys' rules—was an eye-opener for many a ready-to-snicker, superior male. They gave no quarter and asked none.

THE GAME STARTS

Peewee Clark of Gander had a chance at free throw in first minute of game—missed.

Marg Burns of Torbay dribbled up the floor—was fouled—sank the free shot—First blood for Torbay!

Pauline Cunningham of the visitors missed 2 free throws—

A fast passing play—Pat Podolski to June Fetchell—and June scored off the board in a close-in shot.

Pat raced up the floor alone a few minutes later; the net swished to her clean-cut long shot—putting Gander further ahead.

Marg Burns was fouled in a scramble—missed the free throw—
Score—1st Quarter—4-1 for Gander.

2nd QUARTER

Pat Podolski emerged from a melee of legs and arms, with the ball—scored.

Our girls got fighting mad!

Hazel Harris took off the wraps, went to town—scored a basket—

Mamie Farely emulated her—

Hazel Jackson was not to be outdone—sank a pretty shot—

Score 7-6 for Torbay—

Three baskets in 40 seconds dazed Gander—they called Time Out.

Mary Hardy sank a free shot to even the score—a few moments after sliding on her dignity along the floor. No punches pulled in this game!

Hazel Harris put Torbay in the lead again with another basket—only to have Glad Harvey of Gander even it up a moment later.

Mary Hardy raced through the whole Torbay team—made the net swish again—

A moment later, Marg and Hazel Jackson fooled the opposition—Hazel sinking the basket while the Gander guards covered Marg. June and Pat put on a brilliant passing display—June scoring.

SCORE 18-12 FOR GANDER

Glad Harvey added another point a minute later—with a free throw. Pauline Cunningham took a long shot—scored for Gander.

3rd QUARTER SCORE 21-12 FOR GANDER

Pauline Cunningham scored again Mamie Farley countered with a basket.

Pauline did it again—Sodid Mamie—who scored as the game ended.

Final score—
Gander25
Torbay17

THE LINE-UP

GANDER	P POSITION	P TORBAY
June Fetchell	6 Centre	4 Hazel Jackson
Glad Harvey	3 Forward	Barbara Mercer
Paula Cunningham	6 " "	Cynthia Stone
Lois 'PeeWee' Clark	" "	4 Hazel Harris
Isobel Brownlee	" "	
Pat Podolski	6 Guard	7Mamie Farley
Ray Hobbs	" "	2 Marg Burns
Mary Hardy	4 " "	Alicia Danielson
Freddie Mayers	" "	Phyllis McVittie
	—	—
	25	17

Referee—Sgt. Hogarth—Army.
Time-keeper—Bob Low—Y.M.C.A.



Blind Date

Continued from page 9

for a while. Bozo and his bim are at the table when we get there and the dames ask can they be excused to go pretty up again. Once they're gone Bozo sits waitin for the blast, but I'm too far gone to be bothered. Then he makes a suggestion.

"Do ya really want to get rid of her?" he says.

"Worse than Hitler," I says with as much feeling as I can muster.

"O.K.," he says, "I've got a bottle of Screech here. Maybe we can get her stewed up enough to pass out.

"Look," I says, "I'm no drinkin man, and from the way things are goin it would be me that would end up under the table."

"Ya don't have to take that chance," he says, and outlines a scheme that sounds fool proof. When the dames come back Bozo actin according to plan takes Bessie out to dance. Once they're gone I says "Would ya like a little drink, Gertie?" She says she would, so I pour out a couple. One about 10 per cent Screech and 90 per cent coke and the other vice vers. Then I says: "Look at Bozo," who wasn't doing anythin more unusual than dance, and while she's looking I switch glasses. Havin seen Bozo and giggled, she samples her drink. "Mmmm," she says. "Good. Smells like molasses, don't it? Is it very strong?"

"Naw!" I says, "you saw me make it up. It's weak as anythin."

Satisfied, she downs it and in the next half hour I get half the bottle in her. After every drink I watch her out of the corner of my eye expectin the top of her head to blow off, but nothin happens, except that she gets livelier and wants to dance some more.

I figure if half a bottle won't stop her nothin will, so we get out on the floor again. This time she shows me some steps that have a lot of kicking in them. After a minute or two I see possibilities in this. I calculate that if I can kick her just behind the ear, I might knock her out. With a little luck it might even be fatal. Twice I manoeuver her into position and let fly. She's fast on her feet though and I miss both times. I just get her lined up again and am about to let go when the music stops and the lights on

the juke box go out. The dance is over and am I happy. All I have to do now is get her home. The girl's get ready and we start out. Bozo and his dame lag behind for obvious reasons but I light out with Gert. at a near dog trot. In a few minutes we're at the house where we'd picked them up and skid to a stop. I'm getting ready to take it on the lam when Gertie says: "This ain't where I live, Bessie lives here, I live down the road a bit." We light out again and an hour later she still lives down the road a bit and I'm begin to think she must live in an igloo. We keep goin' though and about 2.30 get to her place. Needless to say I'm not trottin any longer. In fact if it had a bin much farther I'd have probably finished up ridin her piggy back. From the way she's goin she could o' done it too. Even with my feet draggin. Now that we're there I figure on givin her the quick brush off and gettin down the road a ways to a spot where I can sit down and res a bit. With this in mind I say "Well, g'd night Gert," and turn to go when she grabs me by the coat and asks, "Ain't cha goin to kiss me good night?"

Now I always figured that to be my line, so she gets me off guard agin. I try to do some quick thinkin but all I come up with is, "But I hardly know ya!" Which is the answer I usually get to the same question. "It ain't good enough though," she says, "the sailors and army boys always kiss me good night."

"Sure," I says, "but some of them have been up here over two years." While she's figurin that out I try to get away again but she grabs me by the coat tails. "Don't be shy," she says, "I don't mind."

I'm too tired to argue so I close my eyes and try to pretend it is someone else, which don't work very good. She's hanging around my neck and goin at it as if she was trying to gore me to death with those two terrible tusks. I finally beat her off and broke for safety with her yellin somethin about when is she goin to see me again. I yell back that I'm been posted to Goose Bay as soon as I can arrange it. After, I began to wonder if that is any further from her place than the station is.

That is how Bozo becomes my ex-friend. The funny part is, I'm not mad at him, he's mad at me. He's

mad cause when I came in that morning at 5 a.m. I found him sleeping like a baby. That was the last straw, so I threw a bucket of cold water on him and went to bed.

The Heat's On

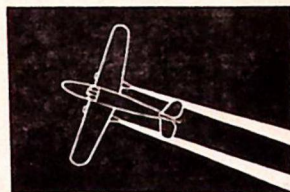
A Steam Engineer in the professional sense is one who through training, study, and practice, successfully adapts and controls the materials and forces of Nature, to the benefit and advantage of himself, his fellow engineers, and the rest of humanity. Steam Engineering is the art of economic application of science to social purposes.

So when your room is warm and saug, and the heating units are doing their stuff—then you will know that the boys of the central heating are not all bluff, in the still of the night, in Torbay Camp.

SGT. HUNTER.
(Shift Engineer).

ABOUT OUR PIN-UP

The bit of luscious femininity smiling at us from page five is Miss Una McLennan, of Toronto—Most beautiful model in Canada. Una has a weakness for boys in Air-force Blue. Was thrilled when informed she had been chosen Pin-Up Girl for our June issue. As she hasn't gone swimming yet this summer—she wears the. gown Ginger Rogers wore in 'Lady in the Dark', instead of the brief bathing suit you wolves were hoping for . . .



A SON OF THE BEACH

I sella da feesh and I sella da crab
I'm notta so good and I'm notta so bad
I levee in da shack war da seagull he screech
I am Tony Pèroni, a son of the beach.

I guess maybe you tink I am very beeg fool
Cause I nevaire ben go to American school
An' I don't know so good the American speech
I'm joost tony da Dago, a son of the beach.

Dey say to me, Tony, wot for you stay here?
You make more mon' if yu sella da beer
I say I don't care eef I nevaire be reech
I rather be joost a poor son of the beach.

Last week I vas hear feller talk on the san'
Bout a feller called Adolph, Big Dictator man
I don't hear so good vot dey say in da speech
But it sounds like he too is a son of the beach.

Now I don't tink dey mean he be feller like me
Cause he don't live here on da beach by the sea
So I don't onderstan maybe him and me each
Be two different kind of son of da beach.

Vel, I'm Tony da Dago, an darn glad I am
I glad I ain't wot you call Dictator man
Cause someday and ven heaven I reach
Dey say, "Tony come in, you ol' son of the beach."

SGTS. MESS JOTTINGS

Where does one go for a swell dance—entertainment, good food and refreshments? The Sgts. Mess—of course—The Entertainment Committee—WO2 Mont, F/S Clark, F/S Armstrong—Sgt. Simmons—are resigning to give others a chance to be of service—and the dance they put on May 17th was a fitting farewell—easily the most successful dance put on by the Mess to date.

Among the guests at the festivities were S/O Dunbar, N/S Whittaker, A/S/O Poole, W/C Cook, S/L Spear, S/L MacKinnon, S/L Viau, F/L Cockburn, F/L Knowl- ing, Hon. F/L Davignon, Hon. F/L Tomkins, Capt. Lieberman, Bob Low.

LAC Verdun of the Snack Bar gave his excellent interpretation of George Formby's song Our Ser-

geant Major—complete with banjo. Spot prizes were presented to the lucky winners by S/L Spear and W/C Cook. A good time was had by all—as under Cpl. Bill Collis' capable direction the band played on.

A new Mess Committee was elected in May:

President—WO2 MacLeod.
Secretary—F/S Gallant.
Members—WO2 Nevins, F/S Rideout.

The outgoing Mess Committee has the thanks of the whole Mess for the way they really put the Mess on its feet. Due in great part to their efforts during their term of office, we are now in a sound financial position—have a Bar well stocked with all the necessities—get super-efficient laundry service—had the dining room re-de-



Dancing in the Sergeants' Mess

corated—enjoy excellent meals in pleasant surroundings—give the entertainment committee full opportunity to go ahead with their plans for dances and entertain- ments

To WO2 McCracken, Sgt. Cunn- ington, F/S Morris, Sgt. Post—and outgoing Entertainment Com- mittee—You've given the new Com- mittees a mark to shoot at—Many thanks!



Front row: Left to Right. **MEN AND WOMEN IN WHITE**

Sgt. Bergeron, C. Sgt. Khaner, N/S Whittaker, A. F/L Bishop, S.E. S/L Douglas, G.R. N/S Armstrong, M.E. F/S Bramah, G.H. Sgt. Minto, H.

Second Row: Left to Right.

LAC Carter, S.H. LAC Tucker, A. LAW Thrasher, M. Cpl. Child, G. Cpl. Avery, F.L. LAW MacNeil, M. LAW Miles, G. LAW Cole, E. LAW Harrington, P. LAC Cursons. LAC Stubbs, E.J.

Third Row: Left to Right.

LAW Jackson, G.P. LAC Vaillant, J. LAC Langill, P. LAC Barnet, R.T. Cpl. Gaetz, C.A. Cpl. Courte, F.

The Governor Visits Torbay

Vice-Admiral Welcomed

Wednesday, May 17th, marked the official opening of this Station, when Sir Humphrey T. Walwyn, K.C.S.I., K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O., R.N. (retired), Governor of Newfoundland, made his first official visit.

A smart flight from No. 20 Sub. made up the Guard of Honor—welcoming His Excellency, in the Present Arms, at the Gate.

The occasion was marked by the Station being thrown open to a host of distinguished visitors—high-ranking officers representing the Navy, Army, and Air Forces of three Countries — and notable in the judicial, religious, political, financial, and social life of Newfoundland.

Air Vice-Marshal Heakes, C.B., joined our own Group Captain Grandy, OBE, in bidding them welcome—and a festive banquet took place in honour of the occasion—in the Officers' Mess.



The C.O. and A.O.C. Fete the Governor

PAY DIRT

In the spring Flt. Dixon's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of quote "We're going to spring clean the office to-nite." "I can't, Flt., I'm going to visit a dear sick friend." "We're going to spring clean the office to-nite."

Soooo we cleaned the office and from all Accts (that's corn, isn't

it? our Wednesday theme song was "This is my shining hour." However, during the evening we discovered issue tissue beautifully polishes windows and aeroplane soap takes off nail polish along with the nail, finger and hand.

CASUAL COMMENTS

LAC Ross is a happy new face beaming round this Finance Dept., and too, LAW Forbes.

LAW Bernice Edwards is walk-

ing on pink and silver clouds since her April wedding.

Sgt. George MacLean is relaxing at home in Canada with young George Jr. and the missus.

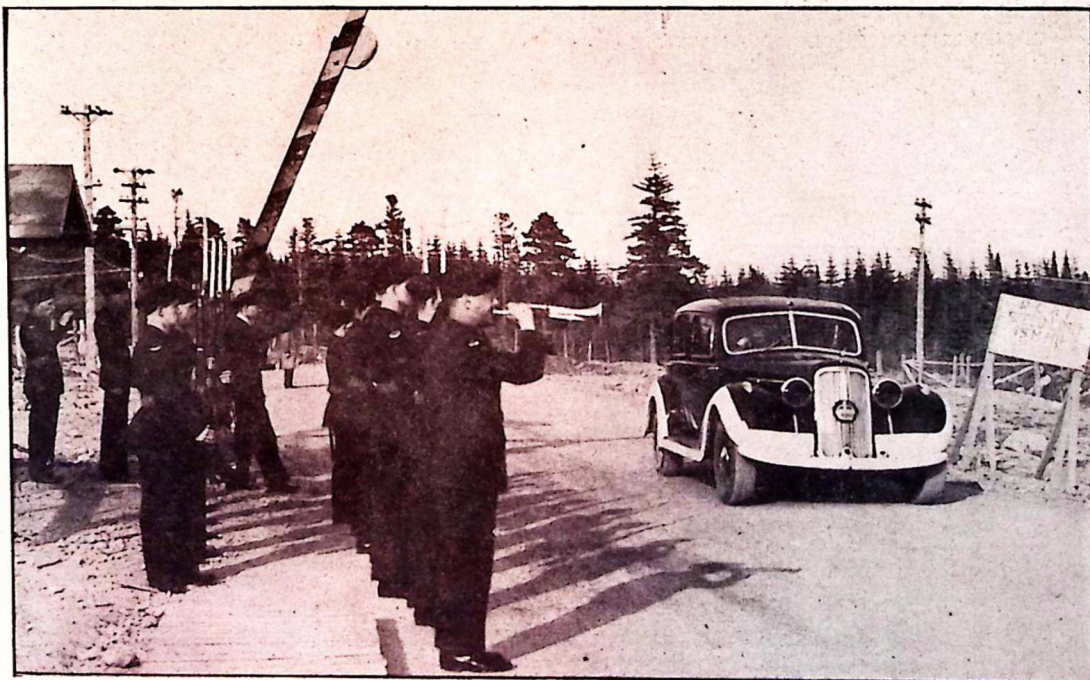
Even Flt. Thatcher is having a SWELL time—with mumps. HOT OFF THE WIRES. . .

Flash! As we go to press Accounts is just recovering from a combination Hello and Goodbye party. Hello to S/O, Poole, Good-bye to F/O Monkman.

What fun! What food! WHAT PUNCH! Appropriately called 'Joe Louis' it was concocted by Flt. Dixon and Sgt. Farquharson.

During the evening the boss, Flt. Lieut. Teaffe vocalized (he's good, too) with F/O French at the piano. Noone knows how the piano got in. LAC Doug French welcomed the staff to Newfoundland, and Flt. Lieut. Christie, with Cpl. and S/O Wilson gave them cheers—for Vancouver.

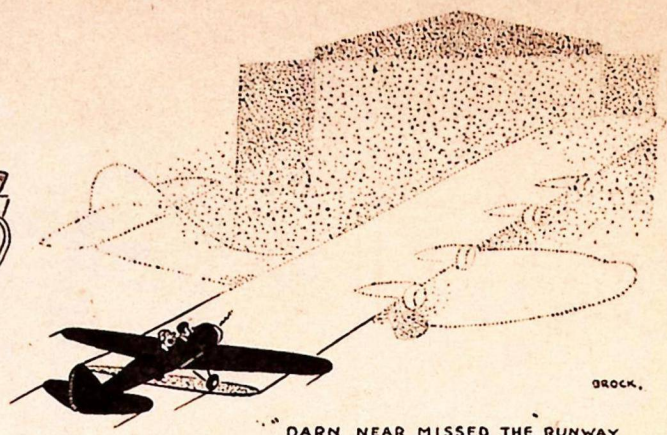
The combination of a lit fireplace, punch, 'Monkman for Mayor of Gaspé,' punch, and those present equalled a very happy party with promises of more in the future.



Guard of Honor—"Present Arms"



"Are you kidding Bud!!"



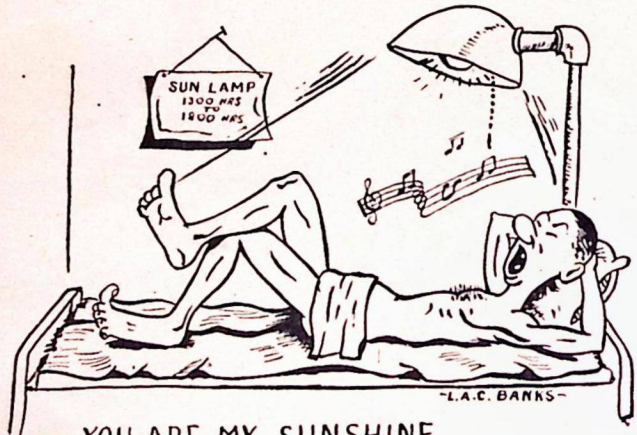
"DARN NEAR MISSED THE RUNWAY IN THIS FOG, DIDN'T WE, JOE?"



ALL I SAID WAS — "THE ARMY CAN LICK THE NAVY ANYTIME!"



"547 PLEASE"



YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE MY ONLY SUNSHINE.....



"MA WANTS TO KNOW SHOULD SHE SEND MY SWIMMING TRUNKS."