Thumbs Up!



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THUMBS UP!

Published Monthly by Airmen of R.C.A.F. Station, Dartmouth, N. S.

With the kind permission of the Commanding Officer Group Captain B. D. Hobbs, D.S.O., D.S.C.

Vol. 1 **DARTMOUTH, N. S., SEPTEMBER, 1942** **No. 4**

Editorial



GUEST EDITORIAL

As one who knows Nova Scotia and its folk from both the civilian and Service points of view, we submit that it would be hard to find a community anywhere else in Canada which is more ready to open its doors to those who wear the King's uniform. We have no hesitation in saying that these good neighbors have placed us in their debt for amusement, entertainment, and all-round hospitality more than we can ever repay.

Not that they want to be repaid. But what they do look for and what they have every right to expect is a bit of appreciation on our part, a word or a sign now and then that will show them that their kindness to us and our predecessors over a period of three years has not just been taken for granted.

It's not just a matter of saying "Thank you" after we have enjoyed our hostess' mtachless cooking and our host's excellent tobacco. It's not a question of a bread and butter letter when we have spent a 48 or a 24 under the friendly roof of our favorite local household.

It's more a matter of general attitude and behaviour. It's a matter of co-opertaion and adaptation. It means showing more considertaion and greater sympathy toward these fellow Canadians of ours. It means chucking overboard once and for all that affectation of being superior creatures from more enlightened sections of the Dominion, condemned to serve a term of exile here on the fringe of civilization.

We don't suggest that this is the attitude of all or even a majority of us toward Nova Scotia and its people. But here as always the objectionable minority can spoil things for the greater number. And beyond question or doubt there are members of the Service who seem to take pride in giving vent to loud complaints and criticisms concerning the town and the province and the Maritimes in general.

Our advice to such people is — put yourself in the other fellow's place. How would you feel if a crowd of strangers appeared in the sacred area of a town in Ontario or Quebec or Saskatchewan or wherever you call home and proceeded to make outspoken comparisons between their home territory and yours?

Suppose they went out of their way to inform you that your scenery was commonplace and your climate obnoxious, in short that almost everything you possessed or took pride in was distinctly inferior to what they had at home. Suppose, as a final crowning touch, they playfully described going away from your neighbourhood as "going back to Canada"! What would be your attitude toward such visitors?

STAFF OF THUMBS-UP

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Would you feel bound to go on offering them hospitality and a warm welcome whenever they were pleased to accept your services? Or would you, as we think more likely, cool off a bit in your enthusiasm, and decide to let them go on their own way while you went yours?

That this last course has not been taken by Nova Scotians is not the fault of these chip-on-the-shoulder artists in our midst, these biters of the hand that feeds them. Nova Scotia's patience with us and its continued good-will towards us is due to the fact that these level-headed fellow citizens of ours realize that the croakers and the trouble-makers are comparatively few in number.

But it is all very trying and tiresome to say the least. And we happen to know that some of our good neighbours are getting very "browned off" about our criticisms and comparisons.

It's a silly business at best, this habit of belittling the place which is our home town while we're here. At the worst it means poisoning the wells of goodwill and alienating those who might have been our good friends and supporters.

So let's do our best by word and example to stop this social sabotage. "Careless talk may give away vital secrets," says the warning in D.R.O.'s. Remember that unkind criticism can also result in serious loss, the loss of friends and well-wishers, the destruction of the spirit of fellowship and co-opertaion among human beings who must live and work side by side.

—oOo—

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Thumbs Up is published monthly and is on sale the 15th of each month.

Contributors must have copy in the hands of the Editor by the 5th. Cartoons and drawings must be submited in India ink—all lettering in the same medium.

Personnel on the station are invited to contribute. The Editor will try to publish material of the most general interest and appeal to the airmen at Dartmouth.

Thumbs Up is your magazine in word—make it so by your contributions.

Any ideas you may have to improve the set-up of contents of your paper will be welcomed.

STOP MOANING

I left my job in the city
To join the Air Force grand,
I thought to help my country out
I'd give the boys a hand.

It was the grandest feeling
As I proudly said good-bye,
For now I'm in the Air Force
And I'm going to learn to fly.
Now to learn to fly I surely did
And I should have my wings quite soon
But most of my flying has been
Around the hangar with a broom.

Then they sent me down to Dartmouth,
Please don't think that this is funny,
But I guess I should stop moaning
As they still give me my money.

But we seem to form a habit
And our troubles want to tell
But yet I'm sure there's many
Who never ate so well.

So let us quit our moaning, boys,
And break out in a smile
Though we'll find it hard at first,
But I think it quite worth while.

Then when the war is over
And our soldering* days are done,
They will all sit back and listen
As we tell them of our fun.

SGT. COCHRANE,
Link Trainer Det.

* The MS. leaves us in some doubt whether the author means "soldering" or "soldiering." However, the officer in charge of the Link Detachment assures us it makes little difference, since Sgt. Cochrane is as deadly with a SOLDERING, as with a FIRING, IRON.
—ED.

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Padre's Corner

V.W.D

(Continued from last issue)

Oat Cakes and Sulphur

By Fl/Lt. J. L. McGUIRE

Moses led the chosen people out of Egypt, through the desert, toward the Promised Land. He wrote the history of his people, and laid down laws for them, in five books. Other books of the Old Testament declare this to be so. The Hebrew people down through the thousands of years were so sure of it that they bent their stubborn necks to its galling yoke. They even gave humble assent to its recital of their crimes. The separated Hebrew tribes hated each other bitterly, but clasped the Mosaic books to their breasts. The Hebrew doctors, both before Christ and after, uphold this truth. The profane histories of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, give testimony of it. The faithful of the Christian Church, the Fathers and ecclesiastical writers of that Church, the Apostles, Christ Himself, say it is so. The early heretics (with negligible exceptions) say it is beyond all controversy.

Imposture was impossible. These Books were the religious law and the civil law of the Jewish nation. They meant more to the Jews than does the Constitution to the people of the United States of America. Imposture, further, will not venture with impunity to impose a hard yoke, or to stand forth as an exposer of crime. There was no imposture, certainly, before the separation of the Tribes, because the memory of Moses was too recent. Imposture was impossible after the separation because of the bitter enmity that separation engendered.

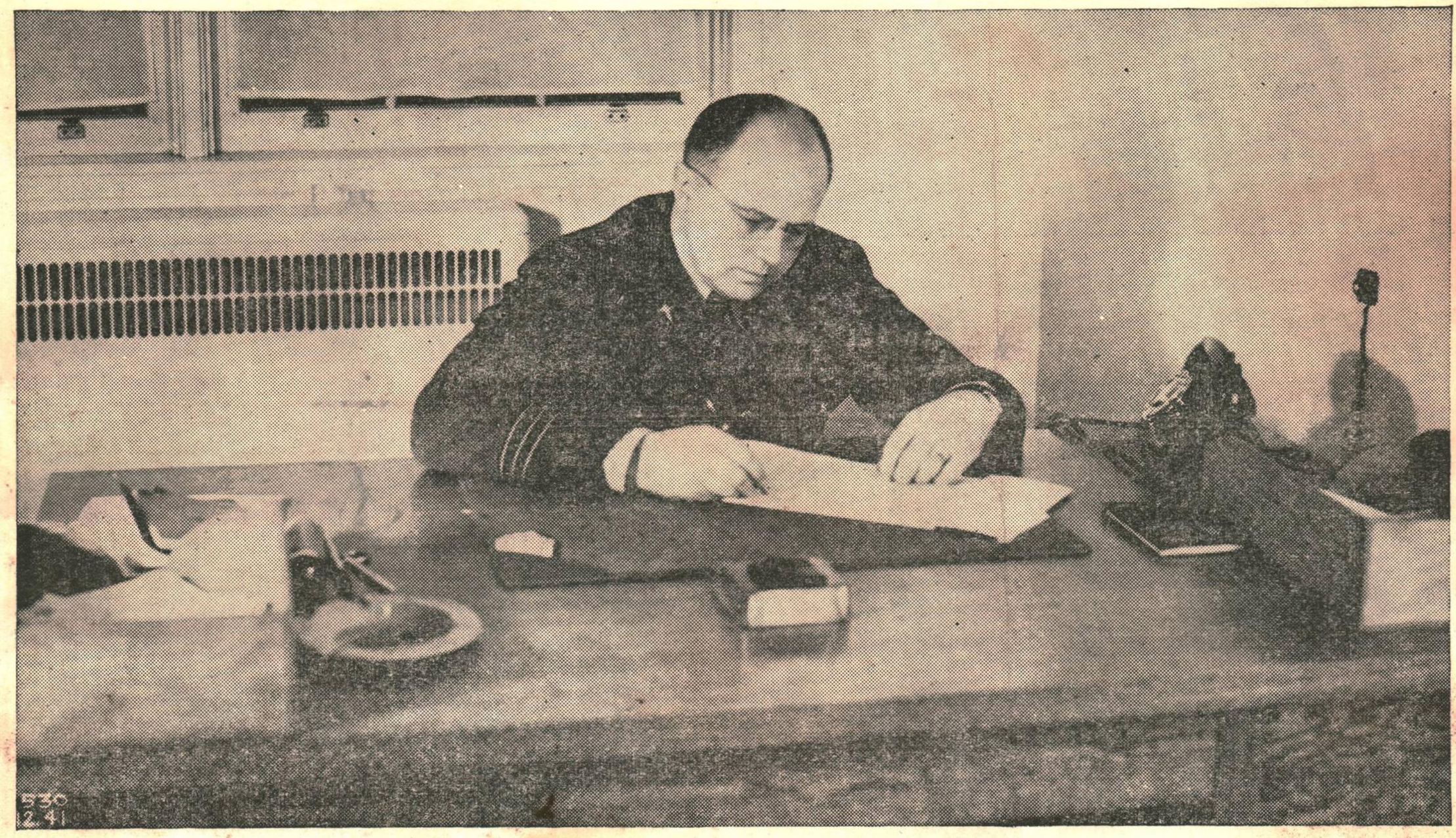
That these basic Books have come down substantially integral and incorrupt is evident after what has just been said. (It is a further fact of interest, in this regard, that nearly all the facts, and the principal precepts, of the Books are found in the other books of the Old Testament and in the New Testament). Simply remember the light of publicity that continually shone upon them. They were, let it be repeated, the religious, civil, and domestic code of the Jewish people. Many copies were scattered about. While Josephus, the Jewish historian, says that veneration for the Mosaic Books was so great that to guard them the Jews would give up their lives. One can picture, then, the fate of a tampering minority. And if the Pagans, Samaritans, or Christians did any tampering there is no record of any outcry on the part of the Jews. Finally there is absolute substantial agreement between the volumes in possession of these different groups.

Granting, however, that the great Jewish leader was responsible for that part of the Old Testament which is ascribed to him, and even granting that this has come down to us substantially pure and entire, one is yet inclined to ask if Moses was in a position to know what he was talking about. The answer to such question is decidedly in the affirmative. Information regarding the creation of the world could come, it is true, only by revelation. This revelation may have been made to Adam, or to the Patriarchs, or even to Moses himself. On this point it is pertinent to recall the many recorded conversations that these men held with God. As to the events from Adam to his own time Moses had oral tradition to draw upon. He had public monuments (v.g. the tower of Babel) to study. There was the fact of circumcision which all knew as testimony of a pact with God. There were, doubtless, writings to aid him, for writing was then in use. Certainly there were canticles, the use of which was frequent among primeval peoples. For all the rest Moses was either chief actor or eye-witness.

Nor did Moses have any desire to deceive. He spoke candidly, simply, without ambiguity. The facts which he narrated were splendid and public, and were known to many or to all. No one lies without a motive. If Moses lied he did so for himself or for his relatives or for his nation. But he is a strange liar who tells of his own crimes, and who insists and repeats that it was a personal sin which excluded him from the Promised Land. The murmurs and punishment of his own brother and sister are not forgotten, nor the sins and sorry death of his nephews. A writer of lies, further, is not the kind of man who refuses to promote his own sons to high priesthood and who promotes, instead, those of inferior rank. The people were neither soothed nor fawned upon. Hard words and heavy precepts were their lot. Their crimes were continually scored. Their infidelities, their seditions, their punishments, were faithfully set down. Nothing that could possibly bring the blush of shame to their cheek was covered up. If Moses had any single passion it was that he would neither deceive nor be deceived.

Moses could not have lied and deceived even if he had wished. The facts from Adam to Abraham may be few and insignificant but they were handed down by vivid tradition. What happened after Abraham was of more recent memory and offered even less chance of

(Continued on Page 17)



WING COMMANDER L. H. LEGGETT, M.D., F.R.C.S.

To a much greater degree than is possibly realized the continued success of any arm of the service is dependent on the health of those individuals who go to make up that arm. This station is particularly fortunate in having as its Senior Medical Officer, Wing Commander L. H. Leggett, M.D., F.R.C.S.

Wing Commander Leggett was born in Newboro, Leeds County, Ontario, and after having completed his education, taught school for a period of six years. In the First Great War he served with the Royal Flying Corps from Jan., 1918, till Dec., 1918.

Following the war he went to Queens University and after having completed his medical training at the old "Presbyterian" school, set up in medical practice in Guelph, Ontario.

1929 found W/C Leggett attending university again, now in Edinburgh, Scotland, the Mecca of all surgeons; and there he was successful in obtaining a Fellowship in the Royal College of Surgeons, (Edin.).

On his return to Guelph he specialized in surgery until 1940, becoming a charter member of the Royal College of Surgeons (Canada) in 1930.

Prior to his enlistment in the R.C.A.F. he served with the 11th Field Ambulance (Army) with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and one can rest assured that what is the Army's definite loss is as surely the Air Force's great gain. He was the first surgeon in the R.C.A.F. and is now, of course, the senior.

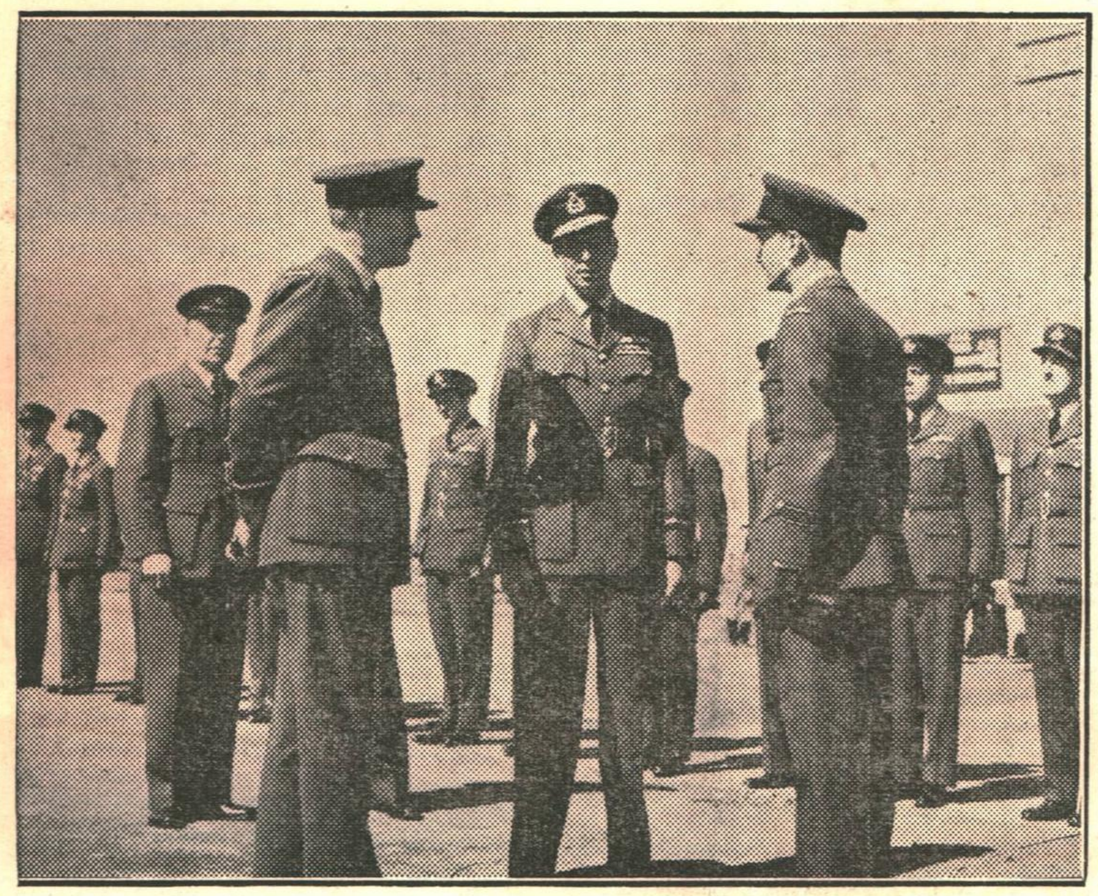
W/C Leggett was surgeon at No. 1 TTS., St. Thomas, Ontario. The St. Thomas hospital was completed by the Ontario Government for other purposes and was handed over to the Dominion at the outbreak of war for use by the Air Force. This building is one of the finest hospitals on the continent, and is so large it contains eleven miles of corridors within the building itself.

The next station favored by having W/C Leggett as S.M.O. was Gander, Nfld., where he opened the new hospital, which has since become a model for hospitals now under construction. In April of this year he was transferred to this station.

W/C Leggett has the respect and admiration not only of his professional colleagues but of all who come in contact with him, both for his skill as a surgeon and for his unfailing tact and courtesy as a man and as Officer Commanding the Medical Section.

————oOo————

A foreigner was relating his experience in studying the English language. He said: "When I first discovered if I was quick I was fast; that if I was tied I was fast; if I spent too freely I was fast. and that not to eat was to fast, I was discouraged. But when I came across the sentence. 'The first one won one one-dollar prize,' I gave up trying".



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT

A little less than a year after he visited this air station during the course of an extended tour of the Commonwealth Air Training Plan in Canada, the Duke of Kent, most air-minded member of Britain's Royal Family, died in the line of duty when a Sunderland flying boat which was carrying him to Iceland, crashed in northern Scotland. The loss was felt here the more deeply because hundreds of airmen and officers at present serving on the station were here when the distinguished visitor arrived on September 3, 1941. He departed on the following day after having made a profound impression on all with whom he had come in contact. The 1941 visit of the royal airman had resulted in his career being followed with particularly keen interest on the part of the station personnel and it is for this reason that the shock of his death on August 25 was so keen here.

The 39-year-old duke, youngest son of Queen Mary and the late King George V, started his career in the service of the Empire as a naval cadet, at his father's choice, before he was 14. Later, however, his interest turned to aviation, then in its infancy, and he served devotedly in the Royal Air Force, gaining the air commodore's rank which he held at the time of his death. One of his last official acts, it is recalled, was to visit an R.C.A.F. reception centre last week with Hon. C. G. Power, Canadian Minister of National Defence for Air.

The words, "Killed on active service," used by the British Air Ministry in describing the circumstances surrounding his demise, serve to emphasize again the way in which the Royal Family is sharing in the Empire's fortunes of war. When London air raids reached the peak of ferocity, Buckingham Palace was among the British homes which suffered. Now has come the news of the loss of this man who was at the same time duke, airman, public servant, husband, brother, father and son.

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A HERO WRITES TO HIS LADY LOVE

Dear Barbara:

I got up here from number 4 Bumming and Gunning school at Finger and am writing you as I said I would but don't reckon I can write twice a day as I promised because the Sgt. got the measles off a fairy battle and I guess he'll want me to take his place till he comes out of hospital. He said every fellow coming in the section had to leave his girl's address with him or the Cpl so they could let them know if anything happened to us.

Well, sir, the first time I got here some guy with a band on his arm and the letters S.P. or something takes me down the hall to the adjacent. (I guess that's cause he's next to the C.O.—the C.O. is the guy that runs this place.) Anyway, when I walks into this adjacent he looks at me and says, "What the hell is the Air Force coming to, anyway?" and I tells him they are all coming to Dartmouth, and he says, "Shut up."

Well, they hands me over to a guy to show me around. I asks him what AC2 was and he tells me that it is Air Commodore, second class. So I feel pretty good about getting promotion so quick. A lot of other fellows here got the same promotion so I guess Hitler might as well give up. They tell me I'm General Duties and I had quite a time telling them they are making a big mistake as I've never heard of this fellow Duties.

Next morning I go on parade. That is when you line up with a bunch of fellows and look dumb when anyone calls your name. After this parade the C.O. comes in and says, "Who is that man?" I says, "Me from Finger," and he says, "Keep quiet," but I'm not going to let him put anything over on me so I try to explain and he says, "Shut up." Anyway, he talks to the sergeant and says, "He's scruffy looking as hell, put him in the M.T."

So they take me over to a red headed sergeant with a bunch of guys running after him wanting to know if they can have a revally pass. He looks at me and says, "Ever drive?" I says, "Yes." "Well," says the sergeant, "that is a novelty in this mob."

There's quite a bunch of fellows in this M.T. section. One of our Flite sergeants was in London at some pink tea the other nite and an old lady asks him what three stripes and a crown means. "Well," he says, "the crown means I'm married and each stripe is for one of my children." Half an hour later she spots Sgt. McPherson trying to crash the gate and she beans him over the head with her umbrella.

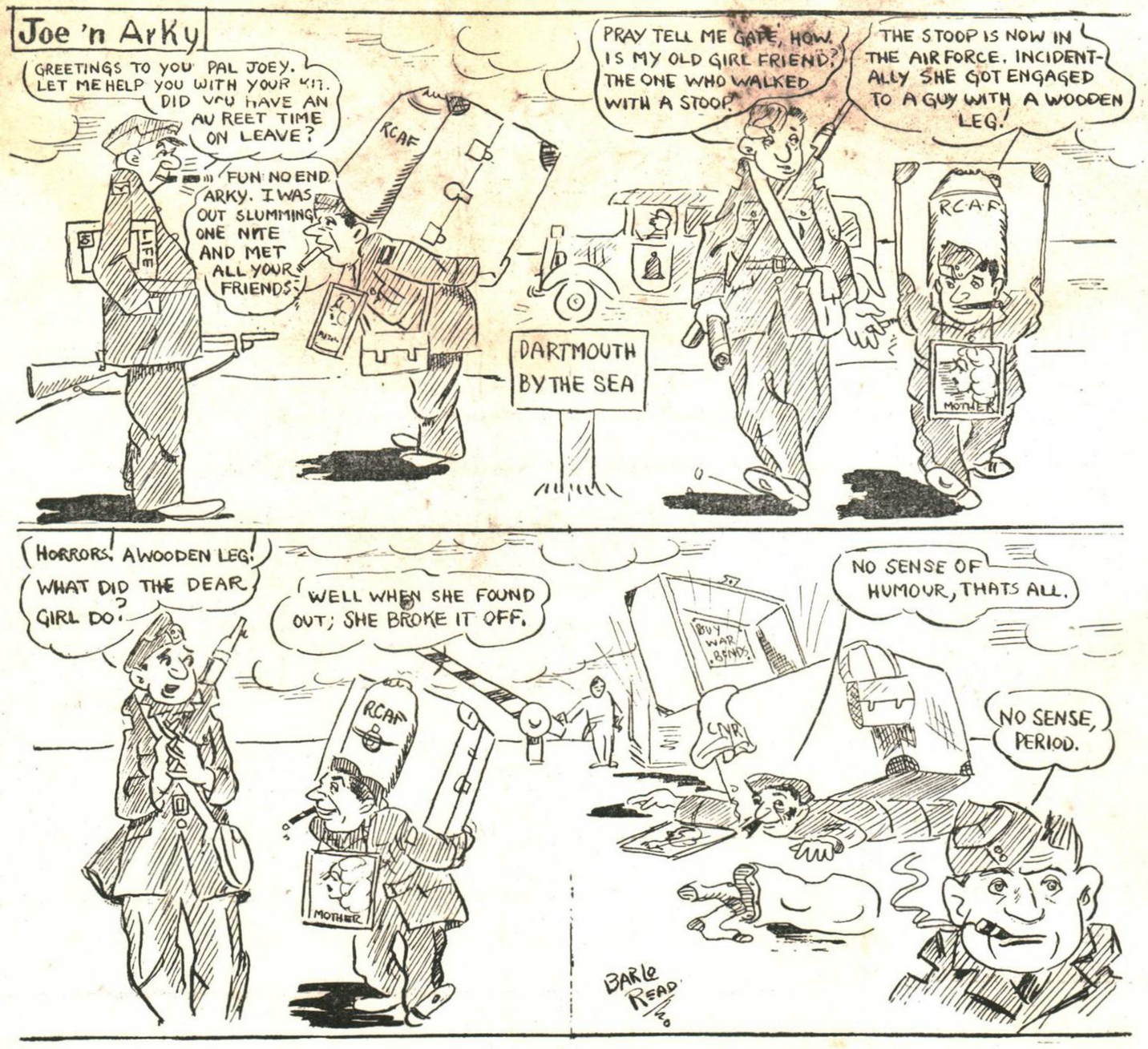
We have a bunch of stoves in the buildings that have motors in them. They blow the gas out and keep the heat inside and then they moan and groan all night. The first night I woke up and thought I was back home with you with your old man sleeping under the table.

I'm going to ask the C.O. if he will get one of the fellows in the photografic section to take my picture so I can send you one.

Well, Barbara, I guess I'll ring off for this time as I've got to help the C.O. look for a Avis Hanson that somebody mislaid in stores. I'm going into Halifax some night soon if Red gives me a pass. Remember me to your maw and paw and if yer down by the jail tell your brother I'll send him a picture of our guard room. Yours till the Service Police give us a smile.

Your Nick.

(Contributed by Cpl. Richardson).
Preston, N. S.



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(Green Lantern Building)



Entertainment





V. W. D.



STATION DANCE AUG. 14th

Here are the ladies responsible for our good times in the dances. The four hostesses in the picture are, from left to right, Miss Osborne of Woods Co., Miss Pottie of Simpson's, Mrs. Smallwood and Mrs. Haley of Dartmouth. These ladies are regular cowboys rounding up sufficient beautiful ladies to guarantee every dance a success. Next time you see them at a dance pay your respects to them.

They featured the winners of the Halifax Gyro Club jitterbug contest in a floor show which was appreciated by everybody.

Flight Lieutenant Briscoe has been left without work in Dartmouth each dance night. Let's keep it this way and boost our dances to bigger and better evenings.





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"SECURITY GUARD"



Just a small word "Security," but the above personnel find their time filled to capacity to carry out its meaning, so fellow airmen of R.C.A.F. Sttaion, Dartmouth, N.S., after 1700 hours daily, just lie back and gaze at the above picture, and a sense of well-being and safety will flow though your veins, because there isn't a finer body of men in the Air Force. Or is there? If so, prove it. Yes, under the able supervision of F/O J. W. Drake, R.C.A.F. Station, Dartmouth, N. S., is well guarded whilst you slumber peacefully.

Society



SECURITY GUARD

We hope our Flight Sergeant will change his mind— good men are sometimes hard to find.

Congratulations to the N.C.O.'s on their recent promotions.

Our softball team should take a little encouragement from the bowling team of last winter. — Top of the league, boys.

Some of our Guards were lucky enough to go overseas recently — wonder if anyone has any news of them?

One of our Sergeants has gone on a Commando course—look out, boys, when he returns!

We are all proud of one of our LAC's — remember the aircraft that burnt up?

Winter will soon be here. Don't forget a little hot coffee on posts —— gets a bit chilly during the night.

Wanted: an amateur carpenter to fix our table tennis table. Don't all rush, boys!

Take a good look at the boys in the picture on the opposite page—you'll be seeing quite a lot of them on the station. They are on the job twenty-four hours a day, rain or shine. They can handle those guns, too. I was down at the range the other day doing some skeet shooting and I saw one of the lads get ten for ten — "Crary is the name, I believe." We also have a chap here by the name of Bill Green, who takes the Browning gun apart blindfolded, and when it comes to handling a rifle we have "Bull's Eye LeLonde."

Say, was that an explosion I heard? No, that was just "Pubby" halting the guard truck.

If you want to hear some classical music drop around some afternoon and listen to Johnny Giduck, Dave Gurevitch and Lorne Jenkins—they can really swing it out.

Compliments of . . .

Shane's
MEN'S SHOP

122 Spring Garden Rd.

MILITARY AND AIRFORCE CLOTHIERS

Always Welcome, whether you buy or not.

(Next stop, Major Bowes!) And for a special added attraction we have that smiling baritone from Montreal, Bob Henry.

Who is the guard that received a letter from his lady friend the other day and she called him the sweetest boy in the Air Force?

Was that Bigras I saw the other night in the Public Gardens with that beautiful redhead? Quite an armful there, fellow!

Oh, my shattered nerves — two night shifts again!

THE GANNETTS SCREECH

We sometimes wonder:

If our famous "Beef Stew," in larger cans, wouldn't serve as effective, more economical depth charges, if dropped from our ships on the lurking enemy sub—the results would certainly be more deadly. How about it, Armament Section?

Why it is that at every Recreation Hall dance there are four men to every pretty gal. An AC showering his attentions on the pretty butterfly while the other three, sergeants (and above) stand by themselves, on the stag line, and look on glumly at the proceedings. — Perhaps they believe "They also serve who only stand and wait."

When on reading a newspaper, find out that there is a war on and also that "Guerilla Warfare" is being waged in the Far East. Could it be manoeuvres whereby men fight "pick-a-back" style on our not-to-distant relative—the gorilla? Strange! Though they do tell us that we are "all in the front line now."

Civilization has really reached perfection, when upon walking down the main "drag" of Dartmouth we spy a bullock-cart.—My, my, this age of inventions! — Still, being practical, is not a bushel of grass cheaper than four rubber tires and a gallon of gas? Certainly easier to procure!

If the elbows on the suit of one of our able pilots are really worn out through hard flying, or the result of too much elbow-scuffing across the bar? — Those black satin patches are the envy of all, sir!

At the versatality of our aircrew N.C.O.'s. — For doesn't the pilot stand by to fly, the observer to navigate, and last but not least, the WAG. to pound the key and fire the gun? All these occupations we carry out to the best of our ability (we hope!) Since coming to this good old squadron, all three groups have been skilfully taught how to wash and clean our babies—with varsol and soap and water—practically every rainy day. The WAG.'s

duties in particular are even broader—they have been taught to wash and dry a mean dish. Keep up the good work! Brother Joes'! ! !

A W/A.G.

FROM THE POLICE BLOTTER

Congratulations to F/Sgt. Purdy on his promotion to pilot officer. Pilot Officer Purdy has been on this station a long time and was liked and admired by all. Though we hate to see him go, we are all glad to see him get what he so well deserved. Good luck, Frank!

We welcome back an old friend to the station, Sgt. McRitchie. He is to be congratulated twice—first on his ability in picking such a charming bride and, second, on his promotion to flight sergeant. How about all those phone numbers you will not have any use for now, Flight?

We hear that a number of S.P.'s are anxious to know if they have to take the lady members of the service police on Town Patrol. Yes, it is so, but only on Town Patrol.

After being up for his first flight, a sercice policeman decided that walking a beat wasn't such a bad job after all.

"SALTY DIPS'

By A.C. Lawyer

What red-headed Cpl. suffered a "relapse" after a visit to the burning sand dunes? Were the ponies the cause of his sad misfortune?

We noticed with particular relish the unbounded enthusiasm of the boys in the recent salvage drive.

Wonder if Cpl. Irwin ever worked for Mayor Hague? At least he has gathered a few pointers from him.

For your information, Dearie, the Rummies are on top at present.

Heard at the waterfront: "Don't youse guys understan' English?" I wanna bucket of coal—C-O-L-E.

Where are the boys of the "Old Brigade"? Some have risen in the ranks, whilst others have gone from bad to worse and joined the Gestapo.

What plump Cpl. nearly had his "Tomato squashed" the other night? What's the matter—the heat getting you, boys?

We wonder who sharpens the pencils now at E.A.C.

What blonde sergeant of the Repair Section is considering building himself a nice comfy doghouse—seeing that he has been in one a lot lately?

We wonder who looks after the posies on the O.C.'s desk?

Our administrative Cpls. have locked horns again lately. It appears that the representative of the lower section has had to swallow one of his recent rash statements. Watch this column for future developments of this feud. The boys of the section have taken sides and everything points to some real fun in the near future.

Co-operation is a necessity. Remember, boys of the upper section, a certain Jr. N.C.O. is ready to enforce his orders.

Rumors have it that a certain LAC. has turned vetinary or, to be more explicit, mid-wife. Explain, Wylie!

Rum Dumb's back pay gave him new heart. He worked an hour after the whistle on the night of Sept. 1st.

———oOo———

FROM UNDER THE ETHER

Flexing the musculature, limbering the metacarpophalangeal joints, of his overworked (?) digits, this is your hospital reporter, with all the latest and all the newsest. (OUCH!!!!)

. . . Rumor has it that a certain Medical Officer has become so portly of late, the S.P.'s have been lifting the barrier for him in the gathering dusk by mistake. . . . They were big ones W/C Leggett caught on his leave, and he brought back pictures to prove it. . . . F/Lt. Cook is wondering how and when he can manage another trip to New York City—unfinished business? . . . What better time than this to welcome to Dartmouth Station our new Hospital Adjutant, F/O. Shoultz? . . . It may be the weather, it makes us feel that way at times, too: The poor bewildered airman wandered into the M.I. Room and confronted Cpl. Swann with, "What's my name?" . . . It's in the Air. A certain corporal wanders the barracks in a happy daze, muttering about diamonds, emeralds and ten dozen roses; wondering if he can convince the powers that be that he needs a few days' "Passionate" leave. Vacheresse and Passmore come back off their leaves with tales of diamonds bought, and accepted, and count the days till their next leave and a happy honeymoon.

Worthy of mention within these pages is the transformation taking place in the medical barracks. Such goings on; oh my! "Home was never like this," but we do try to make this as much like home as we can. All due credit to Cpl. K. Mara and LAC. G. Brown for getting the boys interested and starting action. To note: A freshly painted neat bathroom, a flower garden at our doorstep; and we aren't through yet! Just goes to show you what a small but enthusiastic crowd can do to improve their surroundings, when they all work together.

Priority versus Popularity

Who could the coach of the championsoftball team be, who has been mailing his photo to Dartmouth girl fans so they can set it on their dressers? Incidentally, we believe if they send him bus fare he will come along himself and sit on their dressers.

ANONYMOUS.

Units on the station should be more careful issuing challenges. Has the hospital staff come out of the ether since that volleyball game with the fire department?

Who is the N.C.O. in M.T. Section who likes driving the nurses on their duty run? "What kind of perfume do you use, Big Boy?"

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IN MEMORIAM

In memory of LAC Edwards, C. M., of Headquarters Squadron who met death in the course of duty.

Officers and Airmen of this Station express their sincerest sympathy to parents and relatives.

Alphabetic Horror-Scope:

B is for bad news.
A is for arriving.
T is for Turning (mostly back.)
E is for East (mostly Toronto.)
S is for Sgt. (Oh, you lucky kid!)

We harbor the "comeback trail" of the Harbour View collegian, even if it did entail roses in his hair.

Barrack Block 19 Topics:

(1) If sardines are better eating than oysters after a dry trip to Halifax?

(2) Why Pete is doing a lot of "Pegg-ing" lately, and does he intend "Tie-ing" a certain cook into tasty "dress-ing" for dinner?

(3 If brand new razor blades are scarce these days?

(4) Who the Ajax call on when there is a riot? O Kay! O Kay! we admit that wasn't so hard?

NEWS FROM YOUR STATION POST-OFFICE

During the latter part of August, S/Sergt. "Pat" Jewett, N/CO i/c M.P.O. 602, was transferred to the Infantry Training Centre at Aldershot, N. S., under the command of Lieut.-Col. J. J. Jeffrey, where S/Sergt. Jewett will take over the duties as N/CO i/c M.P.O. 601.

S/Sergt. Jewett was stationed at R.C.A.F. Centre here at Dartmouth for a period of over two years, during which time his jovial and kindly disposition won him many acquaintances among the various ranks in the Air Force, and his many associates extend their best wishes to S/Sergt. Jewett in his new enterprise.

On S/Sergt. Jewett's recent transfer to M.P.O. 601, we have the pleasure to announce that Corp. A. Hilchey, who has been in our midst for the past six months as a member of the Postal Corps, has been promoted to the rank of sergeant and he has been named the successor to S/Sergt. Jewett. Sergt. Hilchey is already familiar with the current duties at the station M.P.O., so hearty congratulations, Sergt. Hilchey, and greetings to our new Postmaster.

Extra! Extra! Extra! War Savings Certificates in denominations of $5, $10 and $25 may now be purchased over the counter at the Station Post Office. War Savings Stamps equivalent to the purchase price of Certificates may also be redeemed for certificates.

A timely receipt to prevent stamps from sticking together in hot weather—buy one at a time.

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Educational



Last month we promised a survey of the First Classes in Pre-entry Aircrew. The following is an extract from the Educational Officer's Report for the month of August:

The first class officially concluded on the 15th of August—having been conducted for a period of three months. On the 17th of this month, a new class was enrolled and is now in progress.

Approximately 40 of the first class have completed their final examinations on the Station and are now awaiting re-muster. Others may continue the class with special periods in the evening set aside for them. They will write when they have finished the course.

SYNOPSIS OF CLASS NO. 1

(a) Re-mustered to Aircrew	13
(b) Completed Course	42
(c) Transferred During Course	36
(d) Cancelled Course	35
(e) Continuing Course	39

Explanation

(a) The 13 re-mustered to aircrew are now attending Initial Training Schools. Most of these airmen did not complete the course but were re-mustered from it.

(b) Forty-two have completed their course and are awaiting re-muster. Four did so well that they were recommended for commissions. The majority made average, or better, grading on their tests.

(c) Thirty-six members of the class were transferred to other stations while on the course. As all the larger stations have an educational program, they will be able to continue their course if they wish to do so.

(d) These airmen, for various reasons, discontinued classes during the course. Some found the work too difficult. Others were ambitious to be aircrew, but were not willing to devote the time necessary for that purpose. Others took their leave early in the course and did not continue.

(e) Thirty-nine airmen are still registered in the first course. Some of these, because of operational duties, missed many classes, but have been attending when possible. Others, because of duties,are working by themselves and coming in for help when necessary. Most of these airmen should, in time, complete the course.

3. Second Pre-entry Aircrew Class

On the 17th of this month, the second class was begun. Airmen are still registering for this course, and at present 60 are taking the class. Students have been carefully selected. It is too soon in the course to estimate the progress of Class No. 2. The class seems most alert and above the average in intelligence. This should be excellent aircrew material. It is to be noted that although this class has been in session less than a month, five students have already been posted from it to other stations.

Commercial Classes

Classes in Typing, Shorthand, Bookkeeping and Business Arithmetic are being conducted on the Station. These classes are, at present, well attended and have a registration of about 20. Excellent instruction is provided, and with the approach of cooler weather this class should grow in size.

Conversational English

A new class has been organized with the best instructor obtainable. All personnel interested should register at once.

It is felt that the Educational program of the R.C.A.F. will grow in scope. An excellent beginning has been made on this station and personnel have been most interested in the courses.

Excellent co-operation has been given the Educational Officer by all sections of the Station, and there is every hope that our program has, and will continue to, justify its existence.

STATION LIBRARY

As this issue goes to press we are congratulating ourselves on our good fortune in securing an addition to our Legion Library. Through the co-operation of the Canadian Legion Library Services another two hundred and fifty books have been added in the last ten days. Included in this last addition are many well known books dealing with current affairs. A substantial number of the better technical and reference books are now on hand. We now have approximately 200 works of fiction, all really worthwhile reading. About 450 non-fiction, including technical, reference, travel, history, and the fine arts, make up the balance of the Legion Library which is located in the Eductaional Office, open daily from 0800 hrs. to 2100 hrs. Several airmen on posting have left their own personal books to the Library for the use of other airmen. Thank you, boys! We appreciate the gesture.

R. M.

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS TODAY!



FLEET AIR ARM SOCCER TEAM

Standing (Left to Right): Petty Officer T. W. Hudson (Sale, Cheshire); A/C A. E. Ewbank, honorary secretary, (Hull, Yorkshire); W. Collins (London); Petty Officer J. Salmon (Bempton, E. York's), L. Alliker, (London), W. Jennings (Redcar, Yorkshire), Sub-Lt. F. L. Thompson (Grays, Essex), Sub-Lt. R. L. Gosling (Dewbury, Yorkshire), R. Holborn (Referee, London), Cpl. R. Landon (Committee, Watford), Cpl. J. McCaffrey (Linesman, Glasgow, Scotland).

Seated (Left to Right): J. Hacking (Darwen, Lanc.), J. Lyons (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Sub-Lt. H. Boardman (Manchester, Lanc's.), H. G. Dyke (Vice-Captain, Southwick, Sussex), Petty Officer W. A. Tolman (Captain, Lyme Regis, Sussex), H. Williams (Pennon, North Wales), W. J. Horgan (Coventry), W. Lowe (Sale, Cheshire).

The above team represented the Fleet Air Arm during the past season.

All personnel welcome back to the Station, "Ken" Bell, who was one of our finest players until a serious illness laid him aside for several months. Those who were privileged to watch his display against the pick of the Royal Naval ships, when he returned to the field with three fractured ribs, will agree he was a stalwart.

We have said "au revoir" to Sub-Lts. F. L. Thompson, R. L. Gosling and H. Boardman; also to Jack Hacking, "Bill" Collins, "Taffy" Williams, who played regularly during their sojourn with us.

We trust they will keep the old game alive in their fresh quarters.

The leading goal scorers were Ldg. Smn. A. Dyke and the ever-present "Gordie" Lyons.

The rat-trick gained by Sub-Lt. R. L. Gosling in the last match was worth seeing.

The team's defence left nothing to be desired, "Les" Alliker keeping a faultless goal, whilst Skipper Tolman, Wilf Jennings, Hacking and Collins proved a formidable quartette.

Nearly all the visiting English naval teams were played and also the local "Ack Ack" Battery.

Two matches were also played versus the Canadian Army Trade School, who though new to the soccer code had the right spirit and never gave up trying.

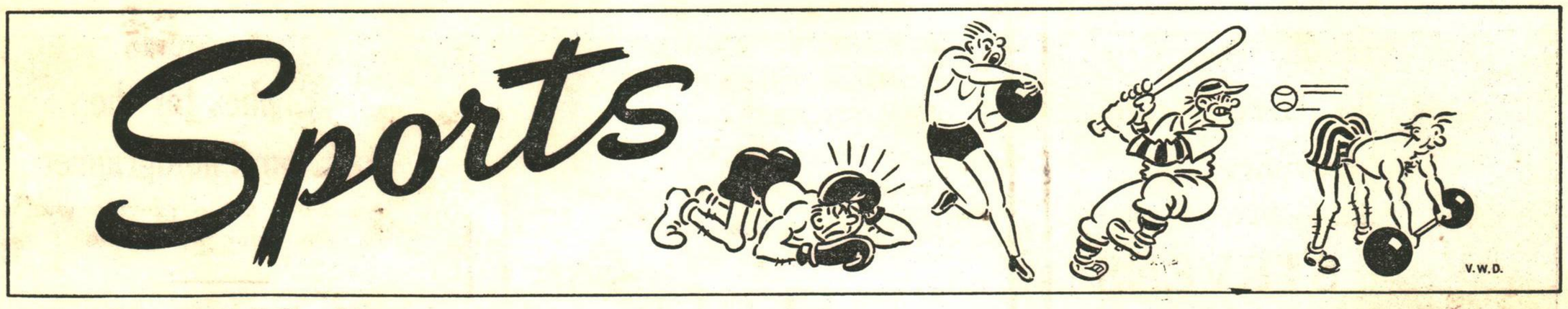
Our team will be very experimental for the coming season but we are hoping the "old 'uns" will carry the fresh faces until a strong team is formed.

On behalf of all our players, we should like to express our thanks to Pilot Officer Gordon for his co-operation and loan of the soccer gear.

We wish also to express thanks to the Acadia Sugar Refining Company and the Principal at St. Mary's College for the use of their grounds during the season.

Our gratitude to our Commanding Officer, Lt.-Commander D. L. Foley (A), R.N.V.R., for granting us the necessary facilities to play our matches.

A/C A. E. EWBANK,
Honorary Secretary.



With MEL JASPER

SOFTBALL

The Station Inter-Squadron Softball League came to a successful conclusion this month with the BAND, otherwise known as JIVE THAT'T ALIVE BOYS, on top of the heap. An elimination tournament was played to decide the winners of the "HOBBS' SOFTBALL TROPHY," which has been put up for annual competition by the Commanding Officer, GROUP CAPTAIN B. D. HOBBS. The first six teams in the league met in the tournament with the WORRY WARTS, sometimes called QUELCH'S LADS, defeating the DO-BOYS, the fellas that make all the mistakes in our pay, by the score of 18-7. The lowly GANNETTS knocked off the high-flying GEESE 10-16 and then lost a close game to the BAND. The GANNETTS had three on in the last innings, but were unable to get the winning runs over the plate. WILDCATS lost to the winning WORRY WARTS 15-9. In the LITTLE WORLD SERIES, the WORRY WARTS defeated the BAND in two straight games, 10-9 and 7-1. Congrats to the STORES for winning the TROPHY and the STATION CHAMPIONSHIP.

So once again the sports writer's prediction turned sour and it looks like he will be buying the cokes for SERGEANT CHARLIE QUELCH. At least he was able to pick the team that finished on top of the league.

FLYING OFFICER "CURLY" SAGE, CORPORAL KOURI and LAC. HORLECH gave a noble performance with the mask and indicator. This officer and men are to be commended on giving up their leisure time and helping the league in its umpiring difficulties. For once no one heard the old familiar cry, "WE WUZ ROBBED."

Outstanding players in the league were . . . A. R. McINNIS, L. D. BOSSI, W. W. POTRUFF and R. LOUNSBURY of the WORRY WARTS team, with special mention to McINNIS and POTRUFF for their many fine pitching efforts. F. O. DUFF, H. HUYCK, I. EISENTAT of the DO-BOYS . . . B. CROZIER and F. JORDAN of the SEAGULLS . . . A. HOGANSON, R. MILES and RED HICKERY of the BAND. . . . For the GEESE, J. M. GUERTIN, PILOT OFFICER R. P. McWILLIAMS and WALLY ROWAN starred. . . . E. S. LANG, G. M. BROWN from the GANNETTS . . . F. KOURI and J. I. LANGLOIS from the WILDCATS. All other players helped to make the league a huge success and to the losing teams we say, better luck next year.

A post-season softball tournament will be held in the very near future. This tournament will be a little different than any that have ever been held on this Station. Teams will represent each province; it is expected that there will be three or four from Ontario and Quebec. Entries are also expected from the Officers, Great Britain and an Ontario team from the Preston Radio Detachment. Perhaps this tournament will clarify a few of the arguments as to which is the best province. Here I go out on my limb and try and pick the winner. My prediction is that one of the Ontario teams will cop the tournament. Winners of this tournament will be rewarded with suitable awards. . . .

LACROSSE

The first LACROSSE GAME ever to be played in this district will take place in the near future. The Station team will meet the NAVY at Navy League Grounds. The DARTMOUTH BOMBERS will be led by their playing coach, EARL CURRAN, who was a star player with the Orillia Juniors, and comes from the famous Lacrosse family of the same name. Other well known Ontario players are DUKE McLELLAND, RED LANDELL, and

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SPECKS TODD, all former MIMICO MOUNTAINEERS. From Vancouver comes the son of a well-known hockey star, Cyclone Taylor's son, FRED, who will play defence and prove to be a big obstacle for the opposing players. Young TAYLOR is also a star hockey player. Others from the West Coast League are LLOYD AUSTIN and HERT HOCKLEY. Guarding the nets for the BOMBERS will be PIPER, former WESTMINSTER ADANAC goalkeeper. Other players who will see action against the NAVY are JOE CLARKE, LEN SAMPSON, GORDIE JUKES, JOHNNY YOUNG and BUD GIRARD.

Incidentally, yours truly will do the masterminding for the BOMBERS and all the arguing with the referees, that will be where he will really shine. Anyone having experience with the gutted stick is urged to turn out at the daily practices so that we may field an extra strong team. Workouts are held at the Recreation Building.

TRACK AND FIELD

Equipment has been received for some of the field events, namely POLE VAULTING, SHOT PUT, JAVELIN THROWING, and DISCUS. This equipment will be ready for use in a short time. When using any of this equipment great care should be exercised as sporting goods are becoming very scarce and we will not be able to obtain another shipment. Also remember that it is your money that is being spent by the Sports Committee. So use a little more care, save the equipment and others will be able to play also. JACK LUNN, our genial "Y" man, has also provided the Station with a large part of the sporting equipment.

THIS AND THAT

Horseshoe pitches are now ready for the throwers of the horses' footwear. The pitches are located at the side of the Recreation Building. The shoes may be obtained on loan from the Sports Equipment Room. . . . The posts for the INDOOR BOXING RING have arrived and the ring is now ready for use. Fighters may also have work-outs with the heavy and speed bags. Our first BOXING and WRESTLING SHOW will be held after a few weeks of training. . . . All Boxers are asked to leave their names at the Sports Office. . . . As yet the two pool sharks have not had their prowess challenged. FLYING OFFICERS SAGE and COMEAU will take on all comers. How about it, boys? . . . The FIREFIGHTERS and the HOSPITAL played a challenge VOLLEYBALL series with the honors going to the SMOKE EATERS. They dropped the first game to the PATCH THEM UP, THEY'RE NOT SICK crew by the score of 15-5, but cleaned the next two games 15-11 and 15-5. . . . Equipment has been received for the HIGH BAR setup and is now in use. . . . SQUASH RACQUETS are available at the Sports equipment room and all airmen are invited to use the courts in "H" Block. . . . Until next month we say "30." . . .

SOFTBALL CHAMPIONS' CHALLENGE

We, the Worry Warts ball team of the R.C.A.F. Station, Dartmouth, do solemnly declare that in our opinion we are the champion ball team in the entire R.C.A.F. and are willing to play all coming challengers, circumstances permitting.

A COME BACK

In the past Stores have been taking quite a "riding" from the squadrons, but it would be greatly appreciated by the personnel of the Equipment Section if the squadrons would break up their "CRAP" games, or come out of their afternoon nap before five o'clock, so some of the unserviceable aircraft MAY be made serviceable.

(This is rich—coming from Stores.—ED.)

What Squadron Leader is so popular with the boys of R.C.A.F. Station, Dartmouth—or is he?

Due to the new high government taxes, Tech Stores Canteen "BOS" LAC. Piche wishes it understood that in the future it will be pay up or else—or else he will have to go out of B-E-E-Z-Z-ness.

What certain Corporal in one of the Squadrons was such a sucker to take a bet of $2.00 on the Worry Warts and in losing paid the winner for the "cokes," while he (the winner) in turn made the profits on the sale of the "cokes"? We think he is a better Poker player as he is always seeing spots in front of his eyes.

The Station will be very fortunate this coming winter, as we should save considerable on the heating. There is a certain Sergeant in Tech Stores who has enough hot air to heat the whole Station.



BAND TIME-KEEPING ARRANGEMENT FOR WING PARADES. (SUGGESTED BY A CORPORAL IN "THE JOE" SQUADRON)

DONATIONS FOR WORTHY CAUSE REQUESTED

After Wednesday's parade surely there should be willing response to this appeal! Donations are hereby solicited for a fund to purchase a Metronome for the use of the drummers in the Station band. It is all very well to be modern, but why press the point! A Swing Band is O.K. in a dance hall, but when it comes to swinging it on a route march we think that is going a bit too far! Perhaps we are a bit prejudiced, but from the murmurs in the ranks we think not! And to complicate things further, with the band going at a two-forty clip in front of us, we have some misguided soul in the rear calling out the step in still another tempo! Enough is enough! Or are we still in the category of the Light Brigade—'Ours not to reason why!' We suggest a Metronome somewhat after the fashion of that illustrated, one that, on each stroke, will pound the beat into the drummers' heads! What say, Joes? Donations may be made to LAC. Stoopnagle, Airplane Base!

—oOo—

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LAC. Angus MacInnis (pitcher): Is better known as the "great MacGinty," makes New Glasgow, N. S., his home town. Besides being the Number 1 pitcher on the team he is a member of the Murderers' Row and bats in the clean-up slot for the champions, for when he hits the ball it usually goes for a home run.

LAC. Al (Golby) Greenspon (shortstop): One of the classiest players on the team. He comes from Montreal where he played ball in the Mount Royal Senior League. Al is the fourth member of the Murderers' Row and has a fat batting overage for the season's play.

LAC. Phil Levesque (right field): Was born in Cacouna, P.Q., and played ball in the Aiglon Commercial League.

AC1. Dunc Matheson (catcher): Comes from Baddeck, C. B., "down where the east begins." Five and one-half feet of activity, Dunc has played sensational ball behind the bat for the champions.

LAC. Roy Brand (3rd base): Comes from Saint John, N. B. Roy is a quiet fellow around the hot corner but is a wizard at stopping line drives and getting his share of the hits.

LAC. Jimmy LeCain (1st base): Comes from Yarmouth, N. S., where he played baseball in the Yarmouth Gateway League. His baseball experience has helped him very much in playing a smart game at first base for the Worry Warts.

LAC. Albutt (fielder): Also comes from Toronto where he played senior ball in the O.S.A. League. He covers right field like a veteran and not many hits get by him.

oOo

Continued from page 3)

Oat Cakes and Sulphur

deceit. As for the bulk of the facts of the Mosaic Books they were the simple record of things which took place before great multitudes of people. It would be rather difficult to persuade a multitude that they had crossed the Red Sea in dry vesture if in fact they had not so crossed it. It would be equally hard to convince them that they had eaten manna for twenty years in the desert if it were a fact that they had neither seen nor eaten such manna. Imagine, above all, the task of imposing a hard unyielding law (a law to be kept for fifteen hundred years) if the facts upon which the law was based were in any wise doubtful. Perhaps, finally, the not least satisfying view of Mosaic veracity is given by the history and traditions of the nations. There is almost no prominent fact in the five introductory Books of the Old Testament some vestige of which is not found among one or other peoples. The felicity of the first man, the fall and ejection from Paradise, are found commemorated, under figures of gold and iron, among all ancient peoples. The flood is vouched for by Rome, Greece, Assyria, and India. Strabo and Tacitus tell of the destruction of Sodom. In recently discovered documents of Egypt, Assyria, and Chaldea, many things concerning the origin of the world are found marvellously to harmonize with the narration of Moses.

It is enough.

The remaining Books of the Old Testament, along with the Books of the New Testament, stand, in their turn, upon unshakeable, and very similar, foundation. It remains only for open mind and good will to rejoice and be glad.

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STATION CHAMPIONS

Back row (Left to Right): R. J. LaCain, first base; Allbutt, utility fielder; R. Brand, third base; A. Latraverse, sports representative; F/O. Blevens, president; J. Cain, pitcher; R. Lounsburg, centre field.

Centre row: Levesque, right field; MacInnis, pitcher.

Front row (Left to Right): D. Mattheson, catcher; R. Pitruff, pitcher; L. Bossi, second base; N. Wilde, left field; C. Quelch, manager.

Missing: A. Greenspoon, shortstop.

The boys from Headquarters Stores, better known as the Worry Warts, have been crowned softball champions of the R.C.A.F. Station, Dartmouth, and are now in proud possession of the Hobbs Trophy, emblematic of softball supremacy for 1942.

Considered by the critics to finish no higher than fourth place, the Worry Warts came through in a blaze of glory to surprise the critics, but not themselves, to win championship honors after only dropping two games during the season. They eliminated the Geese and the Wildcats quite easily and went on to defeat the favorites, the Band, in two straight games by the scores of 10 to 9 and 7 to 1.

The following is a sketch of the champions:

Sgt. Charlie Quelch, manager: Comes from the Queen City of Toronto where he began his ball career with the old 110 Squadron, R.C.A.F., in the Junior O.S.A. League. Charlie's strategy at critical moments resulted in many victories for the Worry Warts.

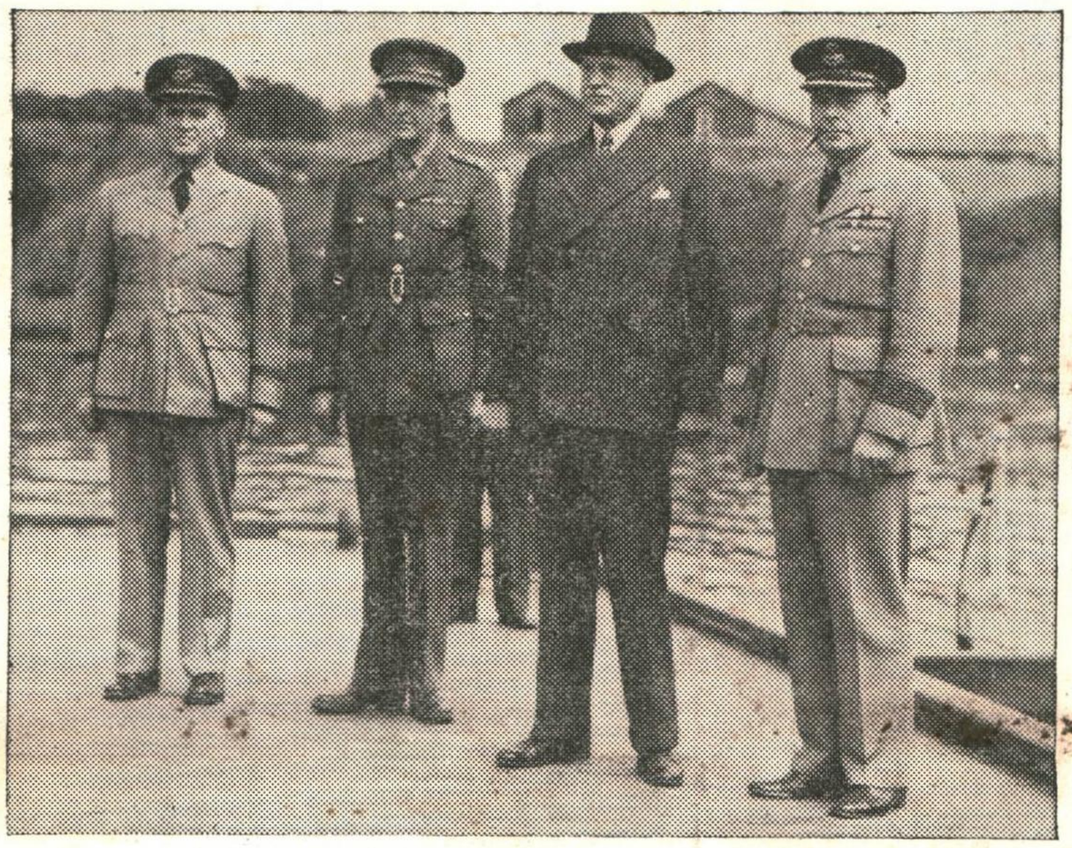
Sgt. Jack Cain, utility pitcher: Is a product of the Ottawa Intermeditae League where he played with the Ottawa High School of Commerce. Jack joined the team late in the season and was no mean asset to the victorious Worry Warts.

Cpl. Wray (Poppa) Pottruff, pitcher: Comes from Brantford, Ont., where he played ball with the Scarfs in the O.S.A. League. Wray plays a lovely game of ball in the outfield when he is not throwing his southpaw slants at the opposition. Batting second in the line-up, he is a member of the Murderers' Row.

Cpl. Roy Lounbury, fielder: Is a Maritime boy from Moncton, N. B. He formerly played ball with Moncton Seagulls in the Moncton City League.

LAC. Normie (Sure Catch) Wilde, left field: Hails from Montreal where he played ball with the Marconis in the Mount Royal Senior League. Normie bats third in the line-up and is a member of the Murderers' Row.

LAC. Lou (Boots) Bossi, second base: Makes Toronto his home city where he played on a number of championship teams in the Senior Playground League. One of the most talkative members of the team, Lou keeps the game interesting all the time.



DARTMOUTH WELCOMES A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

Pictured above are the Honorable F. F. Mathers, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, with his military aide, Lt.-Col. Almon, accompanied by Group Captain B. D. Hobbs, Commanding Officer, and the Station Adjutant, Flight Lieutenant W. S. Sutherland. Taken as the Lieutenant-Governor began his tour of the Station last month.

—oOo—

"OUT OUR WAY"

(Special from Harbor View)

In beautiful barracks at the north of the town,
We live like Kings, we're men of the Crown,
But the routine's erratic and hard on your frame,
Yet we arrive on the Station, always the same.

It's five in the morning, we're kicked out of bed,
And into the washroom; then rush to get fed,
Then run up the hill to ride on a truck,
For, the Duty Boat is the sucker's hard luck."

We are not sailors as strange as it seems,
Yet we ride on the trucks and sail down the streams,
We're now in the trucks and praying he'll go,
Some stragglers eat on the Station, you know.

"Stop! Here comes the Major," some run and some hide,
If you're on the truck then the boat you will ride.
Back to the barracks some of them rush,
To hide behind doors—"they want the bus."

Now comes the line-up, the trucks are dismounted,
Down hill they crawl, there to be counted,
"From here to the right move down to the dale,
Sorry Ol' Boy, this morning you sail."

The Major now turns to the remainder so patient,
"The trucks on the hill, go to the Station."
Dashing to the hilltop the others to beat,
If you're not there first you don't get a seat.

The remnants climb on wherever there's room,
After all, it gets there four hours before noon,
The Station we've spotted and some rush to eat,
But we've only ten minutes the siren to beat.

Triumphant at last on parade we are seen,
Tho' our buttons by now are tarnished and green.
And the boot polish—well, it isn't no more,
And how they were shining the night before!

So off to our duties we now are retirin',
And hope to recuperate before the night siren,
Night now approaches, the end of the day,
Next we'll be rushing out Harbor View way.

Repetition of procedure again makes you curse,
The great difference now it's done in reverse.
At last supper's over and how true it's been said,
Not one of us think to rush to our bed.

LAC. LIVELY.



LADIES!

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Best Wishes to the Editors and Staff
of Thumbs Up.

Y.M.C.A. MOVIE SCHEDULE FOR SEPTEMBER

Tuesday, Sept. 15—"Caught in the Draft." . . . Starring Bob Hope, Dottie Lamour and Johnny Messner's Band. . . . Short, "My Pop, My Pop."

Thursday, Sept. 17—"I Was A Prisoner On Devil's Island" . . . Thrilling drama starring Sally Eilers and Donald Woods. . . . Shorts, "Community Sing" and "French Fried Patooties."

Sunday, Sept. 20—"Panama Patrol" . . . Spy picture. . . . Breathtaking exploits with the Cipher Bureau squad fighting to save America's No. 1 defence line . . . with Leon Ames, Charlotte Winters. . . . Shorts, "Last Resort," . . . "Travelogue," . . . "Amateurs On Parade" . . . "The Last Dance," an Aesop Fable cartoon. . . .

Tuesday, Sept. 22—"The Farmer's Daughter" . . . Comedy starring Martha Raye and Charles Ruggles. . . . Shorts, "Three Kings and a Queen" . . . "Circus Co-Ed" . . . "So Does An Automobile" . . . "Leave Well Enough Alone", a Popeye Cartoon. . . .

Thursday, Sept. 24—"Naval Academy" . . . An action drama starring Freddie Bartholemew, Jimmy Lydon. . . . Shorts, "Community Sing" . . . "Pleased To Mitt You" . . . "Master of the Cue," a Billiard Sport Reel.

Sunday, Sept. 27—"The Girl Said No" . . . a musical romance . . . co-starring Bob Armstrong and Irene Hervey with the immortal music of Gilbert and Sullivan. . . . Shorts, "Little Thrills" .. . . "Selected Shorts."

Tuesday, Sept. 29—"Las Vegas Nights" . . . a musical comedy with the singing star, Phil Regan, and Bert Wheeler. . . . Short, "Tommy Dorsey and His Band."

Thursday, Oct. 1—"First Love" . . . musical comedy starring Deanna Durbin, Robert Stack and Helen Parrish. . . . Shorts, "Going Places" . . . "Charlie Cuckoo."

Sunday, Oct. 4—Title of movie not released.

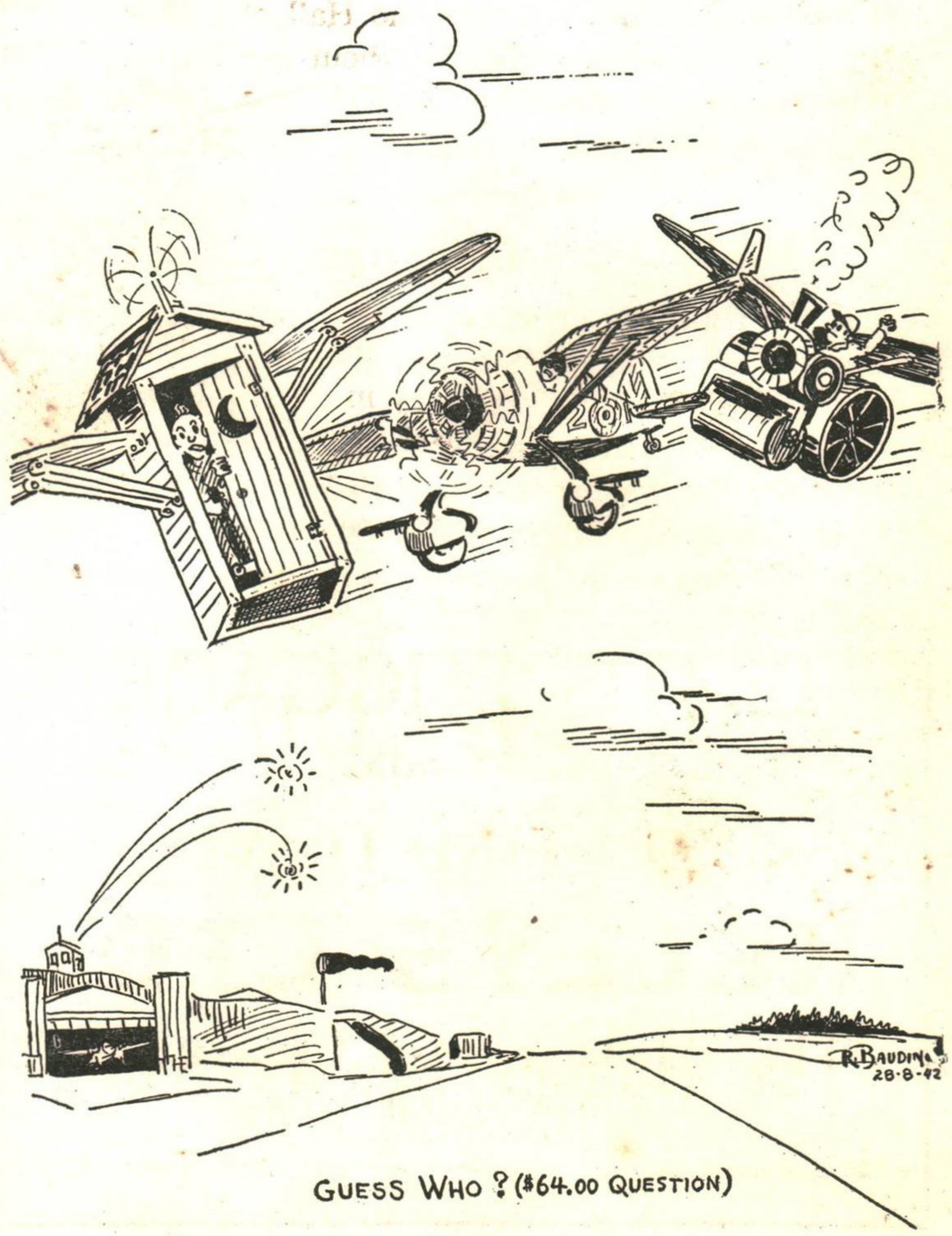
Tuesday, Oct. 6—"Road to Singapore" . . . musical comedy. . . . Starring Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour and Judith Barrett. . . . Shorts, "Sea Police" and "On With the New."

Thursday, Oct. 8—"Destry Rides Again" . . . action drama starring Marlene Dietrich, James Stewart and Mischa Auer. . . . Short, "Birds On Nellie's Hat."

Sunday, Oct. 11—Title of movie not yet released.

Tuesday, Oct. 13—"Birth of the Blues" . . . musical story of the blues, starring Bing Crosby, Mary Martin, Brian Donlevy and Rochester. . . . Short, "Divin' Demons Sports Reel" . . .

Thursday, Oct. 15—"House of Seven Gables" . . . A mystery drama starring George Sanders, Margaret Lindsay, Nan Gray. . . . Shorts, "Going Places" and "Architecture Unrivalled."



GUESS WHO ? ($64.00 QUESTION)

GROUND CREW

We are those, whom glory passes by,
We seek no laurel wreaths, no Hall of Fame;
Yet Hist'ry's not complete without our name,
We are the Ground Crew.

We are those, who give the eagles wings,
And send them soaring up into the blue,
Breathe life into cold metal; guide it true,
The humble Ground Crew.

Ours the task, to keep them flying high,
To heal with magic touch, both night and day,
The hurts of eagles wounded in the fray;
The faithful Ground Crew.

Ours is the fear, as there with anxious hearts,
We wait 'neath glowering skies the engine's roar;
And swear with sharp relief, "They're back once more!"
The steadfast Ground Crew.

We are those, who, when the sirens wail,
And death screams down from out the quivering blue,
Stand by to send our eagles up anew;
The dauntless Ground Crew.

Yes, we are those, whom glory passes by,
We seek no laurel wreaths; no Hall of Fame,
Yet Hist'ry's not complete without our name;
We are the Ground Crew.

H. D. F.

—oOo—

SINKS OF INIQUITY

The duty-hand (?) was told to take an inventory of the number of bottles of whiskey in the cellar—and since the whiskey had been delivered by mistake, he was ordered to pour all the contents down the sink, rather than have anything so-o-o- awful on the station.

"Props" went below and withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass which he drank.

He drew the cork from the second bottle and did likewise with the exception of one glass which he drank.

He then extracted the cork from the third bottle, emptied the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass which he drank.

Then he pulled the cork from the fourth sink and poured the bottle down the glass which he drank.

He pulled the bottle from the cork of the next, and drank one sink, and poured the rest down the glass.

And then he pulled the sink out of the next glass, and poured the bottles down the side and drank the glass.

He pulled the next cork from his throat and poured the sink down the bottle. Then he corked the glass with the sink, bottled the drink and drank the pour.

When he had the job done, and everything settled, he steadied the house with one hand and counted the bottles, **sinks, corks and glasses,** which amounted to twenty-nine.

To be sure of his inventory, he counted them again; and when they came by, he had seventy-four; and as the house came by, he counted them again.

Finally he had all the houses and bottles and corks and glasses and sinks counted, with the exception of one Orderly Sergeant and one hut, which he drank.

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ROOM AND BORED

By BARLOW READ

PART II.

Last forty-eight I had the pleasure of staying with an old friend of mine who made his fortune during the dear dead daze of prohibition. He started his colorful career as a Redcoat but had so little success trapping rum-runners he decided to smuggle a little himself. But now he's retired and retreaded.

I arrived at his country house late Saturday afternoon. I went up there on one of those new streamlined trains, a beautiful job. The best train I ever rode under. I made it a point to be there on time as my host is a very punctual person, as a matter of fact everything he owns is bought on time. When I arrived he presented me with the master key to his house, then called in a carpenter to change the locks.

During the afternoon he suggested that we take a horse and go riding. Incidentally I've been eating my meals standing up since then but it's worth it. By that I mean that anyone who can eat a meal in an air force mess and still stand up is in pretty good condition. Frankly tho' I've always been a little leery about horses. This is probably inborn, my father was a street cleaner. I remember the night Pop came home and said, 'Son, for your own sake, don't follow in my footsteps, it's horrible when the wind's against you!'

Well, to get back to the story. This horse I had was really a honey. I think his father was a shop-mule. Honestly, this nag was so thin that when he broke into a trot he sounded like a mobile crap game. And spavins! He had to run along on tip-toe to keep his stomach from dragging on the ground. (That's always good in a family magazine like this). We were getting along all right until we came to a fork in the road; the horse wanted to go one way and I wanted to go the other, so he tossed me for it. I sincerely believe the motor-car is here to stay.

Sunday morning when I woke up I felt like the Italian army had retreated over me and not wanting to let another Day-go by I got up and went to take a shower. I was thwarted in this, however. The butler saw me trying to take a shower and made me put it back. That afternoon my chum had arranged a fishing party aboard his yacht.. Everyone was quite excited about the trip and the usual amount of preparations were in order. I saw one sailor lugging aboard four cases of Navy Rum and a loaf of bread. Can't figure out what he was going to do with all the bread, probably bait.

I was very pleased to be a part of all this until I saw my cabin! No fooling, it was so small the portholes were painted on the walls. And dark! Part of the accommodations was a miner's hat. What really had me worried tho' was a sign on the wall. 'In case of emergency don't do anything.' It was very comfy sharing my cabin with a propeller shaft.

From the cabin I could hear music, so I decided to see what was going on. I know good music when I hear it. As a matter of fact, before I enlisted I was a musical conductor. The tram company didn't like me singing at my work so they threw me out. Up in the Captain's cabin there was quite a party going on. They had a three-pieec orchestra, piano, bench and player, to which everyone was dancing. I started to dance with one woman who insisted on singing with the music and took all the high notes with her eye-brows. She was wearing something that looked like a parachute with shoulder straps. It had a train on it, too. That's something that hangs from the caboose. But she was a wonderful dancer. Her father taught her to dance. He's her stepfather. The only trouble was the way she'd hop while dancing. I said, "Lady, can't you dance without a jerk?" "Of course I can," said she, "but I'd feel foolish dancing alone." (What corn). "HA, ha," said I, thinking to pass it off lightly, "I wasn't referring to that. I thought perhaps you lost your heel.." "No, there he is over

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there," she said, pointing to the bar. I looked over and there was this guy sitting at the bar drinking Martinis and eating the glass all but the stem, which he threw away. He kept repeating this until one fellow who was having some trouble with his sea legs staggered over and said, "Say, chum, what's the idea of throwing away the best part?"

Apparently the drunk was insulted because he got up and started to leave. On the way out he passes a cluster of potted water-lillies. Stopping, he picked up the vase and took a long gulp. Puting it down he turned around to the crowd and spluttered, "They don't make Mint Juleps like they used to." The last we saw of him he was walking on the deck railing. Later on the Captain came in and in a loud voice yelled, "When I drink everybody drinks." He summoned everyone to the bar, crew, passengers, etc, etc. Everyone took a drink. When he finished, he said, "When I take another drink everyone takes another." Once again the mob gathered around and partook of another snort. When they had finished their second, the piker pulls out a dollar, slapped it on the bar. "When I pay," he screamed, "everybody pays."

My companion, who wasn't exactly looking chipper by this time, told me she had a hangover. I said, "Me too," so we both made a dash for the rail.

Shortly after everyone agreed that they had had enough fishing, so we returned to port. All my friends came down to see me off on the train; it was very touching. You know—a dollar here, a dollar there.

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ODE TO AN ERK

Oh! the poor aviator lay dying
At the end of a bright summer day.
His comrades were gathered around him,
To carry the fragments away.

The engine was piled on his wishbone,
The Hotchkiss was wrapped round his head.
A spark plug stuck out of each elbow,
It was plain that he'd shortly be dead.

He spat out a valve and a gasket,
And stirred in the sump where he lay,
And then to his wondering comrades
These brave parting words, he did say:

"Take the manifold out of my larynx,
The butterfly valve off my neck,
Remove from my kidneys the conrods,
There's a lot of good parts to this wreck.

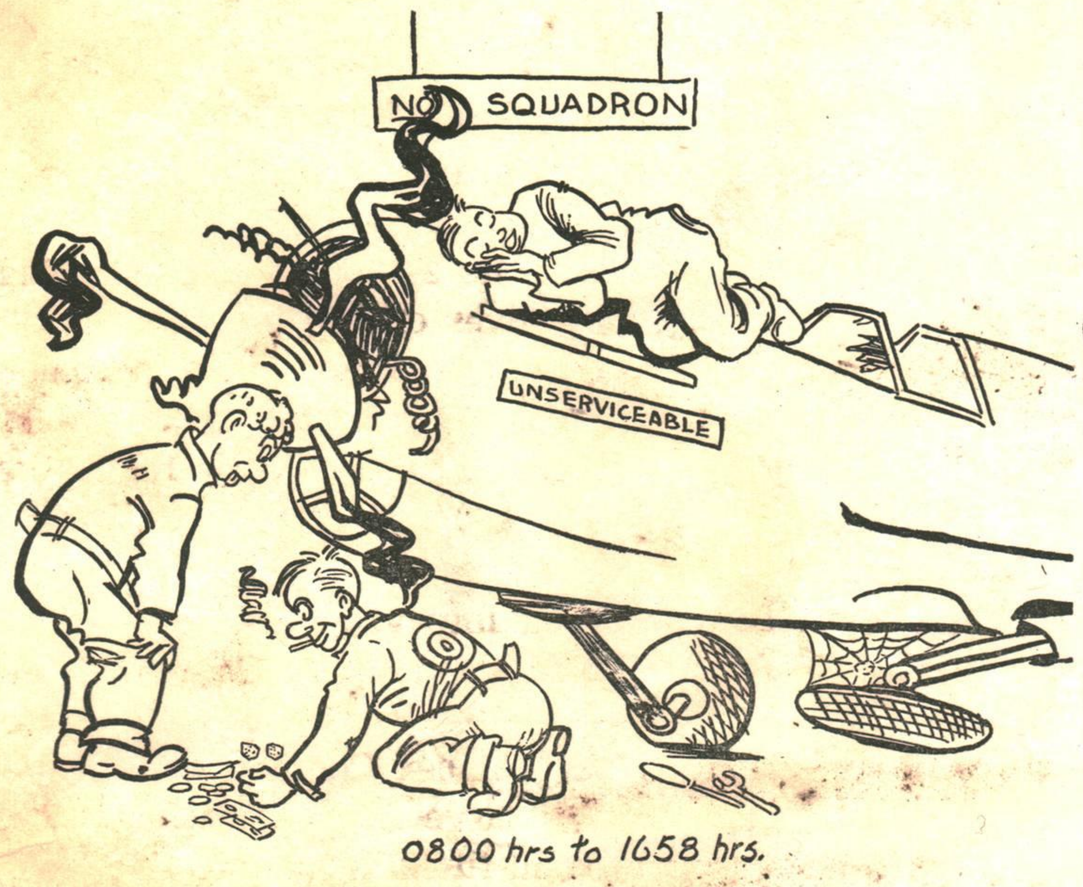
Take the piston rings out of my stomach
And the cylinders out of my brain;
Extract from my liver the crankshaft,

And assemble the engine again.
I'll be riding the clouds in the morning,
With no rotary before me to cuss,
So shake the lead from your feet and get busy,
There's another lad wanting this bus.

Who minds to the dust returning,
Who shirks from the sable shore
Where the high and lofty yearning
Of the soul shall be no more.

So stand to your glasses steady
This world is a world full of lies.
Here's a toast to the dead already,
Hurrah, for the next man who dies.

—Submitted by CPL. CAVES,
No. 1 A.E.D.



0800 hrs to 1658 hrs.



THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME!

1658 hrs. /

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF STOREKEEPING

Who could that Sergeant from the Squadron be,
Who came rushing to Stores at ten minutes to tea,
Then stood at the wicket for five minutes or so,
Without opening his mouth and letting us know.

Then, "Bang!" he exploded from the roar of his hunger,
And demanded attention or he'll tear us asunder,
He swears he's been standing for an hour or more,
But at noon we seldom see a man at our door.

Suddenly an answer from the Section comes quick,
"Sergeant, why don't you ask, has your tongue gone thick?"
"Well, you could all see me but no one came lurking,
You'd rather sit on your buttocks and pretend you are working."

Now he states his needs and continues to stew,
Our reply, "You're in the right church but Oh! the wrong pew."
Now up jumps a storekeeper amidst all the wild raving,
And concludes, "To issue hours you are not behaving."

Then snaps the man from the Squadron, "It's urgent, don't crow,
It's up to our Flight to put on a good show,
It's to service an aircraft, and to put it plainer,
It's a propellor I wanted for our Link Trainer.

—LAC. LIVELY.

NOTES FROM THE WIRELESS SECTION

(Received too late for classification)

We hope that LAC. Bryer will not let his wife return home for any length of time; the change that has come come over this airman since his wife has been here has astounded all his friends on the Station. At least there has been a noticeable drop in the canteen profits.

One of the signal officers now appreciates life on the bounding main as do all other W/T landlubbers. Suffering from a bad case of mal de mer, he made a frantic dash for the skipper's privy, only to find an engineer with an A1A priority there and was forced to resort to the ever-handy waste-basket.

"Come to the Cookhouse Door, Boys," holds bitter memories for one, Corporal Tucker.

We still say that the Marine Section isn't big enough for both love and Ingram.

Number Three Shift of Headquarters W/T Room are no longer holding their 5 a.m. milkman's matinee. Complications arising from duty signals officer have prevented future rehearsals. It was only mediocre singing, the paint job they did was only mediocre. He is a poor W/T operator who gets Joed for any other job.

The bovine instinct is foremost in Sgt./Major Hogg. After a recent flip and airobatics he swallowed his dinner twice. That is one way of keeping your dinner down. Maybe the meals in the Sergeants' Mess taste that good.

Cp. Jordan didn't hold his own. In the future, before asking for a flip, he will be certain of not eating carrots. Carrots are the hardest things to chase about in the bottom of a cockpit.

If you feel down in the dumps, take Ken Neilson's advice. Butt your head against the wall a few times—it feels so good when you stop it.

:--: EXCHANGES :--:

56 FOR BOMBER

It takes 56 people to ready a bomber and take her on a raid. These 56 are a team, too. The other 48 work in unison with the eight flying crew. The ground personnel knows that the flying personnel will not come back safely unless the ground crew does its work well. And, as members of the team, the ground folk are just as anxious as the flying men to do the job perfectly.

Here is how the 56 persons are divided:

Eight are in the air crew.

One is the meteorological officer.

One is the parachute packer. This is the one woman in the team.

One is the wing control officer.

Twelve are in the flight maintenance crew.

Eighteen are in the ground servicing crew.

Eleven are in the bombing-up team.

One drives the bomb tractor.

One drives the oil bowser.

One drives the gasoline bowser.

One helps the gasoline bowser driver.

In addition to these men, woman and equipment, there is the starter battery, which must be kept in good order by the ground crew.

The ground personnel works to put the bomber in shape and then wishes the flying crew happy landings as the plane takes off for Germany. On the return of the plane, the ground crew has the satisfaction of knowing that work well done in servicing the machine has helped the fliers spread destruction among the enemy.

—From the Windsor Daily Star.

Mary had a little watch
She swallowed it one day
The doctor gave her castor oil
To pass the time away.
The castor oil refused to work
The time refused to pass
So if you want to see the time
Just look up Mary's uncle,
He has a watch, too.

—Princeton Tiger.

BRIEFING COMES FIRST

By S/L M. HALLEM, D.F.C.

As the R.A.F. returns to its 24-hour-a-day bombing schedule and blasts at objectives on the invasion coast, inside Germany and Italy, and within many occupied territories, an outline of the organization that enables bombing operations to proceed so smoothly might be of interest.

To provide a system of control, bomber squadrons in the R.A.F. are gathered into groups, each with a group headquarters. These in turn are directed by a Bomber Command headquarters which is the nerve centre of all activity. At Bomber Command information gleaned from reconnaissance flights, photographs, and the reports of pilots is all fitted into a pattern from which a system of attack can be developed.

The work of a bomber crew, unlike that of fighter pilots, comes in for little of the limelight. All their fighting is carried on over enemy territory where their results are observed only by themselves. The flights they make are long and arduous, and may last up to twelve hours. Often they have many hours of flying solely by instruments. When they occupied France, the German Air Force gained an immediate advantage by being able to operate from the French coast within a very short distance of England. For the R.A.F., however, the result was exactly the opposite. Targets in Germany are from 300 to 600 miles away from our bases, and in Italy there is the additional difficulty in crossing the Alps.

Such long distance flights call for a very high degree of navigational skill and a close co-operation of all members of the crew. Fortunately, except in the case of a fleeting target, crews are usually told what their objectives are going to be some hours in advance, and are enabled to make detailed preparations.

First among these preparations comes a visit to the Operations Room where crews are "briefed." This consists of a full explanation of what their target is to be. They are told how the target will look, what prominent landmarks are near it, and what route is to be taken. They learn about what defenses they are likely to en-

CAPITOL
MON. — TUES. — WED.
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MONTE WOOLEY IN
"THE PIED PIPER"
THUR.—FRI.—SAT.—Sept. 17th, 18th, 19th.
DOROTHY LAMOUR IN
"BLUE HORIZON"

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counter, the tactics and method of attack to be employed, the wireless facilities available, the bomb loads carried, and the weather they will meet on their trip.

Furnished with this information, crews then prepare their maps and courses, and check up their aircraft and equipment. At the appointed time they clamber into their machines and rumble down the field for the take-off. On the outward journey they don't use their wireless for fear of giving away their position to the enemy. As they proceed they keep on their course by checking coastal landmarks, taking drift readings or computing their position by astronomical navigation methods. By night, unless it is clear moonlight, few landmarks are visible, and the target can be found only by extremely accurate navigation. Flares are often dropped to make sure the right target has been reached. Where anti-aircraft fire is encountered, a zig-zag course must be steered, thereby adding to the difficulties of navigation. Observation of the ground is often greatly hindered over enemy territory by the dazzle of searchlights. Enemy balloon barrages are another hazard to be reckoned with and a constant vigil for fighters must be maintained. One sure sign of the presence of opposing aircraft at night is the glare of searchlights without accompanying anti-aircraft fire.

When the target has been located, several runs are usually made over it to ensure accuracy of bombing. Having observed their results, the crew make for home. Their job is not easy yet, however, for the winds may have changed to throw them off their course, or the weather have taken a turn for the worse, requiring them to navigate just as carefully on the return journey. Once landed they tell the intelligence officer all the details they can remember about the raid and then go off duty.

STORES CAN TAKE IT!

We get some praise, a lot of hell,
The Squadrons, a fancy tale they tell.
They curse us, mumbled and aloud,
But brother, can we dish it out!

Our building is smart and up-to-date,
Air-conditioned, quite first rate,
Dust roads blind us, it's no joke,
The wind it blows, you darn near choke.

Tech Stores, they work without a fuss,
For spares they always come to us.
The Squadrons get their parts just right,
Especially in the middle of the night.

Of Barrack Stores, Flight Birnie is Master,
For Coverall changes, we serve them faster.
"They're shrinking," the M.T. Section holler,
"T'aint our fault, the boys are growing taller."

The Marine Section is always scrounging,
For dishes, bulbs, or for chairs lounging,
Their represent'tive,a lad with charm,
Is better known as the false alarm.

The I. & R. get little credit;
Praise—flattery?, they simply dread it,
Their motto is sweat, blood and beer,
Amy and Bert, they really fear.

Flight Turner handles the L.P.O.,
They always keep him on the go,
He's asked how long it should
Take a maggot to eat its way through wood.

That weird tower yonder on the Station,
Holds Stationery and Publication,
D.R.O.'s printed, supplies are skimpy,
Thanks to our noble, devilish Whimpy.

The Orderly Room, backbone of the Section,
A place of hard work, and no affection,
We go there for a forty-eight
And sure get pegged, when we are late.

Our Officers and N.C.O.'s,
They're really not such so and so's,
Dear Readers, you can do lots worse,
So Hip Hip Hooray for Station Stores. (Ouch!)

—LAC. M. NYVEEN.

—COMPLIMENTS OF—
PETER JAMIESON
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER
147 Portland St. Dart.
Mayfair Block

—Compliments of—
3-S TAXI
HALIFAX, N. S.
Phone B-6123

Compliments of
AJAX GRILL
Corner Commercial and Pnrtland Sts.
SODA FOUNTAIN,
LIGHT LUNCHES, MEALS.
Prices Moderate — Good Service.

BLOODY, BLOODY, BLOODY

This bloody town's a bloody cuss,
No bloody trams, no bloody bus,
And nobody cares for bloody us,
Oh, bloody, bloody, bloody.

No bloody sports, no bloody games,
No bloody fun with bloody dames,
Won't ever give their bloody names,
Oh, bloody, bloody, bloody.

If it isn't dust, it's bloody snow,
The bloody winds, they blow and blow,
They take all your bloody go,
Oh, bloody, bloody, bloody.

All bloody clouds, all bloody rains,
All bloody mud, no bloody drains,
The Ministry's got no bloody brains,
Oh, bloody, bloody, bloody.

And everything's so bloody drear,
Twenty cents for bloody beer,
And is it good? No bloody fear,
Oh, bloody, bloody, bloody.

The bloody 'flicks' are bloody old,
The bloody seats are bloody cold,
You can't get in for bloody gold,
Oh, bloody, bloody, bloody.

A certain guy, a bloody sarge,
A bloody menace at bloody large,
We're always on a bloody charge,
Oh, bloody, bloody, bloody.

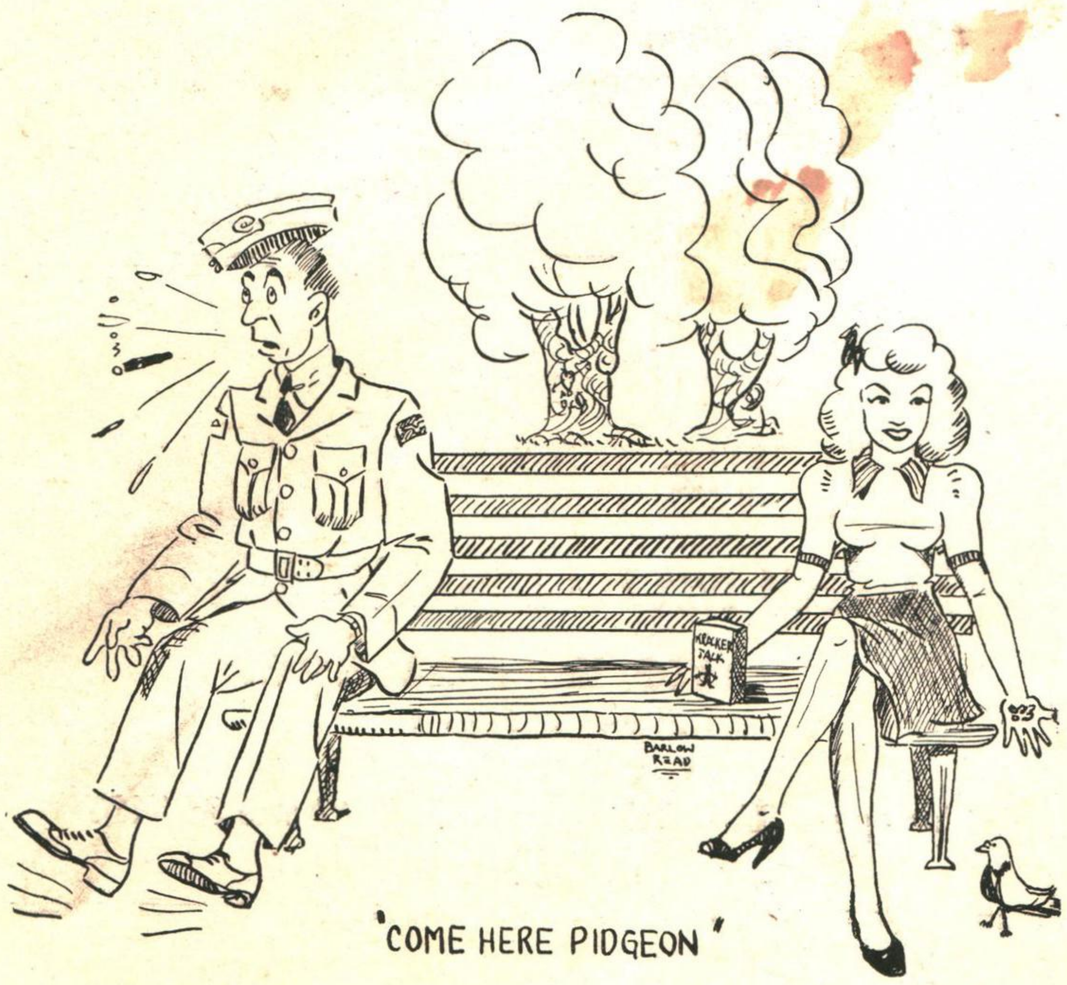
The bloody dances make me smile,
The bloody bands, are bloody vile,
They only cramp your bloody style,
Oh, bloody, bloody, bloody.

The bloody planes, they bloody roar,
Can't even let a bloody snore,
It's time this bloody war was o'er,
Oh, bloody, bloody, bloody.

This poem was written by an "Aussie" in Mossbank, Sask.

Now aren't we glad we are in Dartmouth???

—Submitted by F/S DONAGHY.



'COME HERE PIDGEON'

A RECIPE FOR A HAPPY DAY

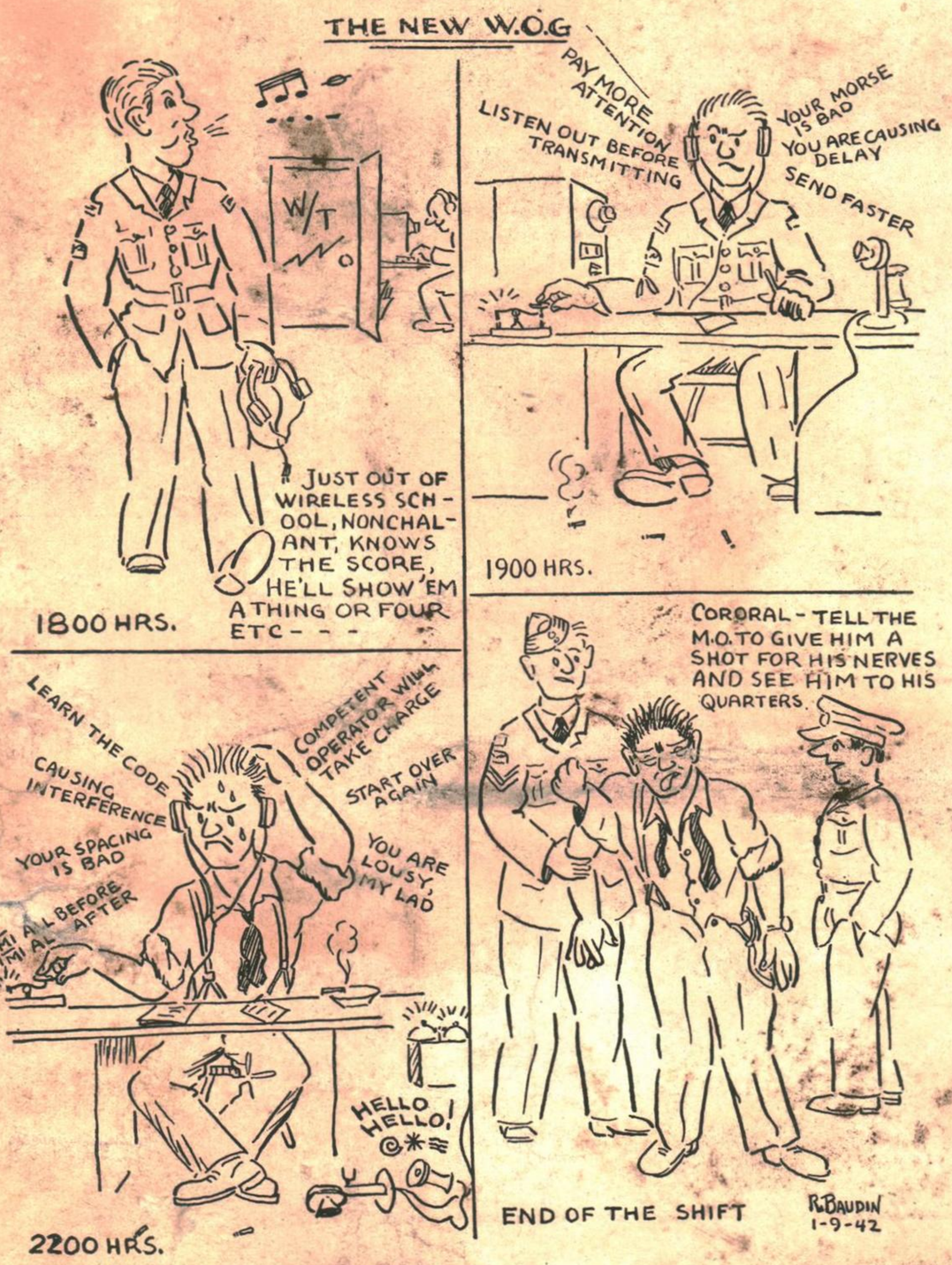
A heart full of thankfulness,
A thimble full of care,
A soul of simple hopefulness
An early morning prayer.

A smile to greet the morning with,
A kind word as a key
To open the door and greet the day,
Whatever it brings to thee.

A patient trust in Providence
To sweeten all the way
All these combined with thoughtfulness
Will make a "happy day."

—SGT. KILVINGTON, A.

Buy War Savings Stamps To-Day!



A WOG'S FIRST WATCH

The new WOG swept down like a wolf on the fold,
His eager eye gleaming with confidence bold
As he took the watch over with manifest glee,
For was wogging not easy to such men as he.
Like a young bull in springtime when pastures are green,
The new WOG's approach to the receiver was seen.
But a broken old man with eyes all adrift,
Was found at the key at the end of the shift.
He called up Control with some traffic to pass,
And blissfully started to pound at the brass.
When lo, he was halted with code signals rude,
"I never heard sending that could be more crude."
He reeled in his seat and then tried again,
To send out his message, but 'twas all in vain;
For signals came blasting and gave him a jolt.
"Listen out before sending, you ignorant dolt."
From east and from west and from south and from north,
From all other stations "X" signals poured forth,
And rocked the new WOG till his nerves were in rags,
"Start over again and try sending with flags."
"Your call signs are sloppy, were you calling me?"
"Have you got some traffic—what priority?
"Pay more attention"—you are causing delay."
"I told you to wait," "There's the devil to pay."
"Send faster," "Send slower," "Your spacing is bad."
"Smarten up.,, Learn the code," 'You are lousy, my lad'
"Your Morse is disgraceful," "How come you're at large?"
"A competent 'op' of the day will take charge."
And all through the watch the mad signals went on,
Until stretched on the floor, all haggard and wan,
The new WOG lay babbling—a poor broken shell,
A pitiful wreck—a man dragged through hell.

—VIC ACK ACK AR.

THE STATION POST OFFICE

The "Bureau de Post" handles mail for a host,
Of Airframe Mechanics and fixers;
For clerks in their teens and for some "full of beans,"
And for cooks with soup on their whiskers.

They will sell you a stamp, your account they'll revamp
Should you wish to put by hard earned money;
When they hand out the mail, there is sometimes a wail,
Or some lad shouts, "Oh boy! she's a Honey."

But soft pedal, boys; if you keep down the noise
Tubby and Slim will assort your mail pronto.
You may get a line from far Kootenay mine,
Or perhaps it's a word from Toronto.

They get up at dawn to send your mail on,
"It's a pleasure" (they tell you) to do it.
Should they miss just one mail there would be a sad tale
From the Base, and you bet they would rue it.

CORPL. FRED HANSEN,
M.P.O. 704, Scoudouc, N.B.

BRYDEN'S LAMENT or WHERE'S PREEPER!

My typist has gone his leave
My tipyst has gohn on a spree,
Mx typish hap gone oh hyr leave,
O gring bacq m! hypist to me.
Bling bac? oK £ring back
Oh bynK b4cK my tipisth to mi tu mo.
Brung bicq ocsling 8acK
Oh blynK ba " K mg t¾pys? tp m½.

Compliments
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Prompt Service, - 24 Hours a Day.

—LOOK FOR THE BLUE BELL CREST—

EATON'S

"Service Square"....

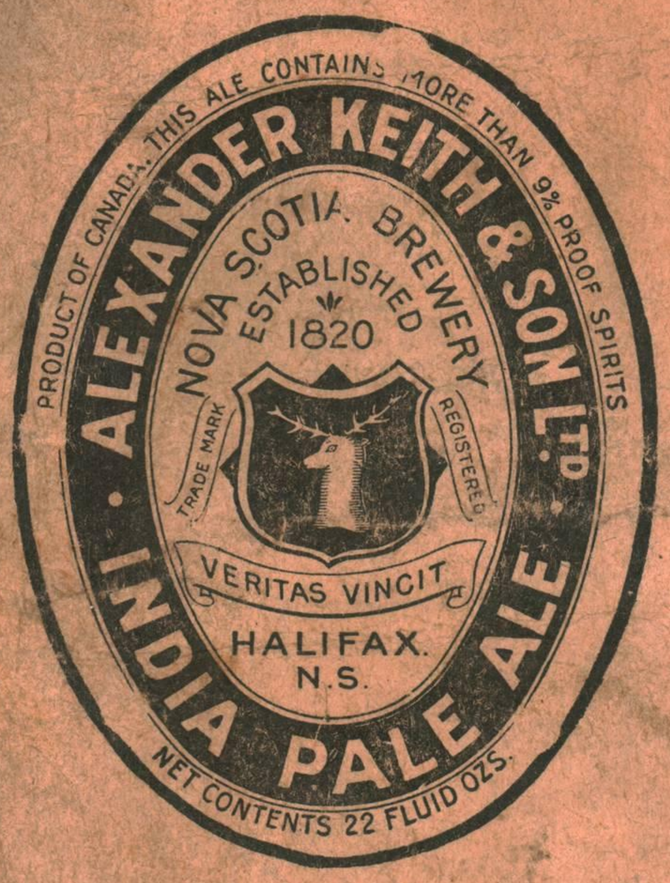
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EATON'S Men's Wear—Main Floor.

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2. **MEDICINAL STOUT.**
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4. **KEITH'S INDIA PALE ALE.**

A. KEITH & SON

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Of Simpson's Personal Shopping Service..

is well acquainted with the shopping problems of airmen, who find it difficult to come to the store. Simply telephone L-4111, and ask for her. She will be glad to shop for you.

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