

# Thumbs Up!



APRIL 1943

VERN DRAYTON

B.C.

Joan (Dawe) Mc. Jones - 883 Stewart Ave. Courthouse

# THUMBS UP!

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Vol. 1

DARTMOUTH, N. S., APRIL, 1943

No. 10

## Editorial Staff of Thumbs Up.

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### ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATE

With this issue Thumbs Up is introducing an annual subscription rate of \$1.50. A number of requests for copies have been received from nostalgic ex-residents of this station yearning for news of old pals and haunts—and a larger number are shipped each month by current inmates to their homes, friends and literary acquaintances.

A subscription rate will be of great help, particularly for those of you who send copies away. It's quite simple — just leave \$1.50 with us and the name and address and we'll see that the magazine is wrapped, stamped and mailed promptly for a whole year.

For those of you smelling a posting in the offing — and who doesn't? — this is your cue to rush your subscription in and we'll see it follows you.

So, quite apart from the advance revenue with which Thumbs Up hopes to pad its exchequer, sadly depleted by loss of advertising revenue, it is quite apparent what a time and worry-saver this scheme will be for you.

**ACT NOW, GENTLEMEN.** Throw boredom to the winds and be up to date on what's-what on the station. Make sure of your copy. Fill in the form enclosed in this issue and turn it in to AC. Andrews, Accounts Section, No. 7 Hangar, with cash, cheque, P.O. or stamps to the tune of \$1.50.—No C.O.D. orders taken.

# Editorial



The opening of Pandora's box of tricks created no more excitement and speculation than that attending the opening and perusal of offerings dropped in the Thumbs Up Suggestion Boxes recently installed throughout the Station.

We did much better than HOPE, however. Twelve questionnaires distributed in the last issue were filled out in varying forms of completeness. At least a dozen poems were contributed—several good ideas for articles—four amusing short stories—a religious article which pleased the Padre, and a few jokes that didn't.

In some instances these receptacles were mistaken for "Beefs-of-the-Month" boxes, and all complaints concerning heating, lighting, transportation, discipline, nearby towns, etc., were forwarded to the appropriate sources for consideration. Complaints regarding Thumbs Up, we are pleased to say, were negligible.

In addition we received some razor blades, an empty tooth paste tube, a pair of shoe laces (seconds), some blotting paper smelling suspiciously of beer, and a broken ping pong ball.

One bewildered individual mistook a box for the mail drop, while another one evidently thought of a better idea and took one home with him.

Quite a collection, you will agree, but the good outweighed the facetious by a long shot. Above all we were fortunate in finding several new members for the Editorial Board—full of enthusiasm and good ideas. The questionnaires, too, gave us some very illuminating highlights and helpful suggestions.

If you will cast your eye to the left you will see the augmented board. A change in the set-up gives the editor-in-chief two immediate pillars of support in associate editors, an officer and an airman. To Flight Lieutenant Cattley the Station owes a tremendous vote of thanks for labouring so long and nobly for Thumbs Up. He produced the last issue practically single-handed. He has consented to act as the officers' associate editor under the mistaken impression that it means less work.

The associate airman's editorship was vacated by Flight Sergeant Shaw, who is undoubtedly regaling the denizens of the Far North with his inimitable poems, which is our loss. The job needs filling, and that noble soul lurks somewhere on the Station—won't you come out of hiding, please?

Artists were discovered, some a little too late for this issue, but the work of LAC. Noble supplements the articles on "Rations" and "Five Days On An Ice Flow." This angle presents possibilities for future cartoons and caricatures.

Our boxes, too, produced a circulation man to help the already overburdened gentleman charged with the job of distribution. To increase circulation we have a yearly subscription rate, details of which you will find elsewhere.

Two of the more important innovations are the pages devoted to "Shop Talk" and "The Ladies." The former will concern itself with technical matters of value to

those employed in aircraft maintenance. It will, we hope, be essentially practical and kept as breezy as possible. Formal recognition by Thumbs Up of the ladies is long overdue and we herewith make reparation. Hearing of them, and from them, will henceforth be a regular monthly feature—but we lack an appropriate title for this page. How about it, girls?

A wave of apprehension swept over the Editorial Board after inserting a request in D.R.O.'s for articles in French. Who, indeed, would edit such articles if a French editor failed to materialize? Our fears were groundless as we drew a complete blank on both scores. Notwithstanding, we are ready to face the issue. What do you say, mes enfants, a page in French or ne pas page in French?

One over-all note, unmistakably present in all suggestions and contributions, was a sense of humour, which we thought a healthy sign.

Sometime ago, in the fabulous era of wonderful nonsense through which our great ally to the South careened, an enterprising opportunist undertook to classify people according to their sense of humour. Through an elaborate contraption he registered reactions to humorous situations. You, as the victim, would, for instance, be confronted with a picture of an invalid coming to on the operating table in the middle of a major surgical job—saying as he sniffs anxiously, "S'funny, I smell gas." If you found that amusing, you would be in perhaps Group A—the ridicomaniacs. Were you to laugh uproariously at the picture of the farmer, questioned by the salesman who had recently sold him a heavy six-furrow plough, saying, "Wal, I like it alright, but it sure is hell on the horses"—then, you would probably be Group B—the absurdomaniacs.

The net result, apart from acquiring some publicity the inventor needed for his forthcoming book on the "Rise and Fall of Tides in the Bay of Fundy," showed that practically everybody qualified for every group—establishing the fact that, under the right stimulus, the average person could see a spot of humour in most situations.

Now—of all times, when we are subject to so much that is alien to our normal course of living—with so many irking restrictions imposed upon us by the exigencies of war—it is necessary to probe deep and dig up every ounce of the quality that sees humour in the adversities that confront us daily.

Happy is he who possesses it in abundance. We ordinary mortals must dig. A little spadework might even produce a faint glimmer of humour in the transportation problem, by a few moments' reflection on the amazing acrobatics of the cement-mixers that struggle doggedly between the station and Dartmouth. What to do when you get there, of course, is practically an excavation job—but dig you must—and while your at it, remember Thumbs Up—not, we insist, as a subject needing this effort to find humour in the publication—but as an outlet for the result of your spadework.

# FROM--AND ABOUT--THE LADIES . . . . .

## SHOTS FROM THE CLERK OP'S

No one can deny that a station graced by the presence of a W.D. is a place to be envied. Thus Dartmouth became such a place when three girls from E.A.C. were notified of their postings to that marvelous and exciting station.

They at once insisted on embarkation leave and begged to be allowed to put up their Canada badges. The former was obtained but the latter was distinctly frowned upon.

The lucky or unlucky section to receive them was the Ops Room and here we now find them settled down — we hope — and full of enthusiasm(?)

When asked about their impressions of the station, the details were somewhat vague, but they were certainly negative.

Judging by the reception they received upon arriving the first morning — no car, no band, no officer — they realized they were just considered other cogs in the wheel of this vast machine, AND, here to do their share.

The station, in general, the girls find, is very nice. There is always room for improvement on any station, so the girls don't grumble when the well is dry, the basement becomes flooded, or the boiler comes nigh to bursting. The recreation hall and snack bar offer great comfort and bring cheer into a daily routine.

No one knows how it happened, but, requested or not,

variety is what Dartmouth received in its operational clerks.

You all know Goldie Lloyd, a small redhead who hails from Hillier, Ontario. Goldie has been busy with school these past years, her chief ambition being a dietitian, but alas, no more. Goldie has taken to flying and her goal is to be a hostess on a Digby.

Nancy Carter, a brunette, is a real Maritimer, coming from Dorchester, N. B., or thereabouts. Though few people know it, Nancy is a registered nurse, but, like many girls, she wished to enter a new field on joining the ranks of the W.D.'s. She longs for the day when she can get at least one section on the station to cooperate with her.

The tall blonde, who says she hails from Canada (in truth, only Wetaskiwin, Alberta, or is it Dogpatch?) is none other than Bobbie Lindholm, alias Daisy Mae. Why was a certain desk moved to bring closer contact with another section? Does Bobbie know the answer? Being in the Air Force is much more fun than being a steno, she says, and she is right at home in a plane, having travelled considerably in the N.W.T.

Here they are, boys. Perhaps you've seen them on the station but didn't realize who they were or what a vital part they play in order to keep you flying.

The girls who enjoy flying find their flips few and far between, so boys, just remember local 108.



**EXTRA FROM THE OLD X-RAY ROOM**

The other night we were all sitting very quietly (rather unusual, you might say) on our bunks — thinking, perhaps of days gone by — when all of a sudden the silence was shattered by a bang, bang at the door and who pops in but the Sergeant.

Something for Thumbs Up, girls, "says she."

Oh — H — and not one of us with any talent for writing. What would we do? A poem? No poets in this room. A joke? Perhaps. Have you heard this one? No—not that. As Reagan would say, "That's a red one." Well, then, what could we submit? We really can't think of anything to tell you but there are a lot of things we would like to know—here they are:

Who is the girl that can't sleep at night unless she has her pillow piled up underneath with junk? How about that, Jean?

Who is the girl who gets a letter nearly every day without the customary stamp on it? How do they get there, Foster? Maybe the Fleet Air Arm would know.

And Gaddess, how do you always manage to land an army lad, with so many airmen around?

Where did Dawe get that sore finger? Could it be those Wolves from Preston?

Who was Baycroft ordering back to their own room the other night in her sleep?

Oh, yes, Lee—what's the attraction at the dental clinic? Could it be because they are from Cape Breton? Watch your step, John.

What Senior W.D. NCO likes chickens, and why does she feed them soda biscuits — and why does she feed them so early in the morning?

What was the matter with a certain W.D. NCO in the second period of a certain hockey game? — Was she really cold?

**SNACK BAR CORNER**

Airwomen may come and airwomen may go, but the Women's Division of Dartmouth carries on.

Let us pause here for a moment to give welcome to our W.D.'s in the Snack Bar. First we have AW.2 Bugg and AW.2 Lick from the good old West, Regina, and Saskatchewan. They arrived from No. 6 Manning Depot, Toronto. Soon after their arrival they scurried around to help scrub and clean the Snack Bar for the grand opening.

Later they were joined by LAW. Brown, from Windsor, N. S., who was posted from Rockcliffe, and in due time took over, and is now corporal. Congratulations, "Corporal Brown."

Then LAW. Handsley of Halifax, N. S., was sent to the Snack Bar and was posted from No. 1 B. and G. School, Jarvis, Ontario.

Last of all the W.D.'s to enter the happy group at the Snack Bar is AW.2 Cormier, from Saint John, N. B., who was also posted from Rockcliffe.

Now with a full staff we will all endeavour to help satisfy our hungry airmen's appetites, and to keep them happy at one of the most popular spots on the station.

**Attention Airwomen:**

Note our nice snappy sitting room which goes off our Snack Bar — come in and try it some time.

Last but not least, we almost forgot to mention our Mascot, which is our favorite black cat. She journeyed all the way from Bell Lake to be with us, and as our latest member, we have named it "Snack Bar".

Well, boys, before we close our little chat we extend a hearty welcome to all three services—"and we do mean you"—and now this winds up the Chit Chat from our small establishment, so until next time, Au Revoir!

—LAW. HANDSLEY.

**Double-U-Dee**

The hospital staff of the Double-U-Dee,  
Are a jolly fine lot, most people agree;  
We replaced the boys who had joined to fly,  
Or who wished some other trade to ply.

We are doing the work these boys used to do,  
And some think we do it much better, too,  
But whether that's true or whether it's not,  
We all put our hearts in the work we've got.

Our work is essential, we do it with pride,  
We try to keep smiling and not 'put on side,'  
The latter is difficult, all will agree,  
To one in this branch of the "Double-U-Dee."  
(Author hiding in modest seclusion.—Ed.)

**BLITZ**

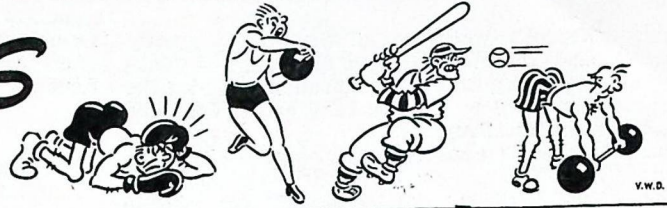
The roar of a powerful motor came to the ears of the brave Britishers, then the sickening crash of breaking glass as the windows gave away under the missiles thrown at them with monotonous repetition. The irreplaceable array of engines in various stages of repair were smothered with debris and soon were covered with the snow which followed. A devastating blow surely to the champions of freedom against tyranny and dictatorship. How the hearts of the noble Englishmen approached the breaking point as they viewed the chaos and ruin; how they cursed this man from a far-off country who had wrecked their home; surely this act of aggression would not go unpunished. Yet, with the bulldog spirit which has made old Albion what she is today, they replaced the windows, they cleared off their precious engines, they restored order out of chaos. Then their officer sat down and, Chamberlain-like, wrote a stern note of rebuke to Works and Buildings, whose snow blower had created this devastation and ruin. For verily, verily, I say unto you, it is written in the great book that this same Works and Buildings did break windows, yea many windows, in the Fleet Air Arm workshop when their snow plow did hurl snow and debris upon the side of that scared building. An Englishman's home is his castle, but, as the Canuck said as he mowed down the Nazis, "To the devil with traditions, we ain't got any," so why should Works and Buildings worry about a few Limeys? (Have a care, you coal shovellers and snow movers; another guy said that once, or a reasonable facsimile thereof. Remember Napoleon?)

All of which goes to prove the truth of the old motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," which loosely translated means, "To heck with you, bub, I'm alright."

—W. S.

Overheard in the hospital. Two W.D.'s talking—  
1st W.D.: Do you know what a red corpuscle is?  
2nd W.D.: Why, of course, a Russian N.C.O.

# Sports



By CPL. H. J. GREENBERG

Well, Spring is here? (Joke.) Ah, the good old Spring, that long-awaited season when a young airman's fancy turns from chasing a floor hockey puck to chasing something a little more curvier down Portland Street . . . that time of year when the boys of "H" Block, in their process of de-hibernation, drastically cut down to a measly four blankets; discard their flying suits (you know what I mean); and raise their windows to the terrifying height of three-quarters of an inch . . . the time of year when an airman stepping out into a clear new world, wonders in vain whether that enchanting, lingering odor in the air is that of boiling cabbage or — Imperoyal . . . or both. The same old Spring that makes the young airman feel the urge to travel. (Much to the distress of the D.A.P.M. and his mighty men.)

Enuff of this, for with the coming of Spring, we bid adieu to our most popular Winter sports. Starting with:

## BASKETBALL

With a fighting do-or-die spirit that symbolized our station basketball team throughout the entire Halifax Senior playoff series, our boys went down before a superior Navy team in the finals, after defeating the Y.M.C.A. in a hard-fought semi-final.

Starting with the semi-finals, which was a two-game, total-score affair, our boys dropped the first 29-25 and then handily whipped them 30-21, to take the series 55-50.

In what the Halifax sports writers exclaimed as the finest played games seen in these parts, our boys were defeated by the Navy. Two action-jammed games, which thrilled the largest crowds of the season by their teamwork, heads-up playing, and will to win.

In the first game, although our team's display of teamwork was nothing short of sensational, the Navy was just that much better, and we dropped a tough one 34-24. Billy Devitt, former Toronto star, led the Navy, setting up scoring plays time and time again. "Jake" Edwards, former Queen's star, and Rutherford, who performed for the Montreal Oilers, led the sharpshooters for the Navy.

The second game was more or less a repetition of the first. Our boys tried their darndest, but just weren't good enough. And the Navy led by Barry, Bauer and Arnott at guards and Devitt, Rutherford, Edwards, McCallum and McCully up front, set us down 45-43.

For our team, Coach "Al" Imrie. "Don" Smith, "Bob" Smith, "Red" McLachlan, "Ron" Marr, "Harry" Teetzel, "Cec" Linder, "Sol" Sidenburg and a newcomer, Dale, went all out in their efforts to hold the tars. "Joe" Greenberg also fought like mad (but couldn't get out of the hospital bed.)

The "three cheers and a tiger" our team gave the Navy were truly heartfelt, as the Navy sportsmanship throughout the season was superb. We can only wish them the best of luck in their quest for further honors.

## HOUSE LEAGUE

With a starry line-up of Dumouchelle, Chamberlain, McDougall, Lognon and Chemicki, the Bell Lake boys cinched first place in the race for the Leggett Trophy, and without a doubt are definitely the team to beat. The radio boys, who take their sports seriously, losing only one game during the regular season, are anxiously awaiting to play the winner of the Marine Section-Hospital series.

In a sudden-death encounter for the right to enter the playoffs, those hard-bitten, or hard-biting (makes no difference) seamen from the Marine Section grabbed off a 23-21 win over the Preston Road lads. In a game that featured everything contrary to the Marquis of Queenbury rules, the Marine boys punched in the last basket with only a fraction of a minute remaining. Cory of the Marine boys was the hero of the night, scoring a goodly portion of their points. Bremner, Crozier, Scott, Carriere, Medjuck and Johnson are the other lads who will be in there pitchin'. Hardy, who ran in three baskets in very short time, to start the second half, was the best man on the floor for Preston. Gyulay, Blake, Shultz and Harding made up the remainder.

The Hospital team, which has been plagued all season with a shortage of players, has now filled its ranks. Included in the line-up are Doc Morrow (X-ray) Walker, Northrop, McMillan, "Slim" Nall, Ken McLachlan, and last but not least, "Cowboy" Clarke, who could probably sit comfortably on a brewery horse (Dawes preferably.)

## HOCKEY

It might be a coincidence, but it also happens that S/L Wilson's "fighting" Joes won the S/L Wilson Trophy, donated (and paid for) by S/L Wilson, when they bashed out a 9-5 triumph over F/O "Doc" Norris' Blue Devils. (Oh, how some people hate to part with things.)

After a hectic three-game struggle, the Joes emerged as the 1942-43 Inter-Squadron Hockey Champs, winning the mug the hard way, by coming back to grab the last two games after having lost the first.

### UPPER LEFT—"JOES"

WO.2 Peters, F/S Fairley, F/O Richardson, S/L Wilson, P/O Wishart, LAC. Marshman, LAC. Haworth.

### LOWER LEFT—"CENTRAL MAINTENANCE"

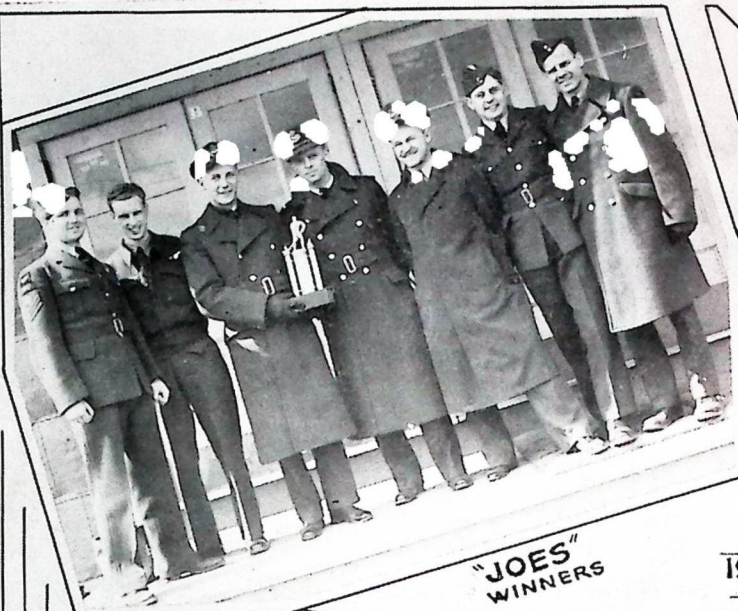
Front Row: Cpl. Smith, LAC. Richardson, Sgt. Holtom, LAC. Johnson, LAC. Haworth.  
Rear Row: LAC. Marshman, LAC. Westrum, Cpl. Harmer, LAC. Hamilton, Cpl. Steeves.

### UPPER RIGHT—"BLUE DEVILS"

Front Row: LAC. Cadieux, LAC. Kersaw, Cpl. Babcock, LAC. Richardson, Cpl. Dow.  
Rear Row: Cpl. McMillan, LAC. Allan, Cpl. Tucker, LAC. Rouselle, F/O Norris, LAC. Bridgeo.

### LOWER RIGHT—"BRONCHOS"

Front Row: F/S Judd, P/O Whitehemson, F/S Lilley, F/S Hurley, F/L Wolfenden, F/O Storey, Cpl. Thomas.  
Rear Row: AC. Schlacks, Sgt. McKilligan, F/O Dunsdon, AC. Bolster, Cpl. Vorley.



"JOES"  
WINNERS



"BLUE DEVILS"  
RUNNERS-UP

ICE  
HOCKEY  
1942-1943  
SEASON

WINNERS  
"CENT. MAINT."

FLOOR  
HOCKEY

RUNNERS-UP  
"BRONCHOS"



DH.F917



## SPORTS (Continued from page 4)

"Doc" Norris' charges, backed by the sensational goaling of Rouselle, were right on in the first encounter and knocked off the Wilson men 5-4. Norris and Gorman shot themselves a couple of goals apiece, with Tucker collecting the other. The Joe goals were scored by Haworth, Marshman and Smith.

Leading 4-2 in the second game, with some ten minutes left to play, the Devils, with victory almost in grasp, let up, and the opportunity-grabbing Joes swept in and, taking full advantage of the breaks, not only tied it up but "Joe" boy Smith whipped home the winner with less than two minutes left.

The last game saw the Joes completely outclass the Blue Devils to take the game and the series. Kershaw garnered a couple for the Blue Devils, while the Joe goals were fairly well divided up among everyone (excepting the goalie.)

**Honourable Mention:** The Marshman-Haworth-Richardson trio, whose display of teamwork was superlative. Goaler Fairley for his part in the triumph, and DeBeaupré for his steadiness on defence. Smith, for popping home the winner in the second game. Morton, although absent for the finals, whose work during the season was indispensable. "Doc" Norris, Tucker and Rouselle, whose work on the backline was a treat to watch. Both forward lines of Babcook, Richardson and Kershaw, and Cadieux, Bridgeo and Gorman, who never quit trying.

**FLOOR HOCKEY**

Well, it's over (thank heaven.) Everyone can relax now. Most of all, the hospital staff, who probably waited in feverish anticipation of a few fractured skulls, a broken back or two and possibly a few misplaced eyebrows, the result of a session of Murder Inc.

The brand of hockey displayed would probably have put the head-hunters of New Guinea to shame. And from it all the marvelous passing team of Central Maintenance emerged as champions and initial recipients of the Laut Trophy, emblematic of the Dartmouth Floor Hockey Championship, when they squeezed out the tightest of wins over the bruising, hard-fighting Bronchos, in the third and deciding game, 4-3.

After winning the first 7-1 and losing the second 6-4, the Maintenance boys went all out for victory in a game that produced everything in thrills, chills and spills (and we're not kidding.)

Harmes proved to be the hero of the day when he blasted in the winning goal from close in. The other goals went to Westrum, Hamilton and Johnstone. The work of Haworth and Marshman for the Maintenance lads was top and much of the credit of victory could properly be attributed to their play. Smith helped a lot.

Dundson, Hurley and Troman bashed in the goals for the Bronchos. Judd, Wolfenden, Hurd, McKelligan, high-scoring Broncho men, failed to dent the cords, much to everyone's surprise. However, Judd, the Jolting Boy, seemed to be playing under a handicap. Someone having swiped his ebony sweatshirt for probably some good cause (e. g. Rags for Victory Campaign), put him off his usual terrific game and he wasn't quite the same without it. Also missing was Black, the strong defenceman.

Don't forget to keep your war-club well sharpened, and here's hoping to see you again in a few months.

Rest up, won't you? . . .

**VOLLEYBALL**

The bubble burst (and how!) when an unsuspecting Recs team (eh, Mr. Thompson) was stuck with a four-games-to-one loss by W/C Van Camp's surprising Joes. (For the Van Camp Trophy.) (Indian giver!) (Here's a cup. Go-wan, beat me for it.)

The Rec line-up, which included Jack Lunn, P/O Thompson, Clare Mastin, Slim Nall, Weaver and Pete Mitchell, were no match whatsoever for the Joes, whose W/C Van Camp, S/L Wilson, Thien Dembicki, Tomlinson, Richardson and Crabtree, are about the best in the league.

Still in the running and in the other half of the finals are the darkhorse Pidgeon Servicemen, with Foster, Whelpdale, Whiteley, Irish and Burt as their best, while their opponents, the Dental Corps, led by Major Matchett, includes Lunau, Schneider, Farrel, Harding and Osborne.

**BOWLING**

It must be the inoculations. It's got to be something. For looking through the scores of the current second section, we find, much to our amazement, that the boys have toppled down only one of the existing marks, the high triple. While we didn't smash any national records, the scores collectively are much higher than those of the last section.

Topping the timber topplers for Monday are the star-studded Falcons, featuring Woodward, Cummings, Dupuis and Powell. This powerful line-up has topped the Monday nighters throughout the season and are still holders of the high team aggregate.

And right on their heels are the Buckland Aces, who turned in some of their hottest rolling down at the alleys last month. Their best are Taylor, Morgan and Bernhardt.

For the Thursday Nighters, the Jacks and Fours have been far and away the best bowlers in their section this past month. Rowan, Butler, Rouselle and Compton are the lads that carry the mail.

With Baillie, Clarke and Chamberlain, Bell Lake No. 1 have turned in consistently good scores and tag along in second place.

And for the Friday Night loop, top honours go to the Record Breakers, who with Gray, Doherty, Coates and Lewis have bowled well and are deserving of their position. Bullets, with Cadieux, Clarke, Carroll and Nauss, are steady bowlers and are in the second slot.

**BOWLING HIGHLIGHTS**

In their bid for immortality the Buckland Aces, with a tremendous 3327, threw a heck of a scare into the existing record, and came within 23 points of breaking the 3349 established by the Falcons in the first section.

The 3310 chalked up by the Pin Busters also fell short by a meagre 40 pins. Well tried, fellows!

In order to grasp the immensity of the 3349, we must realize that the Falcons averaged 223 for each man. Slouches, eh?

As was expected, the 361 high single scored in the first section by Clarke of Bell Lake, still stood.

But he didn't escape unscathed, however, as that zoot suiter with the drape-shape. Rowan by name, fashioned together a 247-316-241 high triple of 804 to wash out Clarke's former mark of 798. The 804 meant a 268 average for his string.

Well, that's about all for this month, fellows. The playoffs are just around the corner, lads. So let's get in there and pitch, eh?

## Station Personalities



**LAC. KARL ZAKRISON**

A show may be good, but only as good as the director. The airman, whose picture appears on this page, is LAC. Karl Zakrison, who does all the work for our concert party but gets none of the limelight or curtain calls.

He was born in Buffalo, New York, 30 years ago. He took part in high school plays and made his debut before the great American public through the medium of the Little Theatre groups.

He played on the vaudeville circuits, acting as a master of ceremonies, as well as playing character roles in well-known theatrical productions.

Dartmouth is extremely lucky to have a man of his calibre to direct our up-and-coming troupe of artists. We venture to predict that, when peace returns once more, we shall hear of him in the theatrical world.

In the meantime, as you applaud the various acts and sketches, give a thought to the guy who writes the sketches, rehearses the different acts, not hesitating to tick off any would-be actor who is definitely off colour, and acts as stage manager throughout the whole show. That's our "Lakky," as he is affectionately known to his gang.

"You said you wanted it rare, didn't you?" bellowed the chef.

"Sure," piped up the complaining LAC. as he handed back his steak, "but I've seen critters get well that was hurt worse than this."

(Yea—I know—what steak?—Ed.)

## PILOT OFFICER BEURLING He Came, He Saw, He Conquered

"And then, you shoot him down." Listening to these words, surely one would believe they fell from the lips of a grim-faced killer, or a paid gunman of the underworld whose sole task in gang activities was to eliminate those who incurred the enmity of the boss of the racketeers. It was hard to believe they fell from the lips of a youth, who by rights should have been finishing his schooling and preparing himself for his place in business life.

His infectious smile, his unassuming manner and his modest bearing, seemed at utter variance with his record as one of the aces of aerial combat in this present war. Here was a man who made the shooting down of an adversary into a fine art. He had perfected the skill of deflection shooting until his name had become a byword among the men whose daily chore is patrolling the blue.

He is a living example of "Per Ardua and Astra." The difficulties this Ace had to surmount were red tape, distance and rigid self-discipline with regard to physical condition. Not content with realizing that practice makes perfect, he made perfect bodily fitness his fetish. The dividends that accrued from this investment are plain to us who had the privilege of hearing him speak of his exploits. This speech, or his intimate chat as it appeared, was a tonic to us who seem to be fated to stay over here.

It also make us realize that going overseas is not all cheering crowds, the glamour of embarkation and the wearing of "Canada" on the shoulders. It told us of the constant vigil in the skies, the heartbreaking toil of the ground crew under constant aerial bombardment, no forty-eight's or beer, no leave to see loved ones. His stories of aerial warfare, though a little blood-curdling, brought home to us that we are fighting a cunning, brave, and clever foe and it will take a supreme effort on our part to emerge as victors from this war.

And when he stood on the stage at rigid attention, while the National Anthem was played, I felt proud to be wearing the same colour uniform and doing my bit for the same high ideals as those of our guest speaker, Flying Officer "Buzz" Beurling, D.S.O., D.F.C., D.F.M. and Bar, the hero of Malta.

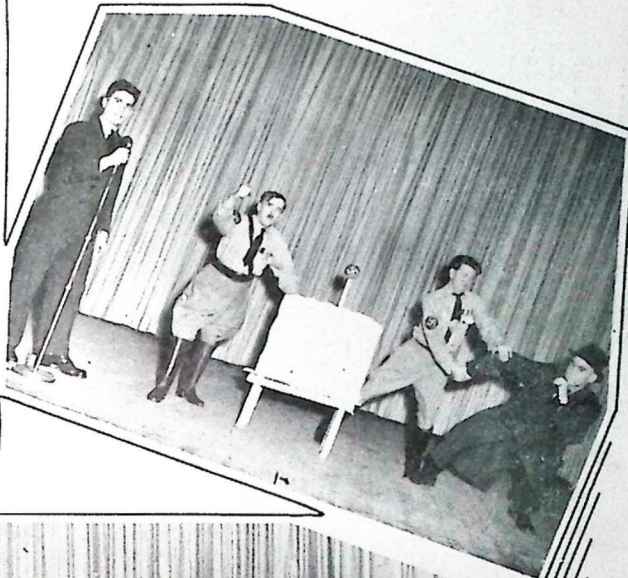
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"How do you find yourself these chilly mornings?"

"Oh, I just chuck back the blankets and there I am."

Did you hear about the two English sailors who asked the waitress in a Halifax cafe if they needed passports to get into Canada?





DA. 7751

STATION. CONCERT PARTY, R.C.A.F. STATION, DARTMOUTH, N.S.  
WEDNESDAY MARCH 24<sup>th</sup> 1943



# Entertainment



v.w.d.

## U.S.O. SHOW

About 1100 officers and men left the Recreation Hall with sore jaws from laughing, the night of the U. S. O. show. Through the courtesy of Col. I. Odell, Port Transit Embarkation, U.S. Army, Halifax, arrangements were made for the stop-over of No. 38 Tabloid Troupe of the United Services Organizations Camp Shows.

This marvelous troupe of five members kept the men in a continuous round of laughs from start to finish. Too much cannot be said in the way of thanks to this group for the best evening's entertainment ever presented on the Station.



Mr. Joe Wong of the Hell's-a-Poppin' show cast was the headliner as far as the boys were concerned and his impersonation of Bing Crosby was really something.

Mr. M. Bell as master of ceremonies kept the show moving at a fast pace and was often into another joke before the laughter from the last one had subsided. He was ably assisted by a beautiful lady who turned out to be his wife.

Miss Breefer presented an intricate and difficult acrobatic dance which, combined with her grace and rhythm, had the boys on the edge of their seats. Mr. Victor Fidell took over the station orchestra as guest conductor and the boys did the station proud with their work accompanying the concert. Mr. Fidell, a well-known accordionist, also gave several solo numbers on the program which were excellent.

## STATION CONCERT

A hearty vote of thanks from the personnel of this Station to the members of the Station Concert Party for the grand entertainment they provided the night of March 24th, is in order. In the past we have been entertained by outside concert parties. In their effort, the Station Concert Party has shown us that they have as much on the ball as the rest.

The concert opened with some smart martial music by the Station Band. Sparked by our talented m.c., LAC. McClaskey, the show moved right along without a

hitch except when Bob was interrupted by a chap asking the way to the Snack Bar. LAC. Baker did a fine job playing his own accompaniment to his songs, which were really crowd-pleasers. The Station Warrant Officer act showed the fellows what happens to the guy who does not shine his buttons.

The other numbers included Cpl. Handley in songs; Flight Lieutenant Haviland with his famous one-man band; Sgt. Simmons with his Old Timers, along with two swell acts by Bob McClaskey and readings by Flight Sgt. Shaw, which almost stopped the show. The "Hitler" act with Pte. Daley of the Dental Corps, looking more like Hitler than Hitler does, was the tops in dramatic production. Daisy Mae and Lil' Abner showed what the Airforce can do for any backwoodsman. Cpl. MacLachlan and LAC. Wainwright hit off hot piano duets much to the liking of the jitterbugs of the audience.

## STATION QUARTETTE

Did you hear the Station Quartette on CHNS the other night? They did a real job and now are breaking into the big time. As soon as they finished at CHNS they were booked for the next Airforce broadcast on CBC. The quartette was accompanied by Flight Lieutenant Haviland and is composed of the following members: Sgt. Dave Erskine, LAC. Hugh Malloy, LAC. Skinner and LAC. Graham.

## DANCES

The Station Dance again was a big success and many laudatory remarks were heard regarding the excellence of the Station Orchestra. Over 800 attended the dance and the hostesses from Simpsons, E.A.C., and Dartmouth were out in full force. Thanks, girls. The proceeds of the dance were turned over to the Red Cross and were included in the figures announced by Squadron Leader McGill as the total contribution of the Station to the Red Cross.

Harbour View, Bell Lake and Preston all held dances during the month and the committees at each place worked hard to make them all very successful dances.

The Station Band has been doing a grand job in helping with the entertainment programmes on the station by playing before the shows and concerts. More power to Flight Sgt. Herriott and his boys. We like their music.

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Then there was the Account Section wizard who wanted to know when the next L.P.O. show was coming.

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Spring Fever: When the iron in your blood turns to lead and settles in the seat of your pants.

# Shop Talk



This is the first of a series entitled "Shop Talk." Our plan is to introduce on this page practical information on aircraft mechanics and allied crafts, not usually found in text books—and certainly not in text book style.

We will be pleased to receive articles, or suggestions therefore.

This month's contribution is by Sgt. Dean, C. W., to whom we gratefully acknowledge our thanks for the idea.

## ARE WE MODERN?

By SGT. DEAN, C. W.

Today we hear so much about modern aviation and how far we have advanced over those we choose to call "Bird Men" and how much more modern our aircraft are than the "crates" of the First World War.

Our only advance has been in the field of lighter material and greater mechanical perfection.

Tricycle landing gear was used on all early types of aircraft. Curtiss Pushers had three-wheel undercarriages in 1910.

We retract our landing gear today but so did James V. Martin in his "Kitten" in 1917.

In 1917 British pilots attacked a two-seat Rumpler C.V. with no effect. Then one day a lucky burst fired directly in front, shattered the Rumpler's wooden propeller and the plane was forced down in hostile territory. It was discovered that both cockpits, and the engine, were fully protected by heavy armour. And the fuel tank was lined with a leakproof substance. "Modern, eh"? At the start of World War II how many standard American combat planes were fitted with leakproof tanks?

In 1911, the Antoinette was a tapered, low-wing, cantilever monoplane, with enclosed cabin, steam-cooled, "V" type motor, and wheel pants! Nearly 25 years later the "Miles Falcon," a typical low-wing sportplane popular in England, had a striking resemblance to the Antoinette of 1911.

Well, you say, our planes have more inherent stability. Maybe, but in 1911 the Dunne Biplane flew safely with the pilot away from all controls. This strange tailless aircraft has "modern" counterparts in the Waterman Arrowplane, and the Akerman Monoplane.

In 1914, the Supermarine Seaplane boasted a fully streamlined hull, wing floats, and engine cowlings. It was powered with a completely enclosed 80 h.p. Gnome Rotary motor and a three-bladed propeller. Compare this design and engineering with the "Supermarine Straner" used at the beginning of this war. Also the "Vickers Walrus" still used by the Fleet Air Arm, or with the more "modern" Fleet Wing Sea Bird, amphibian U.S.-built flying boat.

What about "modern" engineering? In 1911 the "Briguet" was equipped with a horizontal radical motor, gear-driven propeller, steel tube single spare wings, metal clad fuselage and oleo landing gear. Wheel brakes were introduced the same year.

And in 1918 the British Beardmore W.B. IV, single seat shipboard fighter had its power plant in the centre of the body, the pilot being seated in front, astride the propeller shaft. The Aircobra isn't so new after all!

Even flaps are not so "modern." In 1918 the German magazine "Der Motorwagen," speaking of the French Briguet 14 B2, two-seat bomber, said: "The part of the lower plane lying behind the rear spar is hinged along its total length and is pulled downward by means of twelve rubber cords fixed on the underside of the ribs. The tension of these can be adjusted by means of screws, and an automatic change on the aerofoil corresponding with the load and speed thus results, with an easier control on the aeroplane with or without a load of bombs."

Eleven years after Kitty Hawk in 1914, H. P. Folland, designer of the British S.E. 4, says: "The fuselage was the result of careful tests in the wind tunnel, and a streamlined cockpit cover was incorporated." In addition, this little known S.E. 4 had a twin row Gnome Rotary of 140 h.p. giving a top speed of no less than 135 m.p.h.!

Power, you say? Listen. In 1936 comparison was made between a Boeing Navy F4B-4, with a 660 h.p.s. Pratt and Whitney Hornet engine, and fighters used in World War I. It was found that the British Siddeley Tiger of 1918 was just as powerful. In 1916, the German Albatros D.111 had an all-plywood fuselage, just 13 years after Kitty Hawk.

Alright, you say, but what about fire power? The Short Gun Carrier of 1914 was fitted with 1½-pound Vickers semi-automatic swivel gun in the front cockpit. Toward the end of the war the French mounted a 37 mm. cannon firing through the prop boss of a geared-down "V" type engine. The larger German aircraft were fitted with a 22 mm. automatic gun, firing an explosive or incendiary shell six inches long. This gun was about three feet six inches long and weighed about 100 pounds.

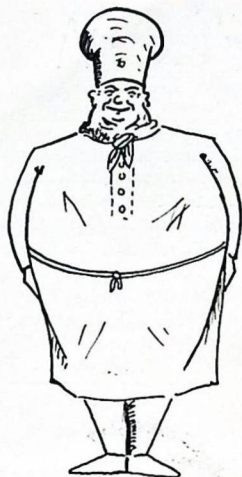
Yes sir! Your Daddy was quite an aviator in his day.

## Some Breath

In a typical modern aero engine, during a 13½-hour flight at normal cruising speed of 150 m.p.h., each engine requires nearly one million cubic feet of air to burn with 450 gallons of fuel consumed. This represents 70 pounds of air consumed every minute, under normal cruising conditions, while 100 pounds per minute are required for maximum output during take-off.

# THE RIDDLE OF THE RATIONS

By DUNCAN DUNBAR



A woman was arrested in China the other day for killing and eating her own child. The charge was withdrawn when she explained that the baby had died a natural death — if starvation can be called natural — and the rest of the family, wild with hunger, decided to eat it.

That story is in strange contrast to a moan made recently about only getting one flavor of ice cream in the mess hall.

Our scale of rations is standard for the Army and the Air Force. Only difference is that the Army wash their own plates and the Air Force are sure that they've got the better cooks. About ninety-five per cent of the ration rumpus is wrong. Five per cent is founded on fact.

The food is drawn from Army stores daily and, theoretically the Air Force has first call on the available supplies. "Theoretically," because quite often the Army and the Navy beat the Air Force to the punch. A general complaint is that they seem to have grapevine connections that tip them off on fresh shipments of oranges, apples, jams, corn syrup and grapefruit juice. Result is that by the time the Air Force gets around, it must take what's left. This situation may be examined.

Approximately two thousand men are eating three meals a day on the station. Any way you take them, those six thousands meals stand for a lot of food and hard work in its preparation. Individual items run all the way from fifteen hundred pounds of potatoes to three pounds of pepper.

Keeping two thousand men happy and healthy would be a tough enough task under the best conditions. On this station, it may be safely said, conditions are not the best. For instance: The landplane base was built and staffed to handle four hundred and fifty men at one meal. Think of the extra worry and work produced when the present daily average of nine hundred men come thundering in for their noon hour chow! Some days the figure runs well over the thousand mark.

Chief reason for the increase is the swarm of Harbour View huskies who have their dinner on the station. Although it means much extra labor, it is a wise move because of the saving in gas, oil and rubber. The trouble is that it gives a few of the boys ideas. Thus, when they come in from Harbour View in the morning, some just naturally gravitate to the landplane mess and mooch another breakfast.

Maybe it's the fresh morning air, or maybe they are just killing time; but one thing is certain: they throw the cook's careful calculations all out of kilter and many a landbase man must go short on his breakfast. As the English say, "It's not cricket."

Take a look at the ration list. It provides a well-balanced blend of vitamins and proteins. True, there have been reductions in the quantities issued, but nothing has been eliminated.

Every man is entitled to a little more than six pounds of food every day. Even with shortages and reductions,

he still gets around five pounds daily. There's three-quarters of a pound of potatoes, the same amount of bread and nine ounces of meat. There is a compulsory issue of canned tomatoes twice a week. Apples, oranges and grapefruit juice are compulsory issue, when available. You get a half pound of fresh vegetables every day in one form or another.

Meat, butter, tea, coffee, sugar — those are the foods where shortages are most felt.

In the good old days, there were twelve ounces of meat for every man every day. Usually it was beef. Now there are nine ounces and it's not always beef. Substitutes, like ham, mutton, pork and fish must be used. Those nine ounces are not all meat, either. Bones and fat are weighed in, too, and it is to the cooks' credit that they are able to draw the last bit of goodness out of the bone for soup stock and use the fat in cooking. There just isn't any meat wasted beyond what you leave on your plate.

Butter is a tough problem. The ration has been cut from two to one and a half ounces a day per man. Thus, when the landplane mess draws a ration of eighty-five pounds for a day's operations, it is apt to see fifty pounds vanish at the noon hour and have to struggle along on the rest till the next morning.

Supplies of tea and coffee have been cut to twenty per cent of what they used to be. They used to be one quarter of an ounce of each per day and when you start to measure out a fifth of one quarter of an ounce of tea, it's a good idea to make sure you're not standing in a draft.

Sugar is really hard to get and the cooks have a difficult time deciding how to make the most of their meagre supply. Where men once got two ounces a day now they get one ounce — when it is available.

Brightest spot in the food picture is the thousand dollars that the canteen fund provides the airmen for extra messing every month. Spices, cornflakes, ketchup, ice cream, extra oranges, liver — all are purchased with this money and every purchase must be authorized by the messing committee.

So, the next time you get an urge to give the cook a mean rub, remember the ration problem is not his fault. He's in there battling to give you the most of the best he can manage, despite the fact that he's in a trade that has a poor promotion record.

JUST IN CASE YOU'VE WONDERED . . . Here's where all the money went for extra messing in March:

Item	No. Times Served	Prices
Peas	One per week	\$125.00
Catsup	One per week	26.40
Ice Cream	One per week	219.00
Lettuce	One per week	48.00
Liver	One per week	109.08
Jelly Powder	Twice per month	13.50
Celery	One per week	28.50
Sausage	One per month	50.00
Chicken	One per month	75.24
Cereal	Twice per week	29.50
Shortening		84.20
Spices		15.26
Lemon Pie Filler		33.00
Doughnut Flour		87.00
Doughnut Machine Parts		14.00

Total ..... \$967.68

# FIVE DAYS ON AN ICE FLOW

A Sober Narrative

By F/L. R. E. D. Cattley

"Well, you may print an In Memoriam notice for Johnson and his crew. They and what's left of their plane have been identified. But I won't have a word in about Wilson. He may turn up yet . . ."

The voice was that of the Squadron Commander; the time 1130 hours of Monday, March 1st and Thumbs Up was going to press. Reluctantly, and at the very last minute, we had telephoned, anxious that some recognition of what looked like a double tragedy might be included in the March number. Like others on the coast, the Squadron had lost aircraft in what had blown up to be the wildest night of the past month. Two crews were gone from this Station. A third had got home early and with great difficulty.

Some of us may remember the weather at dusk on February 20th. It had been a fair afternoon — as February afternoons go. Chilly, of course, and growing blustery, but nothing like the icy scourges of January. Then towards evening, with the sky paling into a dirty green, the wind had risen and the clouds had come down. Low, scudding streamers of vapour, they seemed to trail their ragged fringes a hand's-breadth above the masts of the Duty Boat. Actually at seven o'clock, they were five hundred feet above us, but we did not know this, nor that there was aloft a forty-mile-an-hour sou'-wester to keep crowding them in lower and lower

off the sea.

We might have guessed, when out of one wreath of clouds and into another in the middle twilight struggled a medium bomber with a most astounding drift. We had not plowed ten lengths ahead when back she came, streaking down wind, low over our heads, like a frightened salmon, to disappear for a lucky touchdown on the runways up the hill. Ten, twenty minutes later and it would have been too dark and too thick for a safe landing.

Ten, twenty minutes later was too late. Two made the attempt. For one, the nightfall was fatal; for the other it proved the prelude to a tale of mortal hazard.

The time now shifts to close on midnight, February 24th. The scene, medium bomber the third. For little under five hours now since their recall off patrol, they had been flying course on profitless course. Their every radio aid was killed by atmospheric. There was no beam, no radio compass, not one bearing from below precise enough to guide them. Two lucky pin-points, the latter two hours ago, had given them a general direction and they had steered accordingly. Since then, nothing but this impenetrable, misty blanket . . . and now, ten minutes of gasoline to go.

According to all calculations (and what are they when you don't know the wind?), they should now be past the Northumberland Straits, well inland over New Brunswick. This is where, at the very end of their resources, with most tricks or devices of aerial navigation

tried and found wanting, they will have to abandon ship.

The Pilot has climbed from the low altitude at which he has been probing for a break-through to a safer height for the inevitable jump. He trims the aircraft and put in the Automatic Pilot. "George" takes over smoothly in spite of the bumps.

The Captain checks over his crew of three. They've all their flying clothes on and emergency rations in the three haversacks. The Verey Pistol?—in the top of one haversack. Harnesses?—all fastened. Parachutes? The observer has inadvertently jerked the release handle but the shroud lines are all in position. If only he doesn't get foul of the tail, he'll be all right. Off goes the door! Now out with the fellows, one after the other; can't afford to fetch up below five miles apart. That's the third! Now for himself; one last look around the cabin. Anything left behind?—Nothing—nothing. Overboard too!

Down, down, quietly down (how quietly after the bumpy cockpit), down through this invincible overcast that has baffled them since twilight. Five hours is a long, long time to be lost—five hours, and those two lucky glimpses! As in Bridge, one peek is worth two finesse. At any rate, the four will come down all together and well inland. Oh yes, well inland. None of those swimming feats in the icy Atlantic. No rescues at sea; just a tough hike, maybe, across the bush to civilization and then . . . by Heavens, we're through the cloud—what's that below? White patches on black. White patches? White ice in black water? Where are we, then? Too close, anyhow, to wonder. Boots off—it's water—kick boots off—and, crunch, down we come—into the blackest of the black patches! Hard, black patch this, hard and slippery—solid ice! The white was snow.

And so ended the first round of a little match between life and something rather like death, fought out in solitude not a hundred miles from their Station by this band of four. Other bands of four and five, sometimes one lone mortal, strewn over the world's oceans, are daily fighting against the same or worse odds. Some do not win against hose odds. Most do, thanks to a cheerful but rugged refusal to consider any alternative to that of their own individual survival. Not one, least of all our crew, desire to connect this attitude with anything heroic. As Wilson, the Captain, said, "We just went on doing the obvious things. We were bound to be picked up sooner or later."

Round two began at once. In heavy rain and the high gusty wind, Wilson and Richardson, aided by the latter's flashlight, got together in the darkness. In the distance they heard shouting from what seemed to be Dobson and Barrette. They shouted in reply, fruitlessly.

Then they noticed fixed lights on what they took to be the mainland, and decided to make for these, hoping that the ice would extend to the shore. Wilson's stockinged feet were soaked but he borrowed Richardson's



flying boots, and the two set off with the comforting assets of dry feet and complete ignorance of their boundaries.

Drastically soon the assets became liabilities, when they found themselves knee-deep in water. There was nothing for it but to bide 'till morning, as many another adventurer has had to do. Richardson had his parachute, and beneath this the pair climbed, cowering in the lee of a small ice ridge. It was a damp seat, for the more heat they generated the more the ice beneath them melted. But daylight came at last and with daylight came Dobson and Barrette—soaked to the waist and firmly convinced that they had landed in the ocean. With daylight came, too, the first glimpse of their position.

They were on the edge of a large ice mass (not the diminutive "floe" dramatised by the newspapers.) The water that soaked them lay in pools and rivulets in all directions and was salt in taste. Separated from them by three miles of channel was the shore, very indistinct in the February mist. Behind them lay Wilson's parachute, which was thankfully retrieved.

Their first thought was to recapture their circulation and wait for the sun. The sun would clear the mists, and with the clearing, would come to rescue 'planes. The search could hardly, it would seem, miss them. There they were, obviously in the track where their radioed course would have brought them, somewhere off Cape Tormentine.

But the sun never broke through all that day, nor any 'planes. They had heard engines early on above the clouds and hastily had spread the parachutes with their orange panels; but the noise had died away. Then later through the snow flurries and haze they had seen the smoke of the Island Ferry, a long, long way off.

By noon their ice platform had drifted farther from the shore.

Wilson took stock. The result was not encouraging.

Of three full haversacks of emergency rations, the contents, when dumped out on the ice, amounted to 15 biscuits, 3 candles and two bars of chocolate. Someone dug out from a pocket a bag of chocolate-coated raisins. All the other things must have slipped from under the flap when the wearers had somersaulted during their descent. Unaccountably, too, the Verey pistol was missing; and there were no more parachutes.

Of the men themselves, not one was dry below the waist. Barrette's toes felt, and looked, as though frost-bitten, but there were no broken bones. Everyone was in good health and spirits. No one was conscious of hunger.

They rationed themselves, quite casually, to two little squares of chocolate and one fragment of biscuit apiece, twice a day, and set to work on Barrett's frozen toes, which yielded to chafing and the warmth of their bodies.

To keep their own toes from a similar plight, they lay at night with their feet on each other's chests. To dry a little their sodden boots, they reared during the daytime a sort of tent by raising the parachute on their knees and burning a candle inside. And ever and anon they tramped to the edge of the ice in the hope that the tide might drift them close enough inshore to swim for it. Once they did come near enough to hear dogs barking on the mainland.

At night they folded one parachute as a mattress and on it they huddled together covered by the other.

The second day dawned clear, and hopes rose for a quick discovery by the 'planes that would be sure to come. The 'planes did come—tantalizingly close. The striped parachutes were raised, they all roared themselves hoarse with shouting (curious, how weak that made you) but somehow the searchers always seemed to veer off just when they were "getting hot."

Oh well! If their own luck wasn't in today, it would be tomorrow—or the day after. If they only hung on, they were bound to get out safely in the long run.

Wilson based this estimate on three reasonable calculations: viz., (1) Aircraft: sooner or later a searching 'plane was certain to spot them. (2) The Ferry; traces of this they had seen repeatedly, now near, now far. One day they would drift near enough for it to see them. (3) Drift; wind and tide might yet combine to blow them close inshore.

On the fifth day, Monday, March 1st, at fifteen minutes past twelve noon, three quarters of an hour after our Editor had made the call about an In Memoriam notice, the Station 'phone bell rang.

Wilson's O.C. and the prayers of a whole Station had been justified, and Wilson's first two calculations had proven correct.

They had been found by 'planes and rescued by the Ferry.

The general opinion in the Squadron was that it would take far more than five meatless days to kill Wilson.

The Switlik Canadian Parachute, Ltd., of Montreal has enrolled Wilson, Richardson, Dobson and Barrette in the Caterpillar Club in honour of their escape by parachutes made by this firm and has presented each of them with the gold pin and silk scarf of the order—Editor.



## AT STORES---IT'S YOURS FOR THE ASKING

When you joined the Air Force, most likely one of your new-found sources of delight was the knowledge that you would not have to worry any longer about income tax. No more forms in triplicate to blight the sweet wonder of an evening in spring. Then, as your natural ability made itself evident and swift promotion rewarded your exertions, you realized you had escaped an octopus only to take on a tentaclutch. Where once you met and mastered a simple little tax tally, now you had to wrestle with an equipment voucher.

The score card shows that so far the voucher has a clear edge in the match and will win on a technical K.O., if a few more Sunday punches don't land in the right place. Figures show that seventy per cent of all vouchers turned into equipment stores are incorrectly filled out. Perhaps this story will give you a few new pointers to help turn that into a positive majority. The importance of your co-operation in maintaining a smoothly operating equipment section cannot be overemphasized.

Three years ago next month, Hitler's gray-green hordes swept with sudden savagery through the Low Countries and never slipped their stride till they reached the Channel. They were weeks ahead of their schedule of conquest and their supply columns were unable to follow up at the same speed. England, awakened to her imminent peril, was able to hastily re-group her shattered forces and opportunity never knocked again on Adolf's door with such a clear and vibrant summons. The German supply or equipment section wasn't able to deliver the goods in those dark days and the war was lost right then and there. Why did they fail? Was their system bogged down because of a thousand dopey demands that were seventy per cent wrong? Could be.

When you make out a demand for an item of equipment, are you positive that your section is entitled to get it? Lists are on hand in the equipment section which show clearly what each unit may demand and it would be a wise idea to keep one of these on hand to guarantee you're on the beam in your request. When the list backs you up, be sure you use an Internal Demand and Issue Voucher, or an E 42 in short, and be sure you fill it out in triplicate.

Some day you will find a piece of equipment that you want to return to stores. You won't have any trouble at all, so long as you pull out an Internal Return and Receipt voucher—E. 47—and fill in all the dotted lines you can find. Yes, that has to be in triplicate, too. Don't just wander over to stores and say: "Here, I don't want this." They don't want it either, but if you hand them an E 47 at the same time, they just can't refuse you.

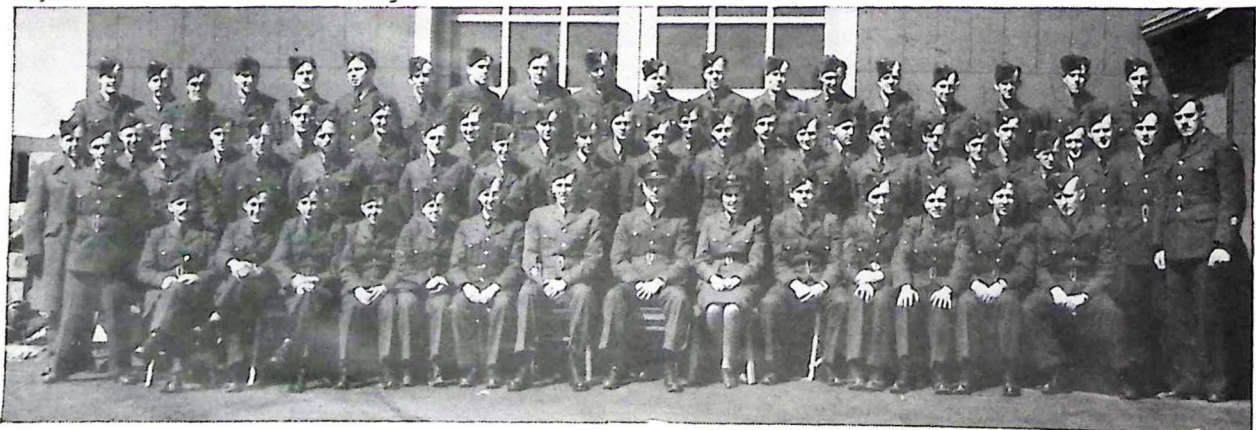
If you were to find the guide plane on a gyro-horizon going into periodic power dives, or attempting to do the odd loop while the plane in which it was installed was in level flight, then you would be quite right in deciding that the instrument was not much good. Instruments are considered as class "A" stores and when defective must be turned in before a new one may be drawn out. But you must carry along an E 93, or Internal Exchange voucher. Again it must be in triplicate. This form also applies to exchange of "B" class stores.

All these forms—42, 47, 93—must be prepared by your flight or section commander if you expect to have any luck with your demands. But, above all, they must be correctly prepared.

The equipment section handles vouchers calling for thousands of items every week. Naturally, they get many a good laugh out of some of the queer demands they get. One such voucher required an unmentionable item of feminine apparel. An NCO, blushing furiously, summoned up his nerve reserve and went out to make the purchase.

The articles purchased run all the way from carpet tacks to airplanes. Not long ago a request came in for sixteen yards of carpet to be used as floor covering in a plane. When it was delivered, it was discovered that six—not sixteen—yards were needed. A simple slip of the typewriter in making out the voucher and an over-supply of carpet was produced. What to do with it? One bright suggestion was to buy another plane or two and use it up that way, but that was vetoed as too expensive a solution.

Most flight and section heads think twice before deciding to transfer equipment from one to the other. Consider what they have to go through. The inventory



S/L. J. C. CAMPBELL, A/S/O. A. M. GRAHAM AND THE LADS AT STORES.

holder of the flight or section handing over the equipment must first get hold of four copies of a Conversion or Transfer voucher, form E 52. On these he must list the items to be transferred, both on the "Written Off" and the "Brought On" sides of the voucher. The name of the flight and the inventory number must be entered under the "Written Off" heading and similar information must be entered under "Brought On" by the receiver of the goods. The voucher number must be obtained from the equipment section and when the transfer has been completed, the inventory holders must sign the vouchers on their respective sides and keep a copy of their labors. They must then rally their remaining energy in sufficient force to forward two copies to the Equipment Officer.

No more than one month's supply of forms and stationery may be demanded by flights or sections. The demands have to be made in duplicate, given a demand number and both copies sent to the equipment section. One copy will be returned with the issue for checking purposes. The equipment section keeps a list of all publications and class "B" stationery items issued for use in flights or sections on forms E 92 and E 92A. Duplicate copies must be kept by each flight or section.

The accounts section maintains inventories—E 92 and E 92A—covering all other equipment on charge to flights or sections. Flight or sectional inventory holders have to have duplicates of these, too. Every addition, subtraction or transfer affecting that equipment must be shown on these inventories and supported by the third copy of the relevant voucher. Once a month any such changes must be listed and reported to the Equipment and Accountant Officers.

This sort of detail makes the average fellow happy he has something simple like an engine to tune up, or a piece of radio apparatus to calibrate, or whatever it is they do to radio apparatus. But the boys in equipment stores get a kick out of their job. They've got a sense of humor. They can go along with a gag and dole out prop pitch, measure out red tape and supply sky hooks with the best of them. They got a real laugh the day the lad came in with a demand for ten AOG's for Link trainers.

But you can help them hit new heights of efficiency. Anything you want from equipment stores is yours for the asking. Just be sure you tackle that voucher with a clear eye, a steady head and plenty of sharp pencils. It might even be wise to have a copy of K. R. (Air) handy, too!

## RED CROSS APPEAL

### "CONGRATULATIONS, DARTMOUTH!"

The 1943 Red Cross Campaign was brought to a conclusion on March 22nd with a highly successful "Red Cross Subscription Dance," held in the Recreation Building. A gathering of some 400 couples included 250 lovely dancing partners, who attended under the auspices of the hostess clubs of Dartmouth and Halifax.

Under the chairmanship of the Senior Administrative Officer, each section carried out its own canvass. Warrant Officer G. L. Smith of Maintenance Wing organized the special collection on pay parade.

The cheque sent to the Red Cross from this station amounted to \$3,355.52—an extremely "good show."

## SOCIETY

Just when we were contemplating retirement of our Society News headline as a misnomer for the monthly accumulating of cheers and jeers it graced, up pops an event that fits so perfectly we are hopefully tempted to hang on to it.

The occasion was a reception at the Landplane Officers' Mess for F/L and Mrs. W. Graham (nee A/S/O A. M. Styan) following their marriage by F/L M. MacLeod at St. James' Church in Dartmouth on Saturday afternoon, April 3rd, 1943.

The Mess was tastefully decorated as befitted the occasion and the Station orchestra supplied the music for the traditional march and the dancing that followed. The cake was cut and a toast drunk to the bride and groom, who departed in a shower of confetti—destination unknown.

Wing Commander and Mrs. Van Camp assisted the bride and groom to receive the large number of well-wishers, which included the Commanding Officer, Group Captain B. D. Hobbs, D.S.O., D.S.C., and Mrs. Hobbs.



During the dance the chairman announced the gratifying results of the campaign, complimenting all squadrons and sections for their generous response and giving special mention to two of the squadrons as well as two or three individual subscribers, who had made particularly generous donations or pledges.

The Commanding Officer commended the station on the excellent response made to the appeal, stating that it was almost double last year's contribution and mentioned his personal pride in the station in its support of the appeal.

The chairman concluded the report by calling for three cheers—one for "The Red Cross," two for "the Station" and three for "ourselves, the subscribers," and a "tiger" for "everybody."

The contributions by squadrons and sections cannot, because of security regulations, be published in detail, but "Thumbs Up" would like to add the mighty voice of "The Press" to the general feeling of gratification which so definitely epitomizes the title of our power station publication.

"Put it there, Mr. Parker, put it there!"

# Unit News



## NUMBER 109 HANGAR:

"Oh death where is thy sting, oh grave where thy victory?" The proverbial last straw which broke the camel's back has nothing on the cruel blow that Fate has dealt us.

As you know, for months we have been the Ace Squadron of Dartmouth. Cheerfully we have borne the burden of instructing and advising the training squadron in Number One Hangar. Gladly we have worked hard to set ourselves up as all that a squadron should be. Now, as a reward, we have been thrown out into the cold, cold world and—to add insult to injury—by a bunch of fugitives from an air raid shelter: the "Limeys." (Be careful, Shaw.)

Our domicile, which is situated atop a hill—as befitting our standing in the R.C.A.F.—is now inhabited by a bunch of aircraft which were left over from the last war. Gone are the sleek ships upon which we toiled so conscientiously; no more is heard the whispering hum of our beloved Rolls motors, which were tuned to perfection. Alas, they have departed and the place thereof doth see them no more.

Now Scott, White, Ives, Hamm (quite suitable), Smith & Co., can carry out their Jimmy Allen Flying Club evolutions without having to complain to the Control Tower that the pilots from 109 Hangar wouldn't let them fly. All this is to tell you that this is our swan song. Hangar 109, (now Fleet Air Arm), signing off. Adios. Au Revoir. Not even you can get it and Good Evening you twerps in Hangar One. (You too, Adams!)  
—W. S.

## HANGARS NOS. TWO AND THREE:

Recent postings have picked off many a bright spirit from this squadron in the last little while. As Adjutant, F/O Miles was the outstanding loss, for he was very popular and had won respect from the men for his fair and considerate treatment of their problems. In his place, we welcome F/L H. M. Soden.

A strong squad of top-flight men were sent on one of those super-secret postings to "Somewhere in Canada" the other day. They left an unhappy lot behind them, since the work kept piling up at the same old terrific rate. But the boys buckled down, worked twice as hard, and before they knew it they were ahead of the game. Result: the first sports parade in umpteen months! Who knows? Maybe the best men were kept at home.

## NUMBER FIVE HANGAR:

Dear Readers:

As this is the first of a series of letters to Thumbs Up, the writer, whose name dare not be mentioned on account of censorship and other things, hopes that it will prove to be of some interest to the boys of Number Five Hangar and also to the Station in general. (When I refer to Number Five Hangar, I am referring — in case there is any shadow of a doubt in your mind — to that hangar where the greater part of the Station's work and Canada's War Effort is carried out.)

Not so long ago, we had the great misfortune to lose our Engineer Officer, F/L Gunter. Everyone wishes him the very best of luck and we heartily hope to see him again sometime. F/O O'Neil has arrived to take his place and we think that he is just the man for the job. We intend to give him all the co-operation we possibly can. Of course, if that co-operation happens to result in a flock of well-deserved forty-eights, we won't be heard raising any objections.

**Slander and other Choice Remarks:** It has often been said that in a crowd of men one could always find a sample of every known type. You can even find one or two types that haven't been classified as yet. We certainly have a variety in this hangar. Take Flight Sgt. Loucks, for instance. Here is a fine type of young man who has always enjoyed great success with the ladies and even now is planning to get married in the very near future.

I wonder what he's got that I haven't? It can't be his size, but it could be his nice personality. It might be his hair, but would would happen if he ever took the coat hanger out of his tunic?

Things must be in a terrible rush down at Stanley. So it seemed anyway, when LAC. Carruthers returned from a stretch of temporary duty at that station. Why? He was sporting a week's growth of beard and there is naturally a lot of speculation as to how he managed to raise shrubbery like that and why he raised it.

AC's Commons and Leary are stepping around these days as if "something new had been added" to their lives. The Hangar Hawkshaw has noted that the change came over them on their return from their jaunt down to Windsor. An expedition to "cherchez les femmes" is being organized.

Doucet is taking a big chance of losing his gal friend if he doesn't hurry up and marry her. The wolf pack is in full cry, because gorgeous redheads don't come along every day.

Corporal Ross is going to get a challenge one of these days. Some of the fellows are wondering if he can really lap up all the liquid he says he can.

We have an excellent example of the serious, or melancholy type of man in our hangar: Corporal Morrison. We hope he doesn't get gray hair before he gets the floats on that Norseman. Don't let it get you down, Bill; the war is bound to be over in another (censored) years.

This is our first effort and we hope to produce more dope for the next issue. Plenty of suggestions from the boys will make that possible.

That's all 'fur' now.

—"THE WOLF."

The Flight: "Do y' know why they have those holes in the dive brakes of a dive-bomber?"

The Sarg: "Haven't the slightest . . ."

The Flight: "They're for straining the vegetables in the 'soup'."  
(Corn included, no doubt.—Ed.)

**MARINE SECTION NOTES:**

What junior N.C.O. with the broad west coast accent has recently gone into the shoe shine business? All personnel please note, as this business is open from the highest rank down.

What senior N.C.O. in the Marine Depot has to have all bets on paper before he pays them? We wonder.

Poor Go Go. He looks as though he has lost his last friend since the St. Catherines Bruiser has been posted. The boys all feel bad, too, as they were all looking forward to that one mile sprint they were going to have.

Our famous editor, "Cleaning the Bilges," seems to have run into some difficulty this month and it is doubtful if his famous column will appear. Groping around in the dark it seems that he missed completely this time, but did come out whole except for a few missing teeth. (Did we say a few?) Excuse, please.

It seems that the Diving Crew even train when they are in barracks now, of going over the side. It is noted that junior N.C.O.'s are used for practise.

It is wondered what junior N.C.O. lost his pyjamas on the eve of his promotion. It is understood that he has had to do a lot of explaining concerning the whole affair. (Now Baby Face.)

The Parry Hoote was recently the guest of his mother at Gull Rock, N. S. Ain't love grand?

**OFF THE POLICE BLOTTER:**

There has been a great decrease in the number of our visitors during the last few months. This speaks well for a large station like this and we hope the men of this station will keep up the good work. The entertainment provided on this station during the last few months has been first-rate and has a great deal to do with the decrease. Congratulations to the men who are responsible for the shows. We are pleased to see that our officers are taking an active interest by being present.

The bowling season has now come to a close and we are sorry we did not get a playoff position but we enjoyed every game and we hope that when the next season rolls around (if we are not posted—we still believe in dreams) we shall be able to attain a higher position. Every team we met were a real bunch of good sports and we are looking forward to meeting them all again in the near future.

Our aims now are to top the rifle competition in which we shall be led by our O.C., F/L Briscoe, as this is right up his alley (and not down the gutter.) Let's have more of these competitions and when playing in these games let us keep the old saying in mind, "You count not what you won or lost, but how you played the game."

**THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW:**

What explanation did D.A. give the girls in Montreal?

What is the meaning of a 48?

Is C.C. the crack shot of C. Flight?

What will Pop do now they have cut the beer ration again?

Why are some of the boys attending Church on a Sunday night?

Is it the coffee and doughnuts or a blonde?

Does Gordon lead them or drag them in?

Your "Crib," Al—will it be "Blue" or "Pink"?

Why our 6'3" Romeo missed the Harbour View Dance. The cuties were asking about him.

**STUFF FROM STORES:**

Our "Woman of the Year," A/S/O Styan, is in line for congratulations and best wishes. She is now Mrs. F/L Graham, but has remained with us to carry on her important work.

With much regret, we have said goodbye to WO.1 Frost, one of the most popular NCO's ever to have worked in this section. We welcome his successor, WO.2 Luskey, and sound a cautious note of warning to any clothing commando raiders around: "Watch out for Huskey Luskey!"

Sometime on the morning of April 1st, one of our LAC's got a posting to Moncton. He's still here, of course, but hasn't forgiven the funster yet. C'mon, Bub, break down and be a good guy.

Our Air Cadet on Active Service is said to have a half-interest in the Mic-Mac. At any rate, he spends all his waking moments there in the best of "spirits."

If you are a newcomer to this station and are visiting Stores, be sure to steer clear of the first door to the right. The Inner Sanctum contains a veritable Superman, who can straighten out difficulties or possible scroungers with the greatest of ease. For a more sympathetic reception, try the second door on the right, better known as the Rumour Clinic.

**Pertinent Posers:** Why is everyone taking their leave so early this year? What qualifications must one possess to belong to the "Clan"? Who is the blond LAC. that is such a hit with the WD's? Could it be his class or his QM connections? Is it true that redhead stenos are inclined to be a bit snobbish? Who is the senior LAC. that almost succeeded in doing a junior LAC. out of a 48? When will the Good Gremlin get his hooks?

**NUMBER "Z" HANGAR:**

Crew News: Welcome home to the "Duke" and "Speed" Evans, who have returned to the unit, after completing their course. Everybody hopes they are back to stay. The Spud Islander had some pretty tall tales to tell about his activities there, but you can't fool us, "Duke." Was it the "Torso Girl" who talked you into being a temperance man?

The one and only "Lammie" arrived back last month and it wasn't long before he was deep in his old bag of tricks. Did he pick up some new angles to use in those famous tonsorial treatments he gives the boys? That would explain the appearance of one of our Sgt. riggers.

Now that your holidays are over, boys, let's see you do your stuff and send the squadron back into top place this year.

Squadron Stores: F/S Muntean (the unbearable) has been submitting plenty of the right sort of ideas lately, but he always seems to get left with them. His most recent offering is an idea for trapping subs by using feminine apparel as a decoy. He's having a little trouble figuring out what to do with the women. . . .

Muntean, Dupont and Stewart have been nicknamed—in this order—the "Scrounger," the "Dreamer" and the "Nighthawk." It has been suggested that these three be written-off under Section 28, Item NUTS. All three are NIV at the time of writing.

**Maintenance:** There is a blonde Corporal here who is trailing around with a far-away look in his eyes these days. He must be dreaming of the prairies and the girl he's going to marry soon.

Maxy's in a blue mood these days. Did he run out of depth charges?

## UNIT NEWS (Continued)

When will room 223 S.P.B. go temperance? Odds are on "Badger" to win; but there are many who wonder why he goes to so many meetings himself. Do girls take an interest in that nowadays?

"Groucher" Manson is very quiet the last little while. Has he reformed, or is the fair one in Halifax to blame?

Here and There: All those desiring to go to one of three places this summer can go to the third.

There is a Corporal in the electric section who is said to demand that his girl friends wear only black dresses when they go out with him. Maybe he thinks he's a pretty dead number and wishes his companion to appear in mourning for him. That certainly is a pretty-looking redhead whom he meets every Wednesday evening at the canteen dance.

## UNIT NEWS FROM NO. 1 HANGAR:

What senior N.C.O. phoned W&B from No. 1 Hangar and reported that the 220 power circuit was out of order? So the S.M. raced madly to the hangar and turned the switch on. Attention E.C.B.

What senior N.C.O. got lonesome for his flying boats? The latest thing we hear is that the Mrs. is on her way down.

What certain man from Grimsby has found out a taxicab is no place for a romance? (How about it, Mac?)

We hear that a tall, handsome F/S has an addition to his family. Nice going, Ed.

What is the trouble, Scotty? Is the honeymoon over?

Who beats time with a WD? (We still wonder.)

We hear that our rival squadron is on its way. So I guess they will have to get someone else to teach them the fundamentals of operating an operational squadron.

What certain P/O who just finished an aeronautical course is known as five by five, slightly plump on the mellow side? (Hep, hep.)

What P/O Prune waltzed into the Rec Building and asked for the reserved seats? You'll learn, Jr.

## HANGAR "8" LIMELIGHT

Another month has lingered by the bar of time and the cobwebby trail of incidents, accumulating slowly, settling on that rare old cask of airforce vintage cellared in dusty old "Numero Ait Hangar." Assured of eventual alchemy we tarry not, nor wonderingly attempt to penetrate its fermentation; hopefully we make some note on those ingredients past and present and contentedly anticipate its future formulation. Thus to posterity the gilded cup.—

The subject of cups brings to mind the splendid showing of our puckchasers in capturing the Squadron Leader Wilson trophy. Numerically diminished by operational necessity their success can be directly attributed to the team-work and fighting spirit of the following: F/O Richardson, F/O deBeaupre, F/Sgt. Fairley, F/Sgt. Manette, Sgt. Mont, Sgt. Leonard, Cpl. Smith, LAC. Haworth, Lac. Marshman. Those members that missed the flash of glory of the final game but equally responsible for the outcome of the series are P/O Wishart, WO.1 Morton and F/Sgt. Peters.

The Squadron Leader Laut trophy for floor-hockey has also been added to our collection due to the noble efforts of the following: F/Sgt. Boyd, Cpl. Harmer, Cpl. Smith, Cpl. Steeves, LAC. Haworth, LAC. Johnson, LAC. Richardson, LAC. Hamilton, LAC. Westrum and LAC. Marshman. Truly a versatile bunch of fellows.

Volleyball playoffs for the Wing Commander Van Camp trophy are presently underway. Unfortunately we cannot as yet claim this trophy but have it on high authority that it is destined to spend the coming year together with the aforementioned symbols of sport superiority.

Last but certainly not least in our regard, we note the capture of the Skeet-range trophy held presently by diminutive F/Sgt. Bush. Glancing at average scores for the past several months we have no hesitation in prophesying that this transcript "Sgt. York" will retain his prestige.

Formation of inter-squadron rifle teams should afford additional keenly contested competition for this month. Up and at 'em, fellows!

Sports enthusiasts, especially hockey fans and skeet addicts, bewail the posting of F/O "Smiling Joe" deBeaupre to Yarmouth. Needless to say we all wish him the best and will look forward to his return.

Cupid has had a busy session of late and we take this opportunity of expressing our nuptial felicitations to F/L Graham and Mrs. Graham, P/O W. A. Richardson and Mrs. Richardson, and WO.1 Quirk and Mrs. Quirk.

Apparently the "Stork Club" of the squadron will never lack members. Certain it is that the doughty old bird has a marked propensity for Hangar 8. The new dads are F/O Porter, Sgt. Elder and F/O Thien. Ties of fatherhood notwithstanding there seems to be a general inclination to strut a bit. It is reported that P/O Wishart has worn quite a path in the family carpet but at time of writing is not yet eligible.

Why is it that even the most skeptical members now realize the utility of the "Night Vision" test?

\* \* \* \*

Our special Thumbs Up "Winged Mercury" turned in a variety of reasons for failure to receive copy from other sections. He claims to have found no one awake in either 4, 6 or 7 Hangars; the Station Orderly Room and Records were to busy hiding R14's and R211's, and W&B referred him to the S.W.O.'s Office, who referred him to Central Maintenance, who maintained a lofty silence.

What about it, Workshops, Accounts, Armament, et al? Surely something happens between 48's — or does it?

THE EDITOR.

Out in Winnipeg a potential John Kieran has popped up in the Canadian Army. "What is an adjutant?" the examining officer led off the intelligent test. "An adjutant," replied the young man, "is a large bird of uncouth appearance. It has an almost bald head, a tremendous capacity for eating, and acts as a public scavenger. It can swallow a cat with ease." That wasn't the answer written on the card but the recruit was not only correct—he was word perfect with the encyclopedia.

—MacLEAN'S MAGAZINE.

## INCIDENTS IN THE "BATTLE OF DARTMOUTH"

Somewhere in these well-read pages, a small chapter in the "Battle of Dartmouth" must be put on record and brought to the attention of all interested.

Anyone visiting No. 1 Hangar during the past few days must have noticed a "Red" nosed fighter (what could make for more positive identification?) with a propeller which sadly resembled a drooping lily — of the fourth generation.

At this point we, the well-trained, experienced and fully "Operational" fighter squadron—must point out the painful truth. It seems that our red-nosed friends were trying to take over our duties on readiness and alas—ran off the huge black runway into the dirty old brown—with plenty of boost on the clock!

Right away our readers will concur, that though painful as the admission is—our neighbour squadron is now leader in the battle of Dartmouth—BY A NOSE! Why do they send children to do a man's job?

It is hoped that this auspicious occasion will be reported in iambic pentameter by their renowned Shavian character who at last has a deed to report worthy of his rhythmic talents.

### Late Bulletin

A near-tragedy was averted by the cool skill and daring of one Dennison Dimwit when his aircraft struck a cake of ice on landing, resulting in an accident of the most minor category. (Later upon interrogation by your reporter, Dennison said, "I strongly suspect foul play.")

To further strengthen this theory, the imprints of bare feet of a large size were noted leading from the scene of the crime to a certain unspecified hangar. Doubtless certain unprincipled individuals of the low caste squadron occupying these premises planted the cake of ice on the runway in a fit of uncontrollable jealousy.

—"NEWT," the Flight Lieut.

## TEN LITTLE PILOT BOYS



Ten little Pilot Boys, one shot a fancy line:

Fifth Columnists were listening in and then there were nine.

Nine little Pilot Boys, one had a heavy date:

The girl was paid by Germany and then there were eight.

Eight little Pilot Boys, one used a 'phone to Devon:

The line was an open one and then there were seven.

Seven little Pilot Boys, one thought his drinks he'd mix:

He talked too much when he was tight, then there were six.

Six little Pilot Boys, in a West End "dive":

One showed off to a new-found friend, then there were five.

Five little Pilot Boys, discussing fighter lore:

One discussed it much too loud, then there were four.

Four little Pilot Boys, one posted overseas,

Sent a p.c. to his home, then there were three.

Three little Pilot Boys, one talked about a 'do':

The news was passed across to France, then there were two.

Two little Pilot Boys, eager for some fun:

One spoke about his next day job, then there was one.

One little Pilot Boy, his mother's favourite son:

She showed his letters to her friends, then there were none.

Ten little Pilot Boys have gone into obscurity,

For paying no attention to that vital word SECURITY.

All the little Pilot Boys are wiped clean off the map,

Because some people will not learn to shut their b—y trap.

## HARBOUR VIEW CAMP

That the dances at Harbour View Camp are getting better and better is the unanimous claim of those who attended our last dance on April 5th, 1943. In addition to the 12-piece orchestra which supplied "super" music for dancing, we had Sgt. Simmons and his "Old Tyme" music for our Rye Waltz and "hoe-down." Mr. Peter Mitchell of the Y.M.C.A. gave his famous lecture, "The Art of Square Dancing in One Easy Lesson," and we were away.



This picture shows the musicians' corner of the Mess Hall where our dances are held. In the lower right hand corner you see Mrs. Smallwood, and with the back of her head to the camera is Mrs. I. L. Haley, the sponsors of the original "Haley" girls, who act as hostesses for our dances. The young lady facing the camera in the foreground, left, is an example of the fair damsels who come to dance with us.

The orchestra, composed of members of the Station Band, are shown making harmony for LAW. Jean Howard of "Y" Depot, who inspires them when she sings "You and You Alone" and many other soulful numbers.

The officer, whose head is shown just below the R.C.A.F. target and above the letter "R", is not a member of the orchestra but is the one and only F/L Briscoe. You can observe that he keeps a watchful eye on the proceedings. No doubt he wishes that he could be out there dancing.

The four budding Benny Goodmans in the front row are, from left to right, LAC's Morgan, Musicar, Grierson, Darwin. The brass section in the background is composed of LAC. Miles, trombone; Cpl. Ritson, trumpet; LAC. Weir, trombone, and LAC. Borland, who appears only as an extension to LAC. Weir's head. LAC. D'Eon, who plucks off the notes on the double bass, has removed his coat to keep cool during a particularly "hot" number. At the same time he shows a muscular right arm developed, undoubtedly, on this over-size fiddle. The percussion section to the Corporal's left is no other than LAC. Cochrane. It takes two good men to play our piano, so we present Sgt. White, the leader, and Cpl. MacLachlan. The Sergeant is taking a rest while the song pours into the broadcast mike. The loudspeaking equipment, provided by the Y.M.C.A. War Services, adds greatly to the success of the dance.

### A TYPICAL BELL LAKE DANCE

Once a month, with the kind permission of the Commanding Officer, the airmen of this detachment hold a dance in the Canteen. With a somewhat restricted social life, a high value has been placed on these dances by the airmen. So great a success are they, that this article is intended to arouse a wee bit of envy amongst the Dartmouth Station airmen who consider that their own dances held in the Recreation Hall are the tops. Modesty forbids us from contradicting this viewpoint, but here are the facts:

Through the untiring efforts of the Station Committee composed of Flying Officer R. L. Margeson (our Officer Commanding), Flying Officer G. S. Digby, Sergeants Gregory, Clarke and Doucette, Corporals Bell, Wall, Jones and Reeder, plans are laid and invitations extended to the Airwomen of R.C.A.F. Station, Dartmouth; Eastern Air Command Headquarters and to No. 1 "Y" Depot, as well as to a few civilian girls in the immediate neighborhood.

The charming hostesses are driven from town by Cpl. "Slim" McKay, our dependable M.T. man. The guests are greeted by the official welcoming committee — an armed guard and our collie dog mascot, "Queenie," whose barks notify the rest of the personnel that our visitors have arrived.

Once inside the Canteen, gay decorations stimulate the room. Coloured streamers droop from the rainbow lights.

"H'ya, Peggy?" greets a deep masculine voice.

"Hello, Bill," comes the cheery, refined reply.

"Say . . . do you see that gorgeous-looking creature in the corner?" is another remark not uncommonly overheard.

Music, from a concealed P.A. system, soon fills the air. Couples dance dreamily on the highly polished floor, to the tune of a Strauss waltz. Jitter-bugs and hep-cats get their share of rug cutting. The spot dance winners are awarded prizes donated by the Y.M.C.A. Then, at 2245 hours, tasty refreshments.

"Golly . . . chocolate cake with jelly doughnuts!"

"May I have another cup of that delicious coffee, please?"—are among the many remarks accorded the efficient caterers.

Meanwhile, in the Rumpus Room, the team of Clarke and Berry will render a dual selection at the piano, or a sing-song will be started. A Paul Jones will possibly be the next tune, or a Conga or a Square Dance.

Whilst the couples are regaining their breath after a Square Dance, Cpl. Dave Fry (one of the 'southern Frys) will entertain with his feats of human endurance, such as lifting a young lady up off the floor with only one finger. He refuses to disclose how he does it. But it is fun.

As the dance comes to a close, the question that is on everyone's lips is, "When is the next dance to be held?" Hope it's soon.

As the happy throng of Airwomen leave even "Queenie," our mascot, seems to have a tear in her eye.

Sorry, Dartmouth Airmen, but owing to lack of accommodation our dances are restricted. Aren't you jealous? But you, too, can dream—can't you?

### SPRING AT PRESTON

In the words of that long-dead poet (if not dead, he should be):

"Spring is sprung, the grass is riz,  
I wonder where de boidies is?  
Some say de boids is on de wing . . .  
Ain't dat absoid!!

I always hoid de wing was on de boid!!"

Yes, it appears as if spring has finally arrived at Preston. Every morning we are awakened by the singing of robins and song-sparrows (some say it is Gyulay whistling in his sleep), and "Preston," the station cat, is seen sneaking out nights with that certain gleam in his eye.

Spring fever is certainly showing its effects, too. The other day I talked to a certain radio corporal for at least ten minutes without recognizing him, but then that is not to unusual because most corporals have that blank expression naturally.

Kelly was the first man here to go swimming. However, I think it was rather an involuntary action on his part and I still don't believe his story that he wore his uniform because he thought the water might be cold.

The last and most certain sign of spring, however, was the sight of Sergeant Wood out on the parade ground the other day, seeing if the said area is solid enough yet to hold morning parades. When that day comes—"Woe is us."

—CPL. G. H. HARDING.

### BELL LAKE SPORTS

The Bell Lake Detachment has certainly made itself known in Dartmouth sporting circles since occupying the top of "Heart-Break" hill last autumn. This can be attributed to our Administrative Officer, Flying Officer G. S. Digby, who endeavours to field a team in every inter-unit sporting event. F/O Digby played at one time for the University of Toronto basketball team.

In basketball, playing coach LAC. Bob Chamberlain has a strong team entered in the Dartmouth league. McDougall, Wall, Chomicki, Baillie, Clarke, Lognon, Dumouchelle, are only a few players whom the other teams have come to fear. Outfitted with classy blue jerseys and shorts, the team creates an impressive sight on the floor as they cast aside all opposition.

Bell Lake has two teams entered in the Dartmouth Bowling League. No. 3 Team won the first series and are assured of a playoff spot. Headed by Sgt. Bill Clarke (a former C.B.A. bowler) the team consistently rolls up scores of 600 or better on a night's play. Hinton, Booth, Chamberlain, Baillie, round out this staunch aggregation. No. 1 Team, although starting rather wobbly, has shown its true form in recent games and has caused many an upset.

Opposing teams have often wondered why it is that our players need no limbering up exercises prior to game time in the Recreation Hall. Bell Lakers contend that this is not necessary after a ride from Bell Lake to Dartmouth on our four-wheel drive, dump truck, nicknamed the "Commando." The trip to Dartmouth is over a road as bumpy and hilly as Mussolini's three chins. And, of course, a dump truck was not built for smooth driving. Ask the players on the back . . . they kn.nn . . . 000.0.vvv.

—CPL. REEDER, G. W.

THE FIRST CHARGE

I walked up to the door and softly knocked,  
 My heart stood still, afraid to talk.  
 I stood and thought for moments few  
 And then decided what I should do.  
 I opened the door, my hands trembling so,  
 I tip-toed in and stubbed my toe.  
 There he sat so gruff and mean  
 My Sergeant-Major and his little team.  
 He looked me over with icy stare,  
 Oh, how I wished that I wasn't there.  
 Soon he rose and pointed at me,  
 I quivered so, I knocked at the knee.  
 His moustache trembled, his mouth opened wide,  
 I closed my ears on his blasphemous tide.  
 He ranted and raved, his face blossomed red,  
 Oh, how I wished that I'd gone to bed  
 Instead of with Betty who had no sense;  
 I wouldn't have had to jump the fence.  
 When he finished he dropped in his chair,  
 Oh, how he looked like a merciless bear.  
 He looked at me and then it came—  
 "Beat it now and don't do it again."

L. B.

Hear what the mayonnaise said to the icebox?  
 "Shut the door; I'm dressing."

And then there's the butcher that backed into the  
 slicing machine and got a little behind in his work.

A. W. L.

A certain very junior P/O had used the few remaining days of his annual leave to get married. The time, alas, sped all too quickly. On the last day of his brief honeymoon, feeling that even the C.O. must be human, and, being himself a married man, would understand, he telegraphed:

"It's wonderful here; request week's further leave."  
 To which there came back the abrupt reply:  
 "It's wonderful anywhere; return at once."

A "rookie" had been missing from an U.S. Army training camp for fifty-nine days, and all attempts to trace him had failed. On the sixtieth, his Adjutant received this telegram:

"Intend to get married: Please have my Absence Without Leave extended ten days."

The celebrated soprano was doing her stuff when Bobbie whispered to his mother, referring to the conductor of the orchestra: "Why does that man hit at that woman with his stick?"

"He's not hitting at her," replied his mother. "Keep quiet."

"Well, then, what's she hollerin' for?"

C.O.: You saw those two aircraft being backed into each other and you didn't do anything?

New AC.: Yes, sir.

C.O.: Didn't you even think anything?

New A.C.: Yes, sir. I thought that's a hell of a way to run an airport.



## ON KEEPING FIT

Dartmouth, N. S.

Editor, "Thumbs Up".

Sir:

A few days ago I found myself blurting out, unexpectedly and before a very senior audience, some long cherished views on Physical Fitness.

I thought perhaps that in your columns I might do more justice to the arguments for and against the scheme I had suggested, than unpreparedness and a reedy and, I fear, unconvincing voice had, on that occasion, permitted.

Sir, of all the animals Man alone makes the most foolish abuse of his body. Refusing to take lessons from the rest of Creation, refusing the advice of his one expert, the doctor; refusing the promptings of sheer common sense, he neglects his physical condition to the point where at thirty years of age he is often no better than a sound man of forty-five; at forty he is already aging, and at fifty he is, or might well be, in his grave. All this, because custom, lack of facilities and, generally, the fatal "hustle" of modern life have forced him to give up the struggle for daily exercise.

That struggle is more a question of habit than expense. At the cost of twenty minutes of daily rough-and-tumble in the open air, at the cost just once in twenty-four hours of getting thoroughly out-of-breath and expanding the lungs to their very limits, at the cost (and subsequent nuisance) of working up one good sweat during the day and of ridding thereby of its accumulating poisons a system on which are levied so many demands, he could double his powers and remain young in spite of old age.

So far the argument, though of weight, has been personal. It grows weightier when applied to a community; and crushing when that community is a nation at war, dedicated and obliged to give its utmost and its best.

Twenty minutes a day—and what dividends from that small investment! As a boy at school I remember how well we all were, and how simply it was all managed. In the middle of the morning, promptly at the close of the third lesson, out trooped the whole school with coats, collars and ties off, shirts open and sleeves rolled up. At one blast of the whistle we "fell in" as little squads, each behind one of a dozen different (boy) instructors; and then for 15 minutes we proceeded to mingle the stock exercises (which were never violent nor protracted) with one or two "games," viz. relay races, leap-frog, elementary obstacle races, ball games or boxing. The accent was on alertness and poise and no two days were the same. In what seemed a mere flash, the whistle blew again, final breathing exercises commenced, to be followed by the "dismiss"—leaving a quarter of an hour to get dressed, join the crowd besieging the school tuck-shop and be ready for the next lesson.

Sir, could we not have the same at this Station? There is among us a patent and universal absence of this exercise—regular exercise and in the open air. I am far from disparaging the enormous lift which our Rec. Hall, with those energetic souls that run it, has given to Station life. But the Rec. Hall labours under two disadvantages: its recreation is indoors and its games are largely for selected teams.

To any scheme for regular P.T. involving the whole Station there are numerous objections. It would need, to cite one, a large band of instructors. The problem of hot showers is another.

May this letter, therefore (which is already too long) serve merely as the preliminary of a genuine discussion of a genuine need—and may we in your next issue hear views from other quarters?—especially views which answer the two integral questions: (a) Is the scheme possible? (b) Is the scheme desirable?

Meanwhile, Sir, I subscribe myself your constant reader,

P. T. F.

(Physical Training Fiend)

## MOVIE SCHEDULE FOR MAY AT THE RECREATION HALL

Sunday, May 2nd:

"Man Power"—Edward G. Robinson and Marlene Dietrich. "Henpecked Duck."

Tuesday, May 4th:

"Sundown"—Gene Tierney and George Saunders. "Ferry Pilot."

Thursday, May 6th:

"Butch Minds the Baby"—Broderick Crawford and Virginia Bruce. "Winter Serenade."

Sunday, May 9th:

"International Squadron"—Ronald Reagan. "Robinson Crusoe Jr."

Tuesday, May 11th:

"House Across the Bay"—George Raft and Joan Bennett. "Freighters Under Fire."

Thursday, May 13th:

"40,000 Horsemen"—Grant Taylor and Betty Bryant.

Sunday, May 16th:

"Sergeant York"—Gary Cooper and Joan Leslie. "Wacky Blackout."

Tuesday, May 18th:

"I Married A Witch"—Frederic March and Veronica Lake.

Thursday, May 20th:

Not available at present.

Sunday, May 23rd:

"Wild Bill Hickock Rides"—Constance Bennett and Bruce Cabot.

Tuesday, May 25th:

(You'll have to check this one, too.)

Thursday, May 27th:

"Silver Queen"—George Brent and Priscilla Lane. "Women Are Warriors."

## THINGS-WE'D-LIKE-TO-KNOW DEPARTMENT

Q.—Why in the world is it that the Army trucks will always stop and pick up an airman, while the Air Force M.T.'s usually go whizzing by?

A.—There are two answers to this question. The first and most emphatic is that the driver's orders instruct him not to pick up passengers of any description at any time, because his run must be completed on time.

The second answer is that the driver is at liberty to pick up airmen at any time, providing he is not carrying explosives, rations, high-ranking officers or something particularly valuable.

These answers will confuse you, but remember, the drivers are probably confused, too; so don't blame them too much. Perhaps a definite decision will be available before Thumbs Up goes to press again.

—D. D.

## War Stories For Children

## Trap Shooting

### Camouflage in Nature

Old Mother Nature has devised many ways to protect our little friends, be they feathered, finny, furry, freckled, four-footed or fabulous. Of course, no one living thing can be all that so far as naturalists know now.

One of Mother Nature's pet schemes is to make use of color, painting her little ones to blend into the color pattern of their surroundings. Sometimes she gives her pets the instinct to achieve this by choosing some artificial method of getting the same result. This color pattern-blending is called "Camouflage," because the French thought of a word quicker than the English.

A fine illustration of this is the black and white crested Grackle, a moribund duck very common in the palaeozoic era. This bird had a diagonally striped black and white fuselage and looked like a feathered Towing Battle, but smaller. The reason for this peculiar plumage was to make the bird invisible on water in storm crests and on striped black and white rocks.

In calm weather this bird felt unsafe on water and consequently starved. In prolonged periods of calm, great numbers of this species died of starvation in some of the more peculiar places of this world. The Greeks had a word for this over-specialization but it has probably been forgotten in modern times. Two of the first things a mother Grackle teaches her young are how to align their stripes with the rock stripes and how to quack. The bird has a nice pale blue egg.

If we were talking about fishes, take the case of the Blanny (*piscis obscura*.) This fish when pursued by its enemies makes use of its peculiar power to turn the color of water. Naturally, it dissolves into the surroundings. As it goes into solution, the Blanny must reflect that this is an expensive way to fool the enemy.

Of course you all know the chameleon—that peculiar little wizard that turns to any convenient color. These beautiful pets can be made even more amusing; driving them mad by making them live on a checkerboard or barber pole. The checkerboard is recommended as the latter object is rarely found in homes in this country.

Good Old Mother Nature rarely does anything to excess: paint—counterpaint sort of thing. Perhaps the best example is typically Western, or accidental if you prefer. On lonely spots in the desert foothills the Ribbon Rattlesnake and the Goudger carry on their unfriendly feud. The former is an interesting case of specialization: its lithe form goes easily through picket fences and its form and color enable it to curl up like a clock-spring, for which it is often mistaken. It always coils anti-clockwise in these parts. If there were any in the southern hemisphere they would probably coil clockwise and make an interesting confirmation of the theory of Vortices.

As everyone knows, the Northern Goudger always runs clockwise because his right legs are shorter than his left legs. Consequently he makes a running attack on the Ribbon Rattler, causing the latter to unwind and thus be unable to strike. It would be nice if this could be applied to air fighting.

—W. T.

Dartmouth Station trapshooters are away to a flying start in the Thornber Challenge Trophy competitions—so named in honor of F/L Thornber, Headquarters Armament Section, who initiated and organized the competitions.

Several Squadrons have been in there shooting since the beginning of March with teams of ten men each.

The team from Nos. 7 and 8 Hangars was tops in March and will hold the trophy until their claim has been successfully challenged.

They are required to defend it against all comers, as there are no prelims to the main event, and any team may challenge any other team at any time. The team that wins the trophy installs it in the Mess of its highest individual scorer. This month it rests in the Landplane Sergeants' Mess because F/S E. G. Bush, Air Gunner, banged down one hundred and eighty birds out of a possible two hundred and fifty, leading the field.

Fighter squadrons, it has been found, have higher team averages than bomber squadrons as a rule, but the bomber squadrons seem to produce more individual star shooters. Prior to March, trap-shooting averages were reckoned up on a three-month basis, but the presence of competition gives these averages a new interest in the eyes of the gunsters and they will be brought up-to-date every month from now on.

The shooting is carried on under the rules of the Canadian Amateur Trap Shooting Association and the personnel from Headquarters Armament Section maintain the ranges and keep score—even going so far as to supply handicaps when required, an extraordinary example of courage beyond the line of duty. Trap shooting teams are limited to ten members, but by mutual consent of the competing teams, this number may be varied. No Squadron may enter more than one team.

During March over 7,200 rounds of ammunition were fired and better than 8,000 birds were used. The "birds" aren't birds at all. Not even clay birds. They are saucer-like affairs, black and about three inches in diameter, which are flung into the air in variable directions from a spring board.

A word about the Thornber Trophy itself. Designed and executed by the Headquarters Armament Section, the trophy consists of two thirty-seven millimetre shells set on a bakelite and wooden base. The shells are polished and imposing and before them stands a tiny shield of dural, which is neatly inscribed: "Trap Shooting Trophy."

### RIFLE COMPETITION

More than a score of teams of a dozen men each, representing practically all Sections on the Station were quickly entered in P/O M. W. Thompson's rifle competition.

The teams are shooting it out on the range for a shield. Scores are on a team aggregate basis.

Apart from providing some excellent rifle practice, it is anticipated that a team will be selected from all participants to represent the Station in outside competition.

## BAND NOTES

By KEN-MAC

So the Band does no work, eh? Well, dear reader, we hate to disillusion you, but we are still plugging away on and off parade.

If YOU manage to squeeze out of C.O.'s parade—the Band's there. If YOU don't attend Station dances—the Band does. How many funeral and church parades are you on? The Band is at all of them on duty.

For two weeks of April, the Band started work at 0800 hours and finished at approximately 2300 hours. Not bad for a day, what?

Not content with a Band that plays merely marches, our hard-working Bandmaster, Flight Sergeant G. E. Herriot, has formed a Concert Band, which can and does play overtures, sketches, prominent rhythms from other countries, fantasies and waltzes.

From the Band also comes the twelve-piece Dance Orchestra, handled by Sergeant White, that plays so well at Station dances.

Tune in to CHNS on Thursday, April 31st, at 8:30 p.m., and each fourth Thursday evening following. You will hear the Band presenting the broadcast concert.

Give a thought to your hard-working Bandsmen occasionally, for as emissaries of goodwill for the Station—and representatives of the R.C.A.F.—we are constantly striving to put on a show that you will be proud of.

Hope that springs eternal in  
The human breast is fond of gin  
Or beer or scotch or anything  
Designed to help a hope to spring.  
—Ogden Nash.

"Go to father," she said, when I asked her to wed,  
She knew that I knew that her father was dead;  
She knew that I knew what a life he had led,  
She knew that I knew what she meant when she said,  
"Go to father."

## YOU CAN'T PLAY THAT GAME ALONE!

The way postings are flying around these days, many fellows are getting nervous about sending out their laundry. They are afraid that it won't be back before they get drafted.

This attitude is perfectly understandable, but it is apt to keep a man in an unsettled frame of mind and an unhealthy reaction is bound to develop eventually. Since the majority will be sticking around this station for some time yet, a cure has been suggested for these posting jitters and it's a darn good suggestion, too!

There are stamp, chess, checkers, bridge, model plane, fretwork and other game or hobby addicts here aplenty, who would get a lot more out of their favorite pastime if they got together with other like-minded fellows in clubs.

Indeed, rumor has it that one club has already been established on the station and several branches are said to be operating. The club members are keenly interested in a variety of snake's eyes and bones that are said to rattle.

Thumbs Up will undertake to organize the clubs, if you'll just tell us your name, where you work and what your choice of club would be. Drop the dope in a Thumbs Up box and we'll do the rest. —D. D.

Account Officer (to applicant for advance of pay):  
"Great Scott, man, where's the thirty bucks you drew yesterday?"

Applicant: "Well, sir, I spent ten on women and song, ten on booze, five on dice—and the rest I must have spent foolishly."

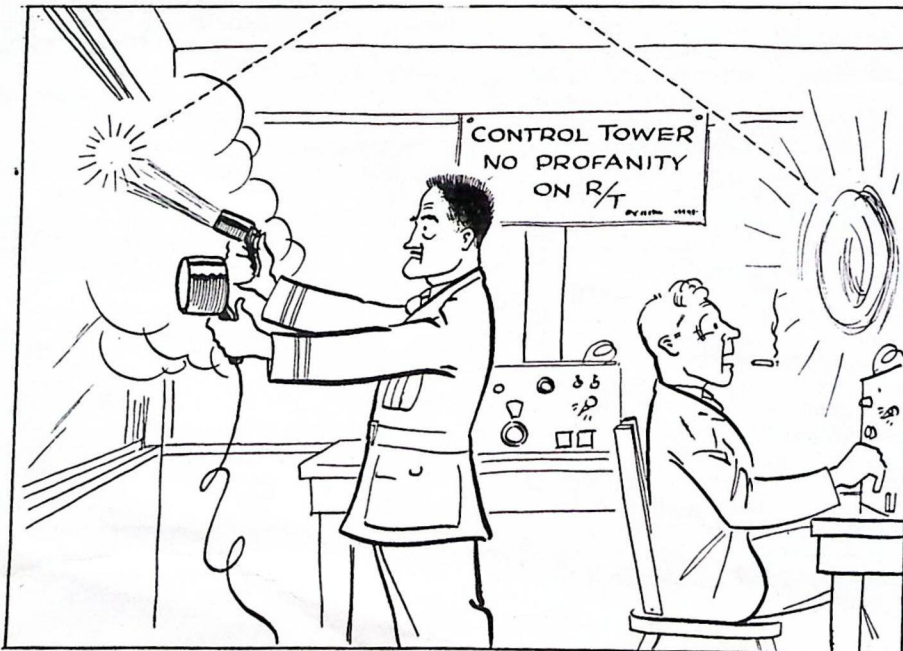
Scene: On top of the hill.

Weather: Windy as usual.

Visiting Pilot: Say, squirt, does the wind blow this way all the time up here?

AC.2 Terrific: Nope—about half the time it turns around and blows the other way.

## SONGS WITHOUT WORDS—2



# MOVIE GUIDE

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## CAPITOL THEATRE

April 29 to May 1—"China"—Alan Ladd.

May 3 to 5—"Andy Hardy's Double Life."

May 6 to 8—"Desert Victory" — The Rout of Rommel.

May 10 to 12—"Lucky Jordan"—Alan Ladd.

May 13 to 15—"Keeper of the Flame"—Spencer Tracy.

May 17 to 19—"Tarzan Triumphs."

May 20 to 22—"Forever And A Day" — Merle Oberon.

May 24 to 26—"The Hard Way"—Denis Morgan.

## CASINO THEATRE

May 1 to 7—"The Amazing Mrs. Holliday" — Deanna Durbin

May 8 to 15—"Young and Willing" — Susan Hayward and Wm. Holden.

Starting May 15—"It Ain't Hay" — Abbott and Costello.

## MAYFAIR---DARTMOUTH

April 30 to May 3—"China Girl" — George Montgomery, Gene Tierney.

May 4 to 6—"Gambling Lady" and "Kennel Murder Case."

May 7 to 10—"Star Spangled Rhythm" — Betty Hutton, Eddie Bracken.

May 11 to 13—"Margin for Error"—Joan Bennett, Milton Berle.

May 14 to 17—"Hitler's Children" — Tim Holt, Bonita Granville.

May 18 to 20—"The Immortal Sergeant"—Henry Fonda, Maureen O'Hara.

May 21 to 24—"Commandos Strike At Dawn"—Paul Muni, Lillian Gish.

May 25 to 27—"Lucky Jordan" — Alan Ladd, Helen Walker.

May 28 to 31—"They Got Me Covered" — Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour.

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## IMPORTANT!

Thumbs Up has a number of tickets for the above theatres. They will be presented to the holders of copies bearing lucky numbers on the front cover—upper right hand corner. These numbers will be published in D.R.O.'s May 1st. All lucky number copies will be on sale at pay parade, April 30th. If you have a winner, present it to F/O. H. E. Donoghue, No. 8 Hangar.

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# Man To Man

It's not enough to do your own job well and help the next fellow when there is something else you can do to help get on with the war.

Money is needed in a big way from the small fellow equally as much as the large institution.

Your cash savings are needed and you are asked to buy at least one bond of as large a denomination as you can handle, and on the pay deduction plan in addition.

Saving while you serve now will do much to make you happier to face the problems of the after-war world.

**HELP YOUR VICTORY LOAN COMMITTEE WORKERS BY SIGNING UP PROMPTLY AND GETTING OTHERS TO SIGN, TOO.**

R. G. CHRISTY, F/L.,  
Chairman,

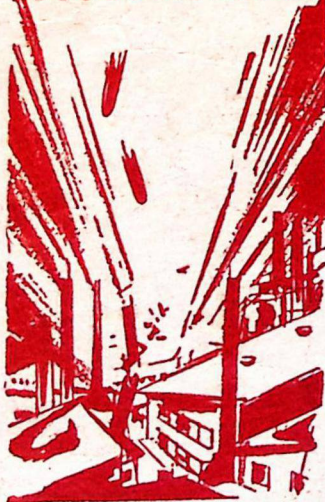
Dartmouth Station Victory Loan Committee.



**Back the Attack**



**VICTORY LOAN**



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