

Thumbs Up!



VERN DRAYTON

R. C. A. F. STATION--DARTMOUTH. SEPTEMBER

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THUMBS UP!

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No. 2

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Page 2—Gordon Sinclair; page 3—RCAF; pages 6, 7, 8, 9, 10—photo section; page 11—"Bop" White; page 12—Republic Studios; page 13—Sherman and Pelletier; page 15—Rickey; page 16—Curry and RCAF, Scouduc; page 17—photo section, Milk and Cohen; page 18—photo section; page 19—Curry; page 20—McIlween; page 21—photo section; page 22—Camp Newspaper Service; page 23—McIlween and Pelletier; page 24—Sherman.

BOWLING ALLEYS COMING

Thumbs Up takes reasonable pride in the announcement that station bowling alleys will be installed in the sector ops building.

Although the Rec hall would have been the logical place to have the guys and gals do their rolling, measurements taken showed that within the available space only three alleys could be built, according to Brunswick-Balke specifications.

Bowling is nearly always played as a competitive sport between teams and that requires an even number of alleys. Thus the decision was made to use the sector ops building, if it was available.

Bowling is a number one winter sport in which everyone on the station could be a participant and it is obvious that if every section entered a team the resulting league would keep every alley busy seven nights a week. On the other hand, airmen off duty could contact WD's on pass and spend a pleasant afternoon bowling.

There is more to this sport than just the thought of winning. It has been proven by experts that a weekly session of pin-busting tones up your system and aids figure development.

These alleys will be well-run, well-organized and prospective players need not fear any similarity to those so-called Academies where con men stand ready to take the shirt off the back of the first sucker in the door. These schools for sharks are

not even fit for your mother-in-law, let alone your wife or best girl.

These thoughts stirred support for station alleys and a happy clinching argument was the observation that everybody — officers, airmen and airwomen — would make up team personnel and so help morale on this station.

A lot of pretty hot barrack room bowlers will get a chance to strut their stuff, or will have to admit they're not up to their old standard. Good-humored provincial rivalries will have a field day and a split in the last frame of a tied title tilt between Montreal and Toronto ought to produce some excitement.

Summing up, pine boards and pins on the station will certainly help while away the winter evenings, particularly when there doesn't happen to be a hockey game on in town and it's too cold to go "just walking."

Thumbs Up thanks all those readers who responded to last month's call for support and invites further suggestions concerning teams. Should there be a straight house league with teams representing each section; or should there be a five-man team league — each team having three men and two women; or should there be individual leagues for the men and the women? It's up to you to let us know what you want.

There are suggestion boxes handy all over the station. Use them!

ooo editors' page ooo

We are not sure, but we think the present celerity with which recruits are being whipped through Manning Pools and out to stations is bound to produce some pretty startling situations soon.

The other day a lad landed at Dartmouth and after the usual formalities at the station warrant office was told to report to the hospital for a needle. "And hurry!" growled the discip.

Zoom! Zoom! — Child Mercury hurtled through the door and off down the hill on the double to see the medicine man. No doubt by the time this appears in print the fellow will have contracted that virile virus that vitiates the vitality of veterans of the Battle of Dartmouth; but it's an indication of what might happen.

* * *

The speed with which the crates are being cleared off the parade ground has us worried. After being nicely covered for months, it has suddenly and with little warning shown its dull face to the prospect of weekly wing parades and a subsequent snappy march up the hill.

Having got hopelessly lost last winter trying a short cut through the maze of crates—and reaching the stage of frantic prayer—we watched with curious concern the dismantling of this heart-warming obstruction, fearing the worst.

Nothing more exciting was found, however, than a crate or two of empties—a few camp fire sites—and an astral navigation chart.

* * *

The great trek to Hobbs' Hollow is on. Our roving reporter was detailed to cover this outpost—and all available MT being tied up—he was issued with rations; emergency equipment and a stout pair of shoes.

His investigation revealed that, generally speaking, comfort reigns with all the old hands properly in possession of the good mattresses. The blackout encasements were proving good hold-alls for stuff-you-don't-know-what-to-do-with and the location a handy one for quick getaways to town.

The new mess hall which can comfortably seat all we are ever liable to have on the station is a beauty and its opening helps solve one trans-

portation difficulty, but there remain, it seems, hikes of startling proportions to the canteens and the Rec Hall—by legitimate routes.

The surrounding landscape could do with a little attention and nearby entertainment being what it is, we toss out gratuitously the suggestion that inhabitants, forced by financial pressure to remain close to home, could spend a few healthy hours making it look like home. Just see what it does to the SWO's office.

* * *

Never underestimating the power of a woman, we got to wondering what real or subtle influences the sizeable influx of WD's has had on the station.

The general over all influence undeniably is good. There's that noticeable perking up—the softer canteen atmosphere—the extra shave or two—pants creased that never saw an iron before, or at best were occasionally run up in the blind overnight.

The solvency of the snack bar has been assured and long days in the hospital made a pleasure by the gentle and understanding ministrations of the girls. Sector ops—MT—accounts, practically all sections have been brightened by their presence and their efficiency and enthusiasm have the boys looking to their laurels.

It's pleasant to hear them on the switchboard, even if we have to wait a minute or two longer to connect.

Our peregrinations in the course of gauging this influence took us to one of the messes where — back of the kitchen—we ran into six stalwarts pounding the hardwood with a couple of cubes and catching up on the latest wild west pulps. Sitting in the corner, before a mountain of potatoes, was the lone GD (WD) representative peeling away. "That men may fly," we murmured in passing. "I hear you talking, brother," she sighed—tossing another spud into the bucket.

* * *

There was a gratifying, though hardly sensational response to last month's appeal for blood donors. The trip over to the clinic was something of an adventure in best service tradition, in that no one was exactly sure just where the clinic was located.

While the hunt went on, the brave little band kept up a lively conversation about the gory dangers that lay just ahead.

Red Cross efficiency quickly dispelled doubts of danger and the blood was drawn with a minimum of discomfort. Such a minimum, indeed, that one or two airmen could be heard busily promoting dates with the nurses. Not that they made much progress.

One fellow was delighted when he learned his veins coursed with the rare AB type of blood. He said he could hardly wait to remind his wife with this fresh evidence of her distinguished connections.

You are still invited to come along and donate some blood. You cannot let us know too soon. Drop in anytime at the station warrant office.

* * *

The call for United China Relief should find most of us meek and willing. It is just a little more than ten years ago that the "Manchuria Incident" began. In those ten long years, Japan has neglected to declare war on China, but she has done a pretty thorough job of burning, killing, bombing, raping and robbing that tortured country.

In our wisdom, we never mustered courage to aid China during that ghastly decade until Japan attacked us. Weapons of war—sorely needed on other fronts—now trickle into China. We are helping today, but we are not yet helping enough and such an appeal as this should free a flood of financial evidence that we stand with humble and contrite heart in admiration of China's incredible resistance.

* * *

The winner in our cartoon contest appears on page 23 and we think everyone will get a good giggle out of it—a nervous giggle perhaps, if you are anticipating a trip to the chair shortly.

Archie McIlween, pigeon loftman, drew the blue-ribbon entry and sent along a number of others that we are only too happy to use. The contest decision was not easily arrived at, for the vote was 4-3. Honorable mention, therefore, deservedly goes to P/O "Bop" White's cartoon on page 11.

Gordon Sinclair's Gen On Japs

By GORDON SINCLAIR

Jap fliers are pampered darlings. In some ways they're a bunch of swishes. If you've fallen for that bravo stuff about all Jap servicemen being tough enough to make Tarzan seem like a pansy, forget it. The fliers don't consider comfort and relaxation the hallmark of softness and decadence any more than you do.

I'm no expert, but I have lived in the barracks of Jap airmen, chinned with their ground crews and joined the fliers on many a merry bongo during the Kwantung campaign which ended in the capture and semi-destruction of Canton, queen city of South China, during 1938 and '39.

Jap fliers don't have to march or drill. Jap fliers don't salute army or navy officers. Jap fliers are aloof from the regimented meal hours rigidly imposed on army or navy. Jap fliers get meat at least once a day, where as sailors or soldiers are lucky to get it three times a week. Above all, Jap fliers are never shot down. But never!

Each evening at five during the eleven weeks I spent with the Japanese forces in Manchuria and South China there was a press conference at which communiques were handed out and spokesmen from army, navy or the civil authority could be questioned. This questioning was usually a joke, but occasionally a revealing phrase or two would leak out. But we were never permitted to question, or even to speak with, anyone connected with the air force.

During the 67 conferences I attended the Imperial Air Force was referred to in rover boy terms of heroism 33 times but never once was the loss of a single plane admitted. This procedure has been followed during our own war. Even during the most bitter defeats the Jap fliers have been referred to in sugary terms usually used by a copy writer in describing a new chocolate bar.

One day Yates McDaniel, who later wrote himself into the big money by brilliant coverage of McArthur's New Guinea campaign, personally saw a Chinese machine-gun company shoot down a low-flying Jap bomber of aged in the wood vintage. This was near Shum Chun on the border between British and Chinese territory.

Not only did McDaniel see this bomber shot down but he and a Chinese sampan girl rescued the one man

Thumbs Up is proud to run this guest feature from Gordon Sinclair. Globe-trotting Gordon wrote this exclusively for Thumbs Up readers and it makes exciting reading.

left alive and took numerous pictures which I later saw. In fact I brought a set of them back to Canada.

That evening at the press palaver in Canton the usual communique was handed out with the usual bottle of whisky . . . for some reason each correspondent got an unopened bottle of Scotch each evening . . . but there was no reference to the loss of a bomber.

McDaniel asked why. There was polite bowing and hissing and understanding smiles. Mr. McDaniel had been mistaken. No Jap bomber had been lost that day. No Jap bomber had ever been lost any day. So gratifying.

Oh no, McDaniel said. He was not mistaken. He had personally dragged a gunner from the plane and talked with him. He had pictures. He had names. So sorry, the spokesman said. It was a hot day. Yes,



Toronto-born Gordon Sinclair was the first Canadian reporter to be sent around the world by his paper. He made the trip three times for the Toronto Star during which he wrote four books which were published in five languages.

He was with the Japanese army, in China, from November 1938 until May 1939 and after Chiang Kai Shek started the scorched earth policy, in South China, Sinclair travelled briefly with the Chinese forces.

He has one brother and one son with the RCAF and is currently a freelance writer and radio speaker.

very hot day. Perhaps Mr. McDaniel not used to hot sun on hot day. A mistake. So sorry.

Mac sat down and soon we all filed out and crossed a low bridge guarded by French colonial troops to the Victoria Hotel which sat on Shawmeen, an island in the Pearl River about the size and shape of a big ship. This was operated by a Canadian from Victoria named Farmer and had a good bar.

About six of us, including the late Richard Halliburton (Royal Road to Romance) drifted into the bar and were on our first peg when the Jap army spokesman, followed by an air force PRO came in to pursue the question of the downed bomber. The PRO . . . a private . . . assured us no bomber had been lost that day or any other day.

"Okay, okay, let's forget it," McDaniel exclaimed. "For God's sake, let's forget it and have a drink. What I saw was a Mallard or maybe a blue winged teal."

Very amusing, the liaison man said. So comical. But just to prove no Jap bomber had been shot down that day, or any other day, he had brought along the pilot of the craft McDaniel THOUGHT had been shot down. If you can tie that one, Tojo is Pollyanna.

I was present four days later when 40 Chinese civilians, after being stood in a wooden cage for 48 hours, were punished for downing the bomber which was not downed. These innocents, mostly men, were stood in such a way that none could fall even if he fainted. They were too tightly packed for that. Together with two Jap nurses in spotless white, and an Indian doctor who spoke English and Japanese, I was taken to the execution ground which had formerly been used by the Roman Catholic Church. It looked like a college campus.

A fat and oily Jap civilian selected 17 civilians from among the 40 for death and youthful swordsmen were ordered to cleave the victims in twain while cameras clicked. The swordsmen were allowed only one swing of their blades . . . a swing aimed at the top of the skull . . . and if the victim was not killed instantly he was permitted the ministrations of the doctor and nurses.

I saw one man cut through skull, face and neck. The blade went almost down to the chest cavity. Fourteen died in bloody pools; three were



by Austin F. Cross

Most popular politician in Canada today is sallow-skinned, gay-living, hard-working, deep-drinking, colourful, cursing Honourable Charles Gavan Power, Minister of National Defence for Air. To the boys he is known as "Chubby." This is the chap who out of the pre-Dunkirk complacency, and the panic which followed it, put together the vast Commonwealth Air Training Plan. The fact that he got it finished — even in greatly stepped-up scope—a full year ahead of schedule, gives you some idea of this Quebec Irishman's ability. The Royal Canadian Air Force is to a very large degree his baby. Certainly a healthier, tougher infant never raised hell all over Europe.

It is not hard to lapse into superlatives when you deal with this four-motor job, fighter plane and dive-bomber combined. He took a lot of blueprints, more than a dash of red tape, mixed in a lot of goddams, and came out with the biggest single organization effort the Empire has yet produced in the way of a victory program.

The Minister of National Defence for Air

"CHUBBY" POWER

By Austin F. Cross—in "The People's Mouths"

There is only one sad note to record, and that is the boys lately have taken to calling him "Mr." This is a backward step, for in the old days of 1941 and before, he was "Chubby" to everybody. Next thing you know, they'll try to put a cane in his hands.

Chubby got into the Cabinet through the post office wicket. Then when King saw that War Minister Ralston had too much to do, he called on this sailow Celt to lend a hand. What he has done for the Air Department the history books in time will record. But you won't have to wait for those tomes to be printed. All you have to do is look up, or listen, and unless you live in some mountainous retreat, you'll hear one of Chubby's planes drone overhead. For like the memorial to the great Wren, if you would see his monument, look about you.

With regard to his easy-going ways, there is no doubt that he can do more work in six weeks than other Privy Councillors can do in eight. Therefore, if he can take a fortnight off every so often and still get his work done while others have to go full steam ahead all the time, what's the odds? As a matter of fact, no department is better run than the Air Department, and you don't have to ask a Government Blue Book to prove it. Ask the Nazis. The records of Chubby Power's exacting work are written not in Government Periodicals but in the sky over Cologne, Augsburg and Mannheim.

Our Mr. Power has an informal, almost deferential way of speaking, tossing his head from side to side like a man with a tight collar or a horse harassed by gad-flies. Yet as he discourses in this offhand way, he gives you the facts, and he always provides you with a couple of first-class oratorical flights. He talks to the Commons as if he were addressing a group of boys, and had just begun: "You see, fellows, it's this way . . ."

In dress he is casual, and there is usually some hair hovering over his brow because he does not bother to

control it. His suits look as if he bought them out of a catalogue.

There are a couple of stories that are typical of him. One has to do with a Chicago musicians' union trying to put the Royal Canadian Air Force Band off the air, and an unctious Canadian broadcasting system helping out the Windy City unionists. I queried him about this. "What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Do?" he re-echoed. "No goddam dago in Chicago is going to tell me when my band can play and when it can't!"

"May I quote you?"

"You can quote all you like."

The other story is more delicate, and perhaps apochryphal. It was during the last war, and he got leave from the trenches of France, and went to Ireland, to visit relatives.

When he arrived there, he found some of his folk were Sein Feiners, and were fighting the British. So he jumped into the fight with the Irish Republicans, and fought with them against his Flanders comrades-in-arms, the British!

Then when his leave was up, he left Erin, donned again his Canadian uniform with the British coat of arms on it, and started fighting the Germans again.

Mr. Power has never denied this story.

To sum him up, our Air Minister is as friendly as a man you're buying drinks for, almost apologetic in his modesty, a great fellow to make himself the butt of jokes, a de luxe cusser, and a dynamo of human horse-power. But behind his offhand manner he has a resourceful brain, supreme organizing ability, and a consummate capacity for getting things done. His job this war has been to get as many men in the Canadian Air Force as he can, next to getting as many planes as he can, and then to hit the Axis as hard as he can with his men and his machines.

Let's let it go at that, and leave the paeans to his authorized biographer.

GEN ON JAPS

no more hurt than if they'd been struck by a dull hatchet in the hands of a baby. Several times photographers delayed death a moment or two while they adjusted focus.

Once the Japs move up on a position the first item of supply to follow is ammunition, then food, then amusement or comfort, which usually means women. Soldiers, sailors and marines have the use of these supplies at set hours; fliers may use them whenever it seems like a good idea,

provided they are off duty.

Most of the Jap fliers I met were privates although the bigger bombers were usually in the hands of an N.C.O. They had two-piece electrically heated flying suits, flashy with yards of zippers, before we did, but I never saw either plane or flier equipped with a parachute.

Few Japs have bathtubs in their homes, so they've become great hands at visiting each other in the public tubs which are teakwood creations about 40 feet square, flanked by showers. They've taken their human boiling pots right along to the front

with them; especially for fliers.

As I mentioned, the fliers took no drill, but after a day in the air they'd come to the room adjoining the bath, be soaped and showered by girl attendants who wore white kimono, then they'd sit in scalding water for hour after hour. I tried that treatment a dozen times just for the Hell of it, but the Sinclair hide was far too tender for that near-boiling water. Occasionally the girls would bring tea, or rice wine or a type of reddish whisky called White Wolf in imitation of White Horse.

You may be under the impression that your money is pretty well public property when trying to stretch it from payday to payday, but in the eyes of the Air Force it's Non-Public Funds.

Non-Public Funds represents your money as spent on the station, and all in all it's quite a flourishing business, with a per capita value of about ten dollars per airman.

If this gives rise to any urge to tear out and collect your share, subdue it, for it's tied up in property, stock, accounts receivable and such stuff which doesn't split easily—plus, of course, a cash surplus which is spent to make you happy in the service.

Imagine, then, a business in which you are a shareholder. It is administered by the Management Committee of the Station Fund Account.

This committee, composed of W/C McGill as president, F/O Donoghue as secretary, S/L Black as financial adviser (usually represented by F/O Hunter), F/O Fairweather, Cpl. Keegan, Cpl. Eisenstat, LAC. Stark and AC.2 Cohen as members, meets periodically to review the set-up and recommend expenditures for the C.O.'s approval.

These get-togethers usually pick over the previous month's financial statement—then go to work on requests for funds—and discuss plans for spending what's available—guided as far as possible by airmen representation on the board. So if you've got any ideas—write, phone or call on your representatives.

For a quick review of the standing investment there's a good six thousand tied up in actual property—furniture, sporting equipment and fixtures.

To supplement the Y's generous outlay you own furniture and much of the Rec Hall trimmings. There's the sporting equipment, three billiard tables, piano, stage curtains, the public address system and speakers, books, the screen and all the equipment in the snack bar and barber shop.

Stock at the central warehouse ties up better than fifteen thousand over and above accounts receivable and a cash surplus.

Central warehouse supplies the canteens with merchandise which is sold at a profit decided by the Canteen Committee. To this add profits from the snack bar, dances, the wurlitzer machine, laundry commissions, etc., and you've got your total gravy—which, after deducting operating expenses, such as bonuses, insurance and depreciation, amounted to slight-

A RUN FOR YOUR MONEY

ly less than \$6,900 for the three-month period ending June 30, 1943—or approximately \$2,300 a month. The profit on sales, incidentally, was a little better than 12%.

On the spending side a thousand dollars a month is allowed for extra messing. If you can't see it take a peek at the July expenditures. As you can see, actually nearer \$2,000 was spent. Part of this amount is taken up by revenue from extra meals. The rest comes from the fund sooner or later.

Then there's the sports equipment, much of which needs continual replacement. Over five hundred dollars has been spent for softballs, bats, masks and mitts alone since the season started this spring. The new sweaters cost a hundred and fifty dollars. For taking abuse de luxe, the umpires at all station games (about 150) are grossly under paid at \$1.00 a game—that comes from station funds, as does the cost of running shoes, oil for the Rec Hall floor—repairs to equipment, floor mats, sports prizes and crests. Over \$800 is needed to get ready for next winter's activities. The sports officer, incidentally, is after the cash for some archery equipment—so if you want it let him know the investment will be worthwhile.

The Entertainment Committee needs funds for entertainment and for such items as side rails and bed clothes for the billiard tables—floor and foot lights.

The band can't play from memory all the time and need music, (\$85 in June). Some of the band instruments are ours and need repairing occa-

sionally. The Library Committee realizes the need for new books. They recently subscribed to the Book of the Month Club, by the way.

The necessary expenditures of such items as the periodicals, rental of typewriters, cigarettes for hospital patients, are obvious, and a fair cut of the profits go to Bell Lake and Preston.

That, fellow shareholders, will give you some idea of current spending—it's all for the good of the cause, but here's one that isn't. The Air Force allows 3% per month breakages and loss on chinaware and cutlery. Anything in excess of that comes right out of your pockets.—Over a two-year period an excess of 1,996 forks, 2,931 knives and 424 spoons have disappeared and you've paid for them. Crockery deficiencies are high, too—\$1,924.33 paid out for missing mugs and dishes during the second quarter. During July, 254 soup plates, 286 10" plates and 255 glasses went the way of all flesh, so the next time you are juggling with your soup plate remember it's .29c worth of non-public funds. Knives, forks and spoons scrounged for midnight snacks or what have you, run .18c, .09c and .06c, respectively.

The RCAF Benevolent Fund receives one per cent of the gross. Last year this amounted to \$2,600. There is also an amount set aside of between \$350 to \$500 for emergency loans. This Emergency Loan Fund is available to all airmen seriously in need of immediate financing. Last year \$3,000 was loaned, at no cost.

Thumbs Up is one of the minor but worthwhile expenses, and that's without paying the editors for midnight oil. This small expense, however, can be quickly eliminated by everybody buying a copy each month—at which point income will pretty well balance production costs.

Like all well-managed businesses it is necessary to keep a cash surplus and with a few thousand to spend, the committee is planning to install four bowling alleys at a cost of around \$5,000. At present writing the prospective location is the Fighter Ops. Building.

A swimming pool has also been discussed, as have 35 mm. movies, the purchase of canoes and a camp site for lovers of the great outdoors. Increased canteen sales—greater care exercised with equipment—and less crockery and cutlery deficiencies—will all add up to more spending money. The Committee will recommend what you want if the cash is there. They've got nothing to lose.

—H. E. D.

REPORT TO Non Public Funds SHARE HOLDERS

How HIGH Is Your Morale?

By CORPORAL FOO LING

How high is your morale? Are you complacent or worried? Do you believe rumors or are you skeptical of everything? Is your hair falling out, or are those bags under your eyes disappearing?

Thumbs Up has worked out a simple test for measuring morale. If you're not sure of the degree of morale you possess, this test will help you find out.

Check the one statement under each question that comes closest to describing your usual re-action; then total up your score and resolve to be a good gremlin from now on.

1. When you hear an airman crab continually about the weather, do you:

- (a) agree that it's pretty lousy;
- (b) admit there's room for improvement;
- (c) tell him to go work for stores, he deserves to be there;
- (d) point out that you enjoy it immensely?

2. When you hear an airman say he is "cheesed" or "browned off," do you:

- (a) ask him what he means;
- (b) say: "You ain't got nuttin' on me, bud";
- (c) report him to the service police;
- (d) tell him to smarten up, he doesn't realize how lucky he is?

3. When you hear an airman complain about the chow, do you:

- (a) tell him it's like your mother used to make;
- (b) push his face in a plate of potatoes;
- (c) ask him how he'd like to swap his daily dish with a Greek;
- (d) volunteer to buy him a meal at the Nova Scotian one week from Tuesday?

4. When you hear an airman claim he missed promotion because someone had the hooks into him, do you:

- (a) suggest he take his grievance to his O.C.;
- (b) advise him to tell off his section head;
- (c) tell him to try harder on the next trade board;
- (d) tell him to swing the lead and beat the rap?

5. When an airman says the Air Force is not organized on an efficient basis, do you:

- (a) compliment him on his sound observation;
- (b) argue that it is the most efficient organization you know;
- (c) tell him: "They also serve who only stand and wait";
- (d) point out its immense success in spite of inevitable shortcomings?

6. When an airman gloomily predicts post-war depression, do you:

- (a) ask him what he is fighting for;
- (b) say you have more confidence in Canada than that;
- (c) tell him you're not worried—you have a good job lined up for your wife;
- (d) ask him to join your expedition to the moon in search of the more abundant life?

7. When you hear the United Nations have lost a battle, do you:

- (a) realize any army or navy suffers some defeats;
- (b) feel completely discouraged and give up hope of final victory;
- (c) determine to work harder for that victory;
- (d) retain an optimistic outlook?

8. When you read the war news in the daily papers, do you:

- (a) feel generally that only good news is released;
- (b) believe those newspaper guys

If You Get

80 - 100, that's a D. Good Show;
60 - 80, that's a Good Show;
40 - 60, that's a Poor Show;
Under 40, that's a P. Poor Show.

are a bunch of liars;

- (c) feel most of it is sheer propaganda;
- (d) feel sure the reports are honest and as full as possible?

9. If you were asked to go back to your civilian trade and serve Canada in essential war work some distance away, would you:

- (a) do it only if it meant an increase in pay;
- (b) refuse to do it because this is a free country;
- (c) do it only if the government compelled you;
- (d) do it even if it broke your heart to leave Dartmouth?

10. When you hear an airman running down a WD, do you:

- (a) say: "Sir, you are speaking of the woman I love!";
- (b) agree and repeat the latest rumor you've heard;
- (c) ask him to prove his statement;
- (d) say you don't believe it and wish more would arrive on the station?

Dally Some More And Tally Your Score !

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
(a)	0	6	0	6	0	6	6	6	4	4
(b)	10	4	6	4	4	10	0	0	0	0
(c)	6	0	10	10	6	4	10	4	6	10
(d)	4	10	4	0	10	0	4	10	10	6

My Furlough In Manhattan

By RALPH CUMMINGS

By way of being a literate rhapsody, dedicated to the vast legion of New Yorkers who, by their efforts of hospitality and generosity, have succeeded a million per cent in entertaining the cosmopolite servicemen who have disembarked upon Manhattan shores.

The broad, shimmering ribbon that was the North River produced her. At a hustling, frenzied thirteen knots she ploughed forward.

In spite of the tropical humidity that squalled over Manhattan the steamer was caressed by a pirouetting breeze.

The watching sea of international faces that crowded her decks, including my own, listened to the hymnal of the wind. Gust against obstruction. Like alto voices echoing high and lostly in an abbey's nave. There was the thin singing of the halyards, the plaintive violin's note of stays, the croon of a fondled yard-arm.

Like an immeasurable cadence of time. The eternal, marching of souls, the throb and pulse of life, a quailing tremolo, a symphonic overture heralding — New York.

New York — the pearly gates of the U.S.A. Queen of the Americas. City of intensified hope and despair, tragedy and comedy. New York — unique amongst the host of terrestrial cities.

The Statue of Liberty, being a buxom lady of Grecian lines, proudly held aloft her torch, defying Axis and enemy; all who dared to be contrary.

The cathedral spire of the Empire State pointed its finger skywards and held link communion with God.

Everywhere abounded the high tor of skyscraper. Castles in the clouds. Bridges with their vertical spanning of earth and heaven.

The Manhattan skyline was tremendous, awe-inspiring, frightening; but not pompous.

Barely perceptibly night's pitch descended. The golden haze of day diminished in splendor and silhouette pregnated o'er the land, punctuated with fewer multi-coloured lights and signs. Yet even with the semi-black-out that today enshrouds the city its luminosity cannot be adjectivised as 'dim.'

I headed down Broadway towards my destination; and I marvelled.

Gorgeous hussies travelling dine and dancewards smiled the "Come hither" smile. Regretfully I fingered the meagre fourteen bucks that sadly lay in my starboard pocket. I smiled — and I passed on.

Big shots and little shots tarried over their glasses of hard liquor before frantically catching the bus, the subway home.

Their rush was an acquired habit begotten of years of practice. An endeavour to catch up on lost minutes.



London-born Ralph Cummings left home with four bucks in his jeans and a hankering in his heart to see the world. He has seen about half of it already; is saving the other half for post-war prowling. Big ambition: "to be ex-serviceman with a pension". Has already been an organist, stevedore, coal heaver, lumberjack, dishwasher, bartender, sailor, coke-bottler and farmer. Has a belle in Buenos Aires.

But whether habit, or the desire to lessen the suspicions of Momma, was the reason for their rush, I'll never know.

I mused over them.

Callouses of the posterior can never be epidemical in New York, I thought.

* * * *

The four of us began our tour of the night clubs with a ringside seat at "Iceland," Scandinavian restaurant-cabaret place; somewhere nigh the vicinity of 42nd.

There was Christine, lovely, blonde, Danish-American; Al, my chum and sponsor, a Canadian in the U.S.M.S.; Irene, dark and smiling, and incidently my partner; and myself, mongrel, and of dubious national descent.

The floor show commenced.

Before our eyes a galaxy of minor stars sang and danced and wise-cracked.

My new, shining Canada badges frequently caught their attention. They hailed me affectionately; bantered about the "virtue" of Montreal and the "goings on" in and around Rue Berger. Ontario Street and St. Dominique. They joked about the semi-prohibition of the Maritimes; of Hog Town or Toronto.

No offence was meant, and no offence was given. It was all hail-fellow, good neighbours; and Allied comradeship was furthered.

The tide of gaiety over the club flooded.

Suffused lights and jocundity, good-will and toasts, whisky, blessing and high laughter predominated.

It was not an orgy, just a damn good party, a boisterous evening. Inhibition was an unknown quality. The later the hour, the deeper the mood, the more pronounced the wriggings of La Conga.

Young girls giggled whilst men rumbled. Elderly folks opened their mouths and let the rusty hinges of their jaws creak forth laughter.

Under the auspices of the good god Alcohol did the evening sway.

We voyaged on. Midnight lunch at the "Astor." Lullaby and discordant harmony furnished by Harry James. On to ports of Leon and Eddie's, the Stork Club, and Jack Dempsey's.

Not until the first streaks of dawn etched the sky did we reluctantly quit.

On the ferry going home we stood silent and watched the matutinal glory grow and envelop the heavens.

* * * *

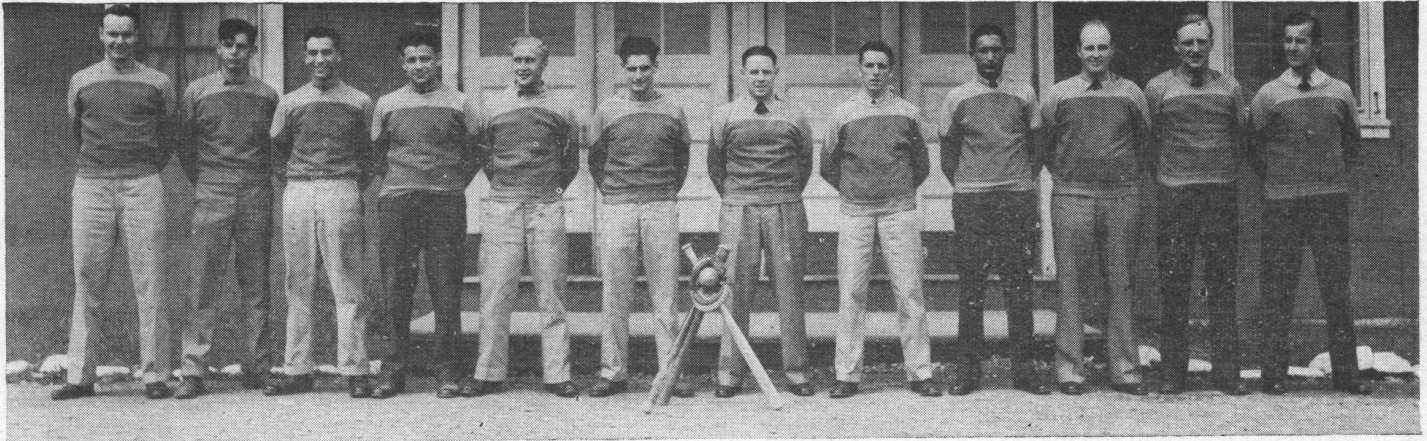
Sleep in New York is a necessary evil. Something to be indulged in but briefly.

We, like our brethren rubbernecks, agreed that four hours was to be the maximum. Our already acquired Manhattan vitality demanded so.

Curiously enough, awakening does not bring lethargy, only a tireless restlessness. A desire to be up and out.

So we awoke, and arose.

Around noon we ventured forth to the corner restaurant for breakfast.



F/O "Don" Stanley, outfielder, LAC "Bob" Smith, infielder, Cpl. "Joe" Greenberg, catcher, LAC "Ted" Shienfield, infielder, LAC "Bert" Long, infielder, LAC "Gerry" Masson, infielder, F/O H.D. Coulter (Coach) First Base, AC1 "Jiggs" Forrester, outfielder, LAC "Harry" Chelin, infielder, F/L "Doc" McAskill, pitcher, Cpl. "Doug" Lyon, pitcher, Cpl. "Harry" Bergeron, outfielder. Missing: LAC "Ted" Clarke, pitcher, LAC "Joe" Parrack, pitcher.

OUSTED!

By CPL. H. J. GREENBERG

Much to the disappointment of players and fans alike, our very gallant Station ball team bowed out in the Halifax Twilight League, after a sensational stretch drive in an ill-fated attempt to overhaul the fourth place club.

A drive that saw every member of the team do his darndest, and then some, to make up for the games lost by an unorganized Station team in the early stages of the season.

The margin of elimination being just a single game.

Ousted! Gone were hopeful visions in the quest for the Maritime Championship. And at a time when the team was really giving out with the

base wallops and defensive gravy. And the team batting average shot up to a remarkable .290.

In winning six of our last nine games, our boys shut-out King's, the third-place club, 8-0, and walloped Rubins, the fourth-place club, 11-8. And as a final show of power the lads fashioned together 17 hits and we whammed the Army, 10-5. Probably the most heart-breaking game of all was our crucial tilt against the league-leading Navy. With two out in our last half of the ninth, the score tied 4-4, and a man on third base, our next batter banged one out very deep to the shortstop, whose long toss just beat the runner by the

proverbial hair. This constituted the third out, and Navy, with a new lease of life, scored a couple in the tenth to win. Earlier, a sad, right field spectator carelessly got in the way of a near certain homer and our runner pulled up with a three-bagger. He never scored.

The hustling, scrapping, never-say-die spirit of our ball club, plus the continual line of chatter from every sector of the ball field, endeared the team to Haligonian hearts. The same fans who graciously coughed up with gigantic six or seven buck "gates," and who towards the end of the season, heartened the boys no end with their friendly partiality.

Even in our losing role, our boys created an atmosphere, exemplifying a spirit of good-will towards those faithful few who were always in attendance.

FURLOUGH

Without hesitation, without menu, the inevitable order of "ham 'n eggs 'n coffee," was ordered. For when in Rome . . .

Like starved pigs we gorged.
"Where'll we go?" asked Al.

Apparently day number two had begun.

* * * *

The whole furlough was spent like that. A constant consciousness of a battery of eyes fixed on a uniform that was different; a perpetual, concise commentary voiced over the Canada badges I proudly wore. Often a hand was outstretched and a murmur of "Good luck Canada" followed

the ensuing clasp.

Invitations were showered on me as thickly as confetti falls over nuptials.

The generosity of the American people towards a neighbor was overwhelming.

Warmly I remember Mil Church, the Connecticut lady, on the passage down; and Mrs. Crosby (actual relation to Bing), on the way home.

They are the personification of all that is American. Family folk, eager in friendship, devotees to Red Cross work, both sympathetic and severely critical over war questions, plus that indefinable something that is the heritage of Uncle Sam's progeny.

So great was the registered impression that when I left the States, and these people, it seemed like I was

leaving home; for a foster home it had been made.

* * * *

I came back to the forests and valleys and lakes of Canada, to the wild, scenic splendor of Nova Scotia with added knowledge.

Knowing that the ramparts of America and Canada are as one. That the love of freedom and democracy and fraternity run on. That in spirit, we are not separately America and Canada, but the Great North American Continent. Not them and us — but we.

So to you, the United States, speaking as an ambassador for all Canadian servicemen who have tasted the friendliness and courtesy of your land, I very sincerely and simply say, "We thank you — we salute you. God bless America."

From Section To Squadron

By LAC. S. R. REDMAN

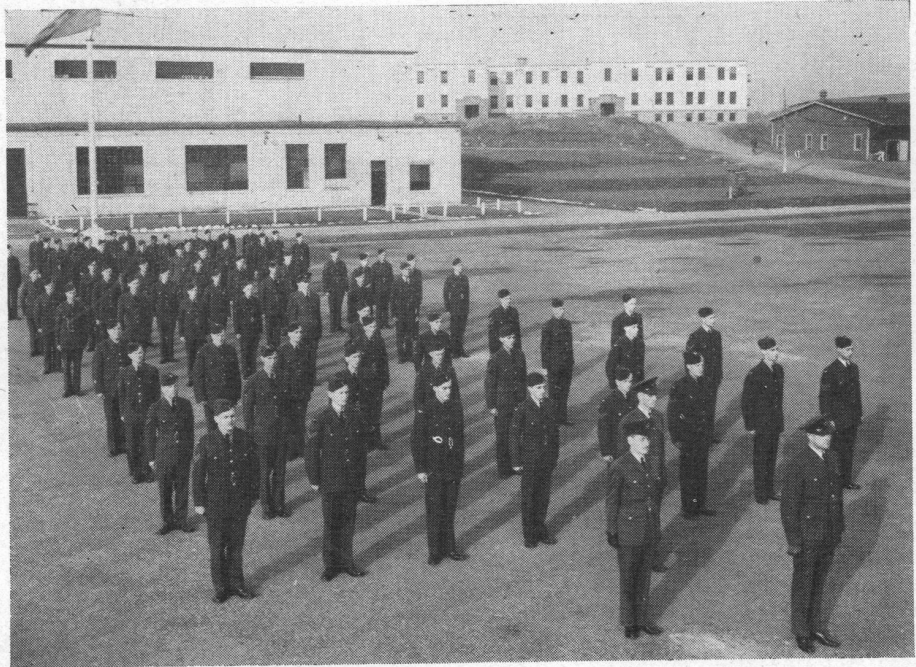
The formation of the Marine Squadron may have been said to have sprung from very humble beginnings. In the spring of 1935, the first boat, a British-built aircraft tender, was brought to Dartmouth Station. It is on record that a heavy rain was falling that day, and there are those who will say that it has desisted but intermittently since.

In the fall of the same year the first crash tender arrived, a 38-foot, twin engined craft designed and built by Hubert Scott-Paine of Harmsworth fame. However, from this comparatively inauspicious start the Marine Section, and now the Marine Squadron, has developed into a large and efficient organization, essential to the scope of operations carried out by this station.

In the early years of its being, the Marine Section was small and, at times, not overly blessed with an abundance of equipment. When motor boat crewmen were not available, GD's, MT drivers, motor mechanics and in fact anyone unable to take cover, were reputedly "joed" to operate marine craft. But immediately on the outbreak of war in September, 1939, numerous additions to personnel and equipment were put into effect.

Some boats were turned over to the RCAF by the preventative service of the RCMP and in many cases were manned completely by former members of that organization. It may be admitted that there are many now serving in the squadron who, at one time, had no great love for the "policemen of the coasts."

Later as the needs became evident, some of the famous American P-T boats were obtained from the U.S. Navy, and also put into service in



The Marine Squadron

Canadian waters were the high-speed hospital ships which had proved their value in the British air-sea rescue service. In addition, was entered upon an extensive program of contracts by Canadian boat builders. Local yards and firms in Ontario and Quebec also supplied a wide range of crash and aircraft tenders and numerous bomb-loading power dinghies.

The large motor vessels now in use were purchased from the shipyards in Lunenburg and other Maritime ports famed the world over for their art. Other additions to the "fleet" were small utility boats of a type used by Cape Sable Island fishermen, and known as the Cape Island boats. These are the work-horses of the section and are used for heavy towing, cargo work and duty runs.

The Marine Squadron is a very nearly self-contained unit, possessing a complete machine shop in which almost any repairs to marine engines or equipment can be carried out. This section is in charge of WO.1 J. Maskell and WO.1 E. H. Jerrett.

Another important division is the carpenter shop headed by F/St. K. A. McGregor, responsible for repairing the inevitable damages incurred in service operations. The placing and maintenance of moorings and a thousand other routine jobs is looked after by F/Sgt. "Shorty" Miller and his men in bos'n shop.

Upon the broad shoulders of F/Sgt. Hardy in the lower section rests the carrying out of the main duties of the squadron, tendering to aircraft, laying of flare paths for night flying, duty runs, water patrol, general utility work around the harbor, crash service and the sometimes grim task of salvage. This work is carried on twenty-four hours a day the year round and proceeds in spite of rain, snow, zero weather and raging gales which would keep the rest of the station "grounded."

In addition, the squadron maintains a W/T section under Sgt. Love and Cpl. Gallie. From this are provided operators for the ocean-going



LAC. 'Stan' Redman is one of those cheerful pessimists who brighten the days of their friends. Nothing ever comes out right, according to him—yet his capacity for decisive action shows he doesn't really mean it. Toronto-born, he became a commercial traveller and saw Canada coast-to-coast, hawking hardware in job lots. Married Helen Daniher, Toronto, 1941. Enlisted: July 1942.

SHORTAGE

By LAC. L. J. E. DENONCOURT



People talk a lot about shortage these days. There is a shortage of manpower, a shortage of butter and a shortage of beer. But I firmly believe that most of them have not experienced "Shortage" in its true sense. There are natural as well as artificial shortages. I discovered this quite by accident while just thinking about myself. I am a symbol of shortage.

One day I was late for school and in running hastily up the stairs, I fell right on my face. What a mess! I spent a week in the hospital in a baby's crib because the hospital authorities considered it a waste of material to have such a short patient occupying a full-length bed.

Years later, World War II broke out and I joined the R.C.A.F. At the Recruiting Centre the officer told me I had to have legs long enough to reach the rudder control bar in the cockpit of an aircraft. That let me out for aircrew. Then he asked me, "Where is your birth certificate, son?" Likewise the Medical Officer cast a sardonic smile at me and, as I stepped on the scales to measure

my height, he yelled to the clerk, "Five feet one with his socks on."

So began my military career.

Passing through the clothing stores at Manning Pool presented quite a problem, but finally I managed to get a uniform that would follow me no matter which way I turned.

The long winter underwear they



issued me had to be cut off at the knees and even then it was still long underwear. With the trimmings they made a "wind-sock" which today is gracing the roof of some hangar.

I never did get a summer underwear shirt. The shorts they issued me were combinations . . . combinations of shorts and shirt because the shorts came up to my arm-pits. Likewise the winter overcoat presented another problem. Until I could be fitted with one tailored to measure, they issued me with a jacket-serge-blue, slightly altered. At least it kept my ankles warm.

The S.W.O.'s Office outfitted me with a discarded overcoat which, when I wore it, made an ideal sweeper, similar to a bridal gown. They also figured that as I was so short, I wouldn't have to stoop very far to pick up the odds and ends, and thus I would be able to do a good day's work without getting fatigued. Always having our interests at heart, God bless them.

Possibly the meanest trick anyone can do to me is to introduce me to a tall girl. That is what my friend did the other night. Whilst at a dance he introduced me to a charming girl who was at least six feet tall and who didn't weigh a pound under 195.

She didn't dance with me. I danced with her.

What an ordeal that was! I couldn't see where I was going and had to strain my neck even to see her face.

But at least I can say I am up-to-date. Isn't shortage a current fad? And don't people say, "Short and Sweet"? Well, brother, that's me!

FROM SECTION TO SQUADRON

craft and tenders. Other personnel consist of marine chefs and nursing orderlies.

Last, but not least, might be mentioned the "Gestapo," as he calls it, where on rare occasions Charge Sheets are made out and offenders brought to justice by WO.2 Lanouette, Marine Squadron disciplinarian.

Seamen, or as they were formerly classified, motor boat crewmen, hail from every province in Canada; there are airmen who come from Newfoundland, the U.S.A. and even one who calls Rio de Janeiro his home port.

On June 10 this year the Marine Section became officially the E.A.C. Marine Squadron, a new establishment having been drawn up by Air Force Headquarters. The new forma-

tion brings many innovations to this hitherto rugged section, not least of which is the introduction of WD's to the specialized details of marine administration. By the time this copy is off the press it is presumed that the orderly room which has been in charge of Sgt. Griffin will have been "taken over," releasing seamen who have been employed in this capacity. Other seamen, under F/Sgt. Lambert, who have handled so capably the intricate stores procedure, will be replaced in time by equipment assistants.

Heading the entire squadron is F/L Howell, mariner by profession and at home in any East Coast waters. F/L J. R. Hannon is responsible for the efficient activities of the lower section; coordinating the many diversified phases of the engineering department is F/O R. D. Margesson, an engineering graduate of the University of Toronto. F/O H. S. Cassidy,

recently posted from Sydney, has assumed the duties of administrative officer.

Masters of marine craft include officers possessing very high qualifications, and whose seafaring experiences extending over a period of many years have ably fitted them for their commands. Among these are Flying Officers L. C. Lohnes, A. H. Sonnichsen, N. R. Blakeney, E. M. H. Butt, B. A. Eisenhauer, E. O. Fudge, A. S. Himmelman and Pilot Officer T. W. Brown. In charge of salvage and diving operations is F/O D. S. Johnson, whose work was reviewed in last month's issue of Thumbs Up.

This then is the story, or such of it as may be told, of what anyone in it will freely say is the finest squadron on Dartmouth Station; whose motto might well be "Trans Marem Ad Resuscitem" (very free translation and subject to correction!)

Station Personalities

F/S H. C. "HEC" MARIA

"Hi, fair dinkum aye, you jag'gers?" No, "Curley" and "Blueie"—comic strip characters—had not come to life; but it was an Anzac outburst. It came from "Hec" Maria, New Zealand WAG at Dartmouth.

Hector joined his squadron on New Year's Eve, 1942. He was no stranger to Canada, for he had just completed a year at BCATP schools, absorbing waglore with a view to hustling "over there" to put in his "two and six" for the land of the Kiwi.

Five feet four inches tall, the "Little One" was sidetracked here—just when he was almost on board ship for overseas—due to a little difference of opinion as to his medical category. Hector was heartbroken, for all his buddies with whom he had travelled all the way from "Down Under" were leaving without him.

Hector was born in New Zealand about twenty-three years ago and after the usual preliminaries of growing and learning, made his debut in the turf world. "Maria up" became a stock phrase at the betting wickets and along the track rails all over New Zealand as Hector travelled about making a name for himself as a "jock" of no mean ability. Steeplechases were his specialty—he rode in over a thousand races—and he won as much as £1,000 in sweepstakes on a single race.

New Zealand was very much in the war, however, when Hector reached his majority, so he didn't waste any time getting into uniform. After a few weeks of "square-bashing" near home, he was ordered to Canada to undergo training as a WAG. He had a marvellous trip up—Suva—Fiji—Honolulu, travelling first-class on a Matson liner. He just missed the excitement at Pearl Harbour, when his ship left for Frisco on December 6, 1941! Our friend has enjoyed two or three leaves in this country, and usually heads for Saratoga, Belmont Park, or the like, where he can cheer his choice to straight, place or show, visit the paddock to pat a roan's rump, and inhale the equine odors.

Hector thinks the N.Z. liaison

staff may remember he's still living one of these days and send him overseas to rejoin his classmates and finish the job he's already travelled 10,000 miles to do.

Back to the quiet of the New Zealand countryside is Hec's peace aim—to be a gentleman farmer, and enjoy a life of "fair dinkum" every day.

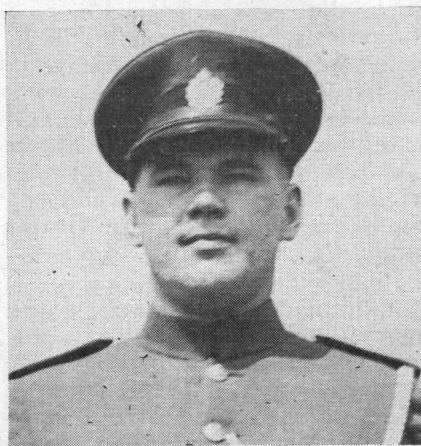
SGT. R. J. "BOB" HUGHES

At sixteen, "Bob" Hughes was the youngest bandmaster in Canada, when he led the West Toronto Salvation Army band.

Bob has had the honor of having



F/S. H. C. MARIA



SGT. R. J. HUGHES

one of his original compositions of band music played before President Roosevelt at the White House by the Montreal Salvation Army Citadel band. He has composed about fifty different marches for brass, woodwind and string instruments. His most recent number was a piece called the "Dartmouth March," written in honor of Dartmouth's Natal Day.

Sgt. Hughes was born in Toronto, was educated there and in Boston and London. He holds an A.T.C.M., an A.R.S.M., and was awarded the Honor of Merit from Harvard University for his work in composition for bands.

Eleven years ago he became a full-fledged bandmaster and music has been his profession ever since. He has taught composition and conducting and worked on many radio programs in that time. He taught at the Salvation Army Music Camp at Jackson's Point, Ontario, for two years. Bob edited all the music for the radio program, "Moments Musical," broadcast from Toronto.

Once, when only eighteen, he went to hear the Band Concert at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto. Just for his own amusement, he tried his hand at scoring the performance of each of the sixteen competing bands. It was found that to fourteen of them he had awarded exactly the same as the noted adjudicator!

It was not very long after Sgt. Hughes landed at Dartmouth from Victoriaville that a change became evident in the band and their tootling on parade. Something new definitely had been added.

The boys explain it in a variety of ways. They tell you that Bob makes sure they get their forty-eights when they are entitled to them. They tell you that Bob goes to bat for them and heads off unreasonable "joe" jobs for the band. They tell you that this big fellow with the quiet manner that breeds quick confidence makes them want to put everything they have into their music. In a word, of course, it is: morale.

The important thing to remember about this soft-spoken music master is that while he knows all the airs he doesn't have any.

He's a regular guy and regular guys can—and frequently do—go places in this man's Air Force.

Bob twirls a mean pill for the band's softball team and dabbles in drafting in his spare time. He is married and has two lovely children.

"Give us the tools and
we will finish the job."

—Winston Churchill

LOCKHEED CONSTELLATION

By SGT. C. W. DEAN

Designed and built for civilian use and turned over to the U.S. Army Air Corps for wartime duty, this big, fast, practical land-based transport will carry a light tank and its complement of troops across the Pacific to Honolulu in twelve hours or across the American continent in less than nine hours.

This plane, which will draw new maps of military logistics and inter-continental commerce, is powered with four 2,000-h.p. Wright engines in an air frame of new aerodynamic efficiency.

The performance of the Constellation stems from its aerodynamic shape perfected after exhaustive research by the Lockheed "conference system" of engineering which pools the efforts of great engineers.

The fuselage—best of seven shapes

developed and tested—resembles an air foil itself and has the lowest drag consistent with its large cubic capacity. It also causes the least possible interference with the lift exerted by the centre section of the wing.

Among other outstanding engineering feats incorporated in this aircraft are dual brakes on dual wheels of the landing gear, thus practically eliminating the possibility of brake failure. Hydraulic boosters on all controls eliminate pilot fatigue, for with them he exerts only a small fraction of the effort required to move the control surfaces. This is the first time this feature has been used on any aircraft.

Short take-off and landing runs and unique maneuverability at slow speeds are due to the double acting Lockheed Fowler flaps.

Partial engine failure would have little effect upon the Constellation for the ship can maintain a 25,000-foot altitude on three of its engines

and will fly at 16,500 feet on only two.

These engines are covered with stainless steel nacelles and cowlings within which a fire could be confined for thirty minutes without interrupting flight or causing serious damage.

This aircraft's speed and range in peace time would allow it to carry—under today's air line procedure with frequent fueling stops—sixty passengers across the continent for far less than railroad fares.

Summed up, this means the heaviest load flown over the longest distance in the shortest time with the greatest safety, and at the least cost, combined with pressurized cabin with two separate superchargers either of which will maintain correct air density. The usefulness of this plane as a military troop transport can thus easily be seen.

Though it does not serve on fighting or bombing fronts, it is truly one of the tools with which the United Nations fight.

SCRAMBLE: RED SECTION!

A story short we have to tell.

A low green hut behind a hill—
A bell rings and we run like hell:
Scramble: red section!

Two mighty merlins roar to life—

It makes a man forget his wife—
Oh what a thrill, oh what a life!
Scramble: red section!

A rocket shoots up, red as blood,
A green light answers: "Make it
good";

A shrill voice pipes: "Hey, miss that
mud!":
Scramble: red section!

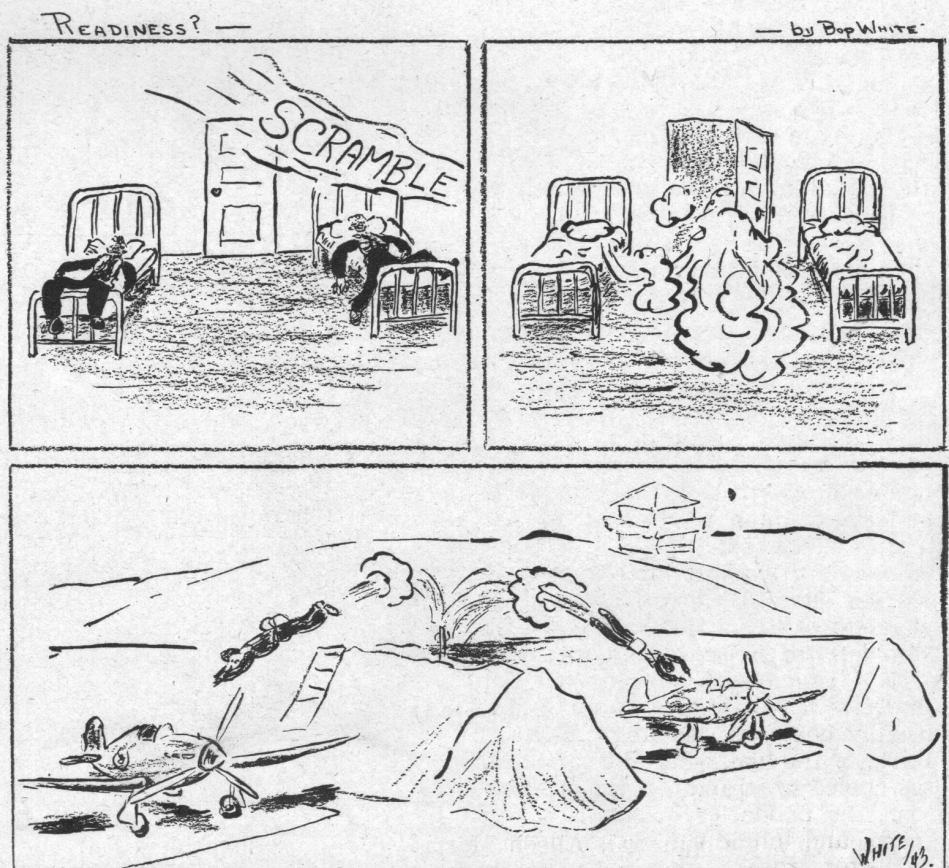
The road is long, the road is rough—
Whoever built those pits was
tough—

A lesser man would shout enough:
Scramble: red section!

Red section, airborne over base
Quick with a vector, where's the
place?

'Twas just a practise scramble, ace:
Scrambled red section.

—ANON.





Republic's glamour gal, Aileen Morris, leaves us breathless. If she ever manages to pound that drum as fast as our heart pounds when we look at her picture, she'll be able to double for Gene Krupa any time.

STATION SHOTS



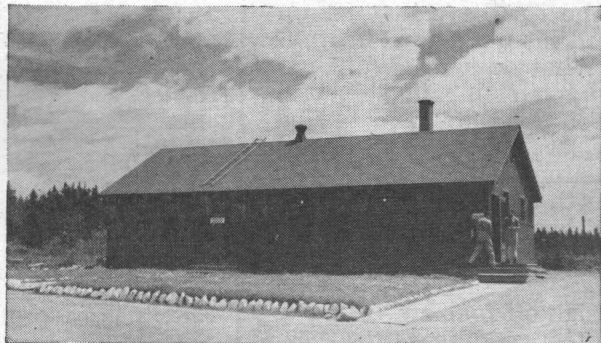
LINK TRAINER and PARACHUTE BUILDING



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING



STATION HOSPITAL



POST OFFICE



LANDPLANE AIRMENS' CANTEEN



LANDPLANE SERGEANTS' MESS

Unit News



NO. 5 HANGAR

Here we are again to try and bring you a few choice items from this hangar of hangars, or the "bee hive" in other words. Although some people don't call it that, namely, "Work Shops"—it seems as though we disturb their slumber at times. What do you say, Flight?

This time we would like to ask a few questions:

(1) Where does Cpl. Ross go on his 48's? Some people we know would be very interested to find out. You want to watch out for blackmail. (2) Whose picture LAC. Palles carries around in his pocket, is it your girl friend or your sister? Trying to let on you have something? (3) Did F/Sgt. Brown take another fishing trip or did he just have that for an excuse to tell his girl friend in Halifax? (4) What does LAC. Thompson find so interesting in going to church? You don't go there to find girl friends, or do you? (5) What is the attraction for Cpl. "Red" Way at the "North Star?" Could it be another red head? You know what happens when two red heads get together.

Have to sign off for now. Hope to pick up a few additions for next issue. —"THE WOLF."

HEARD AT LOWER MARINE SECTION

Sgt. Sam Wylie, "Hey, Bud!" Was his face red when "Bud" turned out to be the O.C.!

We hear wedding bells are in the offing for the nicest little man on the dock, ever cheerful Joe Oakes, or is it. Cpl. Oakes? Good luck, little man, in your new adventure.

What certain Sr. N.C.O. prefers to keep his spotless name from Thumbs Up? Can it be that he has nothing more to look for in the certain coloured sheets?

There is a certain WO.2 ("toothless") Lanouette who would like to get some service at the Dental Clinic again. How about it, Major?

The greatest and fastest thinking was recently displayed when F/Sgt.

Simpell transferred passengers from four different boats in five minutes flat!

The boys down here are amazed by the courage of Dennis Geffen, who has listened for months on end to Joe Langlois, who has lectured to him through every shift on how the war could be run—in five easy lessons.

BAND NOTES

Probably no section of the Station is any busier these days than the Band, although they are seldom seen by most of the Station personnel. However, our popular Sergeant Bob Hughes and his merry men of music (and I do mean merry) have indeed

been working overtime.

During the past two months no less than twenty-five concerts and ten dances were played by the boys in addition to their daily routine Station duties.

Even with their many engagements the Band still found time to take an active part in Station sports and entered a team in the softball league and showed, in no uncertain manner, that they knew their baseball, too.

At the time of writing they had won all their games played but one. The bandmaster proved himself equally versatile on the diamond as on the podium (conductor's stand to you) by pitching most of the games and catching the others. Managed by Cliff Kershaw, the team boasts this well-balanced line-up:

First base, Cpl. McLachlan; second base, Cpl. Gord Hickery, who also pitches; shortstop, Ray Miles; third base, Eddie Petit; outfielders, Cliff Kershaw, Harry Bridgeo, Bob Woodley, Harold Baker; catcher, Harry Musicar; pitcher, Sgt. Bob Hughes. Just nosed out in the finals last year, the team hopes to make the grade this season.

FROM THE ACCOUNT SECTION

Things We Would Like to Know—

Why Sgt. H— dictates his letters NOW rather than preparing them in rough for the steno. Has he forgotten about the W.R.E.N.?

Why a certain LAC. sent his wife back to Toronto recently. (Toronto, the beloved city of Nova Scotians.)

Is the SENIOR N.C.O. from that Section going to bestow the RING while on leave?

Why (F.W.) is so anxious to go on leave. Is it the snap he keeps admiring or was he spoiled while at Dorval? (F.W. is more commonly known as Yankee Doodle Dandee.) We all wish him a happy fourteen daze.

Why the Steno was C.B.'d, or did he (she) just like coming back to work in the evenings (when Pierre was on duty)?

Why that section throws parties occasionally. Is it to get acquainted with new faces or to see the old ones

EXTRA MESSING EXPENDITURES FOR JULY, 1943

Following is the Extra Messing expenditure for the month of July for the Airmen's Messes:

40 lbs. Jelly Powder	\$40.00
410 lbs. Tomatoes	87.40
Lettuce	41.20
6 doz. Radishes	6.00
13 lbs. Green Peppers	3.90
22 doz. Cucumbers	27.00
5 lbs. Garlic	1.50
11 cs. Canned Vegetables	33.50
1 cs. Canned Fruit	6.00
3 cs. Lemons	26.25
4 cs. Oranges	26.00
2 crates Strawberries	19.20
865 lbs. Sausages	171.20
375 lbs. Liver	43.74
116 lbs. S.P. Tongue	25.68
25 cs. Cereals	68.75
100 lbs. Icing Sugar	8.30
100 lbs. Granulated Sugar	7.15
250 lbs. Butter	109.00
916 lbs. Lard	173.60
10 cs. Pickles	62.80
15 lbs. Baking Soda	1.30
1 card Saccharine	2.25
20 lbs. Mustard	7.50
18 lbs. Spices	7.85
6 pkgs. Cr. of Tartar	1.70
1 lb. Yeast30
150 gals. Ice Cream	216.98
60 lbs. Hy Vol	30.46
12 bags Donut Flour	165.00
2 bbls. Lemon Pie Filler	76.68
20 bottles Extracts	18.55
Milk	421.32
12 balls Butcher Twine	6.88
4 Paring Knives60
Total	\$1966.54

G. A. TORRIE,
Section Officer.

smile? We understand a shortage of coca cola really hurt these affairs.

Did the Senior Officer from this section really lose his hat in a puddle of water one morning of a pay parade?

Why this section occasionally loses a ball game. Is it the pitcher or the ale?

Why they all regretted to see Sgt. Healey go to Lachine (aircrew). Was it because he was a good originator of all pranks and parties?

Congratulations are extended to Sgt. Butler and F/Sgt. Huyck, who each were promoted to that rank on August 1. More power to you fellows. (Here's a pair of good prospects for Orderly Sergeant.)

What AC.1 Andrews has in town. Is he after subscriptions for "Thumbs Up"?

CHEWING THE FAT

Hello, all you hungry people! Here is your chuck-wagon correspondent with all the latest news and views on the "what's cookin', goodlookin' " front.

Found—a medium to do away with the "Great Silver Mystery" — chop sticks! Works and Buildings have, we hear, received an "E 42" for several thousand pairs. Chop! Chop! Velly good—huh?

By the way, have you seen the long list of anxious, studious cooks—beg pardon, chefs—tearing up the main drag in a desperate attempt to beat the 6:30 deadline to the Rec Hall? Well, gather around, you curious people; they say they are on their way to fame and fortune and a very elusive "A" group. To receive this you have to be a magician, diplomat, lawyer, P.T. man and foreign correspondent combined.

What is that hopeless look Willie Snyder wears these days? A for apples?

LAC. Landry gave a very interesting lecture on knives at a recent meeting on pot washing conducted by our able friend, Sgt. Starr.

Our leaves have flourished surprisingly well recently. Thank you, Mam.

Who is the Cpl. who was out picking flowers on the main road in the wee small hours of the morning? What do you put them in, Pop—the soup?

The new mess is really a diller and could easily accommodate LPB and SPB entire personnel. Who are these lucky chefs preparing it for use, or wouldn't Allen be talking?

Sgt. Franklin declares he is cham-

pion table tennis man on the station and has posted a \$5.00 bet that no one can take him. One at a time, please!

My, my . . . they say that the night cook in the airmen's mess LPB wouldn't get that nice little WD a glass of cream off the tops of the bottles. No dear, he isn't mean—he just looks like that all the time.

Well, friends, hope you all get that "A" and that ain't Hay. See you at the Harbour Cafe.

Doin's At the Dental

The "Yank in the RAF" is not related to the yanks in the Dental Clinic.

There's more pull down here than there is in the C.O.'s office.

Getting at the root of the trouble is a daily affair in this clinic.

The "Last Toast" was sounded one night in the landplane canteen not long ago when Cpl. Frank Daley was posted to another station.

Frank had a salty sense of humor straight off the seas around his native Cape Breton Island and his contagious good nature won him countless friends all over the station, in blue as well as khaki.

The Dental Corps will miss his mirth-making ways and wish him all the best at his new station.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

Newfoundland - Canadian relations were further cemented when the crew of the "Eskimo" played a softball tournament with the St. Anthony All-Stars—crack Newfie team. This is the most northerly point on record in which the Air Force have upheld their honor in this sport in Newfoundland.

In the initial game the Islanders triumphed 30 to 16—or with some such like score, but in the return engagement the Air Force had revenge and came out on the long end of a 14-13 score.

Cheers:

(1) For the St. Anthony players, who turned in a solid game under adverse conditions. (2) For 'Lizzy Lou,' the little Eskimo ump, who tho' young, handled the games like a vet. (3) For "Red" Woods, our star hurler, who was sensational — was it "Black Diamond," Red?

Hisses:

(1) For the rain, fog, and the ball field—the only one known that has a seven-foot ditch bisecting the out-field. (2) Kiley and Creaser, who



periodically fell into said ditch, and emerged minus the ball. (3) Junior, the Bearded Boy Wonder, who just couldn't connect.

ARCHERY NOTES

A couple of weeks ago, we inserted in the News and Views page of D.R.O.'s, an invitation for all archers to come out and start "ruining arrows," under the direction of AC.1 Barry Logan.

How should we know we were kidding "on the square"? In practically no time (two nights later), our would-be "archers" knocked out our supply of arrows, thus putting a temporary wham on a pastime that seemed headed for big things. Consequently a rush order for replacements has been sent.

Drawing a bow requires little of the strength and contortions used in golf, tennis and swimming, and is one of the few games in which women can compete successfully with husky male athletes.

We were reading an article in one of the popular picture magazines in which one of the writers stated that "Archery is the only sport at which women appear attractive."

Your editor, rising to defend you bee-you-ti-ful gals (how!), thinks this writer must be that same moron who devised that two-way toupee, for people who don't know whether they're coming or going. The only trouble is that this same guy didn't elaborate on the word sport.

NOVA SCOTIAN CALENDAR

From LAC. George Maynard

Dirty days hath September,
April, June and November,
Other months have thirty-one,
Without a blessed gleam of sun.
From January first to end of May,
The rain it raineth every day;
If February could have two and thirty,
They'd be twice as wet and just as dirty.



W. D. DIARY

TOUGH RACE TO LOSE!

"Draw one! Draw one! Pull hard on those lower arms! Together now—dip! dip!" rang out across the lake. "Yes," said an interested observer from the shore, "those airforce girls are at it again."

The girls were coming into the home stretch. Brown, suntanned, girls with happy faces putting everything possible into their stroke. "Don't get ragged, girls, come on now—dip! dip!" A few more strokes were taken. "Let her run."

The war canoe, a huge one, drifted alongside the wharf and the occupants could be seen from bow to stern: Flight Officer Elizabeth Bie of Moose Jaw, Sask., senior W.D. officer on the Station, was right stroke and is shown at the prow of the canoe, extreme right. Other members of the team were LAW. Joan Dawe, Toronto, hospital assistant; LAW. Mary Gordon, Victoria, B.C. radiographer; AW.1 Mary Anderson, Calgary, Alta., meteorological observer; Cpl. Dorothy Menzies, Vancouver, B.C., laboratory technician; LAW. Vivian Sullivan, Carrot River, Sask., hospital assistant; AW.1 Muriel Allen, St. Nicholas, P.E.I., clerk operational; Cpl. Daisy Dunn, Toronto, laboratory assistant; Cpl. Bobbe Lindholm, Wetaskawin, Alta., clerk operational; LAW. Bea Underhill, Calgary, Alta., hospital assistant; LAW. Jean Cleghorn, St. Stephen, N.B., hospital assistant; LAW. Zella Stade, Chilliwack, B.C., clerk operational, and Sgt. Read, Toronto, code and cypher.

For weeks the girls had gathered almost nightly at the Banook Canoe Club for a tough workout under the supervision of their coxswain, Cpl. Bobby Findlay, R.C.A.S.C., veteran coach of many teams in the Dartmouth area. Bobby is well liked by the girls and they're looking forward to future meets.

The day of the big race was at hand—and what a day! The Nova Scotia sunshine came "pouring down" but in spite of the adverse weather conditions, the regatta went on.

The girls' services canoe race came fifth on the program and excitement ran high. Our girls arrived at the starting line first and eyed the Wrens as they came slowly up into position. "Yes," they surmised, "they do look rather tough to beat, but we'll do it." There was no loud crack of a gun but a terrific yell from the starter that made the canoe fairly jump from the line. It was a long, hard race with the Airforce girls in the lead. Slowly, ever so slowly, the Wrens gained. The race proved to be one of the most exciting of the day, but the tussle was lost. It was a hard one to lose, but the girls are ready to challenge the Wrens any day, for:

"It's not for the sake of a rib-boned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
When the Captain's hand on your shoulder smote,
"Play up! Play up! and play the game."

Idea-of-the-Month

A DATE BUREAU!

A couple of zoot-suiters, looking pretty sharp, came in the other day to lay a complaint. "We want to date a couple of DW's," they wailed. "and we don't know how to get in touch with them. Why can't you start a date bureau, or something?"

Well, how about it, girls?

WD-operated, the bureau would be managed by a key girl who would arrange all requested introductions, after scanning personal dope sheet submitted by GI Joe.

Sample submission:

Name: Doe, Joe; height: 5x5; weight: 205; complexion: brown; hair: falling. Is athletic; interesting conversationalist. Hobbies: butterflies, chess, sex and quoits. Seeks WD companion with same interests to go biking in Dartmouth. Has off-duty pass and can borrow four dollars if necessary.

CONTRAST

Grim old Halifax is lying,
Grim and gray her docks and piers,
Grim her ships lie waiting
For the sounds of war she hears.

Dull the aircraft watching over
Blend with skies so none may see;
Dull the convoys slipping softly
With their cargoes, off to sea.

But the twilight brings its changes,
Harbour lights come on, and then
No longer dull and tired, she
Lifts her head and smiles again.

Gone the grimness, gone the grayness,
Water twinkles back each light;
Dancing searchlights seek the aircraft
Not quite hidden in the night.

And smiling, softened Halifax
Throws off her cloak of gray,
And smiles with all her harbour lights
But sobers down with day.

—LAW. JOYCE McPHERSON.

Who was the lucky girl that got a sparkler for her left hand this month?
We wish you luck—Jo and Murray!
Surprised Friends.



Sgt. Dorothy Doyle, born in Halifax, was educated at St. Pat's School. Joined the WD in November 1941 at Halifax and then to Toronto for basic training. When this station opened up for WD's she was posted here to take charge of them; then, with her job capably done, she went to Scouduc to supervise the first bunch of WD's posted there. Now we have her back with us temporarily. Before her enlistment she had a very interesting position as a court stenographer at the Halifax Court House. She enjoys badminton, tennis and dancing.

STATION CONCERT

The open season for station talent concerts began on Wednesday, August 18, with no dead ducks at the end of the evening. The newly formed concert committee produced a real evening's entertainment and we hope that the encouraging attendance at the show will make them work still harder to keep the ball rolling this winter.

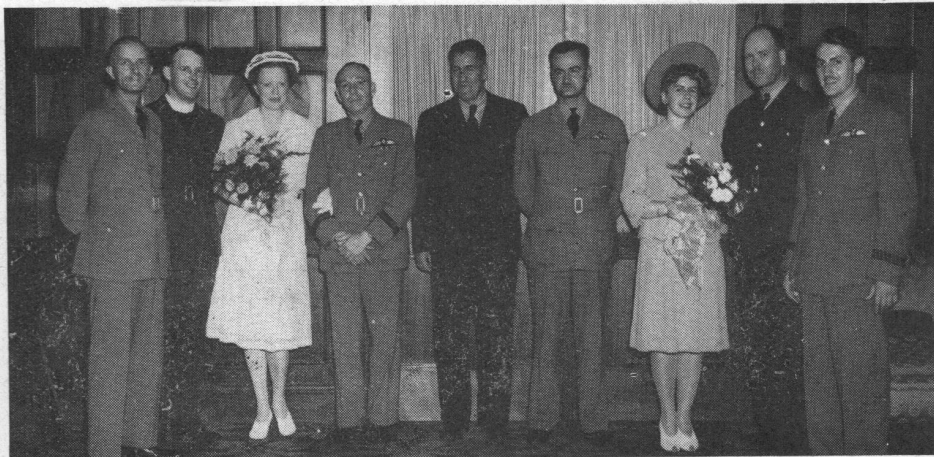
The evening consisted of a concert, sing-song and quiz contest with a few minutes of dancing at the end of the evening. Padre Tanton was the versatile M.C. of the evening and we enjoyed his jokes; he certainly kept the concert rolling down the assembly line. The concert consisted of songs and readings by Cpl. Jordan, mandolin and piano by the Carty brothers, songs by WO.1 O'Sullivan (he managed to get in one Irish song), piano and guitar by Cpl. MacLachlan and LAC. Baker, modern stylings of classical music on the piano by Sgt. Carty, songs by Cpl. Martel, Bill Steciuk and Chuck Golden with accordion and mandolin. LAC. Stone was the accompanist for the evening and closed the concert with several fine solo numbers.

The rest of the evening consisted of a sing-song led by Pete Mitchell and a quiz contest conducted by the Padre. The only remark we will make about the quiz contest is that the men won handily from the women



STATION CONCERT

Bill Steciuk and Chuck Golden send a solid little number in an accordion-mandolin duet.



**FULLER—LESLIE
WEDDING**

A wedding of station interest was solemnized at All Saints' Cathedral recently. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. H. H. Walsh, rector of Christ Church, Dartmouth, assisted by F/L the Rev. D. T. Haviland, until recently Anglican padre at this station.

The bride, Miss Jean Odell Leslie, is a valued member of the teaching staff of the Halifax Commercial Academy. She was given away by her brother, Lieut. Edar Leslie of the Pictou Highlanders.

The groom, F/L W.S. Fuller (Control Tower), a veteran pilot of the Great War with an imposing log of flying hours to his credit, is among a small group of officers of longest standing on the station. He was attended by a brother officer, as best

In the Picture

Left to right: F/L R. E. D. Cattley, F/L the Rev. D. T. Haviland, the bride, the bridegroom, Mr. Jack Lunn, F/L J. D. Grant, Miss Marjorie Dunsworth, F/O C. S. Day, F/L P. J. Van Elslande.

man, whom he had met at Manning Pool in August, 1941, and who was posted to Dartmouth with him in the following October — F/L R. E. D. Cattley. He was supported (purely in the Hymeneal sense) by four other close friends from the station, who appear in the photograph.

The bridesmaid was Miss Marjorie Dunsworth of Halifax and Moncton, N.B., and the bride was further attended by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Edgar Leslie.

Following the ceremony, which was blessed by one of those rare summer days, the bridal party and their friends were guests at a wedding luncheon at the Lord Nelson Hotel.

since they knew more answers in the field of drinks than the woman. The last part of the evening was spent on the main floor with the personnel enjoying a few minutes of dancing. We respectfully request the fire department to refrain from false alarms during our shows.

SONG HITS OF THE DAY
(You're in the Air Force Now)

Pay Parade—"You Are My Sunshine."
Church Parade—"O, Come All Ye Faithful."
Inspection—"You Walked By."
48's—"Once In A While."
Service Police—"You're Just An Angel in Disguise."
Trade Test—"What D'Ya Know Joe?"
Lights Out—"It's All Over Now" (that's what you think!)

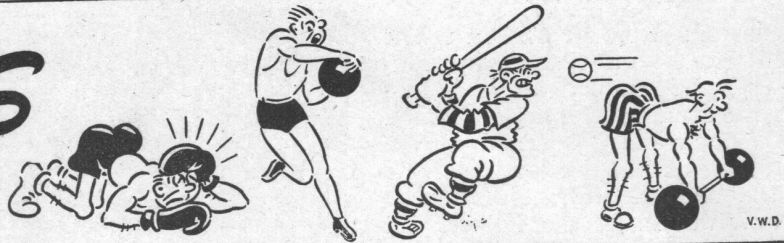
T.D.—W.D.



THE NAVY SHOW

Four reasons why the navy show proved a smash hit at Dartmouth are pictured above. The incendiary islander are WRENS, Tomlinson, Barrie, Parsons and Lynas.

Sports



By CPL. H. J. GREENBERG

SOFTBALL (Inter-section)

(A' rootin' and a' tootin') And rounding the last turn and headed down the last stretch is "Jimmie" Lortie's crack speshul, the Dartmouth Softball League.

A veritable melting pot of 32 tons of hustling ballplayer, officer and airman alike, this league representing every section on the Station, has beyond a doubt earned its spurs.

There has never been a need, for ANY team, at ANY time, to take the field without being generously supplied with sufficient of the dandy new jerseys, and completely equipped with mitts, bats, balls, masks and running shoes. (A feature not found on many Airforce stations.)

The fields have been well marked; the backstops well constructed. The umpires have been armed with a whisk. And with their telescopic vision (developed on wolfing expeditions in town) have turned in excellent performances. Namely, Ted Shienfield, Jerry Hawrysh, LAC. Stark, Cpl. Jordan, Cpl. Crozier, Cpl. MacLachlan, Cpl. Carriere, Sgt. Mastin and Cpl. Greenberg.

All these outstanding improvements over previous years have found grateful acclaim with the fellows, who in turn have responded with their fine spirit and co-operation. The brand of ball this year is strictly high-class. And that's for sure.

Too much emphasis cannot be accredited the work of F/O Coulter, Sgt. Mastin, and Cpl. Lortie, whose untiring efforts have already shown splendid results.

Oh, yes! Don't forget that artist with the cup and pail! You know, that poor, stooped-over, haggard-laggard who slaves and raves up and down the foul lines, putting such beautiful white curves in them. If and when you pass this vital worker, please, don't yell "Hey Joe" and laugh.

It makes me s-o-o mad!

Bombers: With Doug Lyon, erstwhile Station team pitcher, hurling stellar ball, the Bombers are 'way out in front. Are a good ball club from the catcher out, featuring Boyd, Duffy, Carroll and Burke in the infield, and Marshman, McCusker and Richardson in the berries. Simpson and Hillson are the catchers. F/S Boyd is the manager.

SPORTRAIT OF THE MONTH



TONY LOCOCO

AC.1 Tony Lococo is the lad who boosted the RCAF in the Natal Day diving events. When the day was finished for him he was the holder of the Maritime diving championship.

Born and educated at Niagara Falls, Tony started his diving career at the age of 13 and competed locally till 1940.

At the Niagara Falls Collegiate he was the boxing champ and at the same time he held the city rifle championship.

His hobbies are all outdoor activities, including hunting and fishing.

In the RCAF he follows his civilian trade, aircraft welding, which he hopes to continue after the war, or go to college.

The toughest dive Tony does is the one and a half pike with a full twist. . . . You figure it out . . . we can't.

Preston: This club relies mostly on their hitting power, and they've got plenty of it. Their first battery of Haley and Thayer is good. The infield of Price, Elliot, Blake and Kennedy is top-notch. Righetti, Kelly and Burns are the outfielders. Cpl. Turner, cheer-leader, is the best—anywhere.

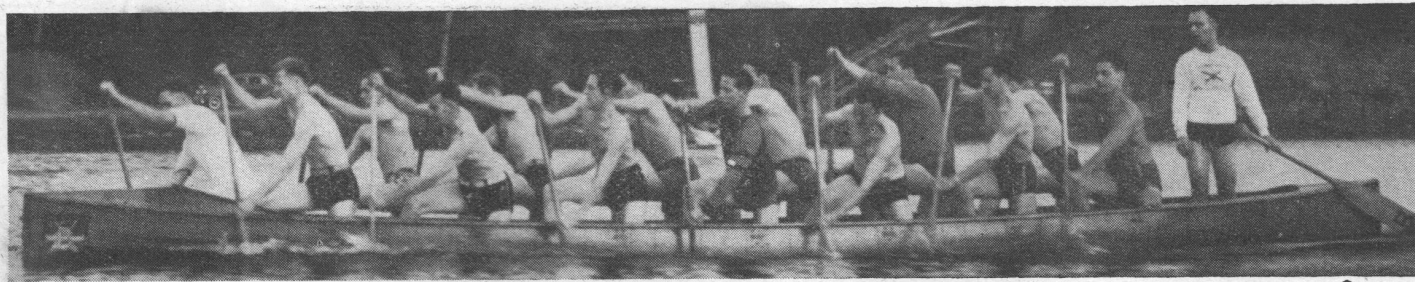
Bell Lake: Lost their only game to the lowly Equipment. Versatile Bill Clark does the throwing with Preston catching. Costello, Chemicki, Skidmore and Lognon are as good as any infield in the league, while Gibbs, Dumouchelle and Heslin turned in a smart game in the bushes. Sgt. Gregory bosses these lads.

Band: Dropped their only game to Bombers in ten innings, 4-3. But won't lose many more, if any. Infield of MacLachlan, Hickery, Miles and Petit are outstanding. Bridgeo, Woodley and Kershaw can't be beaten as outfielders. With Hughes flinging his steady brand of ball, the Band will be right in there for the playoffs. Musicar is the receiver.

Harbor View: Heaviest hitters in the league. F/S Oberling's infield of Carson, Trepanier, McElroy, Shearer and Butler, and outfield of Morforton, Maxim, Whitton, Harsh and Malloy, are tops. Zarzour and Garton double on the pitching, King and Long on the catching.

Standing of Dartmouth Softball League—Aug. 16

	W.	L.
Bombers	10	0
Bell Lake	8	1
Preston	8	2
Band	5	1
Harbor View	7	3
Orfuns	5	4
Joes	5	4
Cyclones	4	5
Lizzies	3	5
Accounts	3	5
Lancers	3	6
Worry Warts	3	6
Hurricanes	2	6
Allouettes	2	7
Sharks	2	7
Security Guard	1	7



THE AIRMEN'S NATAL DAY WAR CANOE

Left to right: W/02 L. A. Cheek, Cpl. M.R. Kemp, LAC H. Greer, Cpl. J. Sheehy, LAC J. Wright, Sgt. J. Adams, LAC F. C. Cossi, LAC E. J. Christie, Cpl. J. A. E. Carriere, LAC S. R. Redman, LAC C. E. Godfrey, LAC J. McTavish, F/S J. A. Blakeney, Cpl. Sidenberg. The competent coxswain standing in the rear is Cpl. Bob Findlay, RCASC. Bob also did a smooth job of coaching the W. D. war canoe.

Orfuns: A team that's going to be hard to beat from now on in. Dropped the last one to Harbor View after taking five in a row. McAskille, Morrow, Clarke, Parrack, Aikens, Coulter, Bergeron, Poulton, Long, Shienfield, Mitchell, Ingersoll and Greenberg make up a potent ball team.

Joes: F/S Watkins' team would be a lot higher, were they a little more consistent. Gilbert, Sadowski, Watkins, Fairley, Menzies, Bigelow, Morton, Monty, Rowberry, Mannet, Knapp, Goldstein, Munnoch and Tomlinson, make up the Joes.

Cyclones: After a hot start, the Cyclones have cooled down a little. The battery of Martin and Pallister is good. M. Martin, Kaine, Arbess and Masson are a smooth infield. Kuffner, Brodeur, Malcolm and Went are the hard-hitting outfielders.

Lizzies: A dandy team with a couple of rough spots. The Lizzies are steadily climbing and should make the playoffs with a little luck. Albert and Chelin are a good battery. Dallas, Atkins, Buck and Smith are a tight infield. Common, Forrester, Way and Eabie are very good in the outfield.

Accounts: Sgt. Butler's boys took an awful wallop in the first game of the season, but are out to make up for it. A hustling ball club composed of Duff and Boughton as the battery; Alexander, Eisenstadt, Callaghan, Steeves and Butler as infielders and Hickson and Griffiths plus somebody else are the outfielders.

Lancers: A darn good ball club that should go places, if and when they settle down. Beatch and Knepsler are a good battery. Maloche, Gagnon, Thompson and Bain are the infielders, and O'Leary, Johnson and Nickerson are the outfielders.

Worry Warts: Last year's champs have fallen on evil days. LAC. Mathieson, the manager, is also the catcher, with "Red" Clarke pitching. Lounsbury, Dyke, Greer and Clarke are the infield with Sutherland, Robertson and Smith the outfielders.

Hurricanes: The most conscientious ball club of the bunch. If the Adams-

Sylvain combination had their way they would recruit every thing that walks on the Station, to play ball for them. Mastin and Cruickshank are the pitchers and Goodwin and Tucker the catchers. Gallipeau, Janisse, Fullerton, Hawrysh make up the infield, and Shufflebottom, Baltman and Hamilton the outfield.

Allouettes: These Fighting Frenchmen are the hustlingest team of them all. Always in there pitching, even though they sometimes have been deluged. With a good pitcher they could go right up to the top. Goulet, Girard, Quenneville, Blais, Lee, Henaire and Danis are their best. LAC. LeBlanc is the coach.

Sharks: "The spirit is willing." Cpl. Jordan's ball club have never quit trying. Nauss, Smith, Jordan, Sprague and Dakes are their best.

Security Guard: LAC. Perry, who doubles as manager and pitcher, is also the team's best hitter. Boomer, Panneton and Dalton are the others who are in their pitchin'.

BY KENMAC

On Wednesday, August 4, a valiant little crew of paddlers swam into Dartmouth for the big Natal Day, there to do battle against the Navy, Army, Civilians and the weather. Although we were beaten in the War Canoes, our swimmers and divers showed us off in better style.

At the very start of the day the distance runners went over the six-mile Woodlawn course and AC.1 Jeffries of the R.A.F., Debert, showed his heels to a classy pack of runners. Although the day was heavy he nearly equalled the record time.

The Men's War Canoe race was one of the closest we have seen for some time. When the timer's gun went off, both teams fell exhaustedly on their paddles and neither crew knew which had won until the official announcement was made.

LAC. Mishnick beat out the ex-Canadian champ (now in the Navy), Gordie Lawrence, in the Backstroke, and also forced him to an excellent time in the 60-yard Freestyle dash.

LAC. McKenzie caught a very close second in the 190-yard Freestyle. He lost to the Navy's Lawrence by a couple of seconds, which is a very close finish for this distance, against a champ.

The Fleet Air Arm had several heart-breaking finishes in the dashes and also in the relay, but in spite of their foul luck came off with a third in the 60-yard Freestyle, a third in the 60-yard Breast Stroke, also a second in the four-man Relay. The last lap was finished in 24 seconds, which is a record time.

"X" Squadron had five swimmers trained and set to go, but on the actual day of the race one was on leave and the other four were flying; consequently, their squadron wasn't represented. Their pride and joy boy, Sgt. J. G. Smith, swam 60 yards in 24 seconds.

TRACK AND FIELD

The big E.A.C. Track and Field meet is to be held on September 3 at No. 31 P. D., Moncton, New Brunswick.

Out of this meet will come the representatives for the RCAF in the Inter-Service Meet to be held at the Navy League Recreation Centre, Halifax, on Labor Day, September 6.

BOWLING

The consensus of opinion on our Station, taken through the medium of the suggestion boxes, is that 'Bowling would definitely raise the morale of our Airwomen, Airmen and Officers.'

This as a year-round sport that everyone participates in, would be beneficial to all, both socially and recreationally.

Now that the Women's Division is with us permanently, a suitable recreation for them would also be found in bowling.

Shop Talk

Directed by

Sgt.

C. W. DEAN



BLACK LIGHTING

By F/S C. S. PERKINS

One of the most important things about night flying is to be able to see the instruments that help in the performance of the aircraft. Many means have been devised to assist the pilot and crew in this respect, but none are so effective as Black Lighting.

In the ordinary way aircraft instruments are lighted there is usually a reflection from the instrument glass and most pilots will agree it is annoying. It takes the average person approximately three quarters of an hour to become really accustomed to the dark and, if an ordinary light is turned on, the eyes have to get used to the darkness all over again. Black Light does away with all this.

For anyone to see this type of lighting for the first time, it is indeed mystifying, because when it is turned on they see no light except on the dials of the various instruments. This light, which you don't see, can be made dimmer or brighter by just turning the knob of the rheostat, and, the light itself does not originate from the instrument.

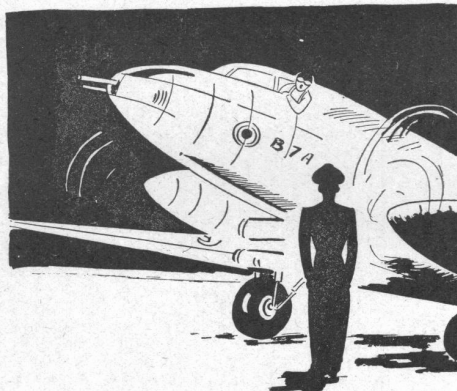
The answer to all this is simple if you understand the different colours

of the spectrum. The ray, as used in black lighting, is Ultra Violet, but not so "ultra" that it won't penetrate the instrument glass. The Ultra Violet ray cannot be detected by the human eye, but it can be detected by putting any fluorescent substance in its path. The ray sends out a short wave of light and the fluorescent substance makes the wave long enough to be observed by human

vision.

The lamp used in the aircraft which emits the black light is covered with a screen of quartz, cutting out all of the colours of the spectrum except the Ultra Violet, and this ray lights up the fluorescent markings on the dial of the instrument to such an extent that it looks very much as though a light were shining through from the back of the instrument dial. This black light has the advantage that it does not cause a reflection back into the eyes of the person observing it.

The aircrew who have already seen this equipment and have used it have nothing but the highest praise for its efficiency and those who have yet to see it installed in their own aircraft have a pleasant surprise in store for them.



"Joe": "How much gas have you?"
Pilot: "I don't know. The indicator says half, but I don't know whether that means half full or half empty."

The "average husband" is one that isn't as good as she thought he was before marriage, nor as bad as she thinks he is afterwards.

* * * *

Vet.: "Yes, sir, I was in the service myself when I was your age."

AC.2: "And what was your official capacity?"

Vet.: "Oh, four or five quarts."

Did You Know?

Non-Stop

When World War II broke, preparations were under way for a Vickers-Armstrong Wellington to make a non-stop flight of 10,000 miles. This could have been the world's distance record.

Speed

The present world speed record for seaplanes stands at 440.67 m.p.h. set by the Macchi Castoldi M.C. 72 twin-float seaplane with a 3,000 h.p. Fiat A. S.6 tandem motor, at Lake Garda on October 23, 1934. It was flown by Lieut. Francisco Agello, who was killed.

Production

Henry Ford's great factory at Willow Run, Detroit, delivered its first B.24 Liberator bomber early in December, 1942. The peak production of one bomber per

hour is to be reached in the autumn of 1943.

The U.S. aircraft industry produced 49,000 aircraft during 1942.

Change

The Handley Page Harrow, originally designed as a bomber, is now used as a troop transport, while the Lockheed 14, originally designed as a transport, was the design used for the Lockheed Hudson V. bomber.

Hare and Tortoise

The speediest aircraft serving the British today is probably the Vickers-Supermarine "Spitfire," while the slowest aircraft, excluding initial trainers, is the Vickers-Supermarine "Walrus" with a maximum speed of 135 m.p.h. and a cruising speed of 95 m.p.h.

NAMES YOU WILL REMEMBER

Cpl. C. J. Martell simply bubbles over with infectious good humor. In fact her personality is so potent that she waltzed away with top honors as a bond salesman in Gander's fourth Victory Loan drive. In two days' time she wheedled \$4,400.00 out of RCAF personnel in that desolate spot. From Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, she enlisted at Halifax, December 18, 1941. Prior to that she was matron of the K. of C. Hostel in

that city. She was attached to the Women's Auxiliary Corps. She says she owes much to the training received under Lieut. John Barnaby in the Corps for the ease with which she has gotten along in the Air Force. Certainly, she is a great favourite with the boys at the MT section, where she works. She enjoys any outdoor sport. Other stations: Summerside and Centralia.



Cpl. Dick Forrest is an eligible bachelor of exceptional administrative ability — an ability that enables him to keep the intricate web of orderly room detail in his squadron from becoming a tangled skein of Air Force procedure. Though only 23, Dick's cogent, penetrating observations on affairs national and international trumpet a brilliant future for him, when we stop and beat our jeeps back into plowshares. He comes from Van-

cover and modestly admits it has no match. Dick thinks "Grouse" mountain — close by the city — was so named after a Torontonian who settled in Vancouver, could find nothing to complain about, lost his reason and took to its slopes — a hermit with an harangue-over. Dick built and raced his own sail boat when a civilian sportsman, winning more than one trophy in deadly competition with Seattle clubs.



LAC Floyd Blades is a native Nova Scotian, coming from East Pubnico, down in Yarmouth county. He says he can't quite describe his present work — in print; but he'll talk for hours on the work he wants to do — riding Thunderbolts through the sky with every Browning blazing. At 21, he's been farmer, lumberjack, carpenter. He'd sooner hunt than anything else and is at his best when stalking deer — both the antlered va-

riety and the kind with laughing blue eyes. Fishing, baseball, bowling are second choice sports. Floyd came to Dartmouth from Scouduc and remembers it as a place where they had sunshine. He keeps the neatest bunk in barracks and has never been known to step out without a sharp polish on his buttons, badge and boots. A remarkable fellow.



Cpl. M. E. McIvor was the one hundredth WD to land at Dartmouth. She likes Dartmouth, but in common with most other WD's she would return to Gander. The skiing, skating, dancing, swimming appealed to her plus the marvellous movies. The Corporal was born at Fort Langley, B.C. She was matron of the Juvenile Detention Home for thirteen years before she enlisted in 1941. She took basic training at Rockcliffe and

then went to Guelph, where she undertook a course in cookery. She was posted to McLeod, Alberta; and it was while there that she promptly volunteered when a call came in for four girls willing to go to Gander. Considering the advance reports and rumors she had heard about that much maligned station, she found it first-class. Her big wish is that the war won't last much longer.



LAC. E. F. "Ted" Clarke, born (without his moustache) in Toronto in 1919, where he also received his education, both public and high school. Ted was a clerk in a big engraving company. When enlisting in November, 1940, they promptly packed the lad off to Guelph where he became a cook in five weeks. According to his brothers-in-arms, he is a most able one, too. Ted is one of the

very ardent sports enthusiasts on the station. He managed the station basketball team last winter and took his turn on the mound for the station softball team this summer, and is considered an outstanding prospect for the lacrosse season. His one and only heart-throb is a sweet little WD gal in Moncton, but for those interested (wolves excluded), Ted has a good-looking sister at home.



LAC. J. A. Oakes was born in Toronto in January, 1917. He attended schools at Sarnia and Pakesly, Ontario, and at the age of seventeen graduated from high school at Lost Channel, Ontario. Joe, as he is better known, then worked in the lumbering game and spent some time as loading manager. He then got the itch to travel and held down the job as chief engineer on a tugboat. At

the age of nineteen he went back to his first love, lumbering. Joe later became a tourist guide at Pickerel, Ontario. When war intervened, Joe joined up in October, 1941. Joe has become a great favourite with the boys on the dock through his capable handling of marine craft. Not married yet, Joe says it won't be long now. A likeable fellow, we predict promotion for Joe.

-- Smiles 'n Chuckles --

The girl's father called the airman into his den. "Son," he said, "you've been courting my daughter for nearly a year. Now, tell me, are you intentions honorable or dishonorable?"

The lad's face lighted up. "You mean I've got a choice?" he replied.

* * * *

POME

I shouldn't have eaten that bombardier,
Said the cannibal king with a frown.
I'm about to prove that proverb old,
You can't keep a good man down.

* * * *

"I 'aven't 'ad a bite for days," said a tramp to the landlady of an English inn, the George and Dragon. "D'yer think yer could spare me one?"

"Certainly not," replied the landlady.

"Tank yer," said the tramp, and slouched off. A few minutes later he was back.

"What d'yer want now?" asked the landlady.

"Could I 'ave a few words with George?" asked the tramp.

* * * *

Bill tells of the girl who stayed home from the party to read Dr. Jekyll and Mister Hyde.

Englishman: "I say, what are those friends of yours doing?"

American: "Dancing."

Englishman: "They get married later, don't they?"

* * * *

Sally: "I think Al is grand, but I think all men are trying sometime."

Susie: "All the time, dearie, all the time."

* * * *

POME

He was seated in the parlor,
And he said unto the light:
"Either you or I, old fellow,
Gets himself turned down tonight."

* * * *

Irate Father: "Young man, you've been down here with my daughter since ten o'clock. Do you think you can stay all night?"

LAC. Russell: "Well, I'll have to call the station and ask."

* * * *

Who is the smart alecky young flyer in Australia who wrote home to his girl friend, "These Jap Zero planes are just like a pair of step-ins. It only takes one Yank to bring them down"?

Before marriage a girl has to kiss her man to hold him; after marriage she has to hold him to kiss him.

* * * *

An airman on leave in Scotland went to an afternoon tea party. There he saw a Scotch lassie whom he liked instantly. He made up his mind to take her out that night and accordingly asked her: "Tell me, are you free this evening?"

"Well," she replied, "I'm no free, but I'm reasonable."

* * * *

POME

Trothen eats peas with honey,
He's done it all his life;
It may sound kinda funny,
But it keeps them on his knife.

* * * *

A blonde was having a little argument with her mother the other evening. "A nice girl shouldn't hold an airman's hand," reproved her mother. "But," exclaimed the blonde, "a nice girl has to, mamma!"

* * * *

POME

Little Billy with a grin,
Began to drink his father's gin.
When his daddy found him plastered:
"Get to bed, you little . . . scalliwag!"

The Wolf

by Sansone

Copyright 1943 by Leonard Sansone, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service



DAFFYNITIONS

Barracks: A crap game with a roof over it.

Sailor: A wolf in ship's clothing.

Moron: An airman who studies all night for a blood test.

Sir: What an airman says to an officer instead of "Hey, you!"

* * *

Judge: "You say the defendant stole your money from your stocking?"

Plaintiff: "Yes, Your Honor."

Judge: "Then why didn't you resist?"

Plaintiff (pouting): "Well, how did I know he was after my money?"

* * *

Royal Muskoka

A place where right-minded people live together simply, but in comfort, exposed to the lavish gifts of nature and man; free to be informal as the very air, but sure that the spirit of the place will eliminate the wrong people.—Adv. in the Toronto Globe and Mail.

It's eliminated us already — that's something.—New Yorker.

* * *

"My wife is one of those adorable, silly little women who attach great sentimental value to everything."

"Yes?"

"Yes. Last night I returned unexpectedly from out of town, and she'd already hired a man to stay in the closet to protect her wedding gown."

* * *

A potential draft dodger, who heard that a truss-wearing friend had been rejected, hastily purchased one for himself and appeared in it when he was summoned. He was duly examined and noticed that the official marked an N.E. after his name. "What do those initials N.E. mean?" he asked in a tremulous voice.

"Near East," was the crushing rejoinder. "Anybody who can wear a truss upside down can ride a camel for the duration."



"Am I boring you?"

Rappaport was being examined prior to his induction into the Army. "If one of your ears was cut off," asked the doctor, "what would happen?"

"Such a question," countered Rappaport. "I couldn't hear, of course."

"If both your ears were cut off, what would happen?"

"I couldn't see."

"Evidently you didn't understand me. I said, if both your ears were

cut off, what would happen?"

"I told you I couldn't see."

"Listen, you dumb goof, I didn't ask you what would happen if your eyes were put out. I said if both your ears were cut off, what would happen?"

"And I tell you again I couldn't see," cried the now irate Mr. Rappaport. "If both my ears were cut off, my hat would come down right over my eyes."

STATION EPISODES NO. 4



JOE SAYS THAT SHE PREFERRED AN AIRMAN



BY LAC. PELLETIER J.N.A.



Letters To The Editor

Opinions expressed are those of the writer, not necessarily those of "Thumbs Up."

Canteen Sales

In your next issue of "Thumbs Up" will you please publish the following questions, and if possible the answers:

1. Why can't our canteens stock chocolate bars? The Army and Navy canteens do and have several varieties.

2. Why do our canteens charge 6c for cokes and chocolate bars, when the Army and Navy only charge 5c?

—SGT. A. G. ROGERS.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We called Central Warehouse on these two points and got the following:

Answer to Question 1: They do; the station keeps ordering a wide variety of bars, but because of general shortage across the country must accept whatever stock is sent. CW tries to have a good selection of fast-selling bar brands, but cannot be choosy when requested items are not available in quantities required.

Answer to Question 2: CW cannot understand how the Army and Navy can sell cokes or bars for five cents, since all three services deal with the same wholesaler and all pay the same rates. Our canteens, claims CW, would be losing money if they sold cokes or bars for five instead of six cents.

Cover Change?

Your August issue was indeed a noble effort—witness the "Sold Out" plasters on all your billboard ads.

I might say, however, that while the general set-up was refreshing and the content of interest to all, that old cover is due for a revamp. I am firmly of the belief that a new cover design would do a great deal toward improving the magazine.

There must be hundreds of fine aircraft photos available—why not run a different one each month on a smooth paper cover?

—CPL. FORREST, R. T.

Bowling

I am fully in favor of a plan where-by we have our own bowling alleys here on the station. I think the cost

of building the alleys could be easily defrayed from the profits which would come from a small charge for each player.

Thanking you for past favors.

—LAC. KENNEDY, E. C.

Bowling, I think, is one of the best sports for cooler weather.

As the alleys in town are seldom available, why not use some of our sport funds for alleys on the station?

How about using the old sector ops building since it will not be in use and it's very long?

If the cost is too great, charge a small amount for a game.

—"SPARE."

Dedicated to Kitchen G.D.'s

Don't worry if your job is small
And your rewards are few,
Remember that the mighty oak
Was once a nut like you.

—LAC. SMITH, C. J.

Dances

There are now enough airwomen around the station to warrant regular dances in the Recreation Hall. Novelty dances could be included in this program and if the time of the dances was predetermined the kids would be able to arrange beforehand to go.

—"INTERESTED."

Table Tennis

Would it be possible to have a table tennis tournament? I am a keen enthusiast of that sport and would appreciate it very much.

—R. ELPHICK, WO.2

THE W.M.'s DREAM

(With Apologies to Somebody)
I had a dream the other night
When all the "geese" were still;
I thought I saw a sergeant WAG
Coming up the hill.

Earphones were around his neck
A tool kit on his back;
He was off to do a job
On a U/S power pack.

He took apart the good old set,
Removing all the knobs;
This surely was a simple thing—
These miscellaneous jobs.

For six long hours he laboured on,
Took everything apart;
Burnt all the lovely wiring
But still it wouldn't start.

At last he called in anguish
For AC.2 Bill Snooze,
Who ejaculated—quietly:

"Nothing but a bloody—burnt out fuse!"

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS-NO 6



MOVIE GUIDE

CAPITOL THEATRE

SEPTEMBER ATTRACTIONS

2-3-4—"Coney Island," starring Betty Grable.

6-7-8—"Let's Face It," starring Bob Hope.

9-10-11—"Bataan," starring Robert Taylor.

13-14-15—"Background To Danger," George Raft.

16-17-18—"So Proudly We Hail," Claudette Colbert.

20-21-22—"Heaven Can Wait," Gene Tierney.

23-24-25—"DuBarry Was A Lady," Red Skelton.

27-28-29—"Bombardier," Randolph Scott.

CASINO THEATRE

SEPTEMBER ATTRACTIONS

Deanna Durbin in "Hers To Hold", Abbott and Costello in "Hit The Ice", "Corvette K 225"

MAYFAIR---DARTMOUTH

3-6—"Mr. Lucky."

7-9—"This Land Is Mine."

10-13—"Crash Dive."

14-16—"Stormy Weather."
"Kid Dynamite."

17-20—"Five Graves to Cairo."

21-23—"Young Mr. Pitt."
"Aldrich Swings It."

24-27—"Edge of Darkness."

28-30—"Young and Willing."
"They Came to Blow Up America."

If you have a hunch there's a posting in the offing, get a subscription to THUMBS UP at our special rate of \$1.00.

*Give your dollar to AC1 Andrews, Accounts Section,
Number 7 Hangar. He'll do the rest.*

FRESH FRUIT FOR YOUR MESS!

1B 11D
2B 12D
3A 13D
4C 14C
5C 15D
6A 16B
7D 17C
8A 18B
9B 19B
10 20B
10D

PITCH IN AND PICK!

The Editors,
Thumbs Up.

Thumbs Up ventures to predict that every airman reading these lines is one hundred percent in favor of an increased ration of fresh fruit in the mess hall.

Fruit is the vitamin item that does "grow on trees". It only has to be picked off to be eaten. No fuss—no—muss—no waiting! Of course, if no one manages to pick the fruit no one can eat it. Apples or peaches cherries or plums, are just so much worm food if left till Issac Newton's law has its inexorable way.

In an interview with the Hon. John A. McDonald, Nova Scotia's Liberal Minister of Agriculture, Thumbs Up learned that much of the current crop may go the way of all fruit—before this land of yours was settled—if hundreds of pickers are not found in double quick time.

From the fifteenth of September to the twentieth of October apple picking is in full swing in the Annapolis Valley. But this year there is a terrible shortage of men in the Valley. This year, the men who usually pick the apples off trees in Nova Scotia are picking Germans off in Sicily. You can do those gallant lads a turn by helping to get their crops in while they are away.

How? Well, it's really very simple. If you have a forty-eight or a twenty-four coming up in the period referred to above, take yourself down to the Valley instead of moping about your bunk. Make your plans to go a week or so in advance of your forty-eight, so that everything will be smoothly arranged.

If you're not just sure where you'd like to go in Nova Scotia, call Mr. F. W. Wallace, Director of Marketing, at 37715. He can suggest any variety of places and will furnish complete details. If you'd like to pick apples somewhere around Windsor, Kentville, or Lawrencetown, then write to one of the following gentlemen and request a picking posting for the weekend you have in mind.

Mr. Charles Douglas, Agric. Representative, WINDSOR, Nova Scotia.

Mr. R. P. Longley, Agric. Representative, Experimental Farm, KENTVILLE, Nova Scotia.

Mr. Donald White Agric. Representative, LAWRENCETOWN, Nova Scotia.

Mr. Wallace is located on the third floor of the Provincial Building on Hollis Street, (near the ferry), Halifax.

You will do your self a good turn if you accept this invitation.

First, there is sunshine. Nova Scotians insist that if there is one time during the year when the sun does shine it is during the fall. If that is the case, it may be your last chance to get a good tan before next spring.

Second, there is the prospect of an increased fruit ration on the mess table. Fruit is rich in sunshine vitamins and the more there is stored away in the national cellar, the better chance there will be of the Air Force getting a larger quota of it during the long winter months that lie ahead, when sunshine will be but a synonym for happier days.

Third, there is the very excellent opportunity this offers you of getting out and getting acquainted with the farming folk of the Maritimes. They are all honest-to-goodness farmers and will welcome you with open arms. Many fine friendships are formed in just this way.

If the picker is no piker he can run up an impressive pile of apples in a day. Special care must be exercised, however, in handling them to prevent their being bruised. This is an important point, since bruised fruit will start to rot within a week, even though there is no outward mark on it after dropping or careless handling.

Think it over, but don't delay your decision to do something too long. You've only a couple of weeks in which to organize a patriotic, pleasant and profitable country weekend.