

A

Flowers

*Jan
Feb
Mar
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May
June
July
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Sept
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Nov
Dec*



Wishing
A
You Merry
Christmas



—and it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed God Bless Us, Every One!"
A Christmas Carol.

DECEMBER 1943.

Price 10c.

THUMBS UP!

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Vol. 2

DARTMOUTH, N. S., DECEMBER, 1943

No. 5

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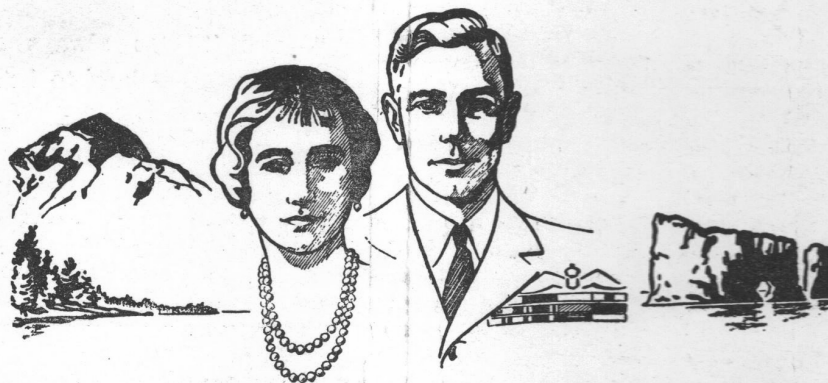


Rich land of promise. This nation of explorers and pioneers, and of countless thousands of ordinary men and women from many races, who crossed ocean and plain, who toiled long for little reward, who sacrificed and built our heritage.

They gave us Canada.

Their work and sacrifice shall not be in vain. They pitted themselves against the rugged forces of nature and won. We, their sons, must conquer the lawless forces of human nature and build a country worthy of its founders' dreams. Then with the true stature of nationhood Canada will fulfil the vision of her King, who said:

"With God's grace you may yet become the example which all the world will follow."





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editors' page

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F/O. H. E. DONOGHUE

LONG LIVE THE EDITOR

In the past two months Thumbs Up lost two very capable editors, an airman and an officer. Thanks, however, to the solidity inherent in this dual establishment, the Editor, as an institution, survives. AC. Dunbar received our tribute in the October issue. This issue deploras the loss by posting of F/O H. E. Donoghue. "Deplore," however, is not a fair word for one who leaves the magazine to able successors in such a healthy state.

H. E. Donoghue was born and educated in England. After some experience on European and American publications he came to New York. Armed only with his irrepressible optimism he set out to make his fortune on jobs of his own making. He would pick up in the city some flagging concern, some magazine, or pamphlet agency "on its way out," work some of his native magic on it and after its circulation began to soar he would leave it for something new. This went on till the call of the RCAF tugged too hard.

This effect on Thumbs Up was electrical. Here was a man who knew what he was talking about and one who introduced countless improvements into the magazine. Pessimists

talked gloomily of the extra cost of all this glamour but between April, when he took over, and October, his last issue, the circulation rose from 1200 to 1800 copies per month.

His cheery 'drive' and his professional skill will be devastatingly missed. But he has probably done more for our station magazine than he realized and perhaps the truest tribute that can be paid him is that his successor, Padre Tanton, should be left with a very light task.

"Padre all you have to do is give your advice, we will do the rest" and with such gentle persuasion we find ourself sat the eleventh hour tearing out the odd lock of hair, trying to write an editorial. So let's save the hair and just have a little chat.

We have found that the the Editorial Staff of 'Thumbs Up' do a super job, especially Sgt. Dean and LAC Rankin. In these days when it is so difficult to get things done because of labour and material shortage yet Dean and Rankin come through with the goods. Support them by your enthusiasm and contributions.

The Inspector General like the Devil is a necessary evil. There go our stripes! But seriously the Inspector General's visit has done a lot for the station. The good house-cleaning etc, etc shows what can be done and how fine and trim both the personnel and the station can look. We are given to understand that despite the Group Captain's expectations even he was surprised not to say pleased at the turn out. After a lot of hard work, much cussing and parades we all felt better for the kind words of congratulation by Air Vice/Marshal Godfrey. Especially did we appreciate his keen interest in the Airmen and in particular his interest in the mess hall.

"We have done it before and we'll do it again". This might well have been the motto for the Fifth Victory Loan Workers on this station. Dartmouth Station has gone well over the top in the Victory Loan. Congratulations and special congrats to Flying Officer M. B. Besner for the capable manner in which he and his staff conducted the drive and boy was it a

DRIVE. Flying Officer Besner is surpassed only by Mr. Churchill in cigar smoking and and unflagging energy.

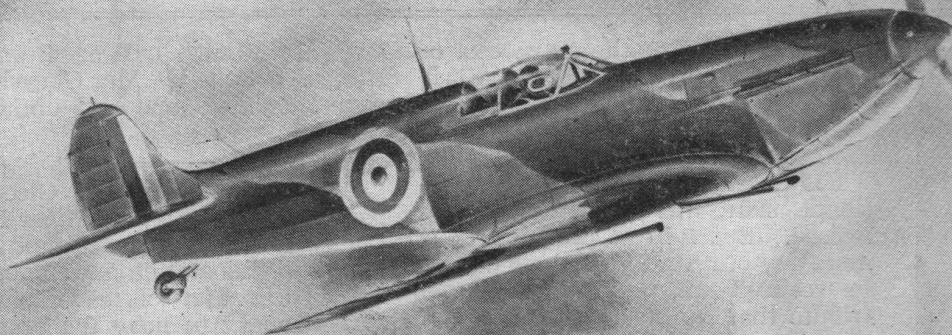
At last! At Last! The Glee Club has a Director, Flying Officer Harle. We have a lot of musical and vocal talent on this station and under Flying Officer Harle's leadership this station ought to have the best Glee Club in the service. She's all yours, take her away, the Music Room every Wednesday at 1900 hours.

The latest edition of "THE GANDER" has come to hand. Under the able guidance of Flight Lieutenant M.C.P. MacIntosh and the untiring efforts of that old veteran of "THE GANDER," LAC H. W. Huehnergard the paper has taken on new life, not to mention new size and set up. Like "Thumbs Up" they are to have a Pin-up Gal. Which from the point of view of any airman adds considerable interest, even if you do have to pin them on the inside of your locker door. The article "We Deliver By Air" is especially interesting and deals with the work of the laundry. The laundry's contribution on a station like this has done a herculean job in boosting the morale by having clean linens and clean and well pressed uniforms. "The Minstrel Show" deserves highest congratulations and challenges us to do something on this station. Keep up the good work and we will be looking forward to your next edition. Probably al lthis is due to the advant of Pat Patterson who did such good work on "Thumbs Up".

The appreciation of Pilot Officer H. E. Donoghue's splendid work as Editor in Chief of "THUMS UP" has been written by his former associate in crime Flight Lieutenant R.E.D. Cattley.

Christmas Festivities on the station will be under the direction of a special Christmas Committee. Give them your support and we will have a very Happy Christmas Committee. As we go to print we have no definite word about the usual holiday leave but have no doubt that it will be granted. There will be at least

(Continued on Page 5)



HIGH FLIGHT

*Pilot Officer John G. Magee, Jr.**

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
 And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
 Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
 Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred things
 You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung
 High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there
 I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
 My eager craft through footless halls of air.

Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue
 I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
 Where never lark, nor even eagle flew—
 And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod
 The high untrespassed sanctity of space
 Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

*PILOT OFFICER JOHN GILLESPIE MAGEE, JR., an American citizen, was born of missionary parents in Shanghai and educated in Britain's famed Rugby School. He came to the United States in 1939, and, at the age of 18 years, won a scholarship to Yale. But he felt he must aid the cause of freedom and instead, enlisted in the Royal Canadian Air Force in September 1940. He served overseas with an R.C.A.F. Spitfire Squadron until his death on active service on December 11, 1941. His sonnet, composed in September 1941, as the exultant freedom of soaring 30,000 feet made a word-pattern in his mind, was scribbled on the back of a letter to his mother in Washington, shortly after he returned to earth.



Pilot Officer John G. Magee, Jr.
 Royal Canadian Air Force

H.R. J. 2045

Christmas Greetings



Once again I take this opportunity of extending the Season's Greetings to all ranks.

Much has been accomplished during the year now drawing to close and with your continued loyal support and co-operation, greater achievements should be made during the coming year.

May you all enjoy a very Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year.

(B. D. Hobbs) Group Captain,
Commanding Officer.

-US- Bishop's Cherubinal Devilees

The Ressurrection and a New Dawn Tomorrow and You O! Canadian.

By Ralph Cummings.

The brass hats and the unimaginative have named her—RCAF. In so concise an abbreviation is hidden all that is the heart of young and proud Canada.

She is the womb, pregnant and pulsing with quiet adversity. Like a mother gathers her children around her before a storm, so does she—RCAF—cluster the ever swelling ranks within her; to discipline, to instruct, to send forth. . . .

Her progeny are of a new world. Wise-cracking and grinning, humming and jiggling to the hidden tune of swing that echoes within them constantly. Their talk is twisted phraseology and abused vocabulary, their mode of living is light and presumably superficial, their minds are an undisclosed thing, answerable to none but given word and the God that is personal self.

So have many segments of the populace of Canada become to be—RCAF. Workers and idlers, farmers and pen-pushers, trappers, pioneers—all replying to a demanding call.

They possess less than average sentimentality; hard if necessary. A determined, indominatable race. Canadians—quietly seething.

RCAF is mostly a masculine world. A place where man meets man on equal grounds, where thoughts must remain suppressed, where there is much camaradie.

RCAF is a castle of second adolescence. Manning Pool and the transformation of the recruit into the first semblance of an airman. There are the rueful grins and jocosity that surrounds the first barber's chair exit. There is the minor Gethsemane that precedes inoculation day. There is the tapping feet of the catholic

jive fiend who edges close to the canteen jute box.

The demand for the perfectly tailored uniform makes masculine hearts fuss with bridal anxiety. And not least amongst the emotions is the murderous rage that constricts when the first petty theft is brought to life.



Then comes the discovery of "Knowing the score," and life is beset with a careless meandering.

Old, affectionate repartee that has sparkled since the commencement of massed regiments spangles again and again. Old, yet forever new, does the ancient ribaldry continue. It will always do so; until the end of

all beings mortal, all things finite.

It is a veneer that masks the actual personality of present Canadian airman, because expression of true self is taboo in modern youth circles.

Such does RCAF life roll along. Precision and drill, Joe's and fatigues, A.W.O.L. and C.B.

It is a comparatively happy life. A semi-freedom prevails, trespassed upon only by the occasional contrary N.C.O.

It is a necessary life if all Canada's cherished possessions of free speech, thought and whim are hereafter to be indulged in. If our progress towards unbigoted education for our children, our open access to knowledge, our evolutionary march to make all Canadians one division and two types is ever to be realized, the element of dictatorial menace must first be removed.

Then we—RCAF—and our likes must demand that in this country of plenty there is no want, no hunger, no relief. That we become one division, namely proud Canadians, and two types, being the intellectual and the manual—but all our sons and daughters commencing at equal scratch.

This must be our oft voiced catechism. And our government must comply. For they can if they wish, and accordingly, we, the people, do not plea, but expect it as the just rewards of our services.



It was stated in the last article by Ralph that he was London born. However, this ns not so. He was New Brunswick born and cosmopolitan bred.

We are fighting to retain our liberty. Above all, we are fighting to hold much that we have not yet possessed.

We know that sacrifice is the all-enveloping result of war and we bear with this. However, quietly within ourselves we ask of the aftermath: What then—what then?

This world war must not be just a number in a series of terrestrial bouts but the end and the beginning.

We of the RCAF, and our brother forces, are not individuals, but a mass. Banded together we have strength, and as such we must oppose and finally emerge victorious.

The desired result of our labours is the only issue to strive for. Annihilation of humanity's enemies. To oust the grafters, the self-furthering politicians, the parliamentary hypocrites—this shall be our new war. To win we must fight and not resort to abandon, social disinterest, a return to the rule of circumstance, but demand, exacting demand.

We want the abolition of the caste and snob system. Not one school for the rich and another for the poor, but universal, academic training with advancement by merit only.

The great must be the intellectual, the manual—the disinterested.

We are not asking for the realization of some fool, Utopian "ism," but equal chance, equal opportunity to prove ourselves.

Think, O Canadian! You are man, the superior being. You create your own destiny, you traverse your own chosen route to salvation.

THINK—and name your course; then steer by it—personally.

And I, a mere second-class seaman, add a benediction: May it all be yours—yours till hell freezes.

Amen.

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS BUT ONCE

Opportunities do not come with their values stamped on them. Every one must be challenged. A day dawns, quite like other days; in it a single hour comes, quite like other hours; but in that hour the chance of a lifetime faces us. To face every opportunity of life and ask its meaning bravely and earnestly, is the only way to meet the supreme opportunities when they come, whether open faced or disguised.

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

(Continued from Page 1)

EDITORIAL

half of the personnel which will stay on the station to keep things moving and business as usual. Let's get together, decorate our messes, the Rec Hall, put on some concerts and have a lot of fun.

A final word. As we go about the station we hear a lot of "beefing", a little just but more merely an excuse for not pulling our weight. When we became fed-up with things a good tonic or restorative is to take a look in the mirror and see the guy who is getting us down. As a rule there is the source of our trouble.

Someone has said that morale depends upon having an ideal. It isn't shows, athletics or being entertained, these help, but the key to the situation is an ideal. Something to work for. What is your ideal? Do you feel that you are a part, and that a very essential part, of a great organization to, as one lad put it, "get this damn war over and get back to real living". That is an ideal worth while. Is it yours?

When we become shut in by our own personalites, our failures, our disappointments or are discouraged let us look to our ideal and always feel that the show depends upon ME because Me in the aggregate is THE SHOW.

Man's Fate.

By SGT. MARSHAL

Man comes into this world without his consent and leaves it against his will. During his time on earth his time is spent in one continuous round of contraries and misunderstandings. In his infancy he is an angel; in his boyhood he is a devil; in his manhood he is everything from a lizzard up. In his duties he is a damn fool; if he raises a family he is a chump; if he raises a cheque he is a thief and the law raises hell with him: If he is a poor man he is a poor manager and has no sense; if he is rich he is dishonest but considered smart; if he is in politics he is a grafter; if he is out of politics you can't please him, he is an undesirable citizen. If he goes to church he is a hypocrite; if he stays at home he is a sinner. If he donates to foreign missions he does

Why Should We Fight For England?

"Why should we fight?" he asked me. "Cause England is at war?"

"Why are they fighting now, dad, what are they fighting for?"

What does it mean to you, dad, to babe and mums and me? The Germans won't come here from away across the sea.

So why should you go there, dad, and leave us here to cry?

Is it 'cause England owns us? Is that the reason why?"

His eyes looked widely at me, I tightly held my son,

And this is how I answered his questions one by one:

"We fight when England calls us, for in her sacred keep

The ashes of our fathers lie in her soil—asleep.

And many times for England they fought that she'd be free, And they are part of England, and so, my son, are we.

And some may pass her by, lad, and some may scorn her hand, But we must be forever a part of that fair land.

For everything we have, son, that's good and fine and just Was washed in British blood and given to us in trust.

And we must keep that trust, son, against the force of greed, And fight beside Old England whenever she's in need.

And once again she's calling, across the Empire wide,

And all her Empire answers, 'You'll find us by your side.'

Oh, yes, we're owned by England, but we own England too, As you are part of me, son, and I am part of you."

—HAROLD WOOD.

it for show; if he doesn't he is a tightwad. When he first came into this world everybody wanted to kiss him—before he leaves everybody wants to kick him. If he dies young there was a great future in front of him; if he lives to ripe old age he is in everybody's way—only living to save funeral expenses. So what? Ain't it the truth?

THUMBS UP GOES TO A RADIO BROADCAST

Under the leadership of Flight Sergeant Bob Hughes, the R.C.A.F. Band of the Dartmouth Station has become an institution on the "Wings over Canada" radio broadcast from CHNS having been a regular feature on that program for the past eighteen months. It has been appreciated and silently applauded by innumerable well-wishers.

Here are a few shorts taken by the Thumbs Up cameraman on the day of the broadcast.



Arriving at the studio



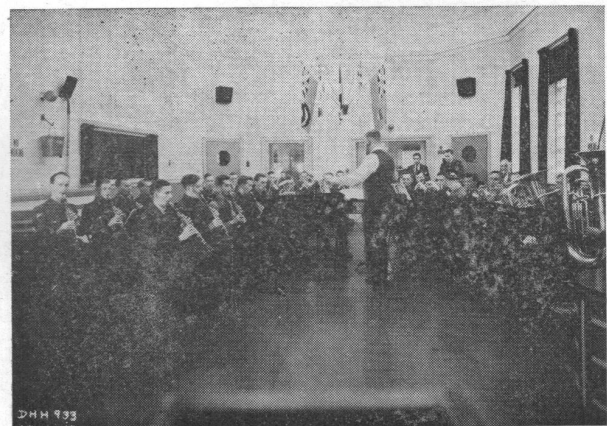
The percussion section
Cochrane and Wooley



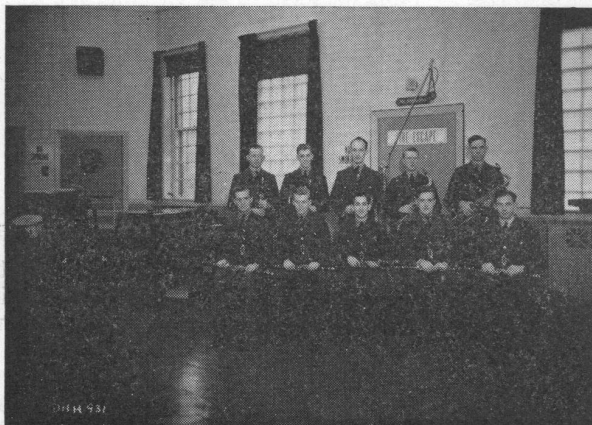
Cliff Kershaw, vocalist
and the Rhythm Four



In rehearsal



On the air

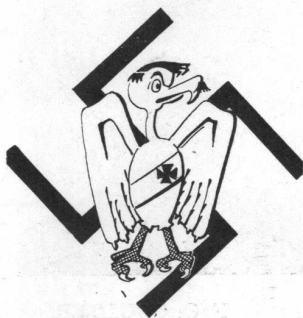


The reed section
Self, Baker, Bridgeo, Sinclair, McDonald, Morgan,
Strachan, Wier, Miles, Duffield, Mills, D'Eon.



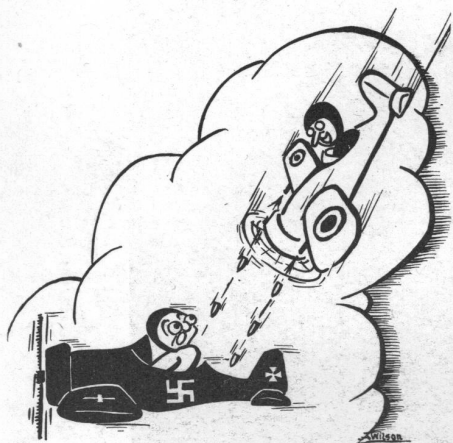
The brass section
Cooney, Hayward, Borland, Petit, Ritson, Tibbles,
Grierson, Musicar, Darwen, White.

KILL THE NAZI WAR BIRD



By KEITH RANKIN

The Nazis' loss of fighter planes on all fronts has lately been averaging a minimum of 700 to 800 per month, which is roughly equal to their rate of fighter production. If this loss rate remains constant, the Luftwaffe will be breaking even. If, on the other hand, the Allies should step up their air offensive to a point where they were destroying 1200 or more planes a month, the Luftwaffe would literally sink out of existence within 90 days for the lack of planes and pilots.



With the Luftwaffe annihilated, Germany would be deprived of any practical means of preventing every city in the Reich from suffering the same fate as Hamburg.

Such is the magnificent opportunity within our grasp . . . if only we could concentrate the bulk of our big fighting bombers at once against Germany, instead of scattering them over so many fronts. The public is inclined to believe that they are already concentrated, that a decisive air offensive is already under way. This is not true. We are still hitting Germany with only one-third to one-fifth the power available and necessary.

If a real attack were made the whole German General Staff would be faced with a problem such as has never been known in history. It would have to decide whether to stick it out

until Industrial Germany had become one horrifying ruin, or to surrender immediately and save what it could of Germany's working assets upon which depend all Germany's hopes for post-war recovery.

A variety of facts support the case for concentrating our bombers and stepping up our air war against Nazi targets now. As the intensity of Allied strategic bombing has risen, the percentage of Luftwaffe losses has increased. Furthermore, Luftwaffe replacement power is being undermined by British night bombing and American precision day bombing, of Nazi aircraft production and repair centres. The C.O. of an American bomber station recently estimated that our Flying Fortress alone had 'knocked out' plants producing 50 to 75 per cent of the F.W. 190 fighters." Since then the ME. 109 fighter plants at Wiener-Neustadt and Regensburg have been blasted. And now the radio manufacturing plant in Berlin has literally been blasted out of existence. This leaves the new German fighters with no way to communicate with their base. Imagine what would have happened during the blitz of Britain if the Luftwaffe had extinguished even half of the Spitfire production!

The Luftwaffe's strength in combat planes is today reduced to 5,000 from the 6,000 peak of 1941; while its general reserve, once 3,000, has now melted away completely.

No doubt about it, the Luftwaffe is in pretty bad shape; now, if ever, is our golden opportunity to knock the Nazi war bird out of the skies. If our hard-pressed airmen can be reinforced at once, they will seal the fate of Germany as inevitably as they sealed the fate of North Africa and

Sicily when they eradicated German air power in those theatres.

The trouble is that the British bombing offensive is still less than half the size considered necessary to make it decisive . . . but their production of heavy bombers is not sufficient to permit any increase. In the United States the output of four-motored bombers is more than enough to do the job but these bombers are still being squandered in heroic but small scale attacks all over the map, instead of being massed for repeated and overwhelming raids on the industrial heart of our German enemy.

The number of bombers sent on each raid over Germany in the past year has only been one-third the number needed, and potentially available, both to smash the ground objective most effectively and to exterminate the Luftwaffe fighters in the process.

Even as it is, our heavy bombers and our fighter bombers, have made the Luftwaffe pay a heavy price for every attempt to resist them. As a result of their losses in the British-American bombing offensive, the Germans have been forced to switch their production priorities from bomber to fighter planes. And this is very significant because it indicates that, for the time being at least, Germany has been obliged to abandon plans for any heavy aerial offensives. At this time, which is a critical stage of the war, such a defensive policy is the policy of desperation.

That is why American and British airmen are impatient to exploit their present terrific opportunity.

"TIME BOMBS"

It's not the plans in people's heads but the passion in their hearts that will shape the post-war world. What passion will it be?

If you don't want to be criticized, do nothin, say nothin, be nothin.

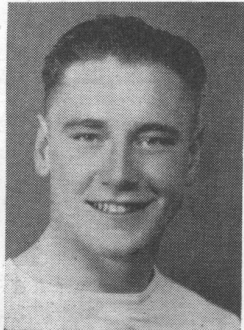
Only a nation of families can form a family of nations.

REC

HALL



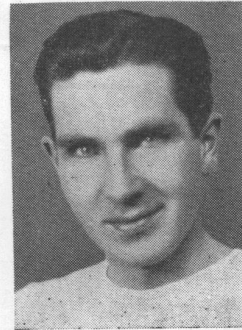
KEN MacLACHLAN



CPL. McALLISTER



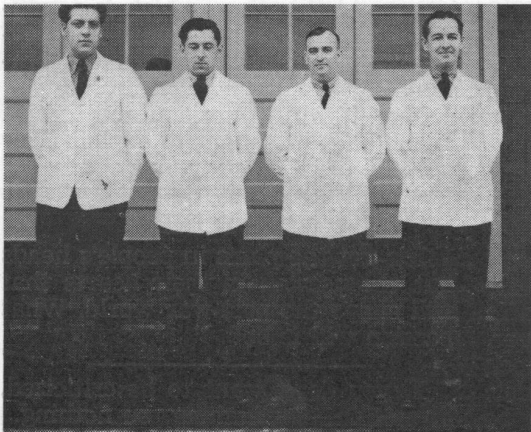
F/O. COULTER



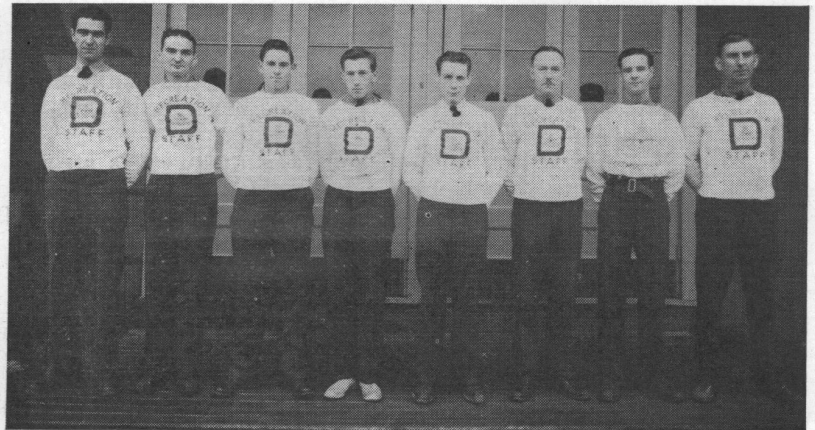
SGT. MASTIN



JOE GREENBERG



Left to right LAC. Berton M., LAC. Rioux J., LAC. LaPoint T. H., LAC. Young C. I.



Left to right LAC. Bourgeois D., LAC. Smith, AC1 Shaw C. B., AC1 Rysdale R., LAC. Bell H.H., Cpl. Lortie J., LAS. Fngersoll, W. L., LAC. Wood R.

W.D. Diary

Edited

by

L.A.W. HANDSLEY



AW1 Marion A. Parks, Verwood, Sask. She completed her education at Cornell Business College in Regina.

One day Marion took the urge to join the R.C..A.F., so on April 8th she enlisted and took her basic training at Rockcliffe from there she was posted to Scoudouc, N. B. and thence here to Dartmouth.

She is attached to the staff of C.R. where she is very popular with her work mates and is known as "Parky" to them all. Her favourite sports are bowling, basketball and swimming and her hobbies are dancing and reading.

Before enlisting "Parky" was a sales clerk in a store but what she will do after the war is over she has not yet decided. She takes a very deep. The rest of her family are also air-minded. Her brother is doing his bit overseas as a Squadron leader in the R. C. A. F.

W.D. SPORTS

What do WD's find to do with themselves in their leisure time? Why are they not more interested in sports on this station? What holds them back, keeps them from taking part in the things that go on about the Station?

Come on, girls! How would you like to see the WD's be champs in the basketball series against any opposing teams? How about WD's being tops in the bowling league? "We've done it before and we can do

TID BITS

Hello everybody. Here we are again with our W. D. page as usual. I am writing this though from the W. D. ward in the hospital. So first of all I want to thank the boys on "Thumbs Up" for their kind thought of sending fruit and other goodies. Also the dental corps boys and girls for their lovely box of fruit candies and cigarettes it sure was greatly appreciated.

We now take the opportunity to say good-bye to A/S/O Harvey who came to us from Gander. Even though it was a short stay we all wish her the best of luck at her new duties and at this time we take pleasure in introducing A/S/O Bryington who is also from Gander and we all hope that she enjoys her stay at Dartmouth.

The Halloween dance was held on Oct. 30th. in the Rec Hall. All the station personnel there seemed to have a good time. Especially the W.D.'s who were allowed to wear sport clothes. The Hall was very tastefully decorated for the occasion and bobbing for apples was the main feature of the evening.

it again." Isn't that our "motto"?

This Station is being badly let down by the girls. There is no enthusiasm about games, dances or shows, etc. One evening not so long ago there were only four girls at the evening show. Come on, girls, and bring your favorite airman. It's just as dark in our shows as it is in Halifax or Dartmouth theatres.

Then about bowling. If we don't get more girls out they are going to cancel our place on the alleys. You wouldn't like that, would you? Sports clothes are allowed now, you know, and transportation is provided both ways. It's a god way to tighten up those muscles and also lose a few pounds around the mid-riff. Come on, girls; let's limber up for tougher times to come. We want four Station teams. All you need is a little practice and the only way to get it is to come to the alleys.



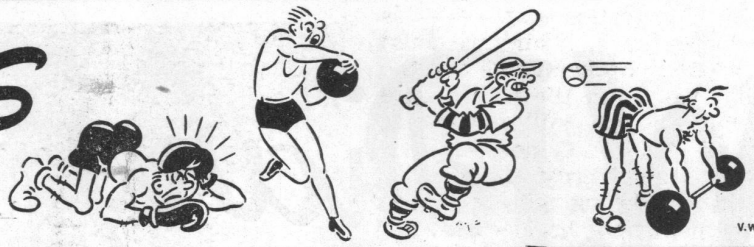
LAW. Cline M. E. Williams, born in St. Anthony, Newfoundland and educated in New Brunswick Schools. "Willie", as she is known to her friends and especially her patients in the hospital, took up nursing in civilian life. She then got the urge to join the service where she could be useful as a hospital assistant. And she says she finds her work very interesting.

She took her basic training at Rockcliffe and finished it at St. Thomas where she was on a three-week course. She enlisted April 17th, 1942 and after her training she was sent to Gander where she spent 12 and a half months. From there she was posted where she is now gallantly fighting in the "Battle of Dartmouth". Her favourite sports are badminton, skating and bowling. Her hobbies are dancing and reading. After the war "Willie" intends to keep on with nursing.

Are you interested in volleyball? We could have some crackerjack games if you would come to the Rec Hall. Let's show the airmen of this Station that we are not only interested in sports but that we can really play, too.

Why don't the dances on this station go over so good? Well, it's because the boys haven't got enough partners to go around. How about having the next Station dance with all WD's present? The music is good, so why not come and enjoy yourself?

Sports



V.W.D.



K. D. MacLACHLAN

TOUCH RUGBY

F/O Coulter visited No. 2 Hangar with the excellent suggestion that all squadrons containing flying personnel should get together and form a Touch Rugby Union, with all games played in between the hangars and teams made up only of aircrew who are forced to stay on the ground because of poor type weather.

X Squadron supplied the hangar for the meeting, two representatives, complete with rules of the game, an abounding spirit and two teams for the league. All other squadrons were represented and each offered to enter a team. To the date of this writing we have seen games being played on No. 2 Hangar tarmac, and both teams come from X Squadron. However, the other squadrons are quite busy, it seems, as they aren't into yet. Could it be there aren't into it yet. Could it be there Maybe if the field was in better condition the attitude would change! Anyway we have . . .

FLOOR HOCKEY

. . . coming up soon and if the season we had last year in this legal mass-murder league is even a slight indication of the forthcoming season, the writer isn't going to miss seeing any of the games and he does mean

SEEING!

The boundaries are the walls and no part of the floor is safe except with a knife, shin-pads and an armed guard. We are given to understand that another ambulance is coming down T.D. for the league's duration.

This game (all kidding aside) re-

sembles ice hockey to a 'T', except, naturally, skates and ice. Also the disc is replaced by a softer felt pad weighted for accuracy in passing and shooting. Hockey nets with the goal-er's crease are used and the game has * * * spectator value.

Be sure you get down to see the teams batter out their wins and brains each Tuesday and Thursday nite, before the show. You'll go for this game . . . 'sa fact.

Gather around, gang — let's shoot for Cokes! With some of the old-timers gone, a few of us jerks have a chanct. . . . Wish we could get around and visit some of the basketball teams in E.A.C. and No. 1 Group, as most of our last year's team are around here somewhere. . . . Also be good to see the football in Ontario; could see some names we know there, too. . . . Had a short and sweet game with Navy Shipyards and won, 50-39. . . . Also some practices for the Sta-

tion basketball team last few Tuesday, Thursday and Friday nites. . . . Joe's still struggling for Dartmouth at Trenton—should be home by the time you read this. . . . Hope he's still got the four bits he owes me. . . . oh yeah! and the one milkshake. . . Gals got some trim teams on the basketball floor—play basketball, too. . . . If the Marine Sqn. gets a floor hockey team, I quit. They beat hell outa me in basketball, and with hockey sticks ? ? ? . . . Like the Satidy dances, also the swell civies we got . . . some nice. . . . Play Frank . . . Obstacle course—airman for the use of ? ? ? . . . Be nice to see a good down-to-earth gym display come spring. Got lots of material to work on, betcha. . . . Top bowler of WD section in league — . . . Wonder who's gonna coach the Station basketball team? . . . Paging "Al" Imrie. . . . Like to see some co-operation on teams travelling a ways after they whip other sections and services . . .



Standing (left to right) are: Scott, Smith, Lewis, Johnston, MacLachlan.
Kneeling (left to right) are: Seigel, Chelin, Poulton.

others do! . . . Notice that — is top bowler so far. . . Think we could get up a good checker game for the guys that run from the L.P.B. gate to the bus and are still puffing at Imperoyal? ? ? . . . Gonna miss the gal athletes goin' crost the puddle. . . . Still wondering who runs the HQ Armament floor hockey team. . . Can see only SOME of the Sqns. wholeheartedly behind sport. . . . Wanna take this chance to encourage new Sqns. to get into things in the Sports Centre (Rec Hall). . . . You're welcome—only don't show up right off . . . you'll like it here . . . We do, don't we, Joe ? ? ?

Merry Xmas, everybody, and a Happy New Year.

Well, aw reet, put on your specs—here come things legitimate. . . .

BASKETBALL

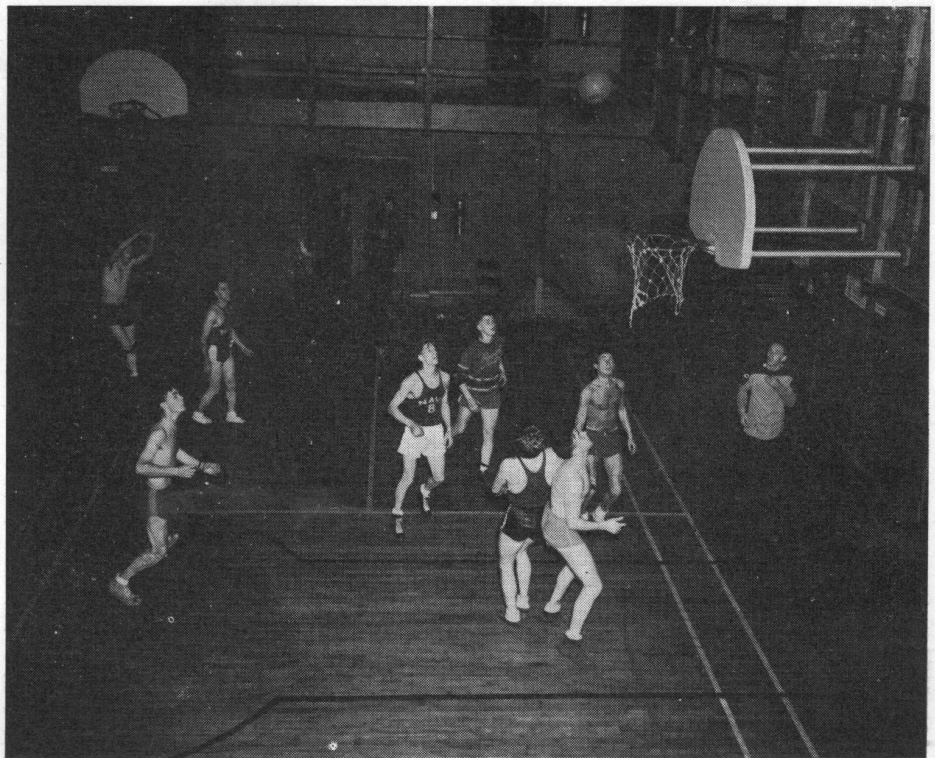
With five games under their belt, a brand new Station team with only two members remaining from last year's starry outfit shows promise of equalling and perhaps overshadowing the feats of last year's ball club which bowed out to the Navy in two gruelling games, for the Halifax City Championship. The same Navy five eventually swept through all opposition and represented the Maritimes in the Canadian play-downs.

The margin of victory over our boys in both contests totalled only 14 points.

"Bob" Smith and "Ken" MacLachlan are the last year's 'hangovers' who with ten other hustling hoopsters namely "Ted" Poulton, Harry Chelin, "Gubbie" Seigel, "Scotty" Scoott, "Oram" Weir, "Bob" Johnston, "Shortie" Georges, "Perc" Lewis, "Lou" Freidman and possibly "Joe," the old-standby-Greenberg, also from last year's team but who is sitting on the sidelines with a chipped knee right now, comprise this year's aggregation.

Due to lack of a coach, a couple of close defeats were suffered in the first few exhibition games. The boys have been entered in the Clarke-Ruse League which is serving as a warming-up schedule for the forthcoming Halifax City Senior League.

After dropping a heartbreaking tussle to the Army, 31-30, at the Clarke-Ruse gym, our lads came back a week later and knocked off the Army Gunners 45-6 in a game that showed up their fast passing and an outstanding display of harmonious teamwork. This gives the team a win and a loss. The win puts the boys



Poulton Shoots and It's Good

in the mood to keep hustling and they anticipate no more losses in this league.

And now about the lads you come down to see every Monday night—the Station House League.

We've got new basketball uniforms this year. All games are started right on the dot. The work of the referees, timers and scorers has been outstanding. All these improvements are the vital factors which are making this the best Service House League in Canada. If you don't think so . . . ask Ted.

Combined efforts of Greenberg, MacLachlan and "Perry" Periard, the league's manager, secretary and official timer and scorer, respectively, and the referees, Poulton, Georges and McAllister, are shooting the league along on all twelve.

	P.	W.	L.
Lizzies	5	5	0
H.Q.'s	5	4	1
Cyclones	5	3	2
Preston	5	3	2
Bellake	5	2	3
Falcons	4	1	3
8' C.M.U.	5	1	4
Vegas	1	1	0
Marines	5	1	4

Led by the scintillating display of their ace line of Smith, Chelin and

Forrester of the Station softball team fame, the Lizzies are 'way out on top. Their most recent victory was over the highly-rated H.Q. squad whom they trounced 28-17 to take over the undisputed top slot of the loop. Bend and Bouliane, who share the guard spots, have helped to make the Lizzies' zone defence the toughest defensive combination in the league.

In second spot, only one game off the lead, is the smooth H.Q. quintet. Their best are Poulton, Sidenburg, O'Donohue, Shienfield, Sauve and Harrison. H.Q.'s is always a threat on the floor and show promise of not dropping many more games this season.

Riding along in the third spot, the Cyclones who, after losing their first two games, turned out the very sharpshooting line of Smith, Martin and Georges, who have paved the way in the rejuvenated efforts which captured their last three games in an easy fashion. Lewis and Regan have turned in sterling efforts on the back-line.

The old rivalry between the Bell Lake and Preston outfits has been renewed after the short lapse following the summer softball feud. Both teams are deadlocked for fourth place with two wins and three losses apiece. However, Preston took one

(Continued on page 28)

—❧—
 NAMES

YOU WILL
 REMEMBER

—❧—



Cpl. J. J. Curran, (known as "J.J."), born and educated in that beautiful western city we'd all like to see, Vancouver, in the otherwise glorious year of 1919.

He joined the airforce as aircrew in December 1941. There-by depriving his employers of their best, (according to J.J.), paper box salesman. He received the usual toss around treatment. Edmonton Manning to McLeod S.F.T.S., for tarmac duty, back to Edmonton for I.T.S. thence to Toronto Manning for remuster to G. D. From there he went to Mountain View and finally to Dartmouth where he is now serving his country as a discip in the S.W.O's office.



LAC. Constantineau J. J. (Connie) was born and brought up in East-view, Ont. He joined the Air Force in January, 1942, and was immediately sent to No. 2 Manning Depot in Brandon. From there he was posted to Dartmouth and has been gallantly fighting in the battle of Dartmouth ever since. He worked in the airmen's mess for 18 months and is now attached to 167 Squadron, working as barrack warden in Building 63 down in "Hobbs' Hollow."

Prior to enlistment in the RCAF he served for one and a half years in the RCASC with his three brothers, two of whom are now overseas.



LAW. RUBY SADLER

Snack Bar Shorty was born in 1919 at Saskatoon, Sask. She was educated in Saskatoon, afterward going back to her home on the farm and later working as a secretary for a doctor for three years. She joined the RCAF (WD) in 1941, taking her basic training at Toronto. Before coming here she spent six months at Camp Borden and one year at Gander. When asked what she thought of Dartmouth her answer, typically short and sweet, was "I wish I was back on the farm."



LAC. CLYDE CARTY

Dusky Devil of Firehall Fame, born in Saint John, N.B., 1923, went to Saint John Vocational School, afterward working for a furniture company in Saint John, quitting to join his four brothers in the RCAF in 1941. He went from Toronto Manning to Guelph as bugler, playing for the Governor General and Princess Alice when they visited the camp. From there he went to Summerside and then to our Firehall. A fine example of his hobbies, wood carving and drawing, is the crest and motto in the Firehall.



AW.1 VIVIAN MERGNY

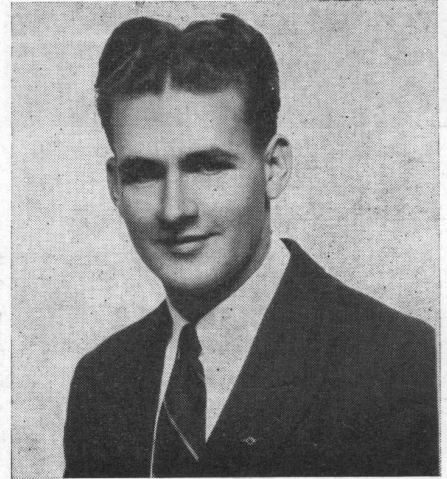
Vivacious Vivie of the Station Orderly Room, was born in Winnipeg in 1921 and educated in Winnipeg and Europe. After coming back to Canada she helped her grandmother, a dressmaker, by designing dresses and later worked in a department store in Winnipeg, quitting to join the RCAF (WD) in 1943. About hobbies she says, "I'm Jaqualine of all; mistress of none." Her chief activity, outside of work, is practicing for the Station Revue, under Sgt. Patterson.



Station Personalities

SGT. H. C. COADE

Sgt. H. C. Coade was born at Workman, Sask. His family moved while he was still quite young to Mitchell, Ont., where he was brought up and educated. Finishing school he became a knitter because he always had a great interest in machine operation and design. His inventive genius has brought forth at least one idea which is now waiting to be patented. Before joining the RCAF he travelled extensively in the United States and in Canada. He enlisted January 1, 1941, and after the usual posting around he finally arrived at Dartmouth where he is now serving with X Squadron as a gun armourer.



S. L. CARTER

S. L. Carter (Stew), the man on the motor-bike. Maintenance Mechanic T.C.A., Dartmouth Station. Born in Aylmer, Ont., in 1921 and educated at the Prince Edward Public School and Kennedy Collegiate at Windsor, Ont. Afterwards he took an engine mechanic's course in the Windsor Vocational School. After completing his education he went to work for a Ford dealer in Windsor, sticking with it for three months until he realized that it was aircraft he wanted to work on, not cars. So he hied himself away to No. 7 E.F.T.S. in Windsor to become a mechanic on the Ground Crew. He tells us he has a peculiar attachment for that station, being there, as he was, the day the school opened. He remained there for one year and then decided that he would like to work on larger ships, so he obtained his release and went to T.C.A. again in Windsor and in the summer of '42 he was sent to Toronto, from whence he came to Dartmouth in November of that year. When queried as to what he thought of Dartmouth he exclaimed, "Oh! They wouldn't print that."



F/O C. F. DIVINE

F/O Divine was born and educated in the capital city, Ottawa. He is a veteran of many years service in the RCAF, having joined up 'way back in 1931. He was assistant administrative officer at the RCAF Station, Trenton, Ont., afterward serving as personal assistant to Air Vice Marshal Sully for one year during which he travelled (by air) all over Canada. After which he was posted overseas and flew to Scotland where he served with a Canadian bomber squadron and the Canadian Bomber Group; he was also attached to the London Headquarters for some time. Then he was posted back to Canada and subsequently arrived at dear old D.J.A. where he does an admirable job as the Administration Officer in No. 5 Hangar.

Prior to enlisting he worked at office work for the City of Ottawa, played rugby, softball and city league hockey. He is married and is living in Dartmouth with his wife and daughter, Sandra Gail. When asked what he thought of Dartmouth he said, "I've seen worse places," and declined to say more.



COVER

This month's cover was designed and drawn by Al Wilson, Thumbs Up's own artist. Al is now working in signals section and is hoping to get in the air as Flying WOG.





Account Office

"Accounts," as it is known to the personnel of the station, is the Financial Centre of any RCAF station which has one. Any time business takes you there you will find them "busy as bees" in their "hive" of industry.

On this station, F/L Crompton is in charge of the Travelling Claims and Pay branch, and F/O Hunter is in charge of Non-Public Funds. S/L Black was the Senior Accountant Officer until recently but we regret that, due to a posting elsewhere, we are going to lose him. His successor, S/L Davison, comes to us from Moncton, N.B., and we extend to him a very hearty welcome.



Pay Office

Accounts

Pay Office



S/L Black handing over the office bottle opener to S/L Davison.

Non Public Funds



Kneeling left to right: F/L. Crompton, S/L Black, S/L. Davison, F/O. Hunter. Standing first row: F/Sgt. Elrick, AC's Compson, Pine, Loga, Pascal, AW's Hyduk and Turner, AC. Kuebler, Cpl. Eisenstat, F/Sgt's. Robson and Huyck. Second row: Sgt. Leech, AC's Hickeson, Griffiths, Stevenson, Andrews, Coward, Field, Michand, Boissy, Steeves, Cpl. Montgomery. Third row: AC's Robinson, Taylor, Horne, Callaghan, Gagne, Cartleze, Boughton, Smart, Perlmutter, Thompson. Fourth row: Cpl. Edwards, AC. Pye, Sgt. Cousins, AC. Gordon, Sgt. Buttler and Cpl. Ingalls.



BUILDING NEW BRIDGES

By DuBOIS MORRIS, Jr.

Last month from Royal Canadian Air Force headquarters in Ottawa to every initial training base in Canada an unusual course of lessons were sent out. In addition to their military and flying instructions, the trainee pilots are going to learn what they're fighting for. They will be taught some sound ideas about what it takes to build a new world out of the shambles that guns and bombs leave behind.

These lessons are timely for civilians as well as soldiers. Only last week Senator Ralph Brewster of Maine, back from a 41,000-mile tour of the war fronts with four other Senators, said: "The trip proved to us that while we are going to win the war, we are not prepared to win the peace."

Next day the "Declaration on World Peace" issued by leaders of three faiths focussed further public attention on the matter.

The introduction to the RCAF course is called "A National Philosophy of Total Victory." It is worth quoting at length from this penetrating analysis of the situation as seen from the military standpoint.

* * *

It starts: "Three great tasks confront the nation—to win the war, to secure the peace, to build a new world. Total war is a war of arms plus a war of ideologies. For total victory we will need not only force, but the greater force of an unconquerable spirit that can outmatch and outmarch the ideologies. The foundation of our whole national effort must be the building of a spirit that can give us not only victory on the battlefield, but victory on the assembly lines, victory in our homes where privation will first be felt, victory

over every selfish ambition within our national life, and victory one day at the peace table.

"We must know not only what we are fighting against, but what we are fighting for. As individuals and as a nation we must dedicate ourselves to building a new world. We need a great positive conviction more powerful than any hatred, that will carry us not only through battles, but through confusion and apathy, through poverty and hardship, through selfishness and sorrow."

* * *

"At Versailles men sat down to the superhuman task shackled by the hatreds born and bred over many years," the statement continues. "The seeds of Versailles were sown during the years that went before. Even so the spirit of a just and lasting peace must be prepared before men meet at the peace table."

Then the RCAF relates the task of peace to the ordinary soldier and civilian: "We realize that this is a war of every man. But peace too will have to be the work of every man. Generals around tables map the campaigns of war, and statesmen around tables will map the campaign of peace. But as the battle is finally won or lost by the ordinary soldier on the firing line, so peace will be won or lost, not only by the statesmen, but by the ordinary millions who have to live it.

"This is a battle for the soul of mankind. Nations have gone on the march not only for land and wealth, but for their beliefs. A victory of our arms will not necessarily conquer their faith. We may win the war of arms and still lose the battle of the ideologies."

How to tackle that difficult-sounding job? That's the \$64 ques-

tion. This is how the RCAF answers it. "For victory in the ideological battle we must first find the answer to materialism. The only answer to nations guided by material things will be one nation guided by God.

"And our great danger is that we may allow, if we have not already allowed, democracy to become one more ideology of materialism. For while democracy professes freedom to obey God, to many it has become freedom to disobey Him; and democracy is in peril of being engulfed by the very materialism it is trying to conquer. We must realize once and for all that there is no new and better world waiting for us at the end of the road of materialism."

The introduction concludes: "The ideology of the new world must provide three great answers—the answer to materialism, the answer to selfishness and the answer to hate. And those answers can be found only if we are willing to turn again to a greater force, little known and seldom heeded—the superforce of the spirit. Materialism like a black pall has crept over the land, and in that blackout nations have lost their way. But there is a superforce, a new illumination, which, if we will, can pierce that darkness and again floodlight the world."

* * *

It is one thing for churchmen to state that a just peace depends on individuals and nations being "subject to the will of God as embodied in the moral law." It's another thing when our Allied military minds arrive at the same conclusion and state it as cogently as the RCAF lessons.

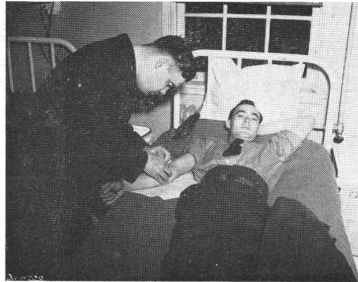
As the colored porter remarked, "It's a great idea if we all does it." Which puts it up to us.

"VICTORIES TAKE MORE BLOOD"

Do Your celebrating by donating another Pint to the Red Cross.



(1) Two Airwomen—Hospital assistants— demonstrating method of blood typing.

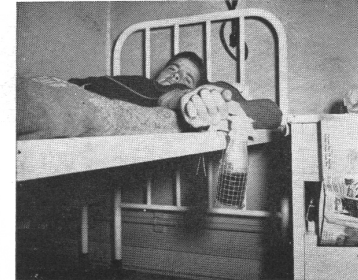


(2) LAC. Ernie Preston of Dartmouth Station donating blood to Red Cross.

THE BLOODY TRAIL

A Story of a Pint of Donated Blood.

PHOTOS BY "CWINN"



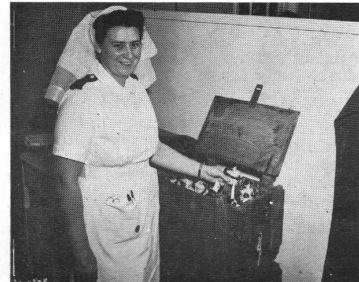
(3) F/L. Ramsay administering injection of needle.



(4) F/L. Ramsay, Sgt. Tommy Knox and F/Sgt. Purslow. Both N.C.O's cheerfully donate for the first time to the "Save a Life" Blood Donors' Campaign.



(5) LAW. MacDonald, Hospital staff. measures blood received from a Donor.



(6) Nursing Sister Peacock filling up box of Bottled Blood for the Red Cross.



(7) Early morning Blood Donors. LAW. Lee serving the drinks. Among this group are Cpl. Morrison, ACI Samford, ACI Benvie and LAW. Williams who is a three time Donor.



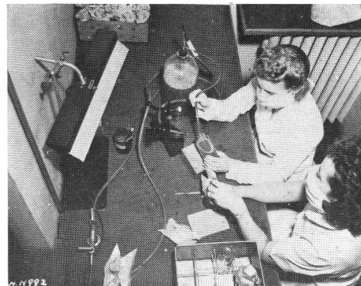
(8) Over to the Pathological Institute now we follow the trail of Blood to Mrs. William Lucas. Here we see her drawing the serum off the "whole blood" just after the blood has come from the donor.



(9) Mrs. George Simpson balancing the specimens of drawn-off blood preparatory to placing them in centrifuge. Mrs. A. A. G. Corbet, in background, is measuring specimens after they have come from the centrifuge.



(10) Miss Frances Brown, who hails from Wolfville, N. S., places the serum in centrifuge where blood cells are separated from the serum.



(11) Birdseye view of the serum pooling process taking place in a special sterilized room. Sometimes the temperature reaches 110° in these little rooms, possibly evidence of some hot blooded individuals on our station.



Yes you can help too by reporting first to the SWO office and then to the hospital ready to give blood. Do not eat fat for breakfast the morning you are going to donate is the only restriction.

If you think you are not healthy enough to give blood see your station Medical Officer as you should not be on duty anywhere in the R.C.A.F.

George Bates
SWO Station Hospital



(12) Needles which were used in original blood donation here are being tested for sharpness by Mrs. George Bates, one of the staff technicians. Needle has to pierce chamois skin easily or it is discarded.



(13) Serum is packed by Miss Pearl McAdams. These large bottles are sent to the Connaught Laboratories in Toronto

Padre's Corner



V.W.D

"PEACE ON EARTH TO MEN OF GOOD WILL."

Two little boys were overheard discussing Christmas and Santa Claus, finally one said, "oh there ain't no Santa Claus, it's like the Devil it's your oid man." How true! Who said that???

Christmas for many people has little meaning other than presents, which they hope to get and feel obliged to give, having a good meal and perhaps getting tight. With modern high pressure salesmanship Christmas has lost a lot of its spiritual or true meaning and as far as religion is concerned is taken care of by singing a few carols and a twenty-five cent contribution in the Salvation Army's "keep the pot boiling".

We are reminded on every hand that these are days of realism or reality. Days when spiritual values are much talked about but little understood and less often put into practice.

No doubt you noticed that this article started with a text—a Padre's privilege—"Peace on earth to men of good will". This is a better translation of the oft quoted, "Peace on Earth Good will towards Men." Where do these words come from? Holy Scripture—yes—by whom and when were they spoken—by the Angels at the Birth of Christ in a little town called Bethlehem. Immediately our minds picture that beloved scene, depicted for us by so many artists the Holy Family, The Blessed Virgin Mary, St. Joseph, The Heavenly Child, the cattle, the stable, the Shepherds. There is the embodiment of all our spiritual values. There is Reality. There in a manger is the answer to all our questionings.

"The hopes and fears of all the years

Are met in thee to-night."



In Memoriam

R 146978 Sgt. G.T. Parrassus
Killed July 1st., 1943.

R 150674 F/Sgt. M.R. Sabourin
Killed Nov. 7th., 1943

A Mother's Prayer

Dear Lord,
You gave Your Son to save the world.
You didn't count the cost
In blood and sacrifice;
You gave Your Son that we might
live.

Dear Lord,
Can I do less?
I gave the world my son
That he may help to save
The things for which Your Son
So nobly died.
If, when the victory's won, dear God,
And you send back my son,
I'll press him to my brest and thank
You, Lord.

And if he goes to join Your Son,
I'll understand;
And, through my tears, rejoice
To know that my son and the Son
of God
Go' hand in hand.

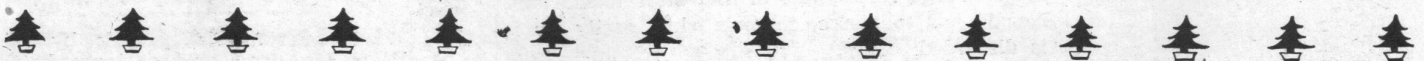
—Anon, in "The Rotarian".

There as a little Babe, wrapped in swaddling bands, the Incarnate Son of God became the Son of Man that men might become the sons of God. The mystery is so far reaching, so staggering in its implications, we fail to understand it men becoming the Son of God—not materialism, nor success nor power—but of God.

At Christmas began the Life, in the flesh, which was to revolutionize the whole world and to be a continual challenge to men's consciences, both as individuals and as nations. Challenging the rightness of their actions and the reality of their standards of value. Christ by His tremendous example of self negation challenges our every act with the thought, What would Christ do. What is the Christian solution to this problem or that. Christ the fulfillment of our lives—Christ the standard of our living.

Christmas in its final analysis is personal and what can be more personal than the family, where love finds its fullest expression in the trinity of Father, Mother and Children. To many of us our noblest thoughts find their beginning in our homes. As Christmas draws near we will each have our own mind-pict-next edition. Probably all this is due to many Christmases. Let us then clear away the sentimentality and all that is artificial about our modern commercial Christmas celebrations and in these hard days let us go to the root of the matter. Let us find the kernel, the meat, The Reality. First perhaps as a touchstone our own homes, then that common home of us all the stable manger at Bethlehem. There was no room in the Inn. Let your heart be His cradle this Christmas.

"O Holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day;"



FIRE! FIRE!

"Man's Best Friend and His Worst Enemy"

Methods Of Fire Fighting In The R. C. A. F.

By W. C. Wiseman.



The first annual (we hope) conference of Air Force Fire Fighter senior N.C.O.'s, from all units in Nova Scotia was held here on Oct. 20, 21 and 22, for the purpose of discussing topics which were submitted from all units before the conference, in addition to lectures and demonstrations organized by F/L Bishop, the Command Fire Prevention Officer.

F/O Hobbs of Dartmouth was in charge of lectures and demonstrations pertaining to bombs and pyrotechnics generally, and WO1 Fitzsimmons demonstrated and explained the fire alarm system to the satisfaction and edification of all concerned.

Topics discussed covered all problems pertaining to fire fighting such as personnel, equipment, training of fire fighters and fire fighting methods with discussion and demonstrations in fire fighting procedure, as associated with aircraft, marine craft and other special types of fires.

The basic idea of the conferences is to clear up problems for the senior N.C.O.'s, as well as the consolidation of knowledge between them.

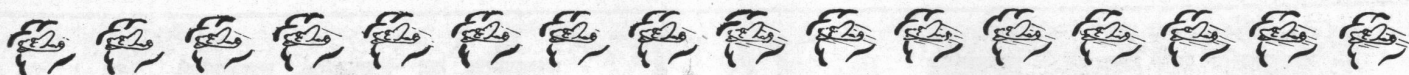
The material and recommendations will be passed in consolidated form to the Commanding Officers of all stations represented for their approval and remission to A.F.H.Q.

Your reporter and photographer, witnessing the last demonstration, saw a pit ten feet long by ten feet wide filled with a mixture of eighty gallons of used oil and forty gallons of gasoline set on fire and allowed to burn for five minutes before the firemen started to fight it, with the result that flames were leaping twen-



ty to twenty-five feet in the air. The first time, when the firemen went to fight it, they found that one hose was dead and they had only one of the fog nozzles to use. They went ahead anyway and in one minute and twenty seconds they had put the fire out. This fog which they were using is simply a mixture of water and air





made by forcing water under pressure through a specially designed nozzle, the pressures used were one hundred and eighty pounds from the pump truck and one hundred and fifty pounds at the nozzle, the loss being due to friction which is calculated at ten pounds per hundred feet of hose. The second time, still without instruction, the fire crew, pumpman LAC J. C. McKay, nozzle-men Cpl. F. J. Beeston, Cpl. J. A. Vallee, LAC. H. Hughes and LAC. B. Crook and hosemen, Sgt. H. Lownds, Cpl. D. S. DeMers, LAC. H. McKinnon and LAC. O. Crevier, under Fire Chief F/S R. B. Donaghy, put the fire out in ten seconds using two nozzles.

After receiving instructions they set the pit on fire again and after waiting the usual five minutes, they turned on the fog and inside of five seconds the fire was out.

We then witnessed the demonstration of a new plastic nozzle for making foam from a five-gallon pump tank. They add three pints of Foamite to the five gallons of water. It will produce approximately fifteen gallons of foam. In connection with these demonstrations and to demonstrate the advantages of fog over foam the pit was once again set on

fire and allowed to burn for five minutes, after which a forty-gallon Foamite extinguisher was brought into play and after three minutes and twenty-five seconds of steady discharge it finally extinguished the fire.

After this a two-inch fog nozzle was brought into play on a small building, approximating a service building, which had been soaked in gas and oil, set on fire and allowed to burn for five minutes. The fog was applied for twenty seconds and the fire was completely extinguished.

Gooney: "What did the big flower say to the little flower?"

Bright Boy: "Hi, Bud!"

A Score Board To Be Proud Of.



Winners In The Fifth Victory Loan Contest.

- \$250.—R164346, LAC. Carter R.
- \$100.—R174815, LAC. Cornfield T.
- \$100.—R105022, Cpl. Page R. G.
- \$100.—W310267,
AW. MacFarlane, M.
- \$100.—W311390, LAW. Warren K.M.
- \$ 50.—R94043, LAC. Ranger G.
- \$ 50.—R155772, LAC. Pederson V.
- \$ 50.—R113907, LAC. Morrow V.
- \$ 50.—R88305, Sgt. Clarke E.
- \$ 50.—R142426, Cpl. Bruery C.
- \$ 50.—R164547, LAC. Boissy J.
- \$ 50.—R217550, AC. Stevens W.





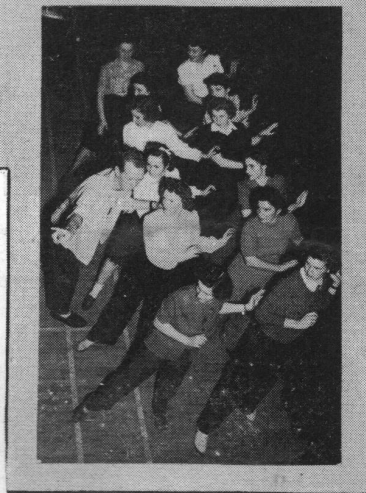
STATION REVUE

HEAR YE ! HEAR YE !



Left to Right Standing: LAW. Dexter, A/S/O Harvey, AW1 Hickey, LAW. Rogers, AW1 Misner, AW2 Rae, Kneeling, LAW. Persinger, AW2 Wilkinson, Sgt. Patterson, AW1 Mergny, LAW. Cholik, LAW. Dickey, LAW. Bugg.

Left to Right are AW1 Misner, AW1 Hickey, LAW. Persinger, AW1 Mergny, Sgt. Patterson, LAW. Dexter, AW2 Rae, AW2 Wilkinson, LAW. Cholik, LAW. Bugg, LAW. Rogers, A/S/O Harvey, playing piano.



PRACTICING DANCE ROUTINE

AMERICA NEEDS A MIGHTY ANSWER

(Reprinted by permission from the American Victory Press Service)

"If we don't win the war on the home front we will lose it on the battle front," said a Detroit commentator. Early summer brought us a first-class Cabinet row, race riots, zoot suit riots, coal strikes, rubber strikes, a foremen's strike, resignation of the food chief, corn and cattle withheld from the markets.

We are fighting for a new world. But what if the new world turns out to be like America today? Even if we win on the battle front, our heroes may return to chaos at home. That may be the only harvest we reap from millions of lives that are sacrificed unless America quickly finds a mighty answer.

We have tried new laws. We have tried new boards. We have tried new czars. Why not try a new spirit? Not so much doing new things as a new spirit in all the things we are now doing.

We find homes breaking up because we see so little of each other. But suppose we find the spirit of

caring that binds us together when we ARE together. We have production problems because we cannot find

"THANKS, LADS"

This is just a word of appreciation to the following airmen who have been responsible for carrying out the recent improvements to the stage in the Recreation building:

- F/S Mather, J. G. (Works and Bricks).
- Cpl. Page R. G. (X Squadron).
- LAC. Wright W. E. (X Squadron).
- LAC. Biel D. (X Squadron).
- LAC. Trenholm M. A. (Marine Squadron).
- AC1 Marcou (Marine Squ.)
- LAC. Trenholme (Marine Squ.)
- AC.1 Hattie G. W. (Oxford Erection).

A special word should be given for F/Sgt. Mather, who spent a precious "48" on the job to get it finished—(some people are crazy! Thank God).

Everyone will agree, however, that it's a most creditable job and we are very grateful. Renewed thanks, boys—that is SUPPORT.

more men to work. But suppose we find the spirit that gives more work per man. We find black markets because they cannot be controlled. But suppose we find the spirit of honesty that keeps us from buying in the black market. We find feuds and friction because we pull to get our own way. But suppose we find the spirit where we all pull for America. Laws won't MAKE us do the right thing. But we can find the spirit that makes us WANT to do the right thing. Moral Re-Armament is that spirit.

It is the fire that must burn in every heart. It is the caring that can keep us pulling together. It is the passion that increases our production. It is the honesty that can keep our economy stable. It is the flame by which Democracy lives. It must sweep the land and halt the spreading alien philosophies that thrive upon our unrest. By this new spirit, freedom might live. And a new world be born.

POETS' CORNER

REFLECTIONS FROM THE MUMP WARD

They put me here a week ago,
They said, "You've got the mumps.

The Isolation Ward for you,
Because your cheeks have bumps."

I haven't shaved in three long days,

I haven't combed my hair,
I see no sense in sprucing up,
If no one seems to care.

I read awhile, and play some cards,

Then take a little nap,
Awake again, and read some more,

Might shoot a game of crap.

It's grim to look outside, and see
The fellows walking 'round,
The sun is bright, the air is clear,
No snow upon the ground.

Just eight more days, and I'll be free

To walk around outside,
To breathe that air and let that sun

Beat down, and tan my hide.

Just eight more days, and when I'm sprung

I hope with heart and soul,
That if I'm ever sick again,
I'll not be in this hole.

From this day on, and evermore,
I'll take good care of me,
I'll get to bed each night at ten,
And not at two or three.

I'll wear my rubbers when it's wet,

My longies when it blows,
And keep my greatcoat buttoned up,

To ward off winter snows.

I'll see my dentist twice a year,
And shower twice a day;

I'll change my socks, and take long walks

To keep all germs away.

I'll eat my carrots, drink my milk,

For beer I'll no more yearn;
If sure I'd be, that when I'm free
I'll never more return.

I'll sleep with windows open wide,

And fill my lungs with air,

So when the M.O. calls the roll,
Here's one who won't be there.

I'll be as healthy as an ox,
I'll never more be ill;
I never hope to take more dope,
Or see another pill.

Eight more days in isolation,
Three more, and there'll be five.

Now you can bet they'll never get
Me back in here alive.

—by Cpl. L. Horne

PAYMENT DEFERRED

The heavy sugar daddy and a new chorus girl were enjoying a little dinner in a private room at a roadhouse.

As the meal neared its finish he cleared his throat and said: 'Er, er, how about a little demi-tasse now, dear?'

"I knew it! I knew it!" exploded the girl. "I knew you weren't treating me this for nothing!"

BACKWARD, TURN BACKWARD

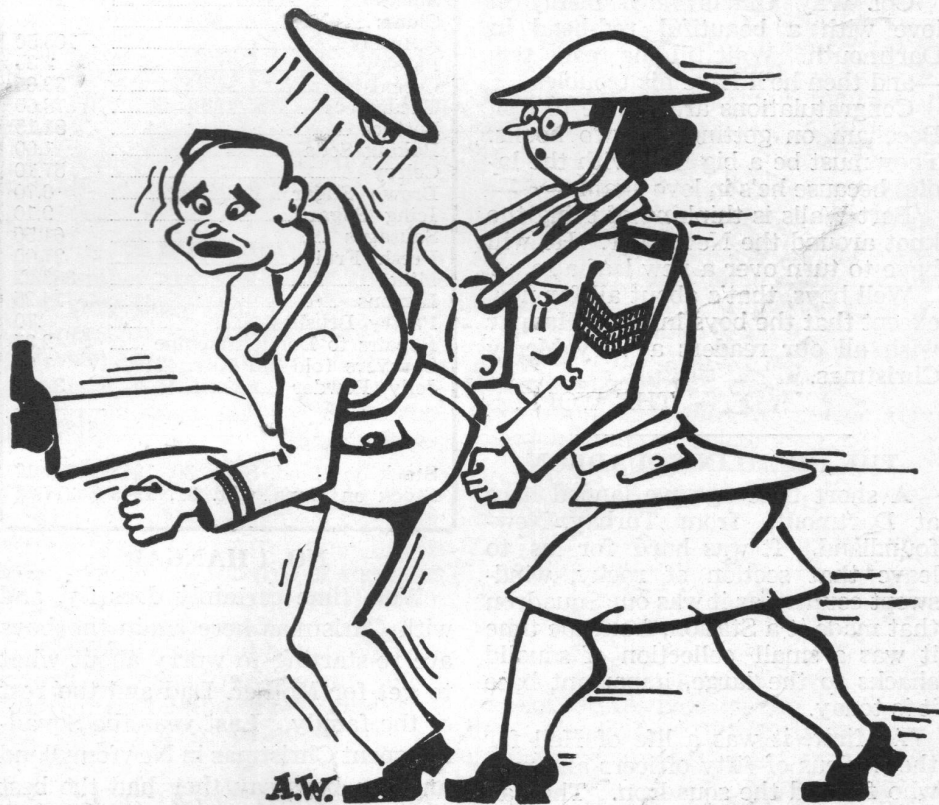
Red flannels and shawls have
come our way,
Could be, they are even here to stay,
'Cause Winter Breezes soon will
blow
And our coal supply is exceed-
ingly low.

We may be In or we may be Out
But we'll wrap ourselves all
round and about
With Woolies like Grandmother
used to do,
And she never even heard of the
Flu.

It took a War and a Govern-
ment too
To make all our Silken-things
TABOO,
So Hurrah! for the Woolies and
cozy shawl,
Tho' our fires burn low, we won't
mind at all.

—From "Hello There,"
Valois, Que.

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS



Unit News



NO. 5 HANGAR

Well boys, I'm sorry we didn't appear in last month's issue—it must have been a very quiet month. Liquid permits must have run out.

It's a very nice time to thank the boys of Droque Sqn. for making a nice showing in the Fifth Victory Loan campaign. Nice going, boys! It will sure come in handy after this prolonged struggle is over.

We have the odd bits of scandal for you this time, so we can start right in. F/Sgt. Pickard seems to have trouble with the gear shift in his car. Because it got stuck one night when the car was full—pardon me, when he was full—he got in a little fracas with the M.P.'s, in fact they detained him for a while. I guess they liked his company. Oh yeah?

What attraction does Sgt. Spurr hold for the dogs on this station? Maybe that is where he gets his bark from.

Cpl. Way thinks he is madly in love with a beautiful red-head in Dartmouth. Wait till she reads this—and then he'll have his troubles.

Congratulations are in line to Cpl. Beecham on getting his two hooks. They must be a big help with the ladies because he's in love again.

Bert Walls is thinking of tying the knot around the New Year. He will have to turn over a new leaf also.

Well boys, that's about all for now except that the boys in No. 5 Hangar wish all our readers a Very Merry Christmas.

THE WOLF.

THE GREMLIN SQUADRON

A short time ago we landed here at Dartmouth from Torbay, Newfoundland. It was hard for us to leave that section of rocky, wind-swept country as it was our Squadron that made it a Station, from the time it was a small collection of squalid shacks to the large, important base it is today.

At first, it was a life of Hell for the nucleus of fifty officers and men who formed the squadron. They all slept in the same building, ate off the same plates, and had to devise their

own recreation. In winter they had to trudge through large drifts of snow to get to their aircraft; in the spring, through ankle-deep mud. But slowly and surely, by hard work, the Station took shape and today consists of several modern buildings, paved roads, and long runways—a far cry to the scene which faced us two years ago.

While we were there we made a good name for ourselves and will continue to keep that good name wherever we are sent. So, Dartmouth, we're glad to be here, and will give our best efforts to anything we have to do.

Extra Messing Expenditures for the Month of October

Ice Cream	\$ 350.40
Grapes	35.60
Pickles	26.10
Tomatoes	104.75
Liver	150.28
Lard	186.06
Spices	17.17
Clams	3.60
Extracts	103.50
Parsley	2.35
Cereals	83.65
Cucumbers	78.60
Lettuce	81.15
Baking Soda	1.00
Celery	57.10
Brown Sugar	6.70
Icing Sugar	9.10
Sausages	61.50
Fresh Fruit	27.00
Milk	383.22
Lemons	14.25
Pastry Brushes70
Repairs to Donut Machine	2.35
Sprayers (old bill Nov. 42)	1.00
Jelly Powder	32.08
Total	\$1855.21

Stock on Hand, Sept. 30, 1943 \$ 357.12
Stock on Hand, Oct. 31, 1943 \$ 277.68

NO. 1 HANGAR

Well, time certainly does fly, and with Christmas here again the boys are re-starting to worry about what to get for Mother. Dad and the rest of the family. Last year the Squadron spent Christmas in Newfoundland and the boys say they had the best Christmas away from home yet. Of course, now that they are back in

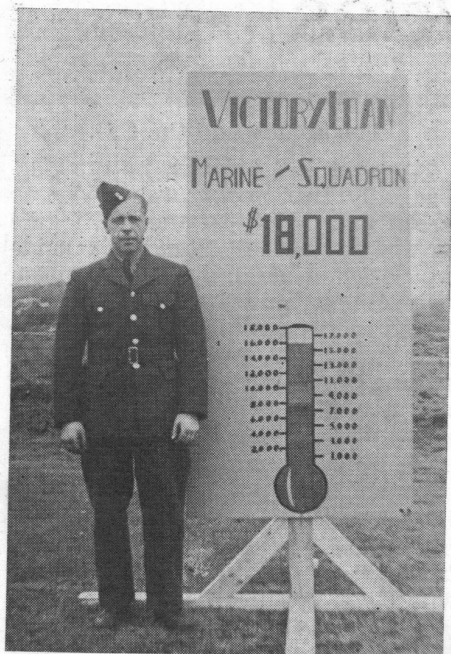
Canada, a lot of the boys will make use of the five days' leave to spend the day at home. The rest of us who stay expect to have the usual good time on the station—that is, the boys who will be able to appreciate a good time!

Since the last edition, several promotions have come to the aircrew personnel of the squadron. Flight-Sergeant Williams received his commission. Pilot-Officers Horrel and Ockenden are now Flying-Officers. Flying-Officer Walz, the man with the handle-bar mustache, is now a Flight-Lieutenant. Before this edition has been published we will have lost our Squadron Adjutant, who has served us ably in Newfie and here. He will have left to start his aircrew training as a Navigator. Flying-Officer "Freddy" Ward was posted overseas a few weeks ago.

The Squadron extends its Christmas greetings and a Happy New Year to everyone.

THE ACCOUNTS SECTION

The Accounts Section had a "get-together" on Monday evening, Nov. 1, at the North Star Hall, Dartmouth. During the evening a presentation was made to their popular Chief before his departure to a new station. It is with regret that we lose a popular and competent officer and we all wish him the best of luck and success in his new appointment. S/L Davison his successor, was on hand to get acquainted with the boys, and had a cheery word for everyone. The boys extend him every good wish and promise 100 per cent co-operation. Dancing, and a good time was enjoyed by all with no casualties reported. The rendition of "Yankee Doodle Dandy" by the "A.I.U." vocal artists was extremely well given, and will be long remembered. The hard-boiled eggs were very popular judging by their swift disappearance and so far we haven't heard any cackling or moans. There was one N.C.O. there who was very popular with the ladies during the dancing and who doffed his tunic. "Was you hot, boy?"



LAC LEWIS MILLER

This man, namely LAC Lewis Miller of the Marine Squadron, was this station's star contributor to the war bond drive.

His purchase of a Five Thousand and one Hundred Dollar (\$5,100.) Victory Bond was a magnificent gesture, one that symbolises to-days universal ambition. For only can we fight if we produce, and only can we produce if we loan.

Lac Miller, like all subscribing airmen, realized this, hence their maximum effort, their attainment of the objective goal.

NO. 7 HANGAR

In the October issue, Corporal Duff F. W., of the Account Section, ran an ad concerning a lost hammer. He wishes to thank all those who so kindly co-operated in locating this lost article. The hammer was found in the Mess, where an S/O has taken on the responsibility of accounting for it. It was being used to break hard-tack.

We welcome back AC.1 D. Thompson from his recent leave. He informs the boys that he thoroughly enjoyed himself and that he is now in the pink of condition and all set to continue in the "Battle of Dartmouth."

He attributes his fine physical condition not to Cpl. Duff's "Back to

Health" plan, but to the pleasant occupation of grave-digging—and—no kidding.

SIGNALS SECTION

Two months ago the Signals Section attempted a first appearance, only to have it go astray. Congratulations are extended to Sgt. Rogers, who was recently married, and also to AC.1 Kidd, Signals' most newly married WOG. He found great changes after his long leave and had quite a surprise finding his old bunk mates had left. The communications System (Signals) of any station is one section which people know little about. Just as those employed in Commercial communications, our own personnel are very careful in mentioning traffic routine. When our land line traffic is transmitted, the teletype is the machine used, everyone taking his turn at typing out the messages. In our section, we have quite a lot of talent. In sports we have just a sprinkling of what used to be half the Headquarters hockey team, and also Al Wilson, the Thumbs Up artist, who seems to be up to the ears in work these days. We are sure the boys who went Aircrew appreciated the send-off we gave them when they left. Due to new qualifications, we expect to see a few more of the boys leaving us, and to those who have gone and those about to leave we wish the best of luck.

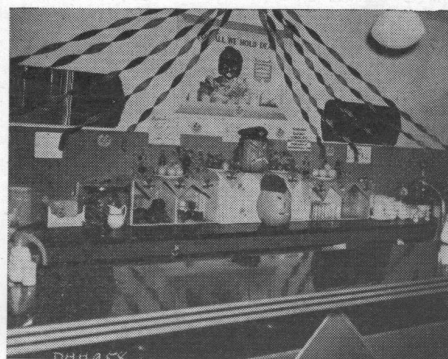
We wish everyone A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.

X SQUADRON

November the sixth saw the end of a very busy two weeks of very high-pressure salesmanship by P/O's Anderson and Stattner, and F/S Stevenson, who took care of the Victory Bond sales for the Squadron. These three men, by their efforts, brought the Squadron well over its quota and on returning from leave our O.C., S/L Hale, thanked them for their efforts. Congratulations are in order this month for five of the boys who were newly commissioned. Their hats were a little small the next day, but not from swelled heads. We now have in our Squadron a champ Touch Rugby team, and now challenge somebody to take us on so we can prove it.

Our dance held last month in the Nova Scotian hotel was a huge success, with everybody having a good time and pestering for a second of the same when it was all over. One WO.2 doesn't remember much about it, but is happy, as he was told he had a whale of a time.

A newcomer to the Squadron is P/O Bell, who was posted to us some two months ago. He's a little fellow with a big voice, received when he was a Disciplinarian, but is now doing a swell job as Squadron Adjutant. Keep up the good work, sir.



The girls in the snack-bar Laws, Pavely, Sadler, Faulkes and Nickafour, did a superb job of decorating for Halloween as evinced by the above photograph. The Girls admit that it was a little extra work but say that they thought it was worth it.

When your reporter asked them why they bothered with extra work when they didn't have to, they answered "We don't mind doing a little extra work and if people would only co-operate, wait their turn when there is a line-up and not expect to be served right at the minute that they show their face at the counter, our job would be much easier."

Bottled-up people are the real bottlenecks.

Some people, like balloons, have to get rid of a lot of hot air before they come down to earth.

The new spirit the world needs cannot be distilled simply from the heat of conflict. It will take warm hearts and kindled imaginations.

-- Smiles 'n Chuckles --

We would like to know who the Fleet Air Arm man was that went into the Snack Bar for a coke, bought six cents worth of tickets, went to the bar, came back to the cashier, bought six cents more, went to the counter, came back to the cashier, and when she asked, "Haven't you got your coke yet?", answered "Nope. Every time I give the tickets to that dizzy dame behind the counter she tears them up."

M.O.: "Wait a minute, you are too quick; I didn't tell you to say Ah."

AC.: "I know you didn't. I just caught a glimpse of your new nurse."

Who was the airman who felt so low he got slapped?

Said the doe to the buck: "We're going to have a little rain dear."

A LITTLE CONCEIT

"Just think," said the conceited heavy-weight boxer, "thousands of listeners will tune in to this fight tonight."

"Yes," bellowed the manager, "and they'll know the result at least ten seconds before you will."

The street car stopped with a jerk and out stepped Sgt. Dean.

One rock said to the other rock: "Let's go over there and be a little boulder."

"Boss: 'I suppose you know when quitting time is?'"

Secretary: "Oh, yes, whenever anyone knocks at the door."

Who was the airman who was so absent-minded he kissed the bus good-bye and went to work on his wife?

Who was the W.D. who said she slept on her tummy because she'd heard that the Japs were after a new naval base?

Women, ah women. They are like cigarettes. They come in packs, hang on to your lips, make you puff, go out unexpectedly, leave a bad taste in your mouth, but still they satisfy.

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

And the one who wore pumps because she thought she had water on the knee?

Overheard in the hospital. Two W.D.'s talking:

1st W.D.: "Do you know what a red corpuscle is?"

2nd W.D.: "Why, of course — a Russian N.C.O."

"I draw the line at gissing,"
She said in accents fine;
But he was a football hero,
So he crossed the line.



Before inspection, I put my helmet on and cut around it. Nobody ever seems to know the difference.

And then there's the one about the two nursing orderlies on the night shift who wanted to while away the hours playing poker, but had no cards so used the patients' record cards. At the end of the first hand the following conversation took place:

"I've got a full house. Three bed baths and two milk diets."

"Well, I've got four enemas."

"That's good. Take the pot."

The Sentry and the C.O.

It seems AC.2 Jones, in the Service only two weeks, was about to go on guard duty at the Main gate for the first time. Standing outside the Sergeant-Major's office awaiting instructions, he heard that greatly feared personage hollering for the C.O. "Where is the C.O.? I've been waiting an hour for him to take this charge and he is not here yet."

AC.2 Jones, receiving his instructions, proceeded to the Main Gate. Presently a large black car drove up and Jones immediately questioned the driver. A loud voice boomed from within the car. "Do you know who I am, my boy? I'm the C.O."

Jones' face immediately became serious, and in a confidential tone, piped: "Boy, oh by, are you going to catch h——! The Sergeant-Major's looking for you."

She: "What are you thinking about?"
Airman: "The same thing you're thinking about."
She: "If you do, I'll scream!"

Official Communique

Washington, D.C.—In an official communique today it was announced that the Japs had taken Sal Hepatica.

The war department confirmed it, but doubts that they will be able to hold it. The strain on their rear is terrific. The Americans have caught them on the run several times while trying to evacuate along the entire line. Several surprise movements have occurred but the action is invariably preceded by gas attacks.

The enemy tried to suppress the report but it leaked out and the Allies got an unmistakable wind of it. The Japs now appreciate the value of every scrap of paper.

"Hey, joeby, what's the idea of calling that doll of yours 'Hot Lips'?"
"Aw, that's just her neckname."

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

The Sarg: "Haven't the slightest."

The Flight: "They're for straining the vegetables in the 'soup'."

(Corn included, no doubt.—Ed.)

ON GUARD

One of the guards stopped an officer and asked him who he was. The officer said he was the officer of the day. The guard replied, "Well, what the hell are you doing out at night?"

LOST

It was a kit inspection and orderly officer approached AC2 Jones with the usual questions.

"Three shirts Jones?"

"Yes sir, one on, one in the wash, and one in my kit bag."

"Two pairs of boots?"

"Yes sir, one pair on and the other pair in my kit bag."

"Three pairs of socks."

"Yes sir, one pair on, one pair in the wash and the other pair in my kit bag."

"Good, now where is your kit bag?"

"Don't know sir, I've lost it."

* * *

Honest Henry Brown was returning answers based upon family history as the medical examiner went through the long list of questions furnished by the insurance company.

He gave his mother's death at 45 of tuberculosis. At what age did his father die? A little past 39. Of what? Of cancer.

"Bad family record," said the doctor. "No use going any further." And he tore up the blank.

Impressed by the lesson that one shouldn't make the same mistake twice, Henry applied for a \$10,000 policy with another company.

"What was your father's age at death?" he was asked.

"He was 96," Henry said.

"And of what did he die?"

"Father was thrown from a pony at a polo game."

"How old was your mother at death?"

"She was 94."

"Cause of death?"

"Childbirth."

* * *

A man once said women wear desire to be squeezed!

A.W.L.

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

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

"It's wonderful anywhere; return at once."

* * *

A "rookie" had been missing from a U.S. Army training camp for 59 days, and all attempts to trace him had failed. On the sixtieth, his Adjutant received this telegram:

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

REPRINTED BY REQUEST



I'M SURE THE GUY WHO WROTE, "I PUT OUT MY HAND AND TOUCHED THE FACE OF GOD", WASN'T A W.A.G

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

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

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

* * *

Jean: "Who has more fun than people?"

Joe: "I dunno."

Jean: "Rabbits."

Jean (brightly): "Why, because there are more of them."

* * *

LOGICAL

A teacher was explaining elementary arithmetic to a small boy.

"Now suppose I lay five eggs here, and three eggs there," she began, "how many will I have altogether?"

"Bunk!" said the little boy. "I don't think you can do it!"

* * *

Two fellows were discussing this and that on the street corner one day, when the talk got to clothing.

"Nice suit you got there", says one.

"Sure is," says the other proudly. "For this suit, the wool was made in Australia, the thread was made in Great Britain, the garment itself in Toronto, Ontario."

"That's amazing!" says his friend.

"And that's not all," went on the wearer. "I bought this particular suit of clothes in a store in Montreal."

"Incredible!" says his friend.

"Wait a minute," says the other. "The most incredible part of all is how many people can make a living out of something I haven't even paid for yet!"

* * *

First Soldier: "Is your sister a blonde of a brunette?"

Second Soldier: "I don't know. She's at the beauty shop right now."

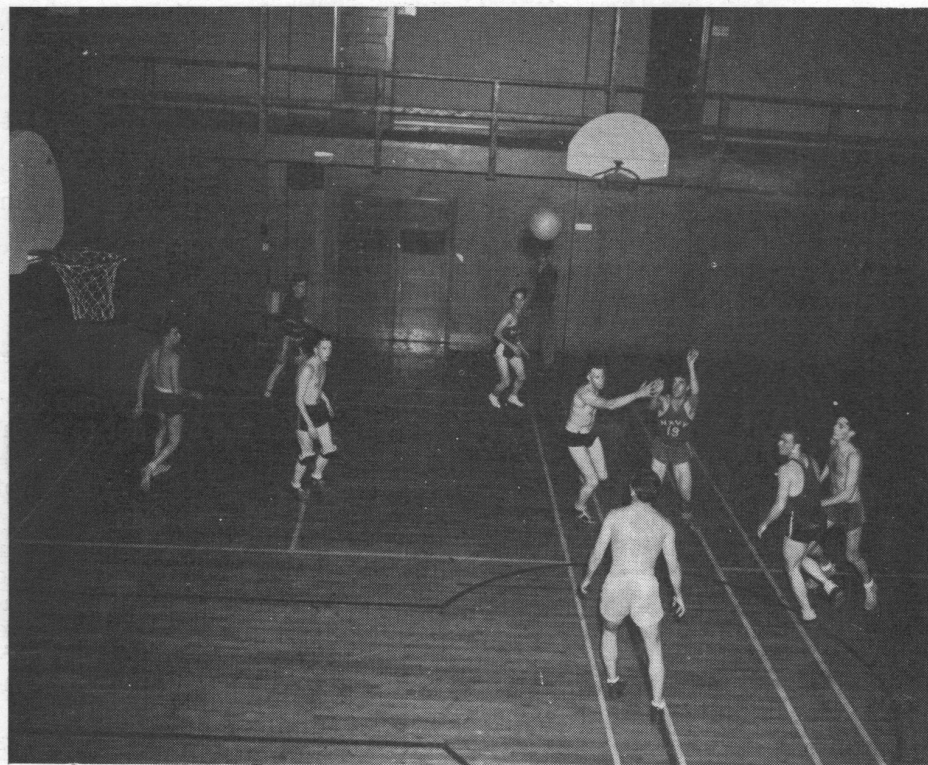
MORE SPORTS . . .

(Continued from page 11)

of their wins at the expense of Bell Lake. Their best have been Price, Perelgut, Turner, O'Grady, Blake, Righetti and Elliot. For Bell Lake the top scoring line of Dumouchelle, Costello and Lognon have been most effective. Heslin, Wall, Gregory, Skidmore, Shemicki, Thorpe and Freed

complete the roster.

The rest of the clubs occupying the cellar positions in the league are the Falcons, 8 C.M.U., Vegas and the Marine Sharks. The good material scattered throughout these last four clubs is neutralized by the inexperience of other teammates. However, these outfits have plenty of zip and fight and should not be lacking when the regular Leggett Trophy race gets underway.



Navy Shoots



—By kind permission of Richardson, Bond and Wright Ltd., Montreal.

THAT LITTLE CHAP O' MINE

To feel his little hand in mine, so clinging and so warm,
To know he thinks me strong enough to keep him same from harm;
To see his simple faith in all I say or do,
It sort o' shames a fellow, but it makes him better, too;

And I am trying hard to be the man he fancies me to be,
Because I have this chap at home who thinks the world o' me.
I would not disappoint his trust for anything on earth,
Nor let him know how little I just naturally am worth.
But after all, it's easier, that brighter road to climb,
With the little chap behind me to push me all the time.
And I reckon I'm a better man than what I used to be,
Because I have this chap at home, who thinks the world o' me.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Neither an egg nor an ego is any good until you break it.

SPORTRAIT



LAC. Curry first saw the light of day in St. Catharines, Ont., on Dec. 8th, 1921. He attended the St. Kitts Collegiate Institute and Vocational School and it was here he started his track running.

Starting slowly, he participated in interscholastic and district meets in 1936-37 and in 1938 captured his first two important wins at Cossa, taking the half-mile and mile. Also in 1938 at Toronto, Don tied the previous junior Canadian mile time to take his share of honors for Canada, running in the fast time of four minutes and 39.4 seconds.

In 1939 he won most of the intermediate meets he competed in and in the senior events, which were, unfortunately, not for Canadian championships, Don set a new time for the Canadian mile which still stands at four minutes and 32.4 seconds.

In 1940, in the Cossa again, Don set up a half-mile time which also is still unbroken—two minutes, two seconds. In this year he also ran against up-and-coming school runners but his experience on the track helped his fleet feet to win all of these events.

Don gives the lion's share of the credit to his father, who coached and tutored him throughout his racing career. He hopes to be able to go into business with his dad after the war, in the retail sporting goods business.

His other favorite sports are rugby, cricket and hockey. His ambitions in sport are to keep running against such men as he has already met—Lorry Redmand, Gordon Furrie and Bill Morris.

Don is now posted from this Station but we hope he comes back some day and dons our colors in some future sports meet. Good luck, Don!

Letters To The Editor

Dear Rankin:

Many thanks for yours of Oct. 8, to which this is a belated reply.

Your very excellent little magazine, "Thumbs Up," is a source of particular interest to me, inasmuch as my early connection with the service was as A.P.M. in Eastern Air Command, at which time, naturally, I saw a good deal of Dartmouth. Your magazine, in my opinion, sets a high standard among service journals, and I am in hopes that we may be able to work in another Dartmouth contribution on "Bards in Battle Dress" before the end of the present series, December 27th. Many thanks for the puff to "Bards in Battle Dress" given on the back cover of your October issue. I hope to use this as a basis of a new bulletin for distribution to all Service units in Canada, in order to spur the flow of verse contributions, which has begun to slacken in the past two or three weeks.

Wishing every success to you and your colleagues, and with renewed thanks for your support, I am,

Sincerely yours,

G. L. CREED,
Wing Commander.

Ottawa.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed find \$1.00 for the magazine "Thumbs Up," also the poem, "High Flight," suitable for framing.

The words in the mail are very beautiful.

Having lost a grandson overseas, a sergeant pilot in the RCAF, these words are very appealing to me.

Sincerely thanking you in advance, I am,

MRS. R. CULLEN.
84 Jubilee Rd., Halifax.

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

HIGH FLIGHT

A free copy of this poem, printed on heavy paper, suitable for framing, (see page two of this issue) may be obtained FREE by subscribing to

"THUMBS UP"

for one year at the rate of one dollar (\$1.00). Mail your application for subscription along with a money order for one dollar to LAC. E. T. Shienfield, Circulation Manager, Thumbs Up, R.C.A.F. Station, Dartmouth, N. S.

Dear Editor:

A suggestion to those who have electric razors and clippers.

The disturbance caused by these articles is exceedingly annoying to one who is listening to his or her favorite radio program. Therefore, it is suggested that the owners of these "curses to peaceful, uninterrupted listening" remedy the situation by placing a condenser across the power line or else operating them at a more reasonable time—say before 9 a.m.

Thank you.

One Who Appreciates Radio Programs.

Dear Sir:

Will you kindly send me "Thumbs Up" for one year. Enclosed you will find \$1.00 covering the subscription. My address is: M. A. Fortune, Box 544, Halifax, N.S.

M. A. FORTUNE.

Dear Sir:

I am enclosing a postal note for \$1.00 as my subscription for a year to "Thumbs Up." I would appreciate a copy of the poem, "High Flight," suitable for framing.

My husband buys "Thumbs Up" every month at the station, but I would like to have a copy sent to the house—everyone here enjoys reading it.

MRS. L. J. McNAIRN.

9½ Maynard St., Dartmouth.

Dear Sir:

I am enclosing \$1.00 for a year's subscription to your RCAF magazine, "Thumbs Up," and the special copy of the poem, "High Flight."

I have a son serving in the Air Force overseas and plan to send each issue because he followed the magazine with interest when he was at home in Canada.

MRS. JOHN J. FULTZ.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed please find \$1.00 for one year's subscription to "Thumbs Up" and poem. While my brother was stationed at Dartmouth he got them every month, and gave them to me. When he went overseas I missed them very much. I was very glad to see in the paper that I could get them again. It is a grand magazine—keep up the wonderful work.

MISS RITA HALEY.

Windsor R.R. No. 1, N.S.

Are You A Blood Donor ?

If Not

Why Not

Male Call

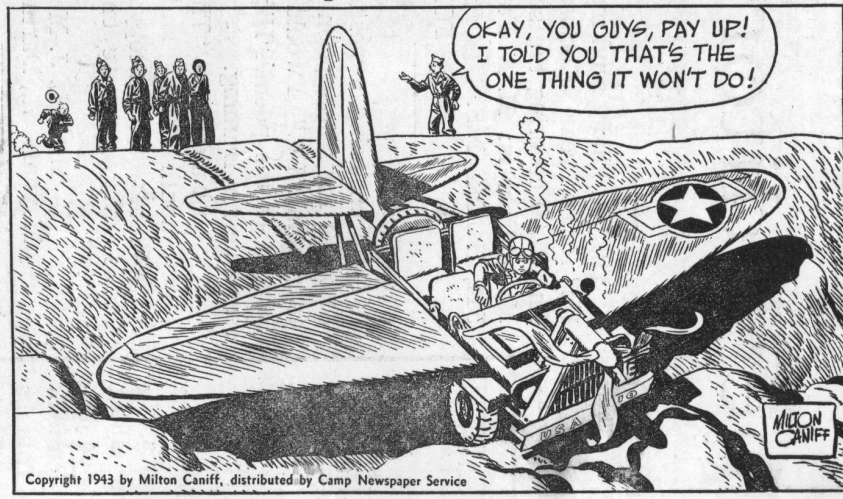
by Milton Caniff, creator of Terry and the Pirates



HMM - FINE THING!
THEY'RE NOT EVEN
NOTICING LACE
TODAY!

SHE'S
READY! LET 'ER
GO!

Why Don't You Do Wright?



OKAY, YOU GUYS, PAY UP!
I TOLD YOU THAT'S THE
ONE THING IT WON'T DO!

MILTON
CANIFF

Copyright 1943 by Milton Caniff, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service

THUMBS UP!

Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"

Like A Fetter From Home



MISS LACE, TH' LITTLE
GOONIE IS SO HOMESICK
FOR HIS WIFE WE CAN'T
DO NOTHIN' WITH HIM...
HE WOULDN'T THINK OF
ASKIN' YOU FOR A DATE -
BUT I BROUGHT HIM CAUSE
-YOU MIGHT KNOW HOW T'
SNAP HIM OUT OF IT..

HMMM...
THERE'S ONE
THING THAT
MIGHT WORK

Copyright 1943 by Milton Caniff, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service



THIS HERE'S
MISS LACE!

H'LLLO



WELL, I SEE YOU BOUGHT
A CIGAR - BUT YOU DIDN'T
THINK TO BRING ME
ANYTHING!



HEY! DON'T SIT ON THE
GOOD CHAIR!



WATCH THOSE ASHES!



MUST YOU ALWAYS LISTEN
TO THE WAR NEWS? I
WANNA DA-A-A-NCE!



-OH, YOU GOTTA GO ON
DUTY!...I'VE HEARD THAT
ONE BEFORE - G'NIGHT!



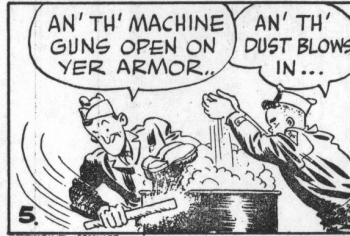
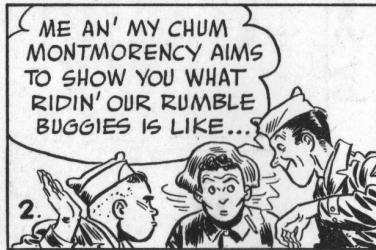
GEEZST, MCGOOLTY,
MISS LACE IS WUNNAFUL!
-REMINDS ME SO MUCH
OF MY GOITRUDE!

MILTON
CANIFF

Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"

Dim View



Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of Terry and the Pirates

Slight Snaf In Cupid's Path



THUMBS UP!

The Wolf

by Sansone

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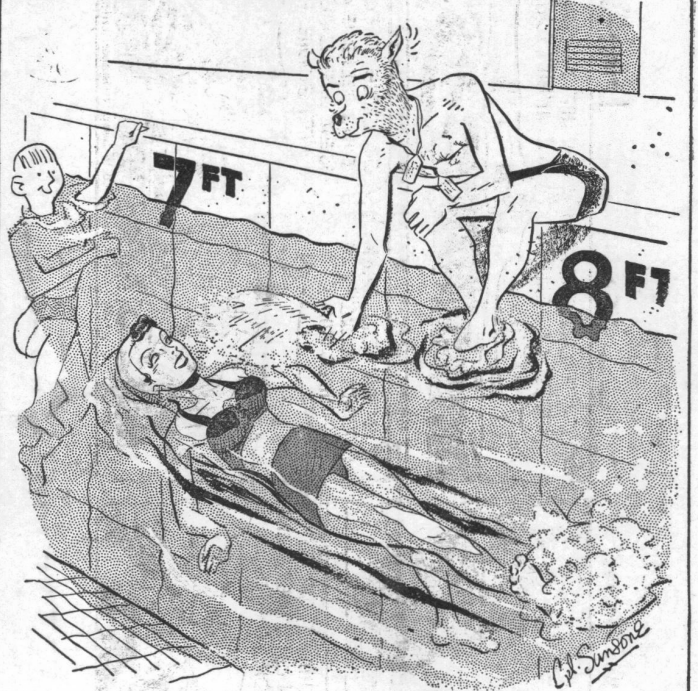


"Thanks awfully for helping me. Isn't there some way I can repay you?"

The Wolf

by Sansone

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"I love the backstroke, don't you?"

The Wolf

by Sansone

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"Frankly, I don't see how you rate a good conduct medal! 'Specially after last weekend!"

The Wolf

by Sansone

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"He has a wonderful touch, hasn't he?"

MOVIE GUIDE

Capitol Theatre

COMING ATTRACTIONS

- Nov. 29-30, Dec. 1—"Behind The Rising Sun," Margo, Tom Neal, Robert Ryan.
- Dec. 2-3-4—"Sky's The Limit," Fred Astaire, Joan Leslie.
- Dec. 6-7-8—"Bombardier," Pat O'Brien, Randolph Scott, Anne Shirley.
- Dec. 9-10-11—"Watch On The Rhine," Bette Davis, Paul Lukas.
- Dec. 13-14-15—"Holy Matrimony," Monty Wooley, Gracie Fields.
- Dec. 16-17-18—"I Dood It," Red Skelton, Eleanor Powell.
- Dec. 20-21-22—"First Comes Courage," Merle Oberon, Brian Aherne.
- Dec. 23-24-25—"Wintertime," Sonja Henie, Jack Oakie.
- Dec. 27-28-29—"Adventures Of Tartu," Robert Donat, Valerie Hobson.
- Dec. 30-31, Jan. 1—"Ridin' High," Dorothy Lamour, Dick Powell.

Casino Theatre

COMING SOON

- "Hers To Hold." Deanna Durbin
- "Hi Diddle Diddle," with Adolphe Menjou . . . Martha Scott.
- "Top Man," starring Donald O'Connor.
- "Phantom Of The Opera" . . . in Technicolor.

Mayfair Theatre

COMING ATTRACTIONS

- Nov. 30-2—"Spawn of the North."
- Dec. 3-6—"Coney Island."
- 7-9—"New Adventures of Tarzan."
- 10-13—"Corregidor."
- Dec. 14-16—"Ghost and the Guest."
- 17-20—"Desperadoes."
- 21-23—"Good Luck Mr. Yates."
- 24-27—"Constant Nymph."
- 28-30—"Background To Danger."
- 31-3—"Sky's The Limit."

Gaiety Theatre

COMING ATTRACTIONS

- Dec. 1-2—"West of Abilene", "Lone Wolf Keeps a Date."
- 3-4—"Immortal Sergeant."
- 6-7—"McGuerins From Brooklyn", "Sealed Lips."
- 8-9—"Gunman From Bodie," "Silver Queen."
- 10-11—"Kukan."
- 13-14—"Skylark," "Mountain Moonlight."
- 15-16—"Prairie Schooners," "Falcon Takes Over."
- Dec. 17-18—"Iceland."
- 20-21—"I Married A Witch," "Suicide Squadron."
- 22-23—"Timber", "Night of June 16."
- 24-25—"Tales Of Manhattan."
- 27-28—"New York Town," "Bashful Bachelor."
- 29-30—"Riders Of Timberline," "Steel Against The Sky."
- 31-Jan. 1—"Fleet's In."

Adeste Fideles

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, o come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold him
Born the King of angels.

Chorus:

O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord!

God of God,
Light of light,
Lo! he abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created:

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing all ye citizens of heaven above;
Glory to God
In the highest:

See how the Shepherds,
Summoned to his cradle,
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh with lowly fear;
We too will thither
Bend our joyful footsteps:

Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born this happy morning,
Jesus, to thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:

Lo! star-led chieftians,
Magi, Christ adoring,
Offer him frankincense and gold and myrrh;
We to the Christ, Child
Bring our hearts oblations:

Amen.