

# Thumbs Up!



VERN DRAYTON

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

FEBRUARY

10 CENTS

# Thumbs Up!

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No. 7

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## Who Loves His Country

By NANCY BYRD TURNER

Who loves his country will not  
rest  
Content with vow and pledge  
alone,  
But flies her banner in his breast  
And counts her destiny his  
own—

Not only when the bugle plays  
Stands forth to give his life for  
her,  
But on the field of common days  
Is strong to live his life for her.

He is not satisfied to claim  
As heritage her power and fame,  
But, striving, earns the right to  
wear  
The shining honor of her name.

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## editors' page

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Again D.A.P.S. has posted the Thumbs Up editor to other fields and again those of us left behind must carry on and each month give you for better or worse Thumbs Up. In the loss of our editor, F/L Tanton, and our beloved Padre, we have lost a man who in his short stay on this station has endeared himself to each and every one. In his frequent calls in the hangars and other places of work, his abundant good humor and earthy philosophy made a welcome break in the monotony of the "Battle of Dartmouth." We wish him speedy recovery from his recent illness, and with the help of God all the best at his new post. His policy on the magazine was one of tolerant understanding of the other fellow's troubles, and he carried the hope in his heart that through the medium of Thumbs Up he might give airmen the thought, "After Victory, What?" This will continue to be our policy, and Padre Tanton, along with other editors, Day, Cattley and Donohue, will leave his mark.

Like most publications of these war days, Thumbs Up has all the difficulties caused through the shortages of paper, labor, etc., and this month the axe fell on our pocket book. N.P.F., who in the past have been more than lenient in paying our bills, have at last limited the loss that is incurred in the publication of this magazine. This means retrenchment. Our magazine will be smaller (20 pages instead of from 24 to 35). But with your co-operation we hope that we will not cheapen the standard of entertainment that has been set by our predecessors, and barring the odd posting, late shipments of paper, lack of personnel to run the presses, Thumbs Up will greet you the last pay-day of each month.

So much for business. Like the proverbial master of ceremonies we will introduce our new editor, F/O Besner, who needs no introduction. It is the same F/O Besner who did such a bang-up job as manager of Dartmouth's fifth and largest Victory Loan. He brings with him to Thumbs Up a keen business sense, a loyal understanding of the difficulties facing his active board of contributors, and a taste for the best cigars on the market. So, if when you call at the Thumbs Up office, a smell of Corona Coronas greets you, feel assured,

friend, that F/O Besner is being taken by the boys.

A final word as we move along in this new year, the Victory Year—and everyone sincerely hopes that it is just that. The year when all the world will lay down their arms and little men all over the world will return to the pursuit of those things that make life worth living. The year that will see an end to little children starving in the conquered countries, to feed the Bestial Bastard of Berlin. All this, and your private hopes, may be realized if, as General Eisenhower so aptly put it, "every man, woman and child in the United Nations does his very best throughout the year."

He had you in mind when he said this. He meant you and I must do all that is humanly possible, each in his appointed task. This means that during the whole year, and on into the years of rebuilding a war-torn and ravished world, that you and I must act as a team under the guidance of God, to make the world a place that is safe for little children. To do this, you and I will have to forget our petty grievances, and put our shoulder to the wheel in whatever way we are asked to do so. In doing this we, in turn, will build a happier world for ourselves, because "He that gives also receives."

As Frederick B. Watt in his book, "Who Dare To Live," says—

Face it, accept it—history didn't care

How stupid was my firm, how damned unfair

It would record that certain convoys sailed

Or faltered when the flow of seamen failed;

That some one nation's people learned to serve

At any post they could and didn't swerve

Until the day was won; that private woes

When nursed had proven deadliest of foes.

Again it is the pleasure of Thumbs Up to congratulate several service publications on the excellent showing in their Christmas issues. First on the list is The Gander. Their Christmas issue was the tops. Another station paper we wish to congratulate is The Mountain Viewpoint, under the

editorship of F/O Bob Bethune. Congrats also go to The Airman of No. 3 Manning Depot, Edmonton, Alta.,

## EDITORIAL (Contributed)

## A PROGRAM FOR EVERYBODY

Orchids from American columnists don't very often fall into the laps of Canadian weekly newspapermen. Last week, however, a widely read American column highlighted the recent convention speech of C. V. Charters, managing director of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association.

Emphasizing the magnificent part that reporters and editors are playing in the war zones and at home, this columnist stated: "On almost every battleground, ideas as well as armies have fought it out. Events have been complicated by the struggle of world ideologies that prostitute words and hide behind well meaning phrases."

"More than ever in this war," he continues, "there have been problems of interpretation. Newsmen and readers alike have needed a basic yardstick as a guide to clear thinking and reporting."

Such a yardstick, this columnist stated, was offered by Mr. Charters in a straightforward five-point program given to all delegates of the C.W.N.A.

1. Restore for the country the great bulwarks of teamwork, home life and faith in God.

2. Plant absolute moral standards as the yardstick for both public and private action to forearm the nation against post-war moral landslide and consequent economic collapse.

3. Fight for national unity by spotlighting what is sound and constructive and by teaching the public to discern what inflames and divides.

4. To show the nation that the war of arms is only one phase in the fight for a Christian civilization against materialistic ideas.

5. To enlist every reader to build in his home, office, factory or community the pattern of the new world we all want.

The correctness of his across-the-border evaluation of C. V. Charters' five points will lie, surely, in how quickly and sincerely Canadian readers and editors start to put them to work.

# So You Come From Toronto!

By BLUENOSE

The pidgeon hailed from Toronto. The arrogant set of his stocky shoulders, the imperious poise of his head, the sophisticated demeanor he wore proclaimed the fact.

As you sat and sipped your beer in the canteen you watched him. He sat at the next table and was expatiating at great length his opinion. Fragments of his perpetual tirade came to your ears. Instinctively you knew from the contempt in his denunciations that he was condemning your home, your Nova Scotia.

"Father forgive them," you heard him say, "for they knew not—".

Something within grew resentful. Too often you had heard this kind of thing before, too often you had dismissed it with a casual shrug and excused the guy through the monosyllable, "Ignorance."

"Godam his soul," you thought this time. "What does he know of our province?"

His complete Nova Scotia consisted of Barrington and Hollis and Water streets. You somehow felt sorry for this pidgeon, this typical Torontonians who quoted biblical adages. Okay, you could quote a few, too.

"Lift up thine eyes," was one. Lift up thine eyes and see the New Scottish glory that is absolute. See the barbaric and majestic splendor of the Prespect coast line, the peaceful villages that snuggle so comfortably in the Lunenburg County hills, the pervading, happy quietude of the Antigonish university town.

You know that in the Torontonians' frenzied metropolis he knew not of such places. His Toronto castle is a prison of encroaching walls, a city of miniature skyscrapers, a blare of noise.

There is so much difference. Your home is perched on a hill and its likeness is etched against a humid sky.

At night the lullaby, or angry punch, of the Atlantic comes to your ears. During the day the villagers, each one a kinsman, saunter as they continue their lives. However, despite their easy equilibrium they accomplish much.

The Torontonians waved his hand deprecatingly. "They've got nothing down here. No beer parlors, no women, no places to have fun, no nothin. And they call it—Canada."

You laughed at that; and you felt a little like weeping, too.

No beer parlors, huh? You could tell him stories of wild liquor parties, of Moonshine Joy Juice that had freely ran.

No places to have fun? You remembered corn boils, moccasin dances, skating trails.

No women? That was the most ludicrous fallacy of his condemnations. You acquainted women. Plenty of 'em. And you had met them after the declaration of war; since you had been posted to Dartmouth.

If the Torontonians could not get himself a girl friend it was because of his lack of attractiveness, personality, or rather, go-getter ability. In short—an admission of failure.

No hospitality? Why, you knew a dozen addresses of Nova Scotia folk that badly wanted to entertain Torontonians. Hospitality that was southern in its generosity. Thick, rich steaks, mother cooked. Chicken a la king. Luxurious beds, and grass-dried linen. Fun that was to be had through bob-sleighting and lobster orgies; fun through fostered friendship.

"And they call it—Canada." That crack was as vicious as it was dirty. Your father had believed his Nova Scotia to be part of Canada when he took up arms to help protect it in World War I and came back minus a leg. Your brother, too, believed when he had sailed from Halifax en voyage for Murmansk and never returned.

They, your father and your brother, like you had stood in the domain that was your own humble cottage and surveyed the presented scene.

They had looked and seen the fishermen's dories at rest in the cove, the patchwork comforter of snow and wind-swept land; they had looked and their hearts had grown proud. As they gazed they knew that through the soil man gets closest to his God, that their love of this Nova Scotian earth was their strength.

Nowhere in all Canada did the cry of "This is worth fighting for" thunder more mightily than it did here.

Now the pidgeon from Toronto was speaking again. "They've got no industry, no manufacturing plants. Christ knows how they remain economically stable!"

Something bitter rose up within you. How well you realized the sagacity of that remark. You, above all, knew that because the great industrialists of Ontario "nogged" the major part of Canada's production output they deprived your own fellow, provincial folk of employment. You knew that much of the prosperity of Toronto was begotten of the sweat and poverty of purchasing Nova Scotia and the rest of the Maritimes.

Oh yes—they did not call the Queen City "Hog Town" without just cause.

The Torontonians finished his beer. He looked across the canteen and saw you. A surprised smile crossed his face and he raised his hand in a gesture of salutation. You answered. He rose and came over to where you were sitting.

"Putting some time in, eh, Bluenose?"

"Yeah!"

He leaned close to you and whispered in your ear. "How's the money situation?"

"I've got two bits," you informed him.

The Torontonians put his hand in his pocket and withdrew a dollar bill. Quietly, and unseen by the rest of the canteen crowd, he slipped it into your tunic pocket.

"Sorry, Bluenose. That's all I can spare. Half of what I've got."

"Thanks, Hog Towner," you said.

There was no shame in your acceptance. You'd done the same for him many a time. And you would do it again.

You looked up at him and you thought of past circumstances. The two of you had met in Lachine Manning Pool months ago. You'd gone through basic training together and because you were both in the same trade you had been fortunate enough to get the same postings—to Eastern Passage.

Him and you were chalk and cheese. Yet, because of some indefinable attracting law of nature you had chummed up together. He was your personal buddy, bosom pal—call it what you like. You knew him to be a great guy, a regular fellow—because the past had proven his comradeship.

(con't. on page 4)

# "Master of Spitfire Balks at "Bike"

By F/O JOHN CLARE,  
RCAF Public Relations Officer  
Overseas

At an RCAF fighter squadron "Somewhere in Britain": Mickey walked into the dispersal hut and stopped at the door. For a moment he looked across the room filled with fighter pilots, twisted in the grotesque attitudes of young men at rest, then he held up a bandaged hand.

"Look, fellows," he said with a grimace. "I pranged\* again."

"That's the second time this week," said his flight commander, a young flight lieutenant from Halifax, who got up in a manner that wasn't exactly menacing but suggested that he had better start talking.

"Well, it was this way," said Mickey slowly. "I'm coming in, getting along fine, too, and then this bird cuts across in front of me. I give it lots of rudder and while I'm doing that I forget to do something else, I guess, and I lose speed. Then the next thing I know I'm in a flower bed and the bike's on top of me."

"You're the only guy on the squadron who isn't operational on your bike. Why is that, Mickey?" one of his pals yelled from behind a magazine.

"I guess I just don't trust 'em. They're dangerous," was his reply.

The flight lieutenant grinned.

"Your hand's OK, is it? We may be flying soon," he asked.

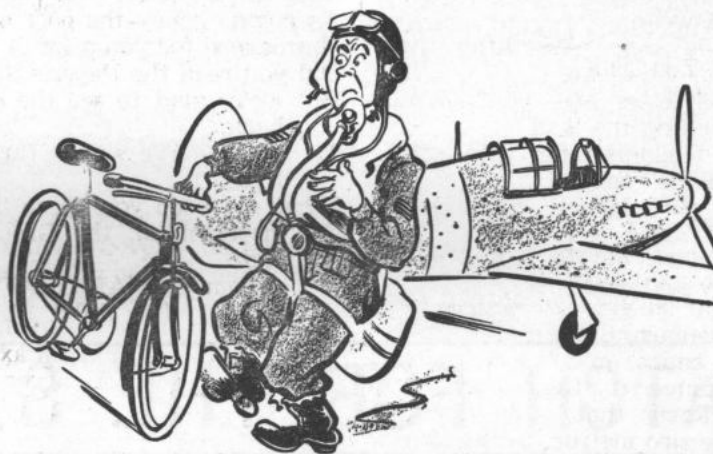
Mickey assured him it was only a scratch and sat down to enter up his log book with occasional jibes and jeers being lobbed at him from the rest of the squadron.

The outfit did fly, as the flight commander had suggested. There was a "scramble" not long after Mickey arrived at the hut. Smoothly and quietly they buckled on their parachutes and dinghys, tied up Mae West straps, slipped out of the dispersal and loped to their kites which were already warming up.

One by one the Spitfires lashed their tails around and began their jolting journey out to the take-off. And section by section they poised like sprinters and then when the mounting roar of their motors had the earth shuddering to a point where listeners felt that something must shatter they raced down the runway and leapt into the air.



"I pranged again . . ."



Far more vicious than a Spitfire!

Mickey was in there somewhere. It was hard to pick out his 'Q' for 'Queenie,' but he was there guiding that slim javelin of an airplane loaded with death and destruction for the Nazi air force.

They came back soon. Gently the aircraft touched down and wheeled back to their positions. Each machine gave a final bellow and was silent and the pilots swung out and returned to dispersal, 'chute swung over their shoulders.

Mickey paused outside the door where the bikes were parked. There

had been a great bitterness welling in him since the squadron had been issued with bicycles to lighten the loan on auto transport around the airdrome. Now it was almost more than he could stand. There was resentment and apprehension in the dark look he gave the bike. He took another hitch on the parachute slung over his shoulder. His words were the plaintive moan of a guy who has had just about enough.

"And now I've got to ride that damn thing all the way back to the mess."

# POETS' CORNER

## LIFTERS AND LEANERS

There are two kinds of people  
on earth to-day,  
Just two kinds of people, no more  
I say.  
Not the good or the bad, for 'tis  
well understood  
The good are half bad and the  
bad are half good.  
Not the rich or the poor, for to  
know a man's wealth  
You must first know the state  
of his conscience and health.  
Not the happy or sad, for the  
swift flying years  
Bring to each man his gladness  
and to each man his tears.  
No, the two kinds of people on  
earth I mean  
Are the people who lift and the  
people who lean,  
And wherever you go, you will  
find the world's masses  
Are always divided into just  
these two classes;  
And oddly enough you will find,  
too, I wean,  
There is only one lifter to  
twenty who lean.  
In which class are you?—Are  
you easing the load  
Of the toilsome toiler who toils  
down the road?  
Or are you a leaner, who makes  
others bear  
Your share of the labor and  
worry and care?

ANON.

## THE GROUND CREW— GOD BLESS 'EM

Pilot Officer in the sky,  
Whatever keeps you up so high?  
Is it the type of crew you choose,  
The wonderful Octane Gas you use?  
Or could it be you're feeling fine  
Because your girl-friend dropped a  
line?  
Or is it because you're flying light  
And trying to keep out of sight  
To make the public wonder why  
Or how you stay up in the sky?

We've ot your number, Pilot Boy;  
We'll tell you why your little toy  
Never misses, never fails  
As throuh the sky she smoothly sails.  
It isn't the Pilot, the Gas or the  
Plane,  
But the Ground Crew that does it  
time and again.

Pilot, Navigator, Sparks and Gunner,  
All of you can easily run 'er.  
We hand it to you shiny and bright,  
You bring it back an awful sight.

Shot full of holes, a broken wing,  
An engine gone—the poor old thing  
Has earned for you a lot of glory.  
Did you read the Paper's Story?  
But we're glad to see the old Crate  
back,

To know you're safely through the  
Flak.

What did keep you up so high?  
Ah, never mind, the Ground Crew  
sigh.

From the "AIRCRAFTSMAN"  
The T.T.S. St. Thomas.

## PLEASE SHED NO TEARS

A clear new dawn, another day.  
New lives to live to learn new ways—  
Of laughter, love, perhaps some tears  
And as we span the waning years  
We learn how frickle life has been.  
And yet I'd do it all again,  
To see you smile, to hear you say,  
"I'll see you soon another day."  
And is perchance I don't return,  
Please shed no tears, no candles burn.  
For you must always happy be,  
And in this way stay close to me.  
Please plant a flower that will bloom.  
And always keep me in the room  
That is your heart. Then all will  
know  
That love was ours. Though I must  
go.

—Author Unknown.

## FIRE FIGHTER

Have you ever been in a smoky room  
Expecting each moment an early  
doom  
From smoke, from heat, and falling  
beams  
It isn't pleasant by any means.

Choking, coughing and spitting grime  
Ready to croak 'most anytime  
If this is soft as some folks say  
I'd sooner in the fresh air stay.

So in the conclusion I'll just say this  
That whenever you should the ash-  
tray miss  
Pick up the butt and say, (please do)  
That you're helping out your fire  
crew.

# WATCH FOR THE STATION REVUE

## SO YOU COME FROM TORONTO

(con't from page 2)

"Let's get out of here," he said.

"Where'll we go?" you asked.

"Oh, some cheap hop."

"Okay."

Together you walked out of the  
building and into the night. You  
stood on the hill and Hog Towner  
looked at the spangling harbor lights  
of Halifax.

Deep, deep disgust was in his tone  
as he spoke. "That jeesly city," he  
said.

Well, you'd known him for a long  
time. You knew that he was fed up

and war weary—just like yourself.  
He'd gotten into a rut. Been broke  
half the time, having no car, not been  
able to get home and a million petty,  
irritating things did that to him.

You'd taken him to your home —  
given him everything you could. He  
agreed that your family was swell  
and for a while his beefing had  
ceased. It had come home to him  
that your province was hospitable  
and generous. Then the monotony of  
an adverse life had enveloped him  
again. His frustration piled up. One  
way or another he had to get rid of  
it. A constant condemnation of Hali-  
fax happened to be a convenient an-

tidote. Consequently the beefing  
recommenced. Halifax—Botwood —  
Pat's Bay — Mont Joli — it was all  
the same. Any one would equally  
have sufficed him.

"That jeesly, jeesly city."

You laughed at him. Months of  
familiarity had bred each of you to  
take mock, abusive liberties.

"You're a bastard," you told him.

He laughed, answeringly. The beer  
in his stomach triumphed. "Com'on,"  
he said. "Let's go and see what we  
can pick up."

Yeah, he was one swell guy, a regu-  
lar fellow. He just didn't or wouldn't,  
understand.

# Padre's Corner



V.W.D.

## :o: CHRISTIAN FAMILY LIFE :o:

### —AS GENERAL MONTGOMERY'S MOTHER SEES IT

By LADY MONTGOMERY

What is religion? The word itself has a dull sound. It too often connotes respectability and sham piety. When we say "he (or she) is a very religious," it is not always a compliment.

There is no doubt that we are going through a phase of "irreligion." The churches are empty. Bibles are unread. Crime and drunkenness are on the increase.

Who is to blame? The parents and the homes largely. If children are brought up in a odless home and sent to a school where religion is not taught, who can blame them if they go astray?

To my mind a child should never be able to remember a time when it did not kneel at its mother's knee night and morning to say its prayers. That is one of my earliest recollections, and I also remember the first time I was in disgrace because I flattered in saying the Lord's Prayer and could not remember the words.

I deem it wrong to punish a child for that. It is a mistake, too—of which I was often guilty when a young mother—to set children to learn passages of Scripture by heart as a punishment. On the other hand, it is very good practice to make child-

ren learn one verse of the Bible every day. Owing to this, I know most of the psalms and gospels by heart, and I think my children have profited by it.

When he was very young, my son Bernard was often extremely naughty. Sometime I would often say to his brothers and sisters: "Go and see what Bernard is doing, and tell him not to!" But as soon as he was old enough to go to St. Paul's School with his elder brother, he settled down to a serious study. He took a keen interest in games and was a good athlete. The religious side of his education was not neglected, and to this day he carries a copy of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress with him wherever he goes to read his Bible every day.

Should parents make their children o to church? Yes, once on Sunday. Other services should be optional. But how can we expect children to become regular churchgoers if their parents never accompany them? Their is no happier sight than to see father and mother and all the children going to church together.

When we were children Sunday was the happiest day of the week. The first thing we did was to pick a buttonhole for our father. Then for breakfast, instead of bread and milk or porridge, we had saugages! The Sunday sausage was something to look forward to all the week.

The ordinary week-day story books were banished, but the Sunday books were so delightful that a rule had to be made that they were not to be read on week-days. Then on Sunday evenings my dear mother read aloud to us, and through this we got to know and love "Enoch Arden," "Evangeline," and many other poems.

Parents nowadays have a great responsibility. We must be most careful not to "cram" religion down our children's throats. And we must be careful to "practice what we preach." Will our children respect us if we uphold temperance and yet attend cocktail parties? Or if we teach them not to swear and use oaths ourselves?

As your boys and girls grow up, take them into your confidence. Let them see that you understand the temptations to which they are exposed. Encourage them to bring their troubles to you. Above all, surround your family with an atmosphere of love. If your children, when they are in difficulties, can say, "I must tell mother," all will be well.

Mother-love should be a faint foreshadowing of the love of our heavenly Father for each one of His erring children. And true religion should mean, for us all, the knowledge of the love of God and a thankful remembrance of the sacrifice of His dear Son upon the Cross for us.

—London Daily Sketch.

### THEY TAKE THEIR STAND

The following statement has been signed by commanders-in-chief of the Royal Navy, Army and Royal Air Force:

"We commend the Gospel of Christ our Saviour, for it alone can effectively mould character, control conduct and solve the problems of men and nations.

"Faith in Christ the Lord, and loyal obedience to His will as revealed in the Bible, ensures peace of mind and brings satisfaction in service to God and Man."

ANDREW CUNNINGHAM, Admiral of the Fleet and First Sea Lord; E. L. GOSSAGE, Air Marshal; B. PAGET, General; JACK C. TOVEY, Admiral; H. R. ALEXANDER, General.

### APPRECIATION OF A PADRE

A friend of the Home-maker's page in the Globe and Mail sent this excerpt from a soldier's letter referring to a chaplain with his regiment in Italy:

"I think I mentioned in my previous letters that we have a very fine

padre. Last Sunday our platoon was camped away up on a hill. It was cold, barren, bleak and miserable. The padre walked out four miles, bringing maps to show and explain the news to us. He then gave us a little sermon. He is one of the finest men I ever hope to meet. He marches with the rest of us and even carries rations. He always has a smile on his lips and a cheery word, whatever the circumstances. He certainly gives us a spiritual uplift. As Montgomery says: 'I would no more think of going into battle without my padres than I would without my artillery.'"

# Sports



"ARNIE" WHITE

In line with the rest of Thumbs Up, the Sports section has been forced to find new staff. Seeing the person to be replaced is Cpl. Ken MacLachlan, it is not easy, for Ken knew what was what in station sport in no uncertain manner and had the faculty for putting it into readable form. However, the staff that is left has been digging around and will try to see that you get all and any information about station sports that you want to—or should—know.

In average times, January finds leagues well under way, with favorites picked and the main interest in the playoffs ahead. By contrast, on the station this year most sports are just getting under way in serious league play—in fact, the formation of one or two leagues has only just been decided. That being the case, a quick look at what is on the athletic bill of fare won't go amiss.

## HOCKEY

The "big name" team of the station, RCAF Dartmouths, seemed sure to carry the station colors into Allan Cup competition a few weeks from now, following in the footsteps of Halifax RCAF of last year. That was before all Airforce (and Army) teams were forbidden competition pointing toward the Dominion championship, however, and in view of this ruling the Dartmouth were forced to withdraw from the Halifax league. In fact, it made it impossible for the league to operate, but arrangements have been made for the Navy team to carry on and the Station team will play a series of exhibition games with the sailors. It is hoped that other

RCAF squads may be brought here also for exhibitions, but at this writing nothing is definite on that point. With such players as Conacher, Timmins, Bush, McCurry, Kemp, Laprade and the others representing this station it is welcome news that their playing season is not over entirely.

Meanwhile, inter-squadron hockey, under the chairmanship of F/O Coulter, and with Cpl. Jimmie Lortie as managing director, started in early December and got under way again after those five-day leaves on January 9. The league contains seven teams, five of which are from the station and the others from E.A.C. and 8 C.M.U., and games so far have been so close that it is impossible to pick an outstanding team from the lot.

The class of hockey played in this league is surprisingly good, as is shown by the fact that some of last year's players have "graduated" to the Command team—the Dartmouths. Interest of both spectators and players is high and attendance at the games has been excellent. The Halifax Forum is the scene of the battles, every Sunday afternoon and Tuesday evening. Sunday's affair is a triple-header, starting promptly at 1400 hours, while a single contest at 1900 hours Tuesday rounds out the week's schedule.

Having such men as Sgt. Timmins, Cpls. Roy Conacher, Eddie Bush, Jimmy McCurry, Art Upper, LAC's Kemp and Bert Laprade, with their great knowledge and experience of hockey, to handle the games has been reflected in the excellent brand of hockey played.

Trophy for Inter-squadron Hockey is the Squadron Leader Wilson Trophy, won last season by "Joes," who are not here to defend it this year.

## BASKETBALL

Second "major" sport on the station meeting outside competition, our Blue and White basketball team this year has started what promises to be another banner season. Only one league game was played before Christmas, but that was a thriller, with the champion Navy outfit bare-

ly managing to squeeze out a 44-43 win. Since that time the team has been weakened by the loss of Ken MacLachlan (the same) and Bob Thompson, both guards, but with plenty of reserve strength on hand it is hoped that the gaps can be plugged with a little juggling of line-ups. The Navy game showed that several of the lads can perform equally well up or back—in fact, McLeod dropped in 15 points from defence—so Coach Weir hopes to remedy the scarcity of guards from within the ranks.

The Halifax Senior Basketball League is a six-team affair, the other entries being from Navy, Army, King's, Dalhousie and Y.M.C.A., and all future games will be played in Dalhousie University gym. So far, notable features of Halifax senior basketball have been a good, fast, entertaining type of ball, and a scarcity of spectators enjoying it, and the station personnel have been as delinquent as the rest. Games are played each Wednesday evening, three of them, and are well worth the trip over.

The inter-squadron basketball picture is at its brightest just now, too, with competition well away for the Legget Trophy, won last year by Bell Lake. They are in there again, with teams from Lizzies, Cyclones, Marines, Preston, Vegas, Headquarters, 8 C.M.U., and Army comprising the smartly-conducted eight-team loop. Games get under way sharp at 1800 hours Monday evenings in the Rec. Hall.

## BOWLING

Always a popular sport, limited only by the availability of alleys, bowling is again having a great year here. Under the guidance of F/S McAuley, four sections are being run off in four leagues, and for a while a fifth league was operated. Results of the first section are now available.

No. 1 League—Won by Kittyhawks (Stores). High three, Art Gibson of Stores, 694; high single, McCallum of Blockbusters, 289.

No. 2 League—Won by Hospital. High three, Moore of Hospital, 726; high single, Ordge of Hospital, 271.

## MORE SPORT . . .

No. 3 League—Won by Joeboys (Marine Sec.). High three, McAuley, 680; high single, Burton, 298.

No. 4 League—Won by Accounts after tie with Bell Lake. High three, Clarke of Bell Lake, 780; high single, Butler of Accounts, 285.

No. 5 League—Won by Bell Lake. High three, Berry of Bell Lake, 697; high single, Clements of M.T., 294.

An outstanding game was rolled by F/O Turner of Preston during the second section just completed. He put together games of 286, 178 and 395 for a three-game total of 868, and during his last game had no less than eleven strikes. A 15 in the seventh frame was the only flaw.

High average for the first section went to Clarke of Bell Lake with 218, followed by Butler with 212 and McAuley, 208.

### FLOOR HOCKEY

For those who like action, thrills, spills, etc., etc., they are to be found in the Rec. Hall every Tuesday and Thursday evenings from 1800 hours till show time—or until everyone is killed off, whichever happens first. That's floor hockey. In order to be sure that there will always be a plentiful supply of bodies on hand to throw into the fray, Cpl. Eddie Bush has organized a 16-team league to use up those four hours each week, and it's good entertainment to play or watch. So far the Band and Y Squadron seem to have the cleverest teams lined up, but there are several dark horses to be watched.

### BADMINTON

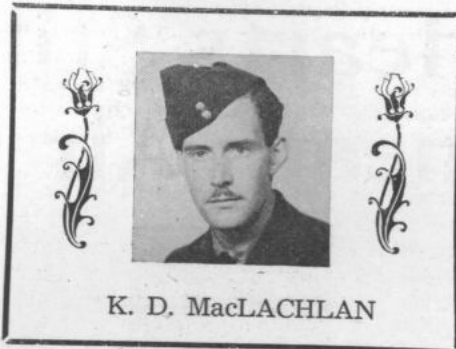
With F/O Coulter supervising its operation, the Badminton Club has proven very popular since an ample supply of birds was made available. Besides play on Wednesdays at 1800 hours and Fridays at 2000 hours, there has been an increasing number taking advantage of odd times when the Rec. Hall is free. Shuttles are rationed at present so there will be enough to last out the season, a situation in which the station is fortunate to find itself these days.

### VOLLEYBALL

More inter-squadron competition will keep the Rec. Hall floor busy on Fridays from 1800 to 2000 hours when the Volleyball League, under the guidance of Sgt. Mastin, gets rolling. The handsome Van Camp Trophy, presented by Wing Com-

mander Van Camp, is the prize in this sport, and a new name will go on it this year as the last winners, the Joes, have left the station.

If you've read this far, and had any doubts on the point before, you should be convinced by now that there is something for every taste in the athletic line on this station, whether your preference is to battle it out on the floor or from the safety of the sidelines. What benefit you get out of it is strictly up to you.



K. D. MacLACHLAN

Away back when, before there was a Rec. Hall functioning on this station, two P.T.I. corporals arrived here. That was 20 months ago, and this month saw the departure of both of them, leaving plenty of signs of their having been around.

Cpl. (now Sgt.) Joe Greenberg came from Toronto, with stops at Moncton and Trenton. His individual specialties were softball and basket-



"JOE" GREENBERG

ball, and as catcher of the station softball team and a star on the basketball floor, he has left a couple of spots that will be hard to fill. Un-

fortunately, a chipped knee has kept him on the sidelines so far this season but it is hoped that he will be back in action at his new station soon.

Cpl. Ken MacLachlan stopped only at Trenton on his way here from Vancouver. He also was a very handy lad with a basketball, played a good game of badminton, and somehow got himself on first base for the Band softball team. Many who didn't know anything about his athletic ability will remember him for another reason — as Joe put it, "He tinkles a lovely piano."

Joe and Ken helped open the Rec. Hall, and were the promoters of several boxing shows in its early days. Any pie that one had his finger in would carry the print of the other, and among the jobs they shared or passed between them was that of sports editor of Thumbs Up. They'll be missed around the station generally and the Rec. Hall in particular, and the best wishes of everyone go with them to their new jobs.

### FOR AN OLD FISHERMAN

When he goes home, dear Lord,  
may he be met  
By some tanned crony of his  
fishing days,  
His creel snugged on his back,  
his line still wet,  
And thought of secret trout  
streams in his gaze.

There must be quiet woods for  
men like these.  
What would they do upon a  
golden street  
Who still hear April sauntering  
through the trees,  
And feel the ground thaw under  
eager feet?

Give him a casting rod like that  
he lost—  
He never found one like it, so he  
said;  
A swirling pool of promise to be  
crossed,  
And Thy eternal summers on  
his head,  
And sometimes, margin for the  
truth, to say  
How long the other one, that  
got away?

ELEANOR A. CHAFFEE.

Although the year 1943 has brought us considerable successes, it is the wish of all that 1944 be a much brighter one, and that more and greater successes will bring us nearer Victory. Let us all dig in and work for it!

# W.D. Diary

Edited

by

L.A.W. HANDSLEY



## Feminine Hearts Still Beat Beneath Air Force Blue

### AIRWOMEN'S UNIFORMS HAVEN'T ABOLISHED FEMININITY

By CPL. EDITH B. MOTLEY

People who wail about the defeminizing of wearing uniforms don't know women. Girls in uniform still cluster about baby carriages — cooing and clucking in the best traditions of the maternal sex, and the widely-publicized cartoon of the WAAC's trying on spring hats isn't so far off the beam either. If further argument for the femininity of our "Troops" were needed, the doubting Thomases should have listened in on the Women's Division of the RCAF when they got their new issue of summer uniforms.

With the exception of minor alterations in the cut of the tunic and the substitution of a skirt for trousers, the girls' outfits are same pattern as the men's but the comments were pure Polly:

"Oo-o-o-o-o, look at the ducky inside pockets."

"You're simply stunnin in khaki, Mare."

"My DEAR, I LOVE this skirt, it doesn't twist my stockings around."

"That's a SWEET shirt you've got on, Smittie. Is it Issue?"

Consciousness of their uniforms and a desire to live up to them often leads the girls into amusing situations. An airwoman in Ottawa wanted to go to an art lecture in the Victoria Museum. She entered the main door but the Mountie told her she should have come in by a side door as the lecture was being given in the art room. It was a wild blustery night, however, and rather than send her back into the storm, he suggested



"ISN'T IT TOO CUTE!"

that she go through the hall devoted to the exhibit of prehistoric animals' bones.

She turned to the Mountie to ask him to go through the darkened cavern of horrors with her, then realizing that she was in uniform and, a big brave airwoman, she shouldn't be

afraid of either dark or dinosaurs, tramped resolutely forward. Against the dim silver of the windows, weird skeletons were silhouetted. Her feet (and heart) went faster and faster and she says now that she covered the last three yards in one step.

## MORE W. D. . . .

### TID-BITS

We all wish to say good-bye to Flight Officer Bie, who has been posted elsewhere and we welcome Flight Officer Moorehouse, our new WD officer. Miss Moorehouse has been in Tor Bay the past few months. We sincerely hope she will like us, and enjoy her stay here as well.

On January 5, 6 and 7 we had the pleasure of having our own RCAF Revue, "The All Clear," which was simply tops. Everyone who saw it agrees that a hearty hand goes to the members of the cast for such a grand performance, as every member of the troupe did their parts well. All station personnel wish them every success on their great tour to parts unknown. After each evening's performance the cast was entertained by Cpl. Martell and other WD's in their canteen to delicious refreshments.

On New Year's Eve the airwomen and airmen were entertained in the Recreation Hall, dancing the Old Year out and the New Year in. It started off with a bang the first of the evening with a game of bingo, then a nice movie which ended up

with a swell dance and good jive until \$100 hours. Jack Lunn shared the honors with the girls, so I believe? New Year's night followed with a second big dance which was thoroughly enjoyed by all the personnel. It's a nice way to start the New Year by having a dance. Does everyone agree?

The WD's were entertained again on Jan. 11 by the Moris Lake Battery and had a super-duper time. Too bad a lot of the boys are being drafted, but we all send our best wishes with them.

### CHRISTMAS PARTY

Christmas has come and gone once more and the first party was celebrated in the WD's own canteen. They played hostesses to the airmen on Christmas night. The rooms were beautifully decorated by our popular officer, S/O Zryanton, and the girls, who worked hard to make it look like Christmas at home. The Christmas tree looked super! A grand evening of dancing was arranged, also games, but the main feature of the evening was the mistletoe! What say you, boys? Some fun! It was the real G.I. Issue, and the girls liked the idea, too, and are looking forward to another party. Um, um!

Toward the close of the evening

everyone joined the grand march that meant refreshments. They were delicious! The only thing that could have made it a better evening would have been if more of you boys could have been there, but there was not the room. Here is a tip: Watch for the opening of our canteen, soon. It will be a real housewarming party!

### WD BEAUTY HINTS

Here we are back again. Now if you are ever in a jam and have a heavy date on and your hair is looking its very worst, just try this little hint—it's just right for an emergency treatment:

Wrap a fine piece of cloth around your brush tight enough so that the bristles stick through. Then brush your hair vigorously. The cloth will absorb most of the dust and oil, you will find your hair much easier to handle.

Elasticity is one of the important factors in determining whether or not your hair will take a good permanent. If it has lost its elasticity it will tend to break off and look like a thatched roof. Several weeks before you plan to have a permanent give yourself one or two hot oil shampoos, or if you can spare the time, take some reconditioning from your hairdresser.



## W. D. SPORTS

The holidays interrupted our basketball schedule for this month, but who can think of a better interruption? We had one good game just before Christmas when our WD's piled into a truck and drove out to A-23 to play their chief rivals, the CWACS. The girls in blue found a cement floor very difficult to play on and LAW McPherson's favorite expression changed to "my shattered knees" after a few tumbles on the rough surface.

Constantine for the CWAC's and Periard for the WD's were the chief scorers, each chalking up six points for her team. Cpl. Mooney and McPherson ran second to "Perry" with four points each.

The game looked as if it would be a walkover at half time when Air Force was leading 10-4, but the Army girls wouldn't let them away without a struggle and started a real battle after that.

The play moved up and down the

floor a few times, ending with two CWAC's and a WD in a heap on top of the ball and the cheering section thought the girls had changed their game to rugby for the moment.

With only two minutes to go and the score 12-8, CWAC Constantine made a final effort to even the score. It was a nice shot but the ill-fated ball rolled off the edge and became the property of the WD's. Just before the whistle blew, Periard and McPherson each dropped a basket to make the final score 16-8.

The CWAC's entertained in their canteen afterwards, and promised to come to our station very soon to settle their two losses.

Now that everyone is back from their holidays we expect the teams to start in again—both the Station team and the Station League. It was a sad blow when the "powers that be" sent Joe Greenberg away but Sgt. Lewis, better known as "Kentucky," has consented to take over and we're sure he'll do a good job.

CWAC—Constantine 6, Myers 2, George, Winnifrey, Ellis, Morison,

Montgomery, Wurster.

WD—Periard 6, McPherson 4, Mooney 4, Stalter 2, Molson, Simmons, Lindholm.

An airman was picked up for neck-in with a WD on the highway, and when he was brought up in front of the officer he stated that she was his wife, and proved it.

After he was paraded out the S.P. turned to him and said: "I'm sorry, old man. But I didn't know that she was your wife."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the airman. "I didn't know either until you turned that light on us."

Sergeant: "See here, I just can't stand seeing you kiss that girl any more."

Corporal: "Why? Opposed to sentimentality?"

Sergeant: "No, you dumpp. That's my girl."

People who put on airs have no reason to be put out when others put them off.

# Shop Talk

Written by

Sgt.

C. W. DEAN



## SPLICING

(Reprinted from Thumbs Up, Sept., 1941)

### No. 1—EXTRA FLEXIBLE CABLE

These notes are intended to help the aircraftman in everyday practice of splicing.

Splicing is as old as cable itself and many types of splices have been developed. In aircraft work three types of splices are used with Flexible (7x7) or Extra Flexible (1x19) cable. Namely, the Five-Tuck Navy Splice, the Roebing Roll Splice and the Vickers Six-Tuck Splice. The last named is the only splice used by the RCAF for control cables.

The tools necessary are a splicing clamp or ordinary bench vice, pliers, thimbles or bushings, No. 1 serving cord, bees' wax, two ordinary nails, and two pieces of hardwood. The awl used should be flat and pointed but not sharp.

Care should be taken in tucking not to kink the strands as the cable will break wherever it is kinked, thus rendering the splice unserviceable.

Cable of this type should be cut by heating with blow torch to a cherry red and cut with a cold chisel. The most practical method of determining the length of a cable is to measure the length the finished cable will be, between two nails driven firmly in a board or wall. Splice a thimble or bushing in the end of cable stock and place over one nail. Placing the loose thimble or bushing over the other nail, lay cable around thimble or bushing, pulling tight and cutting off eight to ten inches longer than required length.

In serving cable No. 1 Serving Cord should be used, making sure it is well waxed with bees' wax. Lay cable around the thimble and place in vice in such a manner as to pull it tight and mark with indelible pencil the desired length to serve (from mouth of thimble on both sides, back to curve of thimble.)

**SERVING:** Wrap serving cord over loose end of cord, making the last four or five wraps around a pencil or similar object, so that they will be

loose enough to push the other end of cord back under them, pull tight, cut off loose ends and shellac. (Bushings are not served.)

**SPLICING:** Lay cable around thimble so that served portions lay in desired position on thimble. Place in vice in such a manner as to pull cable tight around thimble, taking care not to catch any of the serving in the jaws of the vice. With well waxed No. 1 Serving Cord lash cable and thimble together with "figure of eight" lashing.

Unlay cable back to mouth of thimble and wrap the end of each strand with electrician's tape. Six of these strands will be "preformed cable" (or wavy). The seventh or core strand will be straight.

Holding the cable with the mouth of thimble pointing up and unlayed portion towards you, number the strands from right to left, one to six. The first tuck is made in the following sequence and when much splicing is to be done this sequence should be committed to memory: Core and No. 1 under 2 to right, No. 2 under 1 to right, No. 6 under 3 to left, No. 5 under 2 to left. Nos. 4 and 3 crossed in front of splice.

Pull down in the following order: One, two, six, five, four, three. In pulling down work with the lay of the cable towards the thimble. Do not beat the first tuck.

Nos. 2, 3 and 4 tucks are all done in the following manner. Tie the heart wire up the main cable. Start tuck with the strand to the right of the core wire over one and under one, continuing with each strand from right to left, burying the core wire at the start of each tuck. Care should be taken at the end of each tuck that a strand is protruding between each lay of the main cable. Nos. 2, 3 and 4 tucks are all beaten between two pieces of hardwood, care being taken that no daylight shows through the splice and that none of the wires are broken.

Nos. 5 and 6 are half tucks. Start-in with the strand to the right of the core wire, over 2 and under 1 burying the core wire. Cut out next wire.

Over 2 and under 1. Cut out next wire. Over 2 and under 1 with the next wire. Cut out the remaining wire and pull down and beat.

No. 6, start with the strand to the right of the core wire over 2 under 1, disregarding the core wire, and proceed from right to left around the cable, pull tight and beat.

### No. 2—NON-FLEXIBLE

In the following we will deal with non-flexible (1 by 19) cable and piano wire which cannot be spliced in the usual manner.

**TOOLS:** To splice non-flexible cable it is necessary to have thimbles of the proper size and 20 gauge soft steel wire, solder, soldering iron and flux, which should be stearic acid or a mixture of stearic acid and rosin. Added to this there is the usual splicing tools, vice, pliers, cold chisel and hammer. If a splicing clamp is not available this cable can be handled in a bench vice, the same as flexible cable.

**CUTTING:** Non-flexible cable must have solder run into the cable for a length of one inch at the point where the cut is to be made. The cut is made diagonally through the soldered portion with a cold chisel, end nippers, etc. Another method is to serve the cable tightly on each side of the point where the cut is to be made with a soft steel wire.

**SPLICING:** Turn the points of the thimble up. Lay the cable around the thimble, leaving a free end at least 21 diameter, of the cable in length. Clamp the cable in the splicing clamp. Insert end of soft steel wire between the two cables under the turned-up points of the thimble. Wrap the wire tightly around the two parts of the cable, drawing each turn close against the preceding turn for at least 7 diameters from the mouth of the thimble. At this point leave a space equal to one diameter, but not less than one-eighth of an inch for inspection. Wrap again closely for 7 diameters and leave a space for inspection as before. Finish wrapping well beyond double por-

## MORE SHOP TALK

tion of cable (3 diameters). Fill all the crevices including the inspection holes and the space between the thimble and cable with solder until flush with outside of wrapping. Wipe off excess solder while hot and turn down points of thimble. This completes the splice.

**PIANO WIRE:** Piano wire is no longer used in new ships for bracing but is sometimes used for safety belts, attachments, etc. In binding piano wire a jig is necessary: this is three pieces of steel rod threaded and screwed into holes tapped into a block of steel. The size of rods and distance between them depends upon

the size of wire to be bent. For wire of 14 or 16 gauge 1/4-inch or 5/16-inch rods are used and are 1/8-inch apart, which will be found satisfactory. Ferrules can be made by clamping two pieces of piano wire in a vise and wrapping closely with the same gauge or wire for at least eight turns and slipping wrapped portion of the wire clamped in vise.

**TOOLS:** Bending jig, end nippers, pliers, vise, solder, soldering iron, flux and ferrule. Place the ferrule on the wire down past the point where the eye is to be made. Insert wire between two rods on the jig, leaving several inches of extra length for final bend. Bend free end of wire 180 degrees around the end of the rod and remove from jig. Replace

around centre rod. Bend each end in opposite directions until an angle of about 45 degrees to the centre line of the rods is reached. If the angle is less than 45 degrees, bend should be increased until this angle is reached. Remove from jig. At this point attach turnbuckle or article to be held and pull free end against the main wire and slip ferrule over free end, forcing the ferrule against the eye. Bend free end of wire back against ferrule and cut off 1/2-inch from bend. Heat the wire with a soldering iron (never use torch on wire) and run solder into all the crevices. This completes the eye.

It is the sincere hope of the author that this article has proved helpful.

# Are You A Blood Donor? If Not Why Not

## :: UNITY ::

Behind the battle for the Pripet Marshes, for the hills of Italy and in the jungles of the Pacific, there is being waged that daily underlying struggle for our democratic way of life. A victory of arms without the restoration of true Democracy would be a hollow sham—the sacrifice of the thousands of lives, a mockery.

This fight is going on in Canada today. For there are some who suggest that we introduce into the country ideas alien to our traditions and heritage.

In Europe, too, this same battle is being fought. Conquered or not, for many, the greatest ignominy is not loss of life or loved ones, but the loss of those principles of true freedom, which they know to be the real underlying issues of the war. For the victory and complete restoration of these ideas men in the occupied countries are facing firing squads and concentration camps.

Such a one, Fredrik Ramm, was reported to have died last week on the way back to his native Norway from a German concentration camp. An outstanding journalist and leader of the Oxford Group in Norway, Ramm was sentenced to life imprisonment by the Nazis in 1941.

He achieved early fame when he gave the world a first-hand account

of Amundsem's historic flight over the North Pole. On one occasion, at the height of increasing enmity between Norway and Denmark, Ramm asked permission to write a guest editorial in the leading Danish paper. To the surprise of everyone he took the opportunity to make a public apology for his bitter attitude over a fisheries dispute between the two countries, which had been decided in favor of Denmark. This was one of his many actions which has earned him warm comment in one of the most recent publications of the Norwegian Government's Information Service. Norway's Foreign Minister in London said, "When the truth is told, Ramm will go down in history as one of Norway's greatest heroes. He refused to abandon any of his principles after the German occupa-

tion."

Men like Ramm have kept alive along the fjords and in the farm valleys of Norway the spirit that will free the nation. Under the heel of the Gestapo they are building a new people more united than ever before.

Norway's unity is the answer to the partisan struggles in the Balkans and elsewhere. It is only this quality of sound moral leadership that can guarantee the future of this or any land.

"What's the difference between kissing your sister and kissing your sweetheart?"

"About twenty minutes."

Achievement is better than argument. No one can argue against experience.



To the boys  
at Dartmouth.  
Best of Luck.  
Marguerite Chapman.



## Attend Church !!

"You don't have to go to church to be a Christian  
(answer) But if you are a Christian you will go to Church"

GO TO CHURCH! That slogan sound-  
ed round the world, might well put an  
end to the world's chaos.

When you attend Church Service you do three things.

- 1 - Worship God.
- 2 - Give witness to your faith.
- 3 - Strengthen your own soul and develop  
your character.

*Attend Church---On the Station---  
Each Sunday.*

R. C. A. F. Church Services

EVERY SUNDAY

**PROTESTANT**

09.30 HOLY COMMUNION

11.00 DIVINE SERVICE

**ROMAN CATHOLIC**

08.30 HOLY MASS

## Station Personalities

### MARY-LOUISE RUDOLPH

This lovely lady is employed as the secretary to the Senior Medical Officer. She lives in Halifax and has difficulty in getting to and from work due to having to use a wonderful combination of busses, ferries and duty boats. She was born in Bridgewater, N.S., in 1923 and went up to grade 12 in school before she took a business course and came to the R.C.A.F.



**CPL. C. S. HOOD**

"Pop" in the LPB Aimen's Mess was born in Gunton, Norfolk, England in 1894. He was educated in England and came to Canada (Toronto) in 1922. He went to work for a packing house and later Eaton's, quitting to join the RCAF in '42 coming from Toronto Manning to Dartmouth in March. He is married, his wife living in Toronto with two of his three sons. The third is earning his wings in Calgary.



**WO2 ELPHICK R.**

WO2 Elphick R. born in Dixie, Ont. in 1905. Educated in Utopia Public School at Barrie Collegiate. Joined the R.C.A.F. at Camp Borden, June 18th, 1923, staying there until 1932 and has been cooking ever since. Then went to R.C.A.F. Station in Trenton for five months and back to Borden for a year to Brantford, Ont. for one year, St. Thomas Ont. for three months, Y Depot, Halifax for four months. Enjoys ping-pong and would like some opposition.

## CANADA---STRONG, CLEAN, UNITED

"Do everyone once and do suckers twice" is more than just a catch phrase that is going around these days. It shows a swing toward a "Me first" attitude of mind which is certainly not the thing that our men are giving their lives for overseas.

More serious though is the fact that this mentality paves the way for the graft, buck-passing and moral rot that breeds dictatorship whether it be from the Left or the Right.

Italy is a prime example of what may easily happen on a much wider scale and not only in Europe. A revolution of the Right has been defeated and has collapsed. For a time the outcome hung in the balance. The

result appears now to be a victory of the revolutionary forces of the Left. Democracy has come out a poor second.

The danger here in Canada is that we may lull ourselves into false security by saying that "It couldn't happen here." The trouble is it can, and what's more it is actually happening. We must face the fact realistically that, in face of revolutionary threats to our way of life, Democracy must recapture that revolutionary spark. What William Penn, that great American, said many years ago holds good today. "If we are not governed by God, we will be ruled by tyrants."

Who is going to put this spark back into Democracy? Why not the ordinary fellow? He is the one who has most at stake. Supposing a determined minority of people right across this country from coast to coast decided to apply in their own businesses and homes simple absolute standards of honesty, unselfishness and care for the other fellow. Supposing they fought to see these principles applied to business, municipal and political life. The cynic says it can't be done. But the builders of a new world—of a Canada, strong, clean, united—know that this fighting faith is the only answer.

## "VICTORIES TAKE MORE BLOOD"

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

# -- Smiles 'n Chuckles --

## BOLINGBROKE?

Design a plane the head men say  
 It must be built in such a way  
 That the dumbest egg can fly hands  
 off  
 Make the hardest landing still feel  
 soft.  
 Make up for judgment the pilot lacks  
 And still fly rings around other  
 hacks.

It must be safe and in the main  
 It should withstand a hurricane,  
 It must have flaps, it must have  
 brakes,  
 Retractable wheels and what it takes.  
 Must climb like hell, but not land hot  
 Must have "must" and again "must  
 not".

Low cost's a mighty important  
 thing,  
 So forget the span and chord of wing,  
 The spar must not be six feet long  
 Since scraps of spruce cost but a  
 song,  
 And spare not haywire based and  
 tied,  
 Supply and demand must be satisfied.  
 But the ship must be no common kite,  
 It must carry the load of ten ton  
 White,  
 Have speed and comfort, appearance  
 too  
 With a cruising range to Timbuctoo.  
 Have power plus, be free from sound,  
 Must climb straight up, and land  
 straight down,  
 Have the seats lean forward and still  
 lean aft,  
 Be air conditioned, be free from  
 draft,  
 Have all of these things and one  
 thing more,  
 The ship must sell at the ten cent  
 store.  
 And furthermore the head men say.  
 Get the damn thing finished by Yes-  
 terday.

While working in a munitions fac-  
 tory a man was caught on a revol-  
 ving wheel, whisked up and whirled  
 around until the foreman managed  
 to shut off the machine. The work-  
 man dropped and the foreman rushed  
 up to him. "Speak to me! Speak to  
 me!" he pleaded.

The victim looked up. "Why  
 should I?" he said. "I passed you  
 six times and you didn't speak to  
 me."

The corporal of the guard was  
 making his rounds. Everything was  
 in order until he came to the post  
 guarded by AC2 J. Erk. Joe heard  
 someone approaching and instantly  
 brought his Sten gun to bear.

"Halt! Who goest here?" he  
 called.

"The corporal of the guard," came  
 the reply.

"Advance and be recognized."

The corporal advanced until the  
 sentry bawled, "Halt!" Then silence  
 fell. Neither of them moved.

Finally the N.C.O. enquired: "Well,  
 what now?"

J. Erk shook his head. "I don't  
 know. I can't remember. But if you  
 take one step before I do, you're a  
 dead duck."

P/O at breakfast: "What's the  
 matter with these eggs?"

WD Waitress: "I don't know. I  
 only laid the table."

Adj.: "How did you happen to  
 oversleep this morning?"

Wise Man: "There were eight of us  
 sleeping in barracks and the alarm  
 clock was only set for seven."

The CWAC walked into the M.O.'s  
 office with a worried look on her  
 face.

"Sir," said she, "I need an opera-  
 tion."

"Major?" asked the M.O.

"No, a corporal."

Clerk in book store: "This book  
 will do half your work for you."

Rigger: "Fine. I'll take two."

Captain: "What would do if a  
 comrade fainted?"

Recruit: "Lay him in the shade  
 and remove his shoulder straps."

Captain: "Why that?"

Recruit: "So that nobody could see  
 what regiment the puny fellow be-  
 longed to."



HE: "HOW ARE THOSE SOCKS DOING DEAR?"

SHE: "FINE. I'LL SOON HAVE THEM CLEAN ENOUGH TO SEND TO THE LAUNDRY."

REPRINTED BY REQUEST

# : Smiles 'n Chuckles :

This I declare,  
I'm standing pat on:  
Headquarters is where  
Hindquarters are sat on.

Two airmen had been sitting in a wet canteen staring at one another. At length one got up and walked over to the other.

"Where in hell have I seen you before?" he asked.

"I don't know," replied the other. "What part of hell are you from?"

A woman who fasted for sixty-two days  
To prove that the stunt could be done,  
From hundreds of Scotsmen had letters of praise  
And proposals from seventy-one.

AC1: "I went to Mary's wedding last night."

AC2: "Who gave the bride away?"

AC1: "Nobody said a word!"

P/O Prune is telling his wife about his visit to the M.O.

"And did he look at your tongue, dear?"

"No, but when I told him about your's he posted me to Newfie."

Guest to host at housewarming:  
"Hello, old pal. How do you find it here?"

Host: "Walk right upstairs, and it's two doors to the left."

Sign in Snack Bar: "No dogs allowed. We have to put up with the wolves."

## "G" FOR GRACIE

Her name was Gracie, she was one of the best,

But that night I put her to the test. I looked at her with gay delight, For I knew she was mine for to-night. She looked so pretty, so neat and slim.

The night was dark, the lights were dim.

I was so excited my heart missed a beat,

For I knew I was in for a darn good treat.

I'd seen her stripped, I'd seen her bare,

I'd felt her all over. Yes, everywhere. I got inside, she screamed with joy,

This was the first night. Oh boy! Oh boy!

I got up quick as far as I could, I handled her gently, I knew she was good.

I rolled her over, and then on her side,

Then on her back I also tried.

She was just one big thrill, the best in the land

That twin engine bomber of coastal command.

Three things we would like to know:

Did the boys in Goose Bay really shoot the new messing officer, or was she born that way?

Where is the room where they make all the cookies?

And are they really trying to make all the airmen who eat at the L.P.B. into swoon crooners a la Lil' Abner?

Corporal: "Where did you get that black eye?"

LAC: "I went to the Mic Mac and was struck by the beauty of the place."

Sgt. Pat: "What kind of pie is this?"

Mary: "What does it taste like?"

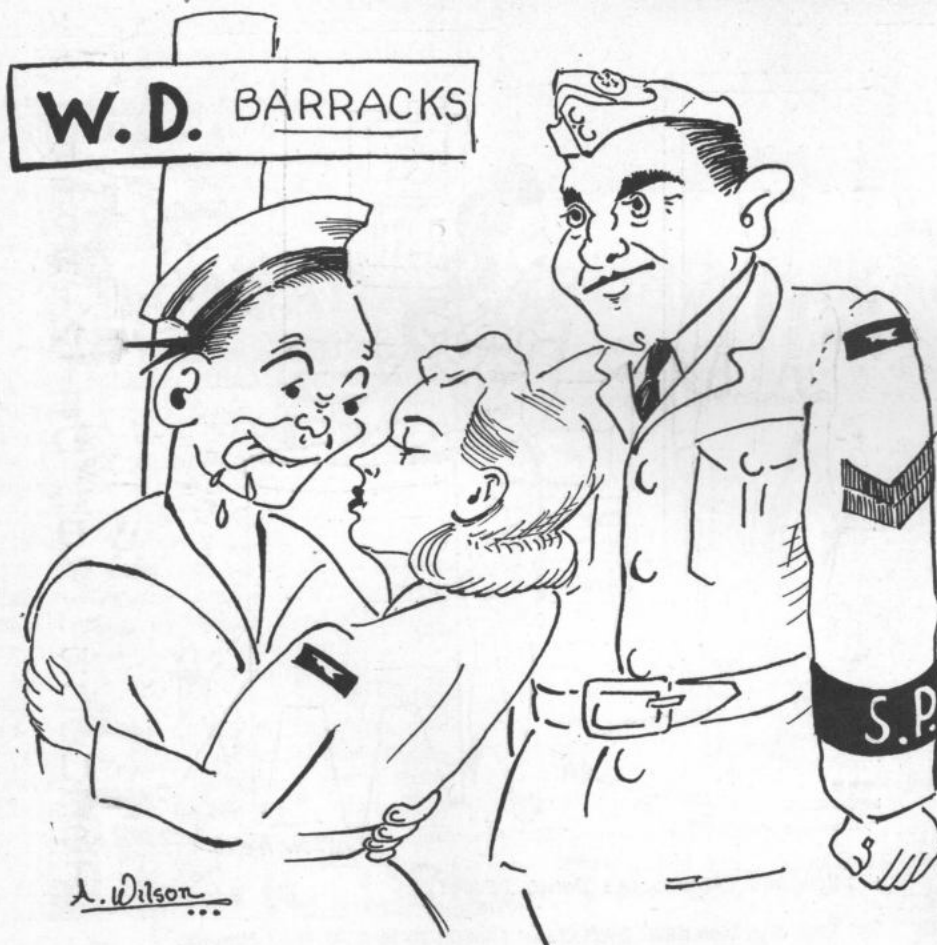
Sgt. Pat: "Glue."

Mary: "Then it's apple. The pumpkin tastes like soap."

Mother: "Have a good time at the party and be a good girl."

Daughter: "Well, make up your mind."

## SONGS WITHOUT WORDS



# Male Call

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



THIS IS B COMPANY - ... BEING TRAINED IN COMBAT SECURITY AND PROTECTION MISS LACE ...

I DON'T SEE ANYBODY! YOU MEAN THEY'RE HIDDEN AROUND HERE?



YES, MA'AM! I'LL BUY YOU A COKE FOR EVERY MAN YOU CAN SPOT!

OKAY! -BUT...

# Things Are Not Always As They Seem



... I'LL HAVE TO STEP UP HERE SO I CAN GET A GOOD LOOK ...



Copyright 1944 by Milton Caniff, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service

# Male Call

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



QUITE A FRUIT SALAD ON YOUR CHEST, GENERAL! -LOOKS AS IF YOU'VE BEEN AROUND...

THASSA FACT, BABE - HOW 'BOUT YOU BEIN' WHERE I TIE UP IN THIS PORT KID? COME HERE AND I'LL LAY A LIP OVER YOU!



AS YOU WERE, GENERAL! THIS ISN'T A USED PARTS POOL!

TUT, TUT, LASS, A LITTLE CLOSE ORDER DRILL WITH THIS HERE POWDER CHARGE AN' YOU'LL DREAM IN TECHNICOLOR



BETTER PULL IN YOUR PICKETS BUD, YOU'RE ASKIN' FOR A COUNTER ATTACK!

NOTHIN' I LIKE BETTER THAN A WELL-TURNED FLANK! ... YOU SURRENDER AND WE'LL GO INTO CONFERENCE!

# Combat Report



SOMETHIN' WRONG, MISS LACE?

THE GENERAL JUST SORTA EXTENDED HIS LINE OF COMMUNICATION TOO FAR ...

THUMBS UP!

The Wolf

by Sansone

Copyright 1943 by Leonard Sansone, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service



"It's so crowded here in Washington, you've got to stand in line for everything you want!"

The Wolf

by Sansone

Copyright 1944 by Leonard Sansone, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service

(In Alaska)



"If you'll tell me just what you're looking for perhaps I can help!"

The Wolf

by Sansone

Copyright 1943 by Leonard Sansone, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service



"What are you staring at, soldier! Haven't you ever seen 'Mae Wests' before?"



"Last month my light bill was only 43¢, Corporal!"

CPL. TOM BLANEY  
MOTHER FIELD, CAL.

# MOVIE GUIDE

## Mayfair Theatre

### FEBRUARY ATTRACTIONS

Feb. 1- 3—Spotlight Scandals; Unknown Guest  
Feb. 4- 7—Watch On The Rhine  
Feb. 8-10—Hostages  
Feb. 11-14—This Is The Army  
Feb. 15-17—Bombardier

Feb. 18-21—Thank Your Lucky Stars  
Feb. 22-24—Lives Of A Bengal Lancer; Waikiki  
Wedding  
Feb. 25-28—Riding High  
Feb. 29-Mar. 2—First Comes Courage

## Capitol Theatre

### FEBRUARY ATTRACTIONS

Jan. 31-Feb. 2—Lady Takes A Chance  
Feb. 3- 5—Guadalcanal Diary  
Feb. 7- 9—Happy Land  
Feb. 10-12—Northern Pursuit  
Feb. 14-16—Government Girl

Feb. 17-19—We Dive At Dawn  
Feb. 21-23—Men From Down Under  
Feb. 24-26—No Time For Love  
Feb. 28-Mar. 1—Tarzan's Desert

## Casino Theatre

### FEBRUARY ATTRACTIONS

Crazy House—with Olsen and Johnson  
George In The Home Guard—with George  
Formby

The Heat's On—with Mae West and Victor  
Moore  
Walt Disney's Victory Through Air Power

## Gaiety Theatre

### FEBRUARY ATTRACTIONS

Feb. 1—Young And Willing  
Fall In  
Feb. 2 and 3—Chetniks  
Undercover Men  
Feb. 4 and 5—Young Mr. Pitt  
You're Telling Me  
Feb. 7 and 8—Crystal Ball  
One Born Every Minute  
Feb. 9 and 10—Outsider  
West Of Cimarron  
Feb. 11 and 12—Magnificent Dope  
Drums Of The Congo  
Feb. 14 and 15—Chaplin Festival  
Manilla Calling

Feb. 16 and 17—Return Of Daniel Boone  
North To The Klondike  
Feb. 18 and 19—My Friend Flicka  
Strange Case Of Dr. RX  
Feb. 21 and 22—Blondie Plays Cupid  
Ellery Queen And The Perfect  
Crime  
Feb. 23 and 24—To Be Or Not To Be  
Bombay Clipper  
Feb. 25 and 26—Powers Girl  
Mad Doctor Of Market St.  
Feb. 27 and 28—Rhythm Parade  
Female Correspondent

# Educational



## 1944 EVENING CLASSES

### Pre-entry Aircrew

Monday: 1830 hours, mathematics; 1930 hours, science; 2030 hours, English; 2115 hours, meteorology.

Wednesday: 1830 hours, mathematics; 1930 hours, science; 2030 hours, Morse code; 2115 hours, meteorology.

Friday: 1830 hours, aircraft recognition; 1930 hours, Morse code; 2030 hours, navigation.

### Commercial Classes

Monday-Wednesday-Friday, 1900-2030 hours. Subjects: Typing, shorthand, bookkeeping and business arithmetic.

This is a continuous class with individual instruction. Students may join at any time. A complete Commercial Course is offered and a certificate is granted on completion of the course.

### Conversational French

Tuesday - Thursday, 1900 - 2000 hours.

All personnel interested in learning French are invited to attend.

### First-Aid

Tuesday and Thursday, 1800 hours-2000 hours.

Classes for male personnel will be held on Tuesday—for WD personnel Thursday. Personnel completing this course will be entitled to the certificate of the St. John Ambulance Society and allowed to wear the Air Force ambadge.

### Study Periods

Classrooms are available for study and practice (morse and typing) whenever they are not in use for classes. The Commercial Room is not to be used for personal correspondence.

### Individual Instruction

The Education Office is open from 0800 hours to 2130 hours daily Monday to Friday—to 1730 hours on Saturday.

Sunday hours: 1400 hours-1600 hours-1800 hours-2000 hours.

Private tuition will be given whenever possible. Examinations by appointment only.

### Technical Library

A technical and reference library of about seven hundred books is situated in the Educational Office. These books are available, on loan, to all personnel: Library lists have been sent to each section and squadron on the station.

### Correspondence Courses

The Canadian Legion Educational Services offer complete courses in all subjects leading to junior matriculation. These courses are available to all Service personnel, without cost, and with text books provided.

The following technical courses are offered:

- Mechanical Drawing
- Automotive Engineering
- Diesel Engineering
- Sheet Metal Work
- Practical Electricity
- Pilotage and Navigation
- Poultry Raising
- Horticulture
- Elementary Navigation
- Advanced Navigation
- Marine Engineering
- Practical Trigonometry
- Principles of Radio
- Soils and Field Crops
- Livestock and Dairy Farming
- Economics of Agriculture
- The Business of Farming in Canada

In addition to the above, the Nova Scotia Technical College offers a variety of courses on technical subjects. Most of these courses are available without cost.

The Canadian Legion Educational Services have arranged for Service personnel to take subjects at a senior matriculation level, or university subjects, by correspondence. Personnel on operational stations may register for these courses at a reduced rate, and text books may be provided from the universities.

Many other courses are available at a reduced rate to men in the Service.