

Thumbs Up!



VERN DRAYTON

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

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Thumbs Up!

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

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*As I would not be a slave, so I
would not be a master. This ex=
presses my idea of democracy—
Whatever differs from this, to the
extent of the difference, is no
democracy—*

Abraham Lincoln

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editors' page

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"THIS IS THE ARMY"

This Station Magazine would like to express its appreciation to A 23 Army Camp for its co-operation in aiding in the search for our missing pilots and aircraft last month.

Immediately after they were informed of the search they despatched 250 men to the scene of the crash ready to go out into the thickly bushed territory to aid us in our search.

This is the spirit of co-operation which will tend to prove the undoing of our enemies. Our uniforms are different colours but our purpose is the same and our feelings are, "One for all and all for one."

En passant we might say that the crashed Aircraft was on its way back to base after having completed a mercy flight for the Army which proves further, not that it needs any proof, the very close bond between all branches of our service.

MORALE

Morale is a subject about which volumes could be written in an abstract vein. It is not, however, the intention of this column to deal with it in an abstract manner but rather to give a concrete example of what tends to create a spirit of fellowship between the highest ranking officer on this station and the AC2's. It is an established fact neither can exist without the other and the perfect harmony and understanding between the two will lead to and will be responsible for a glorious victory in the not too distant future.

One night a few weeks ago an aircraft belonging to a squadron on this station was unable to land due to fog and was directed to Sydney. On the way there it ran out of gas and the crew of three, along with the one passenger, were forced to bail out.

Immediately upon being informed of this a number of officers and airmen of the squadron to which the aircraft belonged went to the tower and there found our Commanding Officer, Group Captain B. D. Hobbs, D.S.O., D.S.C. He had been advised of what was happening and lost no time in coming to the tower and showing all there that he could step in and take charge of a situation no matter how difficult.

As soon as the approximate position of the aircraft was determined Group Captain Hobbs organized a search party and the speed and thoroughness with which he did so was remarkable. He had the equipment section opened for the necessary articles of clothing, etc., to be issued; ordered five cars, food, Medical Officers, Engineering Officers, chauffeurs, flashlights, flare pistols, road maps and a dozen different items which were necessary. He then phoned the R.C.M.P. of Dartmouth

and arranged for two Mounties to direct them to the vicinity of the crash.

Only one hour to the minute after the time the crew bailed out the five cars left for Upper Musquodoboit and leading the searchers was the Group Captain. The caravan left at 2350 hours and arrived there at 0400 hours. By 0700 hours the crashed plane was found and two of the occupants uninjured.

It was not until 1630 hours that day that the other two men were found and all this time the entire party were tirelessly combing the neighborhood with Group Captain Hobbs, sans food, rest or sleep, always in the van.

Not until he was sure that everyone was found did he return home after a sleepless night and day.

This is an example of what tends to build morale. During our preliminary training the significance of that word was impressed upon us but to most of us it meant very little. Seeing the Commanding Officer of this station dressed in a parka and searching day and night for members of his flock who were in distress is a typical example of the spirit of kinship which exists between all members of this branch of the service regardless of rank and this spirit has contributed immeasurably to the strides towards victory which we have made since this war began.

CANADA—A POST-WAR LEADING POWER

Sir Archibald Sinclair, British Secretary for Air, said recently that the Dominion is destined to emerge from this war as the fourth strongest military power in the world. Any thinking Canadian realizes that Canada will certainly be a post-war leading

power and will have to accept a greatness she may not consciously have sought. She will have to live up to its responsibilities.

We hear and read constantly these days of plans for post-war reconstruction. Plans for new super airplanes and air fields, autogyros for daily use and television in every home. Plans for social security, colossal developments in agriculture and natural resources. Behind all these plans are some few men, architects, statesmen, blueprint experts and engineers, who have had the foresight and imagination to see into the future. To bring these plans to fulfilment, to transfer them from blueprints into reality, we need the co-operation and teamwork of the ordinary man—the carpenter, the painter, the laborer, the industrialist and the farmer. We need the blueprints but we need men of good will and selflessness; men who will put their nation before their own selfish demands and ambitions. We need a Super Power to give the dynamic to our super plans.

The European nations, Britain and China are being drained physically, materially and spiritually by these years of war, famine and death. The peoples of the world are looking towards Canada for leadership and provision now—and in the days ahead. Canada can well become the laboratory of the new world. Here we have every nationality. A country which can be made rich by the special gifts of every race within it; and, under God, this colorful kaleidoscope of peoples can form a united nation free from all racial barriers, free from fear, hate and greed. A nation, though young in years and development, mature in spirit—giving leadership to nations and the workable, livable pattern of democracy to the world.

An airman on subsistence complained to his landlady. "There's a law against roller towels," he said "I know," replied the landlady, "but that towel was put up before the law was passed!"

We've agreed on a concerted plan to break the force of enemy arms. Let's agree next on concerted thinking to break the force of un-Canadian ideas.

Commandos R. C. A. F. Style



K. D. MacLACHLAN

On this East Coast station not noted for precision drilling or spectacular displays on drill squares, the sight of marching airmen equipped with complete web and sidearms is, or rather was, drawing considerable interest in December of last year.

The lads know them as "Ice Commandos," but the probable name for them is RCAF Regiment. Although there are only 17 present when attendance is perfect, they will form a nucleus of what is hoped to be a solid, compact Army within the RCAF.

All decked out in coveralls and steel helmets with loaded packs and rucksacks, also revolvers, rifles and Tommy guns, they undergo tough and severe training that lasts for a period of four weeks. They are especially chosen for their clear-headedness and resourcefulness and are picked from the large Marine Squadron on this station. The educational requirements are not standardized, but each man is expected to use every bit of knowledge he can command.

Men of all sizes, shapes and different walks of civilian life are being welded into a compact striking force which eventually (they hope) will batter against the common foe. They are being taught by their able instructors that when two men are locked in deadly combat, the man with the clear head and best physical condition is the winner every time.

These lads are inspected medically before the course is started and along with this a very close and definite check on the heart, breath control and leg muscles is given by medium of the Harvard Step Test.

The Harvard Step Test, which has been adopted by the RCAF as a check on the physical condition of all aircrew, consists of stepping up on an eighteen-inch bench with one foot, straightening up to a standing posi-

tion on the bench with both feet on the upper edge and stepping down in the same manner. This is done at a 120 cadence and is continued for five minutes. The airman being tested is then seated and an M.O. takes a count of his heartbeats at one-minute intervals for three minutes.

The men are then categorized A, B, C or D according to the total number of heartbeats in the M.O.'s check.

The Step Test is an excellent measure in gauging the physical shape of each man and when taken at the completion of the course is good proof of the value of the training given.

At the beginning of the course there were no men at all in 'A' Group, only two in Group 'B', eleven in 'C' Group and five in Group 'D'. After their four weeks of toughening there were nine men in 'A' Group, five in 'B' and three not tested. Out of the 12 men tested at the start of the course 11 showed improvement, only one man stayed at his original group which was 'B'.



The Commandos start the day with a rigorous Physical Training Period. At the crack of dawn seventeen well-built, healthy men put us to shame by whipping through a class so stiff we sat down with fatigue from watching. They start off with general loosening calisthenics and gradually without a break in continuity slide into special exercises for co-ordination of mind and muscle, agility,

speed, strength and accuracy of judgment.

Moving their own body-weight on bars and ropes is giving our Commandos the agility and strength to go through all movements expected in the course of their duties. Rope-climbing is making their shoulder, chest, stomach and arm muscles like cords of flexible steel. Swinging on the bars is giving them the grip of Samson and improves the co-ordination of the eyes, muscles and brain.

Then there is swimming, not as you and I enjoy it, but a vigorous, tough, tiring swim: pulling weights and having water-fights and contests in breath control. As this is for an Ice-bound Patrol-crew the water naturally is quite cold. The lads come out blue and looking like they had just completed a twenty-mile swim in a new time.

Another part of the training, closely combined with individual aquatic tests, is the whaler and cutter exercises. The men are taught to pull their weight and then some, in all types of self-propelled boats. Each day we see them pulling on oars and dragging their huge loads over snowed-over logs to simulate ice floes. Every known task that can arise in a portage is practised 'til the lads have their bodies in shape for any emergency and their minds trained to handle any situation.

A complete First-Aid course is on the agenda of these trainees and the Hospital donates a sergeant-major to the cause. Working from cut fingers to amputated limbs this subject is as complete in the learning of bones and tissues as any given anywhere. The only difference is that these men must be instructors in their own right at the completion of the course.

An extensive course in Wireless Signalling and Semaphore is also taken by the hard-working lads in this outfit. The instructor is Sgt. E. C. Crocket of Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Each day we see the boys out on a field somewhere or on top of buildings or standing across from each other on the small inlets waving flags at each other or signalling with an Aldis lamp. Other times they can be found in the Signals sections of the station, sending on the keys to who ever cares to listen.



A WELL EARNED BREATHER

The Obstacle Course, which many of the RCAF stations now possess, is one of the toughest ones we've heard of anywhere. Most of the obstacles are natural ones such as tree trunks, ravines, undergrowth and rocky slopes. Of course, there are obstacles that are hand-made as the walls, log ramps and ropes don't grow, but the hardest are the ones that have been here for years.

The lads start off in between hangars on the course that has been built for them. They sweep down a one-quarter mile stretch covered with walls, ramps, pits, low tunnels, ropes and trenches, then they head out across the runways to the woods where the going is really tough. A noticeable slowing-up in the charge is seen when they hit the undergrowth of the wooded slopes, but they

carry on to the peak of the small hill and over the top. Down the other side the swampy, soggy ground gives no sure foothold and most of the lads take hard tumbles here at some time or other. After the hill come the log bridges over the streams. These logs have the bark worn off but the bite is still very effective and due to the damp atmosphere are a real obstacle for any man.

Every day, also, a route march is in order and what a march it is! The Commandos double for a hundred yards or so, then sling their rifles or Tommy guns and walk for a while to make any adjustments on their packs, then they go into a double again for sometimes a mile, then catch their breath by walking. The route is quite often as long as ten miles.

The instructor is Sgt. 'Andy' Anderson, a popular P.T.I., who hails from Cape Breton Island and who has been on special Commando Training Courses as given by the Royal Canadian Army. He has been instructor on some 20-odd courses, all of which have been very successful. 'Andy' has been stationed on the East Coast with the RCAF for over two years and is known all over the coast as a 'swell guy'. He had to travel quite a distance to take over this special class.

The assistant instructor is Cpl. 'Mac' McAlister, who has the job of teaching Small Arms to the men. A



COME OUT OF THERE BUD YOU'VE HAD IT

capable man in many other niches of Airforce life, he excels in this type of work. 'Mac' has spent more than a year and a half overseas, and really knows the value of a good understanding of all modern small arms.

Directed from E.A.C. by F/L D. McWitter and under the eagle eye of F/O H. D. Coulter, P.T. & D. officer right on the station, the course is run in an efficient manner, both practically and administratively.



EXCLUSIVE VIEWS OF COMMANDOS R. C. A. F. STYLE AT WORK SOMEWHERE IN THE GULF.

"VICTORIES TAKE MORE BLOOD"

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

Excerpts From The Soldiers Return

By EDGAR L. JONES in The Atlantic Monthly

More than three months have passed since I arrived home, yet I still am lost between two worlds. Every man returning from overseas invariably is asked the same two questions; and I have not found the answer to either of them. When someone says to me, "You must have had a great experience. What was it like over there?" I am confounded. That, to a man fresh from war, is like rushing up to a survivor crawling from the wreck of the Congressional Limited and asking him to describe his "great experience." There is no doubt that I, and thousands of others, have had an experience which we shall remember all our lives, but it is one we could have done very well without. I have yet to find a reply that will adequately represent sand, bombs, fleas, hunger, shells, disease, desolation, and death.

The second question, "How does it feel to be home?" is relatively easier to answer, if one is content to respond without thinking. It feels very good. Of course, to be home. And yet, what sensations can a soldier afford to have? A battlefield is no place for emotions. A man going overseas must leave his feelings behind. The difficulty, I find, is to regain those lost emotions which enable a man to take his place in civilian life. Except for taste sensations, I am numb to everything I used to find stimulating. I can understand now why members of the so-called "lost" generation of the 1920's went to such extremes in their search for animation. It may sound like exaggeration, but I actually feel like a stranger in my own home, because everyday living in America requires emotional responses which I am incapable of giving.

The part of civilian life most difficult for me to become accustomed to is the mental agitation, the fluctuating enthusiasm, which accompany each day's news of the war. While I was overseas a friend who had been invalidated home wrote and urged me to stay away as long as possible because the war on the home front would drive a man crazy. Now I know what he means. The over-intensified, glamorous version of war which comes to us each day via headlines and excited voices of radio announcers is far removed from the actual fighting. Because our reading

habits are based on emotions, the war news must be highly dramatized to compete with murders, accidents, and sports for top place in public interest.

The true story of a soldier's dull, routine existence, told without benefit of adjectives, would never sell papers. I am not blaming anyone. My reaction is purely a personal one—now that I have been judged unfit for further service I must adjust myself to the civilian approach to war. But I should like to make people understand that war is not glamorous or exciting or even a "great adventure."

Every time I hear a commentator rhapsodizing on another Allied victory, or am told that the war is practically over, I think back to the wet November day last year when the British Eighth Army huddled around radios in the Libyan desert and heard England and America celebrating the Battle of Egypt. Rommel had been defeated at El Alamein and chased through Halfaya Pass. Britons were wildly ringing church bells, and American officials were running out of adjectives. We of the Eighth Army were shivering in the rain and wishing we had a hot meal and a dry bed.

We had pulled up at dusk, after driving since dawn. The rain had made the desert as mucky as a mud-flat at low tide, and digging a place to sleep in was a long, discouraging task. As fast as we shoveled, the wet earth oozed back into our holes, but I at least had a roof over my head by virtue of getting first claim on the tailboard of a blown-up truck. Breakfast that day had consisted of porridge and two pieces of bacon, we had no lunch, and for supper we opened cans of cold corned beef and packages of hardtack—the omnipresent meal which the Tommies call bully and biscuits. The country was the same barren, desolate wasteland that extends with few interruptions from Alexandria to the hills of Tunisia.

Our supplies had failed to catch up with us. There was no water and no prospect of a decent meal. Even brewing tea was out, because a fire would have attracted the deadly attention of Rommel's "defeated" army. A dive bomber had taken the measure of a nearby artillery unit and filled our hastily pitched dressing station with groaning, spewing men.

It was impossible to locate a hospital for them before daylight. There was nothing to do but hang around the headquarters truck and listen to the sound of church bells ringing out our victory. The Battle of Egypt was over, yet I can remember how difficult it was to sleep that night—not because of exhilaration, but because I was so bitten by fleas I could not stop scratching. As one Tommy put it, "Chum, if this is victory, give me steak and chips!"

To a soldier it is just as uncomfortable been hungry and wet four miles from Tunis, or ten miles from Rome, as it was to be wet and hungry at Alamein or Salerno. War for him is a timeless existence in which today is much like yesterday or tomorrow. In terms of food, water, bedbugs, and the chance of being killed, victory is seldom sweeter than defeat. He knows he can be killed just as thoroughly on a day when the papers announce light patrol activities as when the headlines herald a major break-through. No fighting man is going to cheer raucously about Salerno, for example, when the battle for Naples begins the next day. The end may come for him one mile from Berlin, or even while the generals are debating the terms of surrender. The only battle he wants to cheer about is the last one.

Despite rather thorough jamming, the soldier overseas occasionally hears jubilant sounds emanating from America, and his repugnance is expressed with Chaucerian simplicity. I shall never forget an incident which occurred on the fourth night of landing operations on Sicily. Our ship had survived its twenty-fifth air attack, but shrapnel from a bomb which landed twenty yards away had knocked out our two favorite gunners. In the lull between attacks Sparks emerged from his wireless room to give us a copy of the day's news. The first item was the triumphant announcement that Allied forces invading Sicily had encountered "very light resistance." The expletives which greeted this assuring summary of our situation should have burned out every radio tube in America. The announcer should have tried to tell that to the one dazed sur-

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Padre's Corner



V.W.D.

FLIGHT LIEUT. H. S. HARTLIN Station Padre



F/L H. S. Hartlin was born in Jeddore, Nova Scotia. Received his college training at Acadia University, receiving degrees of Bachelor of Theology and Master of Arts. While attending that institution was prominent in dramatics, taking a major part in many plays and concerts.

Has held several pastorates in Nova Scotia. Resigned his last church in February, 1943, to become an Air Force padre. Took the Officers' Training Course at Domaine D'Esterelle, and arrived on this station last May.

Served in the Armed Forces of Canada for a period of over two years during the First World War.

Has a wife and four children (two boys and two girls), living at Port Wade, Nova Scotia.

THE ETERNAL RECORD

By F/L H. S. HARTLIN,
Station Chaplain

No man can pass through this world without leaving some record behind him, be it good or bad. Every thought, every desire, every word, and every act leaves an impression of some kind. Nothing is lost. Physicists tell us that sound goes on forever. The weakest sounds, the strongest sounds, the strain of music, the laughter, the cry of joy or distress is caught up by the ether and vibrates through infinity. That is true of man's thoughts, words and deeds. They leave an imperishable record, and the character and quality of that record depends upon the character and quality of the man.

We observe that nature leaves her stamp upon everything. She marks it in the rocks, the trees, the flowers, the sea and the sky. She traces the outlines of what she is in every living and non-living thing. What imperishable records she has stored up in the rocks! And what an interesting tale it is! Full of romance, adventure and thrills.

The thoughtful and reverent mind will believe that nature bears the stamp of God. It is His handiwork. "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no sound or language where his voice is not heard." God has gone throughout all the earth. He has touched everything with His living Presence. To Moses, the burning

bush spoke to him of God, and the ground upon which he walked was holy. Jacob, in his dream has a vision of a reality that had never formed a part of his waking life, and on coming out of his sleep, he said, "God was here, and I knew it not." Bliss Carmen wrote:

"I took a day to search for God,
I found His footprints in the
sod."

Wordsworth, known as the great poet of nature, wrote:

"Thanks to the human heart by
which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys
and fears,
To me the meanest flower that
blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too
deep for tears."

And then we think of the record that man has left and is still leaving behind him. Men come and go, races are born and die. Nations and empires rise, having their day of greatness and glory, and then vanish to make way for others, but all leave some trace of their existence. Imperfect and indistinct though that record may be at times, still it is being read. Every day archeologists turn up something new concerning man's past. We read the record of the bad as well as the good. All that the philosopher has thought, the scientist has discovered, the dreamer

has dreamed, the poet has seen and felt, the artist has created, and the reformer has achieved, are not these set forth in the imperishable book of human life? Each race, each age, each generation has committed something to another which cannot be lost. It forms a part of man's immortal heritage.

But each of us is writing a record in our own way. It may be good or bad, white or black, weak or strong. The poet writes of footprints in the sand which are soon washed away. However, man's life is not written in the sand but in the imperishable record of human personality and character. It is written not only in our own characters but also in the characters of others. For always in some way or another what we are and what we do casts their light or their shadow upon some other person. We multiply ourselves in the lives of others. From this there is no escape.

The kind of record that a man makes and leaves behind him depends upon the kind of man he is. If his life is thin and superficial so will his record be. He may stain it with dishonor, blacken it with sin, cheapen it with littleness, spoil it with selfishness. If he is bad he helps to make another person bad. If he was immoral, dishonest, false, harsh, crude, unjust, unkind, he has, by that very kind of life helped others to form a similar record. Such a unity runs through human life that what man is or does affects all to some extent. It needs to be constantly affirmed that we cannot do anything false, base, or unworthy and obliterate it or its effects upon ourselves and others. No matter how much we seek to atone or cover it up, the footprints are still there, and only God can wipe them out and make all things new.

How important it is, then, that as young men and women in the service of our country, and having daily contact with so many others, we should be careful of the record that we write daily. You will not be able to wipe out that evil deed, that harsh word, that base or dishonorable act with an

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attempt to forget about it or a shrug of the shoulder. Your service record will not count for nearly so much as the secret and invisible record of your own character, for that record is an eternal one, and cannot be torn up and discarded. Keep it crystal clear, and in the great Book of Life write that which is worthwhile and worthy of eternity.

PADRE CORNER (con't.)

THE FAITH OF A BELOVED PADRE

In the passing recently of Archdeacon Frederick George Scott, one of the best known and most truly beloved of Canada's padres in the First World War, Canada lost an outstanding citizen and the Anglican

Church a great leader. Born over 82 years ago at Montreal, Archdeacon Scott gave 37 years of service to St. Matthew's Anglican Church, Quebec, exercised a wonderful influence through his writings, his friendship for men of the armed services, and his devotion to good causes. The following poem was written a year or so ago while he was a patient in a Montreal hospital:

God Is My Strength

God is my strength—He underlies my life,
My soul, though mine, lies passive in His hand;
God talks with me and gives me peace in strife,
And in His light I walk and understand.

God is my friend; He shapes and moulds my will;
God, my physician, probes and cleans my wrong;
God brings me harmony and, small and still,
His voice attunes me to the heavenly song.

God is my strength—beneath the changing years,
He lives and moves and breathes into my breath;
His thoughts are wings and, high above all fears,
They bear me to the golden gates of death.

—Frederick George Scott.
Quebec.

Excerpts from ...

THE SOLDIER RETURN (Con't)

vivor of our sister ship, which was blown into a million pieces of arms, legs, and twisted machinery by two well-placed portions of his "light aerial resistance."

Whenever I hear civilian strategists discuss the war, whether they are on the air, writing for newspapers, or talking around the table after dinner, I involuntarily wince. I suppose this is because, as an ambulance driver in North Africa, I was constantly trying to comfort those men over whose mangled bodies victory was won. Public fanfare over a current success rouses in me the guilty realization that the men who did the fighting are hunched, chin on chest, beside their foxholes, un-

enthusiastically opening a tin of cold rations, scratching at their flea-bites, waiting for the night bombers to begin their attack, and thinking only of tomorrow's battles. Blatant optimism makes me shudder, because I have seen tired fighting men throw down a magazine in disgust or turn off a radio in embarrassment. Premature applause turns their stomachs.

Because the men in the Eighth Army maintained their mental and emotional stability they were able to survive one of the worst setbacks of the war, reform their battered regiments, and fight back across 2,000 miles of desert to Tunis and to victory. Those Americans who suffered the Kasserine setback, but came back to beat the powerful Tenth Panzers in a return engagement, must have arrived at a similar attitude towards war.

Men who have been in action have developed a marked sense of humility. They have seen death strike with illogical fury to their left and right, and their own survival makes them feel small and unworthy. War to them is a dirty job that must be done, the sooner the better. Their attitude towards it is never expressed in words that would make inspiring copy for a war bond campaign, but they have an unemotionalized spirit of determination that allows them to take defeat and victory in their stride. While the sale of war bonds fluctuates, and the amount of public participation in Red Cross activities varies with the changing headlines, they steadily fight on, today the same as yesterday, the same as tomorrow.

Think what others ought to be like.
Then start like it yourself.

THE MAN BEHIND THE SMILE

I don't know how he is on creeds,
I never heard him say;
But he's got a smile that fits his face
And he wears it every day.

If things go wrong he won't complain—
Just tries to see the joke;
He's always finding little ways
Of helping other folk.

He sees the good in everyone,
Their faults he never mentions;
He has a lot of confidence
In people's good intentions.

No matter if the sky is grey,
You get his point of view,
And the clouds begin to scatter
And the sun comes breaking through.

You'll know him if you meet him,
And you'll find it worth your while
To cultivate the friendship of
The Man Behind the Smile.

—ANON.

PILOT

Today you won your wings
And everything around you sings.
All gone the doubts that made you
quite dismayed,
You've quite forgotten torn wing tip,
bent prop blade.
Circuits and bumps, they're all quite
past,
For you have made the grade at last.
S.F.T.S. holds little more for you—
You've slept your last long lecture
through.

I cannot wish you safety where your
path may lie
But may your laughter keep your
courage high.

Today you won your wings
And everything around you sings.

—LAW JOYCE McPHERSON,
RCAF, Dartmouth, N.S.

If all the good intentions in the world were put end to end they would still get us nowhere. But in half of them were put to work they would reach to a new era.

If there is confidence between nations, no police force will be needed. If there is no confidence, no police force is big enough to prevent war.

Station



LAW PAVELEY E. M.

"Mom" as she is known to patrons of the Snack Bar joined the Airforce in March of 1942. She took her basic training at Rockcliffe then worked in the Y.M.C.A. at No. 3 B & G MacDonald, Man. In July 1942 she was posted for a year's service in Gander and from there came to Dartmouth. Before joining up she worked as head checker in the Saskatoon Sanatorium also cooked in a hospital in Edmonton before enlisting there. Asked if she was happy in the service she stated, "I really like the service and wouldn't want to leave it. I might say that shopping for the kiddies at Xmas was a great pleasure and hope they all had a lovely Christmas."

MAKE THE MOST OF IT!

By A. A. WENBAN OA (O)

Everyone who saw the Navy show, "Meet The Navy," enjoyed a little ditty called "You'll Get Used To It." The inimitable comedian who sang it gave us many good laughs both at and with him. There was satire and truth in that song.

We can do more in the Service than get used to it. We can make the most of it. Many fellows who have secretly nursed a desire to travel have found in the Services opportunities they had hardly dared to think would come their way. They may not be getting luxury travel exactly, there is often more than a spice of danger in it. War has its inevitable risks, it has its frustrations, but there are also many compensations and fulfillments.

We've all got jobs to do. Some important, some seemingly trivial. We

"Skip" O. C. of the squadron in No. 5 hangar was born in 1910 in Tucson Arizona. He was educated in Tucson schools and started flying in 1929. Barnstorming until he joined the U.S.A.A.F. in 1932. In 1935 he went back to Commercial flying and in 1939 he gave Flight Instruction to Chinese Students bound for the China-Japan war. In the summer of 1940 he joined the Airforce. He served at Trenton, Jarvis, No. 3 B & G in MacDonald Man., Rockcliffe to Debert and thence to Dartmouth as Flight Commander in the granddad sqdn. He was placed in command of the sqdn when it was reorganized to form two sqdns, and received his S/L in Oct. 1943. He still holds his U. S. Commercial License and intends to return after the war.



S/L HENDERSON

can make the most of them. The opportunity to learn new skills may never come again. If we get a real pride in a piece of work well done now we shall carry that into our civilian life in the days we hope are not too far away. If we do a good job, nothing is trivial. In the final analysis its importance or triviality depends upon our attitude towards it. Big doors swing on little hinges.

What an unparalleled opportunity we have to get to know our own neighbors and our countrymen! We can find out how the other guy lives; he's not remote and abstract any more. The fellow who bunks above us or slings his hammock alongside of us may be from our next door province, or the one most distant from us. But for the war we mightn't have met, either. If we're ready to be friendly he'll share with us his hopes and fears; we'll find they're very like our own. City and farm

Personalities



AW1 GILLIS

"Scottie" in Number Five Hangar is the only W.D. Fitter on this station. She was born Alba, Cape Breton in 1923 and educated in McKinnon Harbour. After completing her education she went to work for the Simm's Brush Co. in Saint John. Along about 1942 she quit to join the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) and was an aircraft helper till her trade was washed out. Still desiring to be with her aircraft she remustered to A. E. M. (Aero Engine Mechanic). She has been on three stations, Rockcliffe, Mountain View and Dartmouth.

can appreciate each other's problems. The prairie can learn much from, and give much, to the deep-sea fisher. The Canadian reared in the English tradition will find the French-Canadian cares very deeply for the Canada he knows, and a little tolerance on either side can begin to break the barriers of prejudice and misunderstanding.

How much that is fine we can give to each other when we drop grousing and mud-slinging! So many of us have gotten to scrapping with each other instead of the real enemy. Just as an army has to build up supplies of material for all the attacks ahead, so we can build up ties of affection and friendship which will pull the country through in the dangerous days of reconstruction after victory over the Axis. We can build now friendships that will last, stand any strain, and bind the Dominion together from East to West.

Sports



V.V.D.



By Arnold White

The most noticeable change in the sport picture on this station since the last issue of Thumbs Up appeared has been the complete disbanding of the Command Hockey team. This disappointing action became necessary when the projected series of exhibition games became impossible. Some of the team's stars, however, are still performing in the Inter-squadron League, which has benefited materially as a result.

BASKETBALL

With the disbanding of the Dartmouths, basketball has been left as the undisputed major sport on the station. The roundball stars are doing great job, too, of keeping the station's name in the forefront. More than that—they are playing a big part in bringing their sport back into popular favour in this part of Canada.

The Halifax Senior Basketball League is composed of the Airforce, Navy, Army, H.M.C.S. Kings, Y.M.C.A. and Dalhousie University. When the season opened there was the sad prospect of Navy and Airforce fighting it out first and second places, the rest having no chance for better than third. However, first H.M.C.S. Kings turned up with a tall and enthusiastic quintette that showed itself capable of giving any team a good workout. Then the Army showed an improving passing game that proved troublesome, and will be a definite threat if the same squad stays together.

Most radical transformation, however, was in the Y team. Rated the weak sister of the league, it has taken advantage of an influx of Americans to these parts, who definitely know

their way around a basketball court, has brought the Y into contention again, although a bit late, perhaps to make up or the string of losses gathered up previously.

As for your team—it has hard to recognize as the squad that first turned out for practice two months ago. Of that lot only McLeod, Chelin and Poulton remain. Since the last report, postings have taken Weir, Smith and Harrison, and an unfortunate accident in the Kings' game on January 29 resulted in a broken leg for Jack Georges. In those four the team lost a star guard and centre and two capable and dependable subs.

However, led by Capt. Elmer McLeod, the old guard and the newcomers have welded into a tight defensive team that is rapidly bringing its offensive play up to the standard of its guarding. By unanimous consent of the players, the former Windsor star has undertaken the duties of both floor captain and coach and is doing a real job in both capacities. Besides that, whether at guard or centre, can he be relied on to drop an average of about 10 points per game through the hoop.

League-leading scorer to date with 63 points in five games is Ted Poulton, whose "pot" shots from outside or lose in baskets are not only frequent but timely. It was he, for instance, who turned a two-point lead over the Y with four minutes to play, into a six point win by sinking four consecutive shots against two countering efforts, and who scored four points from long range to finally deaden the Army guns in overtime.

Harry Chelin and Bob Smith were the other consistent point, getters with lanky Bob developing rapidly into a real star at centre. Orm Weir could also be depended on to make a number of successful sorties from his spot at guard, so that it was not safe to leave any man of the five unchecked.

Outstanding among the replacements are Percy Lewis and Phil "Thin Man" Wiselberg, who have moved into starting berths. Rounding out the squad are Poscavage, Stanley, Hutton and Malcolm, about

whom little can be said as yet as they have had little opportunity at this writing to show their wares.

To give you an idea of how things have been going, here are the results to date, the Airforce score first in each case: Navy: 43-44; Dalhousie: 52-29; H.M.C.S. Kings: 39-19; Y.M.C.A.: 41-35; Army: 29-24 (Overtime). That's the first round completed with only 122 against—'nuff said?

The boys thumbed their noses at superstition during the Y.M.C.A. game and allowed themselves to be photographed singly and collectively, before, during and after half time and the results are here for your inspection. The players would prefer it, through, if a few of you would come out and look them over in action—and provide a little vocal support.

BOWLING

With two sections brought to a very successful conclusion under the tireless supervision of F/S Macaulay, the station trundlers will be close to completing a third by the time this reaches print. The results of the second section are to be found below, with the 395 game rolled by Turner of Preston the highlight. This is high single, not only for this league but for the season, but since he also took high three in his league and prizes are rationed one to a customer, he goes into the records as winner of the high three-game prize only.

Nothing spectacular has come out of the scores of the third section yet, although averages are showing a consistent upward trend. Clarke of Bell Lake is still leading in that field, but has had to ease his 218 a point or two higher to maintain his margin.

The current section, however, has produced some controversy on a couple of points, but reference to the rules as laid down by the C.B.A. seemed to leave no ambiguity with regard to either. The first question to dispute was exactly what constitutes a foul. It is a foul, says the

AS THE AIRFORCE BEAT THE "Y"



1



2



3



4

1. Back Row: P. Patterson, E. McLeod (Captain), O. Weir, P. Wiselberg, D. Malcolm, A. White (trainer).
Front Row: P. Lewis, H. Chelin, G. Hutton, R. Scott, T. Poulton. Absent: D. Poscovage, R. Smith, F/O H. Coulter, D. Stanley (Mgr.)
2. Orme Weir lays one up as Captain McLeod watches.
3. Where a tall man shines.
4. Poulton and McLead make sure of a high ball.

No. 4 League: Won by Bell Lake No. 1 Team.

High Single—Compson (Accounts)—286
High Three—Eisenstadt (Accounts)—809.

MORE SPORT . . .

C.B.A., when ANY part of the bowler crosses the foul line. That "Any", technically, includes a hand, or even the tip of a nose if the bowler happens to be a Durante, and it is explained also that putting a hand on the ball return rack, beyond the foul line constitutes a foul just as much as sliding a foot into the sacred area.

It was alleged also that heckling by spectators and other players was frowned on by the bowling Fathers, and that they had so stated in their rules. 'Tisn't so, folks. They have said that no spectator or player is to be abusive in his comments (and we take it from that that references to pedigree, etc., are to be omitted), but nowhere can be found evidence that they intend a bowling

alley crowd to maintain the discreet silence of a golf crowd or the spectators at a Davis Cup match. Rather, it seems, they class bowling among such sports as baseball, softball, hockey, football, etc., where one of the tests of proficiency is the ability to maintain temper and performance in the face of an expertly sarcastic and voluble opponent. No mean test, at that.

Prize winners in the Second Section follow:

- No. 1 League: Won by Blockbusters
High Single—Sager (Kittyhawks)—287
High Three—Potruff (Kittyhawks)—789
- No. 2 League: Won by Fire Hall—Rec Hall.
High Single—Aiken (Hospital)—277
High Three—Turner (Preston)—868
- No. 3 League: Won by Y Squadron No. 3 Team.
High Single—Lechowicz (Y Sqdn 3)—266
High Three—Morrison (Y Sqdn 2)—278

INTER SQUADRON SPORT

Interest in Inter-squadron sport, involving an estimated 250 athletes on the station and bringing in perhaps 50 more from 8 C.M.U., E.A.C. and Army, has been exceptionally high since the leagues got rolling after the New Year. Attention is divided between ice hockey, basketball and floor hockey.

The ICE HOCKEY league has been playing to large crowds at the Forum every Sunday and Tuesday and, with the Command team players scattered among the contenders, the standard of play has surpassed anything produced by the league in the past.

Leading the parade at the moment is Y Squadron with 7 wins to no losses. Paced by Hamilton, Roy and Rasminsky and with goalie Rodair starring, they will take a lot of beating.

MORE SPORT . . .

Threatening them are the Marine Squadron, led by Timmins, Charlton and Fisher, with five wins against two losses. Right behind is 8 C.M.U. with Port Arthur lads, Laprade and McKeown, showing the way. They have gathered in four wins in six starts and look like a good team to watch. In contention for the fourth play-offspot are E.A.C. and Preston-Lake.

The league schedule finishes on February 29, and the playoffs between the top four teams follow at once, with the winner entering a round-robin series with the Army and Navy for the Garrison Championship.

Also well under way, the BASKETBALL league is producing a good competition. Led by Harry Chelin, Combines have cleared their first three hurdles successfully to remain the only unbeaten team. On their heels, through, are both X Squadron, starring Elmer McLeod

and Orm Weir, and H.Q. Marines, whose aces are Ted Poulton and Cpl. Sidenburg. These two teams have also won three but have a loss charged against them. Sector Ops. and Y Squadron, both with two wins in three games, are close behind and keep the field bunched. Anything can happen yet.

Even at this early stage in the FLOOR HOCKEY schedule, the Band has established itself as the favourite, but Sector Ops., with Bush, Conacher and Kemp transferred from ice to hardwood, are threatening. Eddie Petit, with 6 goals in his first two games, has provided much of the Band's scoring punch. The league has turned out to be every bit as blood-thirsty as expected, and pre-show crowds have been keen spectators.

BADMINTON

Still attracting many participants, the Badminton Club has not had time or opportunity to date for any competitions, inter-squadron or other-

wise. Of necessity, its membership is constantly changing, but always large, and the sport is unquestionably one of the most popular pastimes on the station. New racquets and nets an adequate supply of shuttles have been big factors in the game's success here.

Currently we have on the menu for your indulgence the following:

1. Inter-squadron Basketball—Monday nights.
2. Inter-squadron Hockey—Sunday afternoon and Tuesday nights.
3. Inter-squadron Floor Hockey—Tuesday and Thursdays.
4. Badminton—Wednesday and Friday nights.
5. W.D. Basketball—alternate Fridays.
6. Conditioning, weight lifting and gymnasium apparatus work—rear of stage—any night in the week.

Take your choice, boys and girls, and enjoy your sports.

"TO OLD FOR HOCKEY"

by Cpl. Drope

How often we've heard the expression, 'I'm getting too old for this sport or that.'

Flight Sergeant Dick Simpell, a veteran of the last war becomes irked when he hears the overworked phrase, "Too old for hockey". "Nonsense", says Dick emphatically, "I'm only 50 and fit as a fiddle." Moreover this Flight Sergeant from the Marine Squadron has proved his statement often, not only at hockey, but on the baseball diamond, when members of opposing teams bumped up against his study frame.

Flight Simpell comes from Midland, Ontario, and his globed wanderings and hard sea life have tempered this man to become one of the most popular Air Force characters on the Eastern Coast. Dick's adventures started when he went to sea at the age of 17. He stuck to his trade and acquired his Master's papers, which qualifies him to stand behind the wheel of the fastest rescue ship in the Marine Squadron.

Dick has many good stories up his sleeve, but it takes a quiet corner and a cup of coffee to draw them out. Try to get Dick to tell you about the Mediterranean Ocean, or about being shippedwrecked in one of the worst storms that swept Lake



FLT/SGT SIMPELL

Michigan, Nov. 11, 1941, when 32 lives were lost. Or still better, pry out of him the story about the fishing schooner he rescued while Skipper of a Marine Craft down the Coast from St. John, N. B., last spring. Sure, go ahead and pry, perhaps you will have better luck than this hum-

ble reporter.

But when Dick Simpell starts on "hockey talk". That's a different matter. The youthful heart within, fairly shines forth in his face. What former star with the Hamilton Tigers, Fort William Bear Cats, or Senior H. A. teams out of the Midland couldn't hold his own during a hockey conflag. Until a recent posting he was a valued member of the Marine Hockey team. Dick is proud of his Y.M.C.A. record. Back in Midland when the lake boats would be frozen in, Simpell organized hockey teams for the young "gaffers" around town, and really made a bang up job of it. In fact, he made such a success of the venture that the town of Midland presented Dick with a "Y" life membership. Incidentally, Dick's wife and two children still live in Midland.

A word of warning to those who want to draw a good evening-length story out of Dick. Don't open the conversation by offering him a cigarette. "No thanks", he always replies, "don't smoke", "don't drink either", and he adds, "and when a fellow lives a clean life, he is never too old to play hockey."

REPLY TO THE BLUENOSE

By LAC. F. C. STEVENS

I am a Trontonian. I love that city, because my home and family are there. I also went to school and received my first job there, and there is always the feeling of jubilation when I have the chance to go back. You stick up for your city of Halifax for these same things, just as the boys from the rest of Canada stick up for their homes.

I've been stationed here in the Eastern Provinces for almost two years now, and during that time have travelled a great deal, met lots of the people, and have heard and seen a lot of their problems.

I must admit that on the economical side of your lives, you have good grounds for complaint, and it is up to us as Canadians to see that each province gets its share in the development and wealth of the New Canada of the post-war period, not only by putting a suitable form of government into power by our votes, but by the wholehearted effort of every individual to make life easier and happier for the whole nation.

I know that my own Province may seem much wealthier than Nova Scotia, but it is due to the fact that the individual areas are around the Great Lakes, and these industries receive their raw material from the areas of Northern Ontario, and Quebec, and the Western Provinces, so that the bulk of the population is in these areas.

Therefore due to the possibilities of immigration in the Post War period to build up on the approximate 11,000,000 Canadians that there are now and with the appearance of new occupations and products which use great amounts of lumber and coal, as raw material I cannot see how Nova Scotia cannot prosper when she already has large fishing and shipping industries. You have much wealth and raw material but you are economically poor because it is undeveloped.

I know that there are a great many of the boys in the service, who, after spending a short time down here start to grouch and grumble whether it's the weather or lack of

entertainment. These are the individuals, who, after being away from home for the first time, begin to miss the things they used to do before they joined up. They must be made to realize that a city, that has taken such a great share of the War time responsibilities cannot very well cater to the individual. You must give the City and the Province a certain amount of credit for the hospitality they have offered to the thousands of service men stationed here.

As for myself, I'm leaving in a short while for Calgary, Alberta, where I'll make new friends, see new country and discover new problems but while I am there I'll still remember St. John, Yarmouth, Sydney and Dartmouth and the good times I've had in these places.

I salute all you Bluenoses. You are doing a fine job and so are the rest of the Provinces of Canada. You cannot become individualists, but we must all work together in winning a World Peace and then work for a United Canada.

POETS' CORNER

'FOR YOUR NECESSARY ACTION'

In the annals of all history there is
nothing holds more mystery
Than the terms reserved for military
use;

And years of concentration in the ser-
vice of the Nation
Can make a great Commander of a
Goose.

The humble acey-ducey when he copes
with problems juicy
Has to bring them to a satisfactory
close,

But the mighty Wing Commander
simply writes with cunning can-
dor

'For your necessary action' and he's
through.

When the Adjutant is leary of the
meaning of a query

And he hasn't got a notion what
to do,

He overcomes his chagrin by noting
in the margin,

'For your necessary action' and he's
through.

The problems of the Nation or a point
on sanitation

Will be dealt with as they rise by
the C.O.

The wrong will soon be righted for
on the page he cited,

'For your necessary action' records
show.

In the climb of our great Nation to its
even higher station,

Many qualities have played their
little part,

But to the Military faction—'for your
necessary action'

Will always be the closest to its
heart.

—F/S R. W. ELLIOTT.

THE MAN WHO STICKS

(From the notice board, No. 5 Hangar)
The man who sticks has this lesson
learned:

Success doesn't come by chance—it's
earned,

By pounding away; for good hard
knocks

Will make stepping stones of the
stumbling blocks.

He knows in his heart that he cannot
fail;

That no ill fortune can make him quail,
While his will is strong and his cour-
age high,

For he's always good for another try.

He doesn't expect by a single stride,
To jump to the front; he is satisfied
To do every day his level best
And let the future take care of the
rest.

He doesn't believe he's held down by
the boss,

It's work and not favor, that "gets
across."

So his motto is this: "What another
man

Has been able to handle, I surely can!"

For the man who sticks has the sense
to see

He can make himself what he wants
to be

If he'll off with his coat and pitch
Why, the man who sticks can't help
but win!

right in

—CHARLES R. BARRETT.

Shop Talk

Written by

Sgt.

COADE

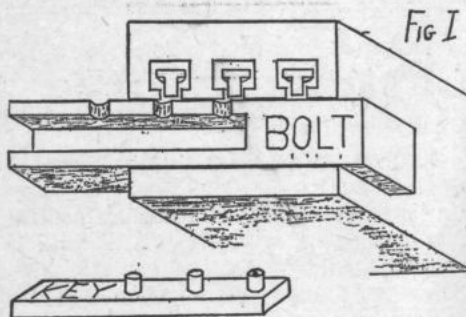


STAY OUT!

A lock has two main purposes. One to keep unauthorized persons out or at least constitute a barrier that would stump those who are not ingenious enough to pick it. Or again we could expect it to hold the line 'til the time available to the malefactor was at an end.

Secondly, locks are often used only to indicate to all comers that they are to stay out. A weak structure or comparatively inefficient design is equal to this last requirement. So it is that even today we have locks that are little better than those made three thousand years ago.

In ancient Egypt they had locks that were truly ingenious. True, the material was often just wood. They none-the-less served the purpose. In Figure 1 we have a lock made in the



EGYPTION LOCK

time of the Pharaohs. In the drawing the bolt is shown in the unlocked position. The key was a flat strip with a number of pins. It was placed in the open end of the bolt 'til the pins coincided with the holes in the upper surface of the bolt. Raising it lifted the T-shaped tumblers and allowed the bolt to be pulled back.

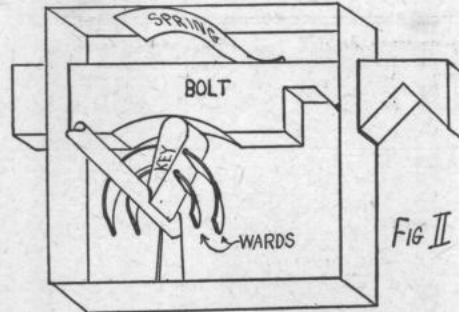
It is not at all probable that this was a common example of lock design of this time. It was more likely the work of some ancient "Edison." His misfortune lay not in being "born thirty years too soon" but about three thousand years too soon.

Many simpler devices were tried, such as that used by the pioneers of our own country. A string, a convenient knot-hole and there you were.

If a knock came at the door you first looked out the knot-hole—yes, it was a friend; you opened the door. Or if you were expecting him you hung the string attached to the locking bar out the knot-hole. When he came he could, with one pull, unlock the door himself. Hanging out the latch string; a very friendly gesture, one that we have difficulty in duplicating today. Unless, of course, you pass out 'Yale' keys to your penthouse at four-bits apiece.

Europe in the Middle Ages had many examples of huge, sometimes elaborate and complicated locks. Most museums have examples. They were, of course, expensive. Only the rich could afford them.

So in the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries you find a lock like Figure 2 quite common. It stopped the honest

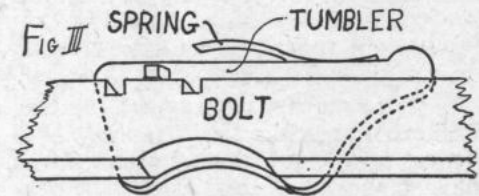


man and those who weren't, but were not a bit mechanical. The key simply lifted and shifted the bolt. The notches in the bolt prevented it sliding back and forth of itself.

The semi-circular strips in the lock are known as 'Wards'; they are attached to the frame of the lock. Unless a key having notches to conform with the wards is used it will not turn in the lock. This latter improvement came in the 17th century.

This lock is still in use today. It is simple to make and therefore cheap. It still has the same qualities as its ancestor of the 17th century. True, its outside shape is different yet the original idea is incorporated time and again in modern designs.

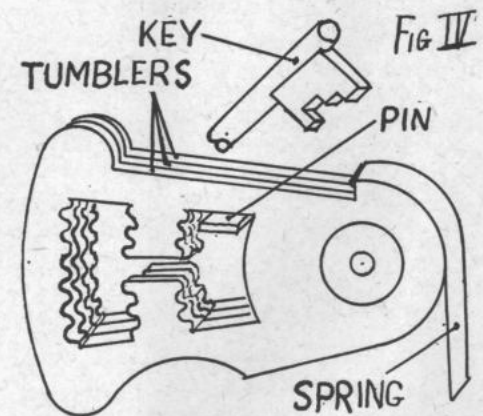
The 19th century added another improvement (see Figure 3). It is the tumbler. It rests close beside the bolt and prevents the bolt from mov-



ing 'til the key has lifted the tumbler with its attached pin high enough to disengage the notches in the bolt. The value of this improvement can be seen on a lock on a box or cupboard. Without it, merely turning the lock over on its side would cause the bolt to slide and so unlock the box.

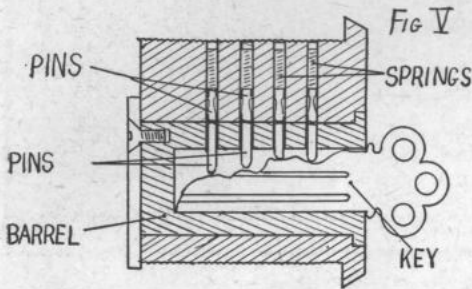
Putting the notches in the center of the bolt improved the tumbler lock. Then a key that was nearly correct but just a bit too high would lift the tumbler too far and so act like a key that was too low.

In Figure 4 we see a number of tumblers added to a lock. Each one requiring to be lifted to a different height. Built this way only the adept may open the lock without the key. Yet it may be broken with a single blow. So it is no better in that regard than its earlier and simpler prototype. These elements of design are found over and over again in modern locks. The details differ somewhat but the similarity exists.



Locks of the "night latch" variety as sketched in Figure 5 are a class of their own. However, on examination they bear a striking resemblance to the Egyptian lock in Figure 1. The

MORE SHOP TALK



pins are removed from the key and fit loosely in the barrel of the lock. The tumblers are no longer T-shaped but are merely pins. The key still enters the end of the barrel but it is turned to unlock instead of pulled.

Reading 'Super Crime Fiction' or some other dime magazine we have held our breath as the hero, the master crook, has sandpapered his fingertips to feel the tumblers drop as he 'picks' the combination of the vault. Hoey! There may be tumblers in a key lock but in the combination lock they are replaced by wheels or discs.

It is just plain idiom of the trade when a detective or a crime story writer refers to the tumblers in a combination lock. Just as a western story writer says, "Another Indian bit the dust."

Actually it takes not super hearing or sense of touch, but patience and an idea of what the man who set the combination had in mind. One figure may be obtained and after that the more experience the expert has the better able he will be to guess the next two figures.

A traveller for a certain lock firm, who had years of experience in the plant, was called by a wealthy resident of the city who could not open a wall safe. The expert went to the home, had little difficulty in determining the combination. He wrote it down on a piece of paper to assist the poor memory of the owner. He made no charge for this service, putting it down to advertising for the firm.

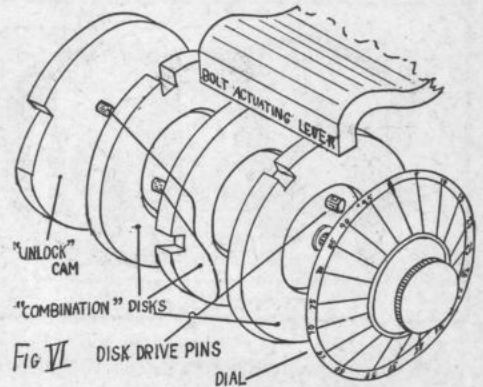
A week or so later came a frantic call. A party to be held, the wife's jewels were in the safe. Would he come immediately and get them out? "Where is the combination I wrote out for you?" came the query. "Oh, I put that in the safe—I was afraid of losing it." This time, however, there was a charge for services rendered. The fee charged was of more aid to the failing memory than the written word in this case.

With a lock opened by a key the

possession of the key or a duplicate gives entrance to the door locked. Loss of the key keeps out even the rightful owner. A method to overcome this was evolved with the combination lock. It consists of a series of discs with one notch or 'gating' in each. When these notches are lined up the lock bar may be lowered into them and the lock opened. As long as the one disc is even a little out of line the lock will not open.

In Figure 6 the discs are shown separated to give a clearer view; actually they are close together. All the discs are loose and the dial and cam only are attached to the shaft. Turn the dial a full turn and the pin on the cam comes in contact with the pin on the back disc and it starts to turn, too. Another turn, the disc starts to move. So each of the discs can be moved to any predetermined place to line up the gatings.

The inventors and the ingenious thieves carry on a sort of unofficial war. First one side, then the other,



scores a victory. After someone discovered a method of running nitroglycerin in around the edge of a door there was no need to fuss with locks and no valuables were safe.

But an ingenious manufacturer built a safe with a surface so hard that it could not be cut with a chisel and under this a pattern of soft metal plugs. Then, under the force of an explosion, the plugs would blow out but the door would still hold and protect the valuables.

Oxygen-cutting torches when developed again scored for the thieves, but not for long. Copper was included in the metal composing the strong box. The idea was that if a torch was held on the metal long enough to cut a chunk out, the heat would burn up anything inside and so make it useless to the thief. This held the line for a time, too.

A very ingenious though misguided gentleman toppled this obstacle neatly. He cut a very small hole in the top and put a funnel in it. He filled the safe with water to keep the contents cool and proceeded to cut the top out.

We have seen that it is but a matter of time after a burglar-proof lock comes out 'til someone tries his skill on it. Then shortly the market is open for another "burglar proof" device.

The element of time is incorporated in another way. In bank vaults a clock is added to the lock. So neither authorized persons nor thieves can open the door except in business hours. Twirling the dial just doesn't work 'til the correct time for the lock to be opened comes around. The door is massive and the walls are strongly built. It would take a thief longer than the time available to break in. This is about the modern ultimate in security for locks.



Cpl. G. L. Low

Born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1897, he served in the Merchant Navy 1913-15 and nine months on an auxiliary cruiser patrolling the coast of Norway. He enlisted in the CEF, 1916, was wounded in the throat and shoulder and discharged May, 1918, making two more trips overseas before the Armistice. He served 17 years in the 'Pen', in front of the bars, not behind them! Joined RCAF Feb., '42, in Montreal and came here in April. He wants to go OS even though he has crossed about 100 times and has been 'mal de mer' each time. He says he finds 19 months in Dartmouth longer than 17 years in the 'Pen.'

W.D. Diary

Edited
by
L.A.W. HANDSLEY



Lois Barry

LAW Lois Barry was born at North Bay, Ont., and attended St. Joseph's School there, also North Bay Collegiate.

She enlisted with the RCAF (WD) on March 21, 1942, took her basic at Toronto, thence to Camp Borden, where she volunteered for overseas duty. Landing at Gander for a year. She would like to go back. Lois is an equipment assistant in Clothing Stores where she looks after the WD's. Her favorite sports are baseball, basketball and bowling. Pastimes: dancing and reading.

OLD HISTORY ON THE W.D.'s

Again this month we will endeavour to give you a certain amount of news and views, even though we are in the hospital and not very happy about it all. W.D. diary is growing in each edition, and with your support will become bigger. The Editor has promised us room for all the material we can collect. Time out to say goodbye to Sgt. Rhodes, who has left for Trenton, Ont. Cpl. Turner has taken her place and we all voice a welcome to her. The Cpl. is very well known on the Station, coming from Gander some months ago.

Thought we would talk about some of the changes your reporter has seen during the past year. The first few girls to arrive on the Station used to live what is known as the "MacKenzie" house. Some of the hospital assistants used to live in a wing of the hospital, bring the total number of W.D.'s to 28. We were very crowded and found a lot of work to be done before other girls could be posted here. It was sure a treat when we moved into our new barrack block in spite of the mud. Looking for new beds, moving luggage, and all the things that go with a headache of this size. Then that same month W.D.'s started arriving in earnest from all over Canada, and some of the girls who had been "overseas", Gander to you, were posted here. Until the number of W. D.'s today is around 250. Some of the old timers feel that will barracks blocks, graded roads, and other improvements we are well situated. Some of you of course will be wondering when our own W.D. canteen is going to have its opening. As it will add a lot of comfort to service life for us girls. The trouble is there is a war on, furnishings and the money to buy them with, and equip a canteen are hard to get. But, AS/O Bryanton is leaving no stone unturned to equip and furnish the finest canteen on the Station. Some day we will have it.

TID BITS

Big news around the Station is the number of girls who are middle-ling as the year grows older. Jerry Rogers did it up on her New Year's leave. Goodluck to Jerry. LAW Bowman also placed her ring on her finger, left hand during her leave. Hazel Law had to do something about the heart throb in the Marine Section, marriage was the result and we wish all these happy people the best, and may all their troubles be little ones. Some of the girls are wearing sparklers, wonder if it means anything? Among those noted are Bea Underhill, MacGregor. I wonder if it was a Navy ring, could



"Scotty" MacDonald

Elspeth Robine MacDonald first saw the light of day in Dundee, Scotland. She received part of her education in Dundee and moved with her family to Hamilton, Ont., where she finished her education and worked for the T. Eaton Co. until she joined the RCAF (WD) on Feb. 19, 1942, and took her training at Toronto. First posted to Aylmer, Ont., she volunteered for overseas duty and was posted to Gander where she spent 13 months. Says she would love to go back. "Scotty" works at M.P.O. 602 and is very popular with everyone. She excels at basketball, bowling and swimming. Her hobbies are dancing and reading.

be. Vivian Sullivan "Sully" to her friends, sends most of her mail to Gander. So would I for a diamond like that.

Although our Dramatic Club has been organized for three months, we are very short of actresses and actors. So if you care to tread the boards, come to one of our meetings on Thursday nights in the music room. We have two plays underway and hope to produce them soon. But who knows maybe a Sarah Bernhart or Clark Gable is hiding somewhere on the Station.

W. D. SPORTS

By LAW. PLAYFAIR

Since the beginning of the basketball season the aim of those interested was to eventually form a league with other station teams in the vicinity. The aim was finally realized in January when Lt. Cook, Stadacona's sports officer, called a meeting to see if the other teams were willing to join. Representatives from A23, King's College and Dartmouth were there and plans were made for immediate action.

A committee was chosen as follows: President, ASO Rawlinson, Dartmouth; secretary - treasurer, Wren Needham, Stadacona; representative King's, Wren Milne; Stadacona, Sub-Lt. Carrigan; A23 T.C., Lance-Cpl. Constantine; Dartmouth, LAW Periard.

Lt. Cook consented to act as unofficial adviser.

Friday night was decided to be the most suitable and it was also decided to have two games weekly, beginning January 21.

Our girls played their first game against the Wrens at King's in the Dalhousie gym. The score, which tells its own story, was 36-18 for Dartmouth with LAW Atkinson starting by chalking up 14 points for our side.

The next game was played in the Dartmouth Rec. Hall a week later, when the CWAC's from A23 beat the WD's 11-7. Probably they felt that it was high time they did something about those other two losses.

The WD's suffered defeat again the following week when they journeyed away out to the old 'Y' Depot to be trimmed by the Stadacona Wrens, 22-16. The Stad. team is fast

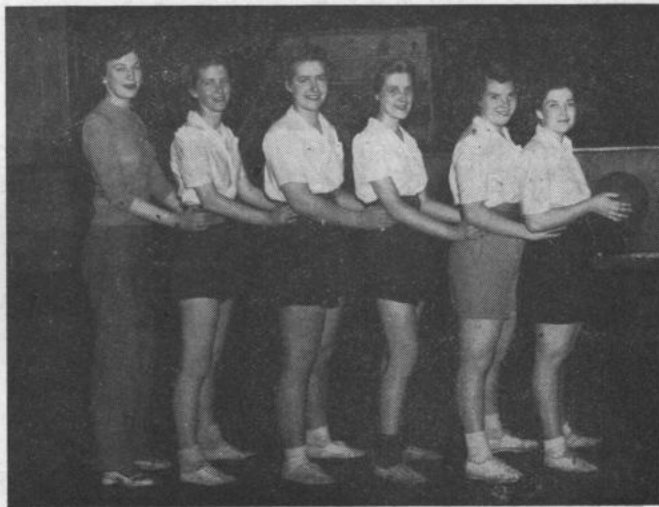
and broke through our defences all too easily. However, we're looking forward to the next meeting with them on the home floor when our WD's plan to show them a trick or two of their own.

That covers the league news to date — although the well-known "birdie" is whispering a wild rumor to the effect that there is a possibility that the Dartmouth team will take a trip to P.E.I. in the near future. Keep that well under your hat.

Do come to see the girls play — the more cheering they have the better they fight. Not only that, remember that it is sporting to have a few cheering for the other side because they are away from home, you know. (We don't want to see everyone doing that—just enough to keep the game friendly!)



WREN'S STADACONA



W. D.s DARTMOUTH

CREATOR OF CANADIAN AIR FORCE, WING COMMANDER WILLIAMS, DIES

Montreal, Jan. 3 (C.P.) — Wing Commander John Scott Williams, M.C., A.F.C., who organized the Royal Canadian Air Force in 1921, died in hospital here Saturday night after a lengthy illness. A native of Goldenville, N.S., he was 51.

He enlisted in the Army as a private in the First Great War, was commissioned in the field, and then joined the Royal Flying Corps in 1916, serving with its successor, the Royal Air Force, until 1919, winning

his Military Cross and Air Force Cross in the interval.

After demobilization he returned to Canada, where he started one of the first commercial air companies in the Dominion, inaugurating express and mail service between the Noranda goldfields and Haileybury.

In 1921 he was given the task of organizing the R.C.A.F., and later the same year he handed over command to the late Air Marshal Lindsay Gordon and went to the United States as a test pilot.

Prior to the present conflict he operated a gold mine in Nova Scotia, rejoining the R.C.A.F. in Montreal in

1940. After training in the administration course at Trenton, he served at Calgary and Picton. After an illness he was posted to the accident investigation branch at Ottawa before coming to No. 5 Manning Depot at Lachine in 1942.

He took temporary command at Lachine when Air Commodore Raymond went to Uplands as commanding officer, and later was posted to No. 2 Initial Training School, Regina, as commanding officer.

—Stratford Beacon—Herald

Freedom has not failed except where we have.



LANA TURNER

-- Smiles 'n Chuckles --

We stand in line to get a pass
 We stand in line to wash
 We stand in line to find a place
 To stand in line . . . by gosh
 We stand in line to draw our pay
 We stand in line to spend it
 But fellow men, we never have
 To stand in line to lend it.
 * * *

An Airman and his girl were riding out in the country on horse back. As they stopped for arrest, the two horses rubbed necks affectionately.

"Ah me," sighed the airman "that is what I'd like to do."

"Well go ahead," answered the girl, "it's your horse."

A.C.: "Would you love me just as much if I told you I was broke?"

Gal: "You aren't are you?"

A.C.: "No."

Gal: "Certainly I would darling!"
 * * *

If an Airman tries to kiss a girl, and gets away with it, he's a man; if he tries and don't get away with it he's a brute; if he don't try to kiss, but would get away with it if he tried, he's a coward; and if he don't try to kiss her and would not get away with it if he did—he's a wise man.
 * * *

Now that our Pal has been made a corporal we are hoping he gets ahead. God knows he needs one.
 * * *

She: "I'll bet you wouldn't kiss me if Mother was here."

Sgt.: "Is she that beautiful?"
 * * *

W.D.: "Is my dress too short?"

P./O.: "It's either too short or you are in it too far."
 * * *

Pa.: "I think I'll go downstairs and send Nancy's Airman home."

Ma.: Now, Elmer, remember the way we used to court."

Pa.: Gosh, I hadn't thought of that. Out he goes!"
 * * *

He mumbled a few words in church—and he was married. He mumbled a few words in his sleep—and he was divorced.
 * * *

Mussolini reminds us of March in Nova Scotia. He came in like a lion and took it on the lamb.

Matter of fact, it could be reliably stated that although Muzzy's rise was swift, his was also the Fascist fall.
 * * *

Big difference between we and them; we buy bonds to back the attack. They attack in the back.
 * * *

FUN IN THE ADD'S

Girl for bundling—no experience necessary." Mens' trousers ½ off (tch, tch)
 * * *

A professor of biology was explaining the spawning of fish.

"You see the female fish deposits her eggs, the male fish comes along fertilizes them, and later the little fish are hatched."

One of the girls held up her hand, "You mean, professor, that the father and mother fish—that they—that before that nothing happens?"

"Nothing," said the professor, "which doubtless explains the expression 'poor fish.'"
 * * *

Voice from passing car "engine trouble?"

Voice from parked car "Nope."

Voice from passing car "tire down?"

Voice from parked car "Don't have to."
 * * *

The Airman was looking for an apartment in Dartmouth. Finally he found one and the landlady interviewed him.

"Have you a dog or cat?"

"No."

"Have you a parrot or canary?"

"No."

"Have you a piano, saxophone or other musical instruments?"

"No."

"Do you sing?"

"No, but sometimes my pen scratches a little."
 * * *

FORSWORN

I swore by all the imps below
 And all the gods above
 The moon was just a piece of cheese

And I was done with love.

Now I am punished for the lie
 Which I have sworn in vain—
 For, lo, the moons a silver net
 And I'm a fish again.

—GILEAN DOUGLAS

"What did the ocean say to the airplane when it flew over it?"

"Didn't say nuthin' Just waved."

—WEST POINT POINTER
 * * *

He: "Do you shrink from kissing?"

She: "No, if I did I'd be nothing but skin and bones."

—Geogia Teck. Yellow Jacket.
 * * *

Wife: "Just suppose we wives should go on strike?"

LAC Joe: "Go right ahead I've got a peach of a strikebreaker in mind."
 * * *

God Bless Him

Here lies my Sergeant—

Too bad he did die,

He's found relief—

And so have I.
 —Aldershot News.
 * * *

"No," said the girl returning from a date with a F.A.A. man. "I don't know what his rank was, but I think he was a chief petting officer."—The Boston Daily Globe.
 * * *

I'm a little zebra
 Sitting down to bawl,
 I've got more stripes than anyone

But I don't rate at all.

—B.M.A. Blitz.
 * * *

Airman: "Do you know what good clean fun is?"

W.D.: "No. What good is it?"

—Apologies to Fly Paper, Jarvis Ont.
 * * *

In a cottage by a wood,
 A splendid youth a maiden wooed,
 So far,
 So good.

In the cottage by the wood,
 Where a splendid youth a maiden wooed,

A woman weeps,
 A baby sleeps,
 So far, no farther.
 * * *

Joe "What did your girl wear to the dance?"

AC2 "She wore a paper dress."

Joe "What did you do after the dance?"

AC2 Joe "Oh, went on a tear."
 * * *

Men who rise to the occasion are those who take occasion to rise early.

: Smiles 'n Chuckles :

THE KEE BIRD

(From The Aircraftsman, The T.T.S.,
St. Thomas, Ont.)

You have heard the wail of the siren
As an air alarm clears the street,
Or have trembled sore at the lion's
roar

Down in Africa's jungle heat,
The blood-curdling cry of the tiger
As nightly he follows his prey,
Or the frightening keen of a Dacoit's
scream

In Rangoon or Mandalay.

But these sounds all sink to a whisper,
You will find them pleasing and mild
When once you have heard that ter-
rible bird

'Midst the snows of the Arctic wild.
They say it resembles a raven,
Enormous and frightful and bold,
Like a tortured soul it circl'est he pole,
Crying, "Kee-Kee-Rist, but it's cold!"

Then the Eskimo in his igloo
Tosses fretfully in his sleep,
While the huskies amidst their snow-
drifts

Begin burrowing way down deep;
For they fear that cry from the Arc-

tic sky.
And it freezes their blood, I'm told,
As the Kee Bird soars o'er the Arctic
shores,
Crying, "Kee-Kee-Rist, but it's cold!"

The Mountie, abroad in his dog-sled,
Patrolling these wards of the Crown,
When he hears that dread cry, stares
skywards

With a fierce and worried frown.
He recalls strange tales of the Arctic
gales,
And legends the natives have told,
And hurries the pace, so the huskies
race

At the cry, "Kee-Kee-Rist, but it's
cold!"

Now, they breed brave men in the
Arctic

Who toil for the furs or the gold—
Stern, stalwart he-men of the North-
land,

All valiant and sturdy and bold.
They take it and give in the fight
to live,
And what they have taken they hold,
But they hide their heads and cringe
in their beds

At the cry, "Kee-Kee-Rist, but it's
cold!"

The North has no place for the weak-
lings;
Yields only to those who are strong;
The weak must give way or Devil's
to pay

In a night that is six months long.
For the Kee Bird's scream makes them
shiver

And freeze with a terrible cold
As it wings through the night its hor-
rible flight,
Crying, "Kee-Kee-Rist, but it's cold!"

So the weakling departs in the spring-
time,

To the Northland he bids farewell,
He's off to the South with heart in
his mouth

To escape from that Kee Bird's yell.
Though he sleep on the softest pillow,
Though a wife's gentle hand he hold,
He'll waken and scream at a frightful
dream

Of the cry, "Kee-Kee-Rist, but it's
cold!"

You airmen who fly through the
Northland,

Whatever your purpose may be,
If you meet that dread sight as you
drone through the night,

Do one little favor for me.
From the guns on your wings with
their terrible stings

I hope you can spare him a shot,
And send him to yell o'er the caul-
drons of Hell

Crying, "Kee-Kee-Rist, but it's hot!"

He: "Does my kiss make you long
for another?"

She: "Yes, but he's overseas."

S/O Stevens: "You're not eating
your fish. What's the matter with
it?"

AC Joe: "Long time no sea."

When public office is just look on
as a "plum", democracy is no longer
a way of life. It is nothing but a
way to make a living.

Cpl.: "Hey, you! That other guy is
carrying twice as much as you. What
have you got to say for yourself?"
to go twice?"

AC2: "Can I help it if he's too lazy

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS

MESS—



A. Wilson

Male Call

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

Tasty Dish On The T/O



THUMBS UP!

Male Call

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

Quarantine



The Wolf

by Sansone

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(In Hawaii)



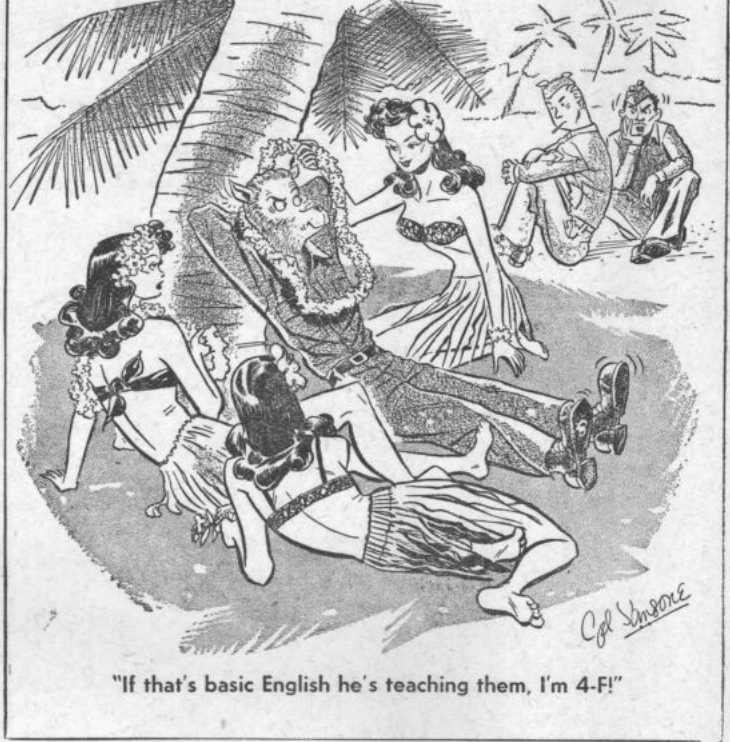
"Do whatever you like for the next hour, orderly."

The Wolf

by Sansone

Copyright 1944 by Leonard Sansone, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service

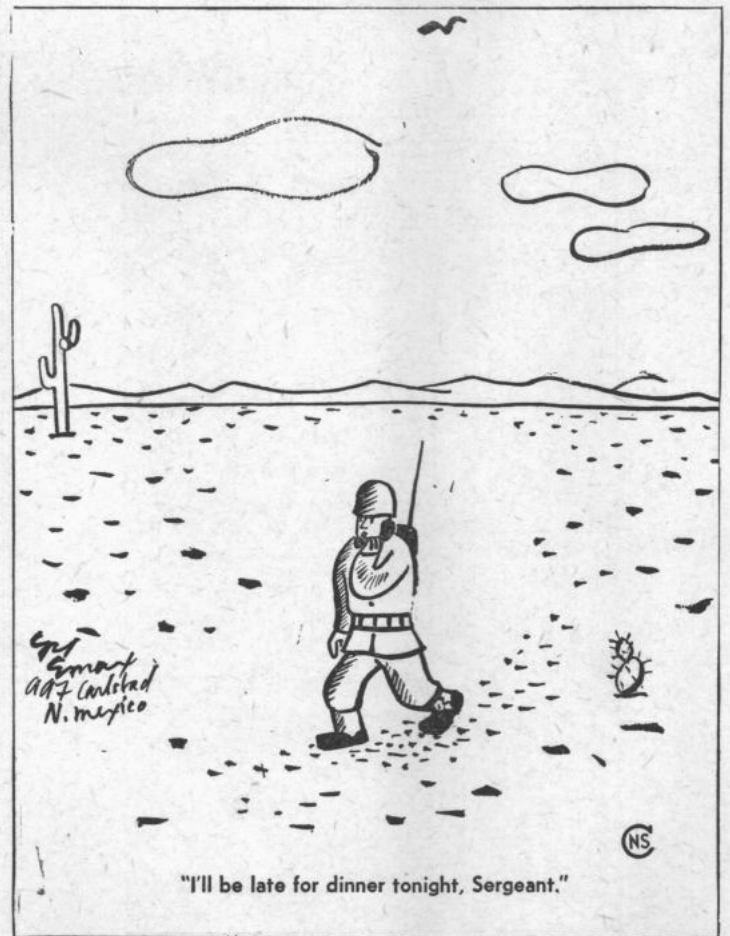
(In Hawaii)



"If that's basic English he's teaching them, I'm 4-F!"



"Hey stupid, that's not what they mean by mopping up!"



"I'll be late for dinner tonight, Sergeant."

MOVIE GUIDE

Mayfair Theatre

MARCH ATTRACTIONS

Feb. 29—Mar. 2—First Comes Courage and Foot-
light Glamour
Mar. 3- 6—Wintertime
Mar. 7- 9—Bombadier and Sarong Girl
Mar. 10-13—Johnny Come Lately
Mar. 14-16—Old Acquaintance—Adventures of a
Rookie

Mar. 17-20—Sweet Rosie O'Grady
Mar. 21-23—Paris After Dark—Good Fellows
Mar. 24-27—Lady Takes a Chance
Mar. 28-30—Guadalcanal Diary—Falcon and Co-
Eds
Mar. 31-Apr. 3—Dancing Masters—Ghost Ship

Capitol Theatre

MARCH ATTRACTIONS

Mar. 1- 8—As Thousands Cheer
Mar. 9-11—Destination Tokio
Mar. 13-15—Fallen Sparrow
Mar. 16-18—Lost Angel

Mar. 20-22—Destroyer
Mar. 23-25—Gang's all Here
Mar. 27-29—Cross of Lorraine
Mar. 30-Apr. 2—Standing Room Only

Casino Theatre

COMING IN MARCH

The Heat's On—Mae West and Victor Moore
What a Woman—Rosalind Russell and Brian
Ahearne

Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves—In Technicolour
with Jon Hall and Maria Montez

Gaiety Theatre

MARCH ATTRACTIONS

March 1 and 2—American Empire
Scattergood Rides High
March 3 and 4—Orchestra Wives
Don't Get Personal
March 6 and 7—So You Won't Talk
They Dare Not Love
March 8 and 9—Road to Happiness
Sunset on the Desert
March 10 and 11—This Gun for Hire
Taxi Mister
March 13 and 14—Mexican Spitfire Sees Ghost
Powder Town

March 15 and 16—Moon and Sixpence
Apache Kid
March 17 and 18—Amazing Mrs. Holliday
March 20 and 21—Sweetheart of the Campus
Borrowed Hero
March 22 and 23—Border Patrol
Keep 'Em Slugging
March 24 and 25—Between Us Girls
Rhythm of the Islands
March 27 and 28—Good Morning Judge
Top Sergeant Mulligan
March 29 and 30—Law of the Jungle
Man From Montana
March 31— Pardon my Sarong



TALKING OF BOOKS

Hello everybody:

As this is a new venture, I hope you will be tolerant, and not find what I am going to say boring. I want to tell you something about our library, and what we are doing to improve it. You, who patronize the library, helped me enormously in my scheme, by your willingness to pay the two cents a day, dime a week, for new books. I am sure you would, and I do hope you enjoyed the books you have had so far, and I, on my part, will do my very best to get you the books you request. I will also hold a book for you, and if you give your phone numbers I will be glad to notify you when it is in.

At the moment I suppose you habituee's are pretty familiar with our new books, but those who never come in the library, and whom we hope will come in future, may be interested to know about them.

I have just put a book on the shelf by Phyllis Battome it is new, and the name of it is "Survival". It concerns an Austrian doctor of Jewish descent, who becomes involved in the lives of three women in Plymouth during the days of the German air raids. This is not a war story, but a story unusual and interesting. And of course, you have all read her "London Raid".

Then we have Romain Rolland's book, Jean Christophe, it is translated from the French and used to be in ten volumes, now it is complete in

one volume. Here is the one for you people who like thick books.

For light reading we have several amusing books, including Icka Chase's "In Bed We Cry". We have Biographies galore, one, "Living Biographies of Famous Women" gives you the lives of Jane Addams, Madam Chiang Kai-Shek, Cleopatra, Queen Christina, Charlotte Bonte, Helen Keller and many others, all in one volume. We also have the life of "Cleopatra" and "Napoleon" in separate volumes by Emil Ludwig, and the Life of Charlotte Bronte by Mrs. Gaskell. You, who have read and enjoyed "Jane Eyre" should read the life of the author. This applies specially to you, girls, the W.D.'s.

I could continue for several pages about the interesting "old" books we have, but my time is up as they say on the radio. By the way, girls, we have periodicals, just for you, "Good Housekeeping", "Ladies Home Journal" and "Madamoiselle", being just a few. There are plenty for you airmen as most of you know. So please make use of your library, for "knowledge is power". You may get a far greater insight into human nature and world affairs through medium of good books than in any other way. I hope to continue this series next month, if you are interested, and by that time we shall have added more new books for your enjoyment.

By for now,
"The Librarian".