

Thumbs Up!



VERN DRAYTON

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

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Thumbs Up!

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This poem was composed by the Grade Four class of Winter Street School in Saint John, N. B., based on "A Prayer For Sailors" taken from "The Singing Period", a collection of children's songs:

A PRAYER FOR SERVICEMEN

For the sailors on the sea,
Lord, we children pray to Thee,
Make them brave and trusty men,
Bring them safe to port again.

For the soldiers on the land,
Lord, please bless them where they stand,

Help them in the fight to win,
Against tyranny and sin.

For the airmen in the sky,
It is dangerous where they fly,
Keep them in Thy tender care,
As they fly on through the air.

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editors' page

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STATION MORALE

No word has been more frequently used, and perhaps misused, since the beginning of the war than the word "Morale". It is used particularly to describe the mental attitude and the response of the service man to conditions around him, as well as to whole nations of people.

Many opinions are expressed as to what things are most likely to contribute to station morale. But let it be said at the outset that morale is not something that drops straight down from heaven. Nor is it something that one can necessarily pass on to another, except in an indirect way. Morale may not be taught, but it can be caught, and that pre-supposes the full cooperation and hearty response of the recipient. There are many service men who would like and who need a shot of morale, but it passes them by because they are not ready to cooperate and respond to such opportunities as are within their reach.

Station morale depends upon giving consideration to four factors of the personality: the physical, the intellectual, the social, and the spiritual. First, the physical. Good health and vigor are essential to the morale of the service man. Drooping spirits and a lowered moral tone are often due to depleted physical force and vitality. Dissipation and excess produce their inevitable consequences. The lowered morale of many an airman can often be traced to a violation of the laws of health. Hours of work, exercise, sufficient sleep, and wholesome recreation are essential to well-being. Every airman should participate in such physical activities on the station as are open to him, and keep himself in the best physical form.

Second, the intellectual. An occupied and contented mind is a sure antidote for all negative attitudes and dark moods. Fortunately our station provides opportunities for the occupation and cultivation of intellectual interests. The educational classes are under competent instructors and offer a healthy and profitable outlet. And there is the library. Second to none in the Command! It contains technical and non-technical books on a wide variety of subjects; also books on travel, history, literature, politics, science, art, music, and hundreds of volumes of fiction all under competent management.

Last month over 1500 books were on loan. This station should see a demand for twice that number. The writer of this editorial has made the interesting discovery that many of those whose spirits are low or whose morale is down do little or no reading. Good reading is a tonic and a certain cure of loneliness and restlessness.

A third factor in the achievement of morale is the social. This means agreeable contact with one's fellows and the enjoyment of recreational facilities, especially those which bring us into contact with other airmen.

The airman who does not go out of his way to make friends, whether it be on the station or among the civilian population, and who does not participate in the recreational and social activities of the station, will soon find himself seized with the blues and a yearning for a posting to what he thinks are greener pastures. Man is a social being and if this side of his nature is starved he remains unhappy.

While on nearly all stations there is still much to be desired in the way of recreational and social facilities, the Air Force and the Auxiliary services are doing a great deal to meet the need. On this station the high quality of the movie productions and their efficient management make them a source of constant pleasure to many. The station dances offer relaxation and companionship to those who enjoy this form of entertainment. The game room and the music facilities offer their attractions. The new W.D. Canteen and recreation room, a credit to those responsible for it, is adding immeasurably to the enjoyment of the airwomen. Also such features as the Glee Club and the various athletic games offer the airman opportunity to forget himself and his own pettiness in the enjoyment of pleasure with others.

It was not intended to have this editorial develop into a preachment, but no article on the subject of building morale could leave out a fourth necessary factor, namely the spiritual. It is by virtue of the fact that the human spirit lives on such things are faith, hope, courage and confidence that morale is possible at all. Man's chief strength lies in what we call the imponderables of his nature. The human spirit may appear at times to be broken and crushed to death, but see how it raises again to live on and endure. Man has his Gethsemane and his Calvary but his spirit lives on because there is something in him that is immortal. The attainment of morale does not depend so much on attention to the satisfaction of every convenience as it does upon what a man is and has within himself. Otherwise morale as we know it would have perished from the earth long ago. He who would raise his own morale as well as that of another must take into account that it is not in the possession and enjoyment of physical pleasures alone that it is attained but also by those richer qualities of a man's personality such as faith, hope, trust and courage.

FOR TENDER MEMORY

One year as aged summer had to lean
On autumn's arm, I saw to my dismay
A maid so fair that all who saw her say
Such beauty here on earth hath never been
Then turned sad Autumn's brown a verdant green
And warm westering sun of summers day
Though birds on winter's errand winged away
And on the hill the ripening sheaves were seen

Now endless years pursue their weary round
And the cold Autumn sun that lights the sky
Through harvest's song enraptures as before
And earth is hushed in worship at the sound
Yet love doth grieve, for, through it cannot die
A hope forlorn is mine for evermore.

LAC Brian B. Howlett,
M. T. Section.

PER ARDUA AD ASTRA

Through Adversity To An Aircraft and Its Crew—
The Adventures of A Rescue Party

By "WINKO" WISEMAN

Mae West slowly faded from the screen, her voice trailing off to be replaced by the voice of F/O Coulter. "Sorry to interrupt the show, ladies and gentlemen, but this is an emergency," he said. "Would F/S Orchard, F/S Doyle and F/S Tate please report to WO.1 Collins in my office immediately?"

Hearing this your reporter, thinking that there might be a story in it, hied himself away to the aforementioned office.



W/C Hale Office Commanding From the mess we proceeded to the operations room to get W/C Hale, O. C. of the party, and F/L McLeod, Medical Officer. From there we went to Equipment Stores where F/L Roberts and his staff outfitted us with waterproof, fur-lined marine coats and trousers, fur-lined aviation boots, flashlights, axes, sleeping bags, snowshoes and a myriad of other things. Finally everything was in readiness and we departed for—to most of us—an unknown destination somewhere around French Village, N. S.

We left in high spirits, full of the lust for adventure, laughing and joking among ourselves and trying to get into a comfortable position in our cramped quarters. Arriving at the Dartmouth ferry we disembarked in order to stretch our legs, knowing that it would be at least an hour and a half before we could get to stretch again. After re-embarking and travelling for over an hour, we reached French Village and picked up Mr. Rayburn Dauphinee, timber cruiser for the Mersey Paper Co., volunteer member of the Aircraft Detention Corps, the man who spotted the aircraft, saw that it was

in trouble, noted its direction of flight, notified E.A.C. H. Q. and volunteered to guide searchers through the woods. We drove on, turning up a tote road leading into the bush. Soon it became apparent that if we were to proceed in the truck it would be necessary to put on the tire chains. What a job that was! How we cursed and prayed, and wished that we had brought along one of M.T.'s mechanics with a full set of tools as we pulled and tugged. Those ice-cold chains seemed possessed with a devilish ingenuity as they persistently slipped through our benumbed fingers. Eventually by prying, pulling and bashing at them with a variety of instruments ranging from a five-cent screw-driver and a five-dollar axe to a chunk of firewood we found, we managed to get them on and proceeded on our way.

Twenty minutes later and eight miles up the road we found ourselves at the end of the trail, so far as the truck was concerned. We debarked and Sgt. Hickery, the N.C.O. in charge, distributed the rifles, sleeping bags, snowshoes, etc. Then with Mr. Dauphinee in the lead we set off down the trail. Shortly afterwards Mr. Dauphinee deemed it necessary that we don snowshoes and then the fun began. We were all novices in the use of these extremely necessary items of transportation for wintertime travelling over snowed-in country. The Wing Commander, yours truly and one or two of the others had been on them before, but quite some time ago. And of course Mr. Dauphinee was used to them. Considering this, we got along quite well, only stopping about every

hundred yards while someone adjusted a harness or replaced a shoe that had come off. Finally we reached a cabin which Mr. Dauphinee said was approximately halfway to the lake and it was decided that we would leave the majority of the equipment there with three men,



The Lost Airmen

LAC's McVey, Darbyson and Sleep, to guard it—they being the three men without snowshoes, due to breakages. After a short rest the remainder of us pressed on toward Blake's Lake, the lake which a cruising aircraft had reported the missing Lysander to be down on. We reach the lake, doused all lights and the Wingco sent up a flare from his Very pistol. We waited in strained silence, staring out over the surface of the ice, hoping against hope that we would see an answering flare showing us the location of the 'plane. No luck, no flare, no nuttin'. Spirits dropped and lights came on again. We removed our snowshoes and deployed out over the surface, proceeding from the southern tip, northwest across the lake to the entrance of the western arm. Here it was that after sending up another Very flare, the Wingco decided that, due to the poor visibility and the fury of the storm, we should find shelter on shore and wait for the dawn. Here Mr. Dauphinee demonstrated his skill as a woodsman in building a fire without paper. The



F/L McLeod Medical Officer

two hours we waited for dawn were the longest we had spent in many a day. Whereas we had sweated blood while on the move, while we waited we had to work very hard to keep from getting frozen.

The dark of night slowly faded into the grey dawn and as the light increased we stood on the shore and strained our eyes in the hope of seeing the object of our night-long search. But all in vain; the aircraft was nowhere to be seen. When the light became strong enough, once again we forced our aching muscles to obey the orders of our brains and forged onward, covering every part of the western arm. Crossing overland we turned our faces into the storm and proceeded slowly down the eastern arm, scanning every part of it, but without success. As we moved out onto the main body of the lake the storm hit us with redoubled fury, the sleet stung our faces unmercifully, the wet snow stuck to our feet making each step practically unbearable torture. The sweat (for it was not overly cold) soaked us through and through and spirits dropped as the south end of the lake came into view without sign of the aircraft or its crew. Dispiritedly we replaced our snow-shoes and trudged back up the trail. Half a mile up the trail one of the boys got an idea. "Why not split up the rations we have brought along for the crew, since we had to give up the search." We had not eaten since nine o'clock the previous night and we had had nothing to drink since three o'clock that morning. Upon taking stock we found that we had one two-quart thermos of black coffee (stone cold), one 20-ounce can of tomato juice and nine ham sandwiches to divide between eleven men. We each had a cup of coffee and it tasted like champagne, no less; the sandwiches were the tastiest food we had tasted in years and the tomato juice—words fail me. After consuming all there was, we adjusted shoes, tightened harnesses and started on back to the cabin and more rations. We arrived there about ten-thirty and left again at eleven.



Sgt. Hickery N. C. O. 1/c
with the party.

Words cannot describe the trip back to the truck as we travelled on, half crazy from fatigue, sometimes bursting out into song (mournful ditties for we were far from happy), sometimes cursing, but mainly in dead silence. Arriving at the truck around noon, we loaded the equipment and climbed aboard. Our driver started the truck and we moved off down the road. No one knows how we made it back to camp One for the

snow was so deep that the truck would get stuck about every hundred yards or so, and weak as we were we had to get out and push. We also had to break trail, alternating two at a time out front. This is to top off the fifteen miles we had hiked the night before. We made it to Camp One (three miles) in a little under two hours, where we had something to eat. But what we wanted mostly was something to drink. The cook had known we would feel this way and had made plenty of coffee. Satisfied for the moment, we bid good-bye to the men and our guide who was going to stay there, and started on to our next objective, the Mersey Paper Co.'s main camp about four miles down the road. Just out of sight of Camp One the truck slid off the road and parked itself



The end of the trail. Kneeling left to right LAC 'Count' Darbyson and LAC 'Stan' Abracen. Standing left to right LAC 'Winko' Wiseman, AC1 'Murray' Sleep, LAC Rusty Hardiman, AC1 'Jerry' McDade.

for the duration. There was nothing for it but to adjust snow-shoes, tighten harness and, leaving three men and our driver to look after the equipment, hie away down the road. We arrived at the main camp more dead than alive and the Wingco proceeded to get in touch with H.Q., to report our failure and ask that another party be sent out—only to find that another party was already on its way to rescue us. After eating, we found that the men had hitched two horses to a sled carry us into town so that we could catch the six-thirty train to Halifax. We piled on and started on our way. After moving about five hundred yards it became apparent that the road was impassable even for horses, so we had to turn back and prepare to spend the night in the camp. In the bunkhouse we stripped off and wrung the sweat out of our clothes, including our uniforms. The men were very hospitable, lending us clothes to wear while ours dried and making us feel right at home. Getting up in the morning at eight-thirty we had to rush away in order to catch the ten-thirty train for Halifax and our home Station. But before we left we received the welcome news that the army searching party had found the aircraft and the crew were safe.



THE LOST FOUND BY THE ARMY

Educational



PLANNING FOR PEACE

BY F/O C. S. DAY

Some day in not too distant future, this war will be won. Victory will be accomplished by means of bombs, bullets and broadcasts—leaving the world in a state of ruin never before equalled. We shall have won the war, but a greater task must be faced—the winning of peace, the reconstructing of war torn countries, the re-shaping of ruined lives. This will be a task that cannot be accomplished in a year or even in a decade. The world may return to normal; trees will blossom; hearths will be rebuilt, but for you and me there will be an individual problem—what shall we do when the war has ended?

As we have noted this is an individual problem—some will return to former occupations in office, in factory and on the farm. These are skilled tradesmen or professional men whose future is more or less assured. Although they may find it difficult to re-establish themselves, they have a good start in the race with an excellent hope of success.



"joined the service before they could acquire skill in any trade—"

Others will begin with a severe handicap—they are not trained men; they have joined the service before they could acquire skill in any trade—many have even interrupted their education to don a uniform. These young men will constitute the greatest problem of rehabilitation.

The Government of Canada has made a commendable start in the programme for the re-establishment of service personnel in civil life. This program is an actual fact and not merely in the discussion stage. It is true that plans are not complete—the war has yet to be won—but the propositions of the Canadian Government should be known to every man in the service. Thus, while battling for his country, he may be assured that a definite place will await him, in his community, when the fight is won.

At the present time the plans of the government are working effectively. During one month of last year over 6,000 of the servicemen, discharged from the armed forces, were placed in suitable employment. These are not all in permanent positions as war-time conditions are by no means normal. At the present time many discharged personnel are attending training courses in voc-

ational and technical schools or are taking university courses in Medicine, Dentistry and other subjects.

Rehabilitation, in its present stage, may be discussed under four headings: (1) The Unemployment Insurance Act. (2) The Post Discharge Re-Establishment Order. (3) The Pensions Act. (4) The Veterans' Land Act. At the present time, these may mean little to you, but some day they may be of vital importance.

On discharge any Serviceman who has completed six months of regular service will be entitled to thirty days additional pay immediately, with the continuance of any Assigned Pay and Dependent's Allowances for the same period. An airman will be entitled to a Clothing Allowance of \$65.00 with transportation and travelling expenses home. He is now a civilian who will not jump at the command of an irate N.C.O. or salute stiffly a passing officer.

The Re-Instatement in Civil Employment Act of 1942 requires his former employer, if he is in a position to do so, to re-employ the veteran in his old job or in another of equal importance. His seniority will be preserved but he must be physically and mentally able to continue in that position. He must apply for this job within three months after discharge from the service or from the hospital, or within four months if discharged Overseas. These will be the fortunate ones—their task will be to take up where they left off.

For those who were unemployed at the time of enlistment, Employment Offices have already been set up where consideration will be given to ex-servicemen.

The Post-Discharge Re-establishment Order, P C 7633, has been termed the backbone of the whole Canadian plan for re-establishment. This Order states that allowances will be continued to ex-service personnel who have been honourably discharged from the services for a period of fifty-two weeks, or for a period equal to your length of service if you have served less than a year. However, married women, whose husbands are bound to support them and are able to do so, are not entitled to this benefit. The ex-serviceman will be given allowances while looking for work or while training for a job. These allowances are payable at any time within the first 18 months after discharge to all service personnel who are resident in Canada. These allowances are:

\$10.20 per week for a single man (\$44.20 per month).
\$14.40 per week for a married man (\$62.40 per month).

\$12.00 per month for each of the first two children.

\$10.00 per month for a third child.

\$8.00 per month for each of the next three additional children.

An additional allowance of \$15.00 a month is provided for a dependent parent.

In the case of Service Women the rate will not exceed the rate of pay they were getting at time of discharge.

This order is of great importance. It means he does not have to accept the first job that offers itself. It applies to any discharged person capable and available for work but unable to obtain suitable employment. It will benefit those who are not physically able to return to their old jobs or take new ones. It will benefit farmers awaiting returns from their crops and those starting in business. It will benefit all ex-service personnel during the period of re-adjustment.

Here another Act enters the picture, the War Measures Act. Under this Act preference in Civil Service Employment will be granted to men in receipt of pensions or who have served Overseas.

In 1941 Unemployment Insurance came into effect in Canada. This Act states, in brief, that any employee who has contributed to the fund for thirty weeks and is presently unemployed may apply for benefits, provided there is not suitable work available for which he is skilled. Servicemen will be entitled to special privileges, the Federal Government paying necessary contribution from the date of the introduction of the Act, or if his enlistment is after this date, until the date of his discharge. Thus, he will have lost no paid-up Insurance while serving his country. To qualify for this benefit he must be employed for fifteen weeks of any twelve months after his discharge. The maximum allowance under this Act is \$12.24 weekly for a single man and \$14.40 for a married man. In the case of sickness, treatment and complete hospital care will be provided for curable ailments which develop within one year following discharge. Special hospital allowances and dependents' allowances will be paid within eighteen months after discharge, for approximately one year. Hospital allowances are subject to certain limitations but treatment will be continued for a time equal to the length of the ex-serviceman's service.



"a lot of sergeants will be grumbling about tips"

Flight Lieutenant in the Air Force the maximum yearly payment for a man is \$900. This would be in case of complete disability. Similarly a wife would receive \$300., the first child \$180.00 and other children would benefit at a slightly lower rate. Children will receive allowances until



"a clothing allowance"

Pensions may be paid in cases of disability or death. A pension may be granted for disability acquired before enlistment if this condition has grown worse as a result of service. Pensions vary according to the degree of disability. For personned below the rank of

the age of seventeen for girls and sixteen for boys. This limit may be increased if necessary.

In case of death the serviceman's widow would receive \$720.00 yearly with the same allowance as above for children. Orphaned children may receive double the ordinary rates.

Another very important Act of interest to farmers and commercial fishermen is the Veterans Land Act of 1942. In brief, this states that a farmer will be helped by the government to purchase land to the value of \$4,800 and equipment to the value of \$1200. To benefit under this Act the ex-serviceman must make a down payment of 10% of the cost of the land and buildings at the time of his application for financial assistance. His contract will call for the payment of 2/3 of the value of the property over a period of 25 years with interest at 3½%. The cost of equipment will not be repaid and no annual instalment will be over \$195.00. For those who already own farms this Act also provides to pay off mortgages or to buy livestock and equipment. The Government will take over the mortgage and loan the farmer up to \$3200, if this loan does not exceed 60% of the value of the land. These loans will be repaid, as above, over a period of 25 years at the same rate of interest.

Commercial fishermen are entitled to the same consideration.

The full text of the Veterans Land Act cannot be quoted in this article, but is readily available and may be read by anyone interested.

Provision has been made for ex-servicemen to obtain experience by employment with successful farmers or by attending an agricultural course in an accredited school. The Act is very generous and wide in scope but a great deal of the responsibility will be the individual's.

A statement mentioned above leads us to another phase of the Post-Discharge Re-Establishment Order—that of university training for qualified personnel. The training provisions of this Order are very important because a great many of those serving in the Air Force have either interrupted their education to enter the service or have no skilled trade outside the Service.

This provides training, undergraduate or postgraduate in universities, or in vocational and technical schools for those who require it. A grant of \$10.20 weekly in the case of an unmarried person will be allowed. Additional allowances for dependents will be given. The length of vocational training will be governed by the length of a man's service with a maximum of 12 months.



"no red tape we hope"

This provides training, undergraduate or postgraduate in universities, or in vocational and technical schools for those who require it. A grant of \$10.20 weekly in the case of an unmarried person, or \$14.40 weekly in the case of a married person will be allowed. Additional allowances for dependents will be given. The length of vocational training will be governed by the length of a man's service with a maximum of 12 months.

In the case of university training, if the student's progress and attainments are such that the Minister deems it in his interest and that of the public, the grant

MORE PLANNING FOR PEACE

may be continued to allow the ex-serviceman to complete his course. However, the student must not fail in more than two subjects in any academic year, or if so, in the supplementary examinations next offered by the university. With several exceptions the prospective student must enter university within a year and three months after his discharge. It is to be remembered that his training includes university fees, maintenance grant and dependents' allowances for all those qualified.

Vocational training will include courses leading to High School Graduation or Matriculation, and Refresher Courses in the professions. The only qualifications are that the course for which he applies must fit him for employment or re-employment or will enable him to obtain a better or more suitable position. His progress in such training must be to the satisfaction of the Minister.

The paragraphs on Post-War Education lead to this question—"Are you qualified to take advantage of this

training?" If you are not the R.C.A.F. offers complete educational courses to servicemen during the period of their service. Many are taking advantage of this, others are making no practical use of their spare time. To register for courses while in the service would be definite proof that you have serious intentions of continuing your education. Most of these courses are free of charge or may be obtained for a very small fee. This is an opportunity that should not be overlooked.

To summarize the whole scheme of rehabilitation—every opportunity will be given to the ex-serviceman to re-establish him in civil life. The opportunities will be there, but the responsibility will be his.

Full information may be obtained from Education Officers on all government schemes for re-establishment, including all Acts passed by Parliament and the plans of the government for ex-servicemen on discharge. These plans are not complete—some of them are untried, but all are sincere and presented with the benefit of the ex-serviceman at heart.

THE MASSEY-HARRIS SHOW

The audience had been assembled for some time in ill-suppressed, eager anticipation. Preliminary bags of salted peanuts has been consumed and some of the more impatient airmen had commenced on their emergency rations of apples and sundry chocolate bars. Just off the aisle a shiny-pated Corporal had lost himself in a wide-eyed concentration as Superman performed for him across the sheets of a torn funny paper. People were growing restless—spells of clapping burst forth from isolated section of the hall and died miserably in the general hubbub. Late comers trickled in carrying a brief, wintery blast with them through the opening door. The fate of late-comers awaited them in the fast-dwindling standing space at the back of the hall—and the hubbub grew and grew.

Suddenly the cutrain which had twitched and contorted uncertainly for some half hours, straightened itself for an instant and parted fold on fold.

The first impression almost to a man—legs; the second impression—faces (and pretty faces, too.) The blad-pated Corporal had slackened his grip on the Superman Comic. It lay on the floor crumpled and abandoned. A long, lean airman up front, froze where he sat with his teeth poised above an apple and his eyes straining in concentration.

There they stood—the girls, clad as only the theatre clads them,—in those fabrics that reveal yet hide—those luscious neetings,—those form-tightened silks and satins,—those rainbow-hued brevities.

A dimpled-cheeked red-head as big as a minute, with personality plus, took charge of affairs and ably ushered in the acts in swift, colorful succession. The performers came and went bathed in the ever-changing lights, tap dancers, comedians, adagio dancers, apaches with their daggers a'glitter and their bruising artistry, hip-manipulating Spanish dancers, dancing saxophonists, the skir-rl of bagpipes and the rattle of drums, a dancing chorus, faces a'smile, teeth a'gleam and legs, legs, legs!

And so it went. Two hours of spendid entertainment. Over all to soon.

Thank you Massey-Harris, and favor us again — but soon!



Yes, I Came From Toronto

By TORONTONIAN

The editor's desk is probably deluged with replies to the flagrant insults hurled so insidiously at Toronto by the poor benighted individual who cannily conceals his identity under the name of "Bluenose."

I take this opportunity to fling his insults back in his teeth. While I do not wield such a venomous pen as my unknown literary opponent, still I cannot allow his remarks to go unchallenged.

The very "ignorance" of which he accuses us (Torontonians) is only too much in evidence in his own assinine comparison. Yes, he actually compares a city with the whole province of Nova Scotia. Periodically in these small-minded individuals jealousy rears its ugly head and takes a bite at Toronto. But since jealousy is really the sincerest form of flattery, we can but assume that Toronto enjoys a very enviable position in the sisterhood of communities.

It is more than a year since I first came to Nova Scotia, during which time I have learned the utmost respect for Nova Scotians in general, and with them as a people I have no quarrel. It is for the edification of the unenlightened few who still carry about with them their petty grievances against "Upper Canada" (particularly Toronto) that I am writing these lines; and it is to this minority that my words are directed.

"Bluenose" has called Toronto "Hog Town," but I wonder if he knows from whence the word is derived. Let me elucidate. Prior to the year 1834 when Toronto was incorporated as a city, it was known as the Town of York and possessed very few, if any, hard-surfaced roads. Consequently, it came to be called "Muddy York" and was frequently referred to as a hog-wallow or "Hog Town." Since then, Toronto has had many pseudonyms such as "The City of Homes," "Queen City," "City of Churches," "Toronto the Good," etc. The name "To-

ronto' itself is an Indian name meaning 'meeting-place.'

On the other hand, "Halifax" is the only name I have ever heard applied to the city across the harbor, except those which will not pass the censor.

Toronto, seat of government of the province of Ontario, is strategically located, geographically and economically, and as a result has invited industry. The city is served by the shipping of the Great Lakes and is a fine railway centre. Naturally, it follows that Toronto has prospered and grown.

It is not my intention, however, to disparage any Community. During my time in the Service I have seen much of Canada, met many men from coast to coast, and I have found that there is a great fundamental sameness about most of the Canadian centres I have known and the people who represent them. But, would it not be unnatural indeed if I did not speak up in defence of my home town and my fellow citizens?

My remarks, I must confess, do lack the "Steinbeck" flavor that "Bluenose" has so cleverly injected into his. I can but leave it to you who have been to Toronto and know Toronto. Honestly now, is she not a fine city? Can any of you conscientiously say that you did not enjoy your visit here because of the unfriendly atmosphere or lack of pleasureable diversion. I think not.

If "Bluenose" is the anti-social individual he presents himself to be, he would not enjoy himself anywhere, and is obviously too opinionated to give an unbiased statement on any subject.

The official motto of the City of Toronto is "Industry, Intelligence and Integrity," and in every one of these, Toronto and her citizens, wherever they may be, have distinguished themselves.

Yes, I come from Toronto, and I'm proud of it.

MAKING THE PAPER PLANS WORK

"The careful plans that are expected to save a sick world from a dismal fate will surely fail unless we build citizens who can stand moral stress and strain. In a free world no plans can succeed unless its citizens are morally strong enough to make them succeed." These words of a civilian—an electrical engineer in fact—spoken to an association of construction men, have their battle-front counterpart in a war correspondent's dispatch from Italy.

"Everything a soldier sees in Italy," he says, "is propaganda for citizenship—the shattered houses, the streams of refugees, and the absence of children's laughter." He goes on: "The Italians haven't lost their decent impulses. Something far worse has happened. They have lost the will to act on their decent impulses. The disintegration of will seems as complete as the disintegration of the shabby gray houses and the rubble of the human spirit is a far sadder thing to look upon than the rubble of the buildings."

This coming year may go down in history not only as the year of great victories, but also as the year of

paper plans. Everybody seems to be demanding a plan for something and there will be many needed. But the plans of the experts may turn out to be as much use as the last-minute advice of the rugby coach whose team isn't in condition. The better the spirit and condition of the team the fewer the "chalk talks" that will be needed.

This year in Europe and the Pacific we will see the most critical and decisive battles of the whole war. This year, too, we will face on the home front strains and stresses that will put just as great a test on the nation. One need only follow the papers to see that even today there are forces of selfishness and division at work which make a mockery of the ideals for which we are supposed to be fighting. If this is the case today what will it be like when the common incentives of a war to win are removed?

Canada has so much to give the world. But our contribution isn't going to be measured in terms of paper plans. It will be measured in terms of people, communities, industries, farms and homes that have the spirit—that have the moral directive of knowing what's right and doing it—that will make the paper plans work.

Padre's Corner



V.W.D.



FLIGHT LIEUT. E. R. WOODSIDE STATION PADRE

F/L E. R. Woodside, was born in Darnley, P.E.I. Received his college training at Dalhousie University, receiving degrees of Bachelor of Arts, and in 1930, at Pine Hill Divinity Hall in Theology. During this time he was prominent in Student Affairs.

Has held pastorates in the Maritime Provinces and Mission work in Alberta. In 1939 he was elected Chairman of the P.E. Island Presbytery of The United Church of Canada.

Our new Padre joined the R.C.A.F. in November 1941, at Toronto, he was posted to No. 4 Repair Depot, Scoudouc, N. B. then to Dartmouth, then to Summerside and is now back at Dartmouth.

Mrs. Woodside, also a graduate of Dalhousie University, is residing at Summerside, P.E.I. with their three daughters.

A cordial welcome awaits you at the Padre's Office. Do not wait until some problem or difficulty arises, come now and get acquainted.

LET US KEEP THE FEAST

By the Rev. B. S. MURRAY, M.A.

"CHRIST OUR PASSOVER IS SACRIFICED FOR US; THEREFORE LET US KEEP THE FEAST" (Corinthians 5:7) is the Church's invitation contained in her special anthem for Easter Day. Of all feasts Easter, the festival of faith, hope and love, is supreme with its positive affirmation of the fact of the resurrection and immortality. With triumphant Easter joy in our hearts we attend our Eucharist and, with sincerity and love, eat manna from above as we thank God for the greatest victory of all time. Hell is vanquished! Heaven is won! Christ is Risen!

LET US KEEP THE FEAST which proclaims that there is more beyond. Death cannot end all for at least One whom as actually dead and buried has come back from beyond the grave. By His resurrection Christ has "brought life and incorruption to light" (2 Timothy 1:10). Such a belief must have the "good effect" of making us desire to choose ultimate good in preference to immediate pleasures.

LET US KEEP THE FEAST in honour of the living Christ who rose again the third day according to the Scriptures. "Fear not! I am the first and the last", the living One—the living Christ who endows men and nations with an indescribable, potent, and transforming power. In spite of every ulterior force His living Church marches forward to Victory. Art and literature, science and music; men, women and children of every tongue and creed unite in proclaiming Him Victor of Life, who alone gives us courage and strength to face a changing world and, at the same time, to hold true to the basic spiritual values. He is the Way; with Him we see life steadily, amidst the din and confusion, and understand that only good is immortal.

LET US KEEP THE FEAST in commemoration of His victory over sin as well as death. On the cross sin sustained a moral defeat. It still carries on a guerrilla war, and claims its victims in many directions but the final issue is certain. Now we may reckon ourselves accordingly dead unto sin but alive unto God (Romans 6:11) and accordingly face the larger enterprises of the Church with certainty of ultimate victory.

LET US KEEP THE FEAST because "I now know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." That's our conclusion. He has risen; He has become the first fruits of all that sleep in graves, therefore I shall not die but live. I know that my Redeemer lives! At dawn, in a garden, in a borrowed tomb, Jesus Christ arose and thereby opened unto us the gate of everlasting life. In gratitude we must possess the holy, victorious living so that at the end of day we shall spend a greater Easter in the Father's house of many mansions and there also enjoy the enlarged life of the one eternal Church. To our spiritual vocabulary Easter adds the word new; a new zeal, a new power, a new programme grips us. A provincial programme forthwith becomes planetary. New men "in Christ" we are ready for the shape of things to come and face life, as the new days dawn, radiantly, courageously, and confidently.

LET US KEEP THE PEACE with its great joy and gladness. The Resurrection produced such apostolic joy that the memorial of the first Day of Resurrection lingers on in each returning Lord's Day. Eastertide comes in the springtime, with its revival of hope and courage. All nature is in choral mood of praise and gratitude. The air is filled with music and the wind balmy with a fragrance and shall carry through these out-of-joint times, the rapturous thought of immortality. Joy fills our inmost hearts today!

White is the eternal style so our Churches and vestments silently declare. Let us appropriate the Easter

Unit News



'BOMBS' FROM THE BOLD BOYS

The second Squadron dance was held in the Nova Scotian Hotel on Feb. 25, 1944.

This dance went over with a bang and everyone enjoyed themselves. The orchestra was the famous Nova Scotian Saturday Dance Band. The weather prevented a lot of the lads attending including our C.O. and guests 'tch, tch'.

Although the dance was thought to be a washout during the early part of the evening it turned out to be one of the best spirited brawls, oops! Pardon me, dances in quite some time.

Now for the local gossip and dirt.

What senior N.C.O. who lives in the immediate vicinity, blushes when one mentions his little woman? Or women in general? Now, now.

It looks like a special cage had to be built in the far end of stores to hold our own Cpl. 'Screaming Joe' Beaman. What gives Joe?

I guess our pal Sgt. Spurr and his helper, the one and only LAC Ralph Eby are in the construction crew over at our Squadron Tech. Stores. Now be careful boys, don't be nailing yourselves to the wall.

What LAC in the drogue section comes off a 48 puffed out and looks like he had quite some time? My, my, what passes do to people.

We know a certain Cpl. (the Saint) keeps seeing the light. It is possible that the boys should go to him before going to Squadron Brawls etc. Maybe they could share the light with him.

What gives in our electrical section? They seem to have a Romeo from Newfy who comes home in the wee hours of the morning on Leap Year Night covered with female camouflage.

Then again we have that ever present Bolt and Nut friend otherwise known as Cpl. i/c Stores or Squadron Chief Scrounger.

And of course we cannot leave out our typewriter pounder "Handsome Harry".

It seems that there is a section partitioned off in the rear right hand corner of the hangar which is seemingly uninhabited whenever there is work to be done. No, no, we don't mean the armourers. Or do we?

Who was the Wireless Cpl. who acted as operational adjutant at the Squadron Brawl?

Looks like their is going to be a shortage of women if a certain Instrument Section Cpl. keeps adding to the harem he displayed at the brawl.

What LAC from Montreal got disgruntled with working in our Maintenance Office and is now back out in the hangar at his own trade? Was it the work or too many senior NCO's with an unneeded two cents worth? Nice going Mac it's about time.

We're glad to see F/S Orchard is back with us after his sojourn in the Station hospital..

Woe is us. Our trail-blazer has left us. Oh well, our loss is Penfield's gain? Loads of luck McVey.

The F/S i/c Drogue Section seems to be spending a tidy sum on railway fares. What gives, Ace, the boys aren't that wild in dropping their drogues.

A. O. G.

WARBLINGS FROM WORKS AND BRICKS

WO2 Nevin, Forman of Works, has come to the conclusion that the New Years resolution of most of the officers and Senior N.C.O.'s on this station was to phone Works and Buildings at least once a day. To date they have kept that New Years resolution faithfully.

Flt./Sgt. Kidney i/c Snow Compaction for W&B has been consulting a fortune teller. On being asked if he had lost faith in the Met Section, he said, "certainly not, I just don't believe in putting all my eggs in one basket."

Sgt. Janowski is "right on the bit" when complaints come in, that Building No. 65 is not warm enough.

Suggestion (How?)

HIGH NIGHT WITH THE GREMLIN SQUADRON

The Squadron Dance held on the 21st of January, was a big success. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed himself, especially those who can remember. F/O Kennedy assisted by F/S Downes acted as master of ceremonies. Incidental music during the intermission was contributed by F/S Craig and F/S Cunningham on the piano and squeeze box. The open-collar movement was considered very smart and certainly added to the comfort of the males.

Things we are still hazy about.

Who wanted to fight and fell down the stairs to the dance floor.

Who was the enthusiast crawling on his hands and knees in and out the tables and for what reason? Maybe he'd "RADAR" crawl than walk.

Who came along and asked, in fact insisted, that you stand up, and when you sat down your chair was missing?

Who made fitting use of the drapes on the windows while others were dancing?

Who was the Acey Duecey who set up his own bar underneath one of the tables?

Who is Gahndi? He sleeps with Go Go. **Who** is Go Go???

Tid Bits

Congrats to "Chic" on his dirty upper lip. . . . We'll miss J.A.A.'s choice vocal lessons in profanity at night. . . . We hope E.A.C. H.Q. find F/O Kennedy as congenial and understanding as we did. We're sorry to lose him, but think we have a good substitute in F/O Bulmer.

N.C.O.'s have moved into new quarters now, and it certainly is an improvement. Their overcoats had checked out night and day in the old barracks.

MORE UNIT NEWS. . . .

SALTY DIPS FROM THE MARINERS

Since there is no official news reporter from the Marine Squadron, this report is being submitted on behalf of the entire unit. With the winter season well set in, we once again have the gang all back for hibernation. Oh happy winter in Dartmouth!

Many thanks to our W.D.'s (Wrens) for their fine co-operation in upholding the name of the squadron in their quarters.

F/S McGregor intends to make Henry Kaiser look like an amateur, as he now has a swing shift working on his production line. (Where, oh where is that duty boat?)

Is Sergt.-Major Lanouette running a Selective Service Bureau in his office? We often wonder because he receives so many phone calls daily, from various units asking for men.

Hooray for WO2 McLeod, as he was the first man in the squadron to wear the V.S.M. avec agrafe. Jo-Jo, where did you actually get this ribbon?

Congratulations to Cpl. Lalonde of our battery shop, as he is now the proud father of a big baby boy. Sorry to see your disappointment of triplets. Better luck next time, Paul.

Where did Cpl. Gingras (Gin-Gin), who is moonstruck, get those puppy biscuits which he uses in snaring W.D.'s?

Cpl. Ross, the screwdriver mechanic, wishes to run the Engineers' Stores. Why doesn't he take an Equip. course?

Is it true that Cpl. Drope (Jim) is getting a commission (as a missionary)? We wonder what???

We are very (glad) to see WO1 Grover back at his old position as Dock Master. Maybe we could (half of him) to manage our new dock when it opens.

Why was WO2 McGrath J. E. J., known as The Wolf whilst on the Admin. course in Trenton? Oh come, come, Jackie, tell us!

Has. Cpl. McCullough got her engineer's papers yet? If not, why so much critical advice to the boys?

What happened to F/S Lynch? Why the sudden enthusiasm to go to sea?

Heard in the hangar the other day:

Sgt. Wylie to Sgt. Bonnell: "Hey, Lofty! Throw me down a match."
Marine Squadron W.D.'s: "They serve that men may float."



A TRUE INCIDENT

Due to an unavoidable accident resulting in a crash landing, one of the best friends of all aircrew, J1427 F/O Pigeon TEC, was admitted to the Station Hospital at 1430 hrs., Feb. 4. Due to a compound fracture the M.O. found it necessary to operate and bind the broken bone together with silver wire. The operation completed, F/O Pigeon was discharged from the hospital at 1520 hrs. and returned to his section. Unfortunately, the M.O. has deemed it necessary to ground him and he will never fly again. The injury? A broken wing. His section? The pigeon loft. For F/O Pigeon IS a pigeon.

WHY WORRY?

(This "Why Worry" was found printed in an old house organ and attention called to it by a prominent New York financier.

In this re-print, we earnestly warn you to guard against the promised hand shaking while you have time—then Why Worry?

"Please don't cry, honey," pleaded Joe. "Honest, I haven't a WD on every station. I haven't been to every station."

* * *

Seems as if people who do wrong usually find the right way to do it, while those who want to do right too often go at it the wrong way.

COOINGS FROM THE PIGEON LOFT

This springlike weather we have been having lately evidently has given Mr. Pigeon that spring feeling

judging by all the billing and cooing that's going on around here. They are all cooing "Now's The Time To Fall In Love" and sometimes change it to "Go Feather Your Nest." The pigeon loftmen are taking lessons from them on "How To Make Love and Influence the Weaker Sex." Cpl. Lacombe calls these "love matings" and is watching them with that eagle eye of his. He says he has to watch for that love film over Miss Pigeon's eyes because unless that happens it's not a real love mating. Cpl. Harvey is trying to break up the love matings with his birds. They have to be content with the mate he picks out for them, or else.

Cpl. Lacombe and LAC Woolgar entertained the M.T. boys of Room 223, E Block, with 'Old Favorites' the other night. Collecting old songs is Joe's pet hobby and he has about 400 already. Judging by the remarks I don't think the M.T. boys appreciate those old favorites, or could it be the singing, perchance?

I'll have to close now as I hear another pigeon calling to his lady love and I'll have to go and break it up as it is after lights out.

BAND NOTES

February was a busy month for the boys. Their services were much in demand, particularly around St. Valentine's Day with dances being held at E.A.C., 8 C.M.U., Sergeants' Mess and the Recreation Hall.

It might be of interest to know that a representative of the United States Library of Congress was on the Station to make recordings of the band and they will be sent to Washington.

A concert by the band was given in the Recreation Hall on Wednesday, Feb. 9, and was enjoyed by a very varied audience. Flight Sergeant Hughes arranged a varied program of popular semi-classical music as follows:

Prelude march, "On The Bandstand—Hyde Park," from the suite "Frescoes," by Haydn Wood; "Park Avenue Fantasy," by Signorelli; "Unfinished Symphony," by Schubert; "Old Panama March," by Alford; "Canadian Fantasy," the bandmaster's own composition; "When Day Is Done," by Katscher; "Night and Day," by Cole Porter; "The World Is Waiting For The Sunrise," by Ernest Seitz; "Flight Lieutenant March," by Hughes, and a cornet solo, "The Debutante," by Herbert Clarke and played by bandsman LAC Petit. Also on the program was

PADRES CORNER Con't.

message—The Lord is risen indeed!—and make it a season of serenity and strength to our souls. Then shall our lives be one long Thanksgiving, its theme of joy, its song of praise, Christ died and rose and lives—for me!

LET US KEEP THE FEAST and "Go quickly and tell" everyone everywhere the old, old story of redemption proclaiming that "that same Jesus" still fills all things with His Presence. He shall reign. He must reign. His plan? "Ye shall be my witnesses." He has no other plan. He is depending, therefore, on us to tell others quickly. Do this Easter duty and, as soldiers of Christ, work and pray that all be "steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord" renewed in Christ unto all faith and hope and lively expectation. The right hand of the Lord hath done valiantly for His people, and hath gotten the victory. Thanks to be our God, who giveth us this victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be power, dominion and everlasting glory. Amen.

Therefore, LET US KEEP THE FEAST!

"To make this Earth, our hermitage,
A cheerful and a changeful page,
God's bright and intricate device
Of days and seasons doth suffice."

Lord, as we Thy Name profess
May our hearts Thy love confess;
And in all our praise of Thee
May our lips and lives agree.

—E. Parker.

NATURE'S LESSON

by

Flight Lieutenant Julius Berger
Staff Chaplain (Hebrew)
Air Force Headquarters
OTTAWA

Readers of "Thumbs Up" will perhaps be interested to know that this short message has been penned at one of the R.C.A.F. stations in Newfoundland and has been rushed to your office so that it reach you in good time for the March issue of your Magazine, as you requested. Herein, I see an appropriate topic for this article since the theme with which the month of March is associated is that of Nature and the lesson it teaches us. From now on, we are beginning to notice all the more the lengthening days. Our thoughts turn to the coming spring. We tell ourselves that despite blinding blizzards and biting cold weather that may lie before us, the worst is over: and with high courage we look to nature's renewal of life and victory.

What is true in the realm of nature is true as well of our personal experience—of the companies, fellowships, and armies of good men and brave! In this great struggle of truth against falsehood, we like to feel that the worst is over and that the tide has turned in favor of the United Nations. Of course, such feeling heightens morale and makes us all want to do more and yet more to quicken the dawn of a brighter day for all lovers of

freedom and civilization. When that day comes, it is hoped that we shall all recognize that the war had the wholesome effect of ironing out a bit of crumples between races and creeds. That is to be expected; because, after all, soldiers, sailors and airmen cannot fight side by side **without acquiring a new respect for and understanding of each other.** A fighter in sub, ship or plane is charged with a job and is expected to do it thoroughly as is humanly possible irrespective of religious affiliation. It should, therefore, be a natural thing for the extraordinary team work, which we see here and behind the battlefield, to continue when the war is won. It can be so, if only we all say to ourselves that as we see now the picture of global conflict so must we see tomorrow the picture of global peace,—that is a picture that will embrace all groups, sections, and communities that believe in law and order, for one purpose to help bring about the ideal society, in which man to man will be brother and nation to nation, friend.

And so, we may find encouragement in the fact that the darkest period in human history is giving way to new light: the sun is beginning to pierce. The dominion of tyranny and cruelty will be brought to an end and the kingdom of righteousness and justice will be established on earth with liberty and freedom for all mankind.

FAITH IN THE FUTURE

Anything that destroys faith in our future strikes right at the heart of the nation. Without hope we are washed up. Hope is basic to any creative planning. No progress is possible without it.

Some people remember only the failures. The first World War won, but objectives not achieved; the buildings at Lake Geneva empty shells. False prosperity and widespread unemployment. Today's global conflict. These are the background for gloomy hopelessness unless we dig deeper.

Happily there are also those, and their number grows, who through the fogs of today, see signs of a durable peace and decent world. They know why they can face a crumbling civilization and still be positive and constructive.

Faith is believing in the evidence of a few sound homes today that a nation of sound homes is possible. It accepts the principle, against a mass of negative evidence, that sound labor and management can co-operate because they have succeeded once or twice where they have honestly tried.

W. E. Hocking of Harvard said, "In a question of possibility, negative evidence counts for nothing if there is one single positive success." Three thousand miles of unfortified boundary in a world at war becomes a proof. The factual basis of a federated peaceful world actually exists because Canada is free from conflict with U.S.A.

Through our failures we learn that certain things won't work. From the ashes of many a pioneer campfire great cities have sprung. To day's war is not a refutation of Christian democracy, but rather a confirmation. It is a result of our failure to square our living with the moral principles democracy demands.

—:— Attend Church Every Sunday On The Station —:—

La Chronique Francaise

Editorial

Cinq ans de guerre! Cinq ans de misere! Que de larmes versees! Que de coeurs brises! Que de foyers en deuil! Que de pays devastes! Viola lest ristes fruits, que l'indifference et l'apathie des peuples ont engendres. A la fin de la premiere Grande Guerre, les populations en general, se livrerent a une vie futile. Croyant les maux d'un conflit mondial, disparus pour toujours, elles s'enivrerent dans les plaisirs et les crimes. L'abondance revenue! Pourquoi alors se priver!

Mais voila, a peine ses terribles blessures cicatrisees, la societe humaine se voit replonge dans un conflit encore plus desastreux. Tous les pays au monde d'une facon ou d'une autre se ressentent de ces hostilities. Pourquoi, tant de souffrances et tant de martyrs. C'est la forte rancon, exigee pour payer les forfaits de notre inclairvoyance et de notre injustice.

L'histoire attribuera les causes de cette epouvantable guerre, a quelques ecervelles, ambitieux de la conquete du monde. Mais tous chretiens, dans le plus profond de son coeur, gemit sur des causes d'un ordre tout different.

Tous, vieux ou jeunes, avons ete temoins de la rapide corruption de notre pauvre societe contemporaine. Dans certains milieux on niait l'existence de Dieu. On ridiculisait tout ce qui etait du monde surnaturel. On se plaisait a detruire la famille, cellule vivante de la societe. Des lois diaboliques pretaient main-forte a l'execution de ces crimes. Le respect de l'individu s'evanouissait. On ne considere l'individu, qu'en raison de son concours, dans la realisation de conquetes-fabuleuses.

Chacun des discours de nos chefs, nous rapelle le pourquoi de cette guerre. La defense de nos droits, le respect de nos traditions, la conservtaion de notre liberte. Voila le but a atteindre, et l'heritage a laisser a nos enfants. Une vie meilleure dans un monde meilleur.

La tache n'est pas facile. Nous avons a combattre un ennemi qui ne convoite pas seulement la possession de nos territoires, mais un ennemi qui a jure la destruction de ce que nous possedons de plus sacree, notre patrie canadienne. Et qu'est-ce que la patrie, sinon le pays, le village ou le hameau ou nous travaillons pour apporter le confront dans nos foyers, et ou nous vivons selon les principes de notre conscience, principes de justice, de charite et de paix!

Le Canada a besoin de l'effort et des sacrifices de tous ses fils et de toutes ses filles. Par consequent ne nous laissons pas distraire par les mecontents. D'aucuns se ment la discorde, en notant les differences qui existent entre les deux grandes races du pays. Anglais ou Francais, nous sommes tous Canadiens. Nous partageons les memes souffrances et les memes deceptions. Aussi nous aurons droit au meme bonheur lorsque cette guerre prendra fin.

Souhaitons donc, que l'union regne au sein de notre patrie. Que la pauvre societe humaine se regenere dans le feu de ces hostilities. Que tous par une vie reformee nous cooperions a la restauration d'un monde grandement malade.

Alors seulement, nous pourrons profiter d'une paix sincere et durable.

—LAC. LeBLANC.

F/L R. HEMOND

Among the latest arrivals on this station, we are pleased to greet our new padre, F/L Rev. R. Hemond.

Born in Montreal in 1904, graduate of St. Laurent College in 1926, attended Montreal Seminary from 1927-1930, graduate of theology at Valleyfield Seminary in 1931.

Father Hemond was a professor for 12 years at Valleyfield Seminary. His pastorate work was at Bangor, N.Y., for six years and Huntington two years.

The padre extends an invitation to all Catholics to come and see him. "Come often, you are welcome."

"Thumbs Up" takes the opportunity to wish Padre Hemond a pleasant stay on the Station.



Parmi les nouveau arrives de la Station, j'ai l'honneur et le grand plaisir de souhaiter la bienvenue a notre nouveau Padre le Reverend F/L R. Hemond.

Ne a Montreal en 1904, il a gradue au College de St. Laurent en 1926; au Grand Seminaire de Montreal de 1927 a 1930, il a complete sa Theologie au Petit Seminaire de Valleyfield en 1931.

Le Reverend R. Hemond a ensuite ete professeur pendant 12 ans au Seminaire de Valleyfield. Il a aussi fait du ministere a Bangor, New York pendant six ans et a Huntingdon pendant deux ans.

Le Reverend Padre invite tous les Catholiques a lui rendre visite. "Venez souvent, vous etes les bienvenus."

"La Page Francaise" profite de l'occasion pour lui souhaiter au nom de tous "Bonne Chance."

Felicitations a LAC. Crevier pour l'excellent travail qu'il nous a apporte. C'est un sujet qui devrait nous interesser tous, car il traite des precieux avantages que le gouvernement met a la disposition de tous les veterans de cette guerre.

RCAF "Flying" Postman Delivers The Goods



Pictured here before the take-off from Ottawa, the first Flying Fortress of the new Royal Canadian Air Force overseas mail service has arrived with a load of Christmas mail for soldiers, sailors and airmen in Britain and the Mediterranean areas. The newly organized-mail squadron flies non-stop from Ottawa to Britain and from there to the fighting theatres in North Africa, Italy and Egypt. The upper picture shows mail bags being

loaded into the side hatch of the giant Fortress for the maiden crossing. Below, with its four powerful engines turning, the plane taxis out on the runway for the take-off. Inset is Wing Commander Bruce Middleton, A.F.C., of Winnipeg and Ottawa, commanding officer of the mail squadron, who skippered the first overseas flight.

(R.C.A.F. Photos)

"SPEED THE VICTORY"

:o:

BUY VICTORY BONDS

:o:



Here's a gal who is a little too careless to pass inspection but the S.P.'s would find out her name is Pat Starling and she will be seen in Charles R. Rodgers, "Song of the Open Road" released by United Artists.

LA CHRONIQUE FRANCAISE (Cont.)

Tous les articles aussi intéressants que vous pouvez nous rédiger, seront publiés dans cette revue. Donc un petit **coup d'épaule, les compositeurs**, pour que notre chronique française, soit une des pages les plus aimées du "Thumbs Up."

QUE FERONS-NOUS APRES LA GUERRE

Même si chacun de nous est actuellement occupé à faire sa part pour gagner la guerre, il est recommandable que déjà nous nous intéressions au programme de rétablissement organisé par le gouvernement fédéral. Certains d'entre nous retourneront à nos anciens emplois, et d'après une loi, nos anciens patrons sont forcés à tout ex-militaire, sans ancien emploi ou un autre non moins favorable, mais seulement si l'état de son commerce lui permet. Remarquons bien qu'il est forcé seulement s'il a besoin de nous: alors pour certains d'entre nous il faudrait mieux de ne pas trop s'y fier, être sage, et s'intéresser au programme de réhabilitation pour en tirer le plus grand avantage possible.

Ce programme a été organisé pour tout ex-militaire, de tous les rangs, et son aide dans ses grandes lignes, s'applique sur un peu près trois formes différentes.

- (a) Aide à ceux qui desireront s'établir sur une ferme.
- (b) Aide pour ceux qui desireront suivre des cours techniques, collégiales ou universitaires.
- (c) Aide à ceux qui desireront trouver un nouvel emploi.

Aux aspirants cultivateurs une aide assez tangible est offerte. Le gouvernement s'engage à fournir jusqu'à \$4800.00 pour les valeurs immobilières et \$1200.00 pour les instruments aratoires. En tout \$6000.00. Les conditions sont que l'appliquant doit avoir servi dans une zone de guerre ou n'a pas moins de 12 mois de service actif dans une force armée. Il peut accepter une des terres dont le gouvernement a déjà achetées pour cet effet, ou en choisir une autre de son goût pourvu qu'elle ne coûte pas plus que le montant ci-haut mentionné à

moins qu'il puisse payer la différence. Il s'engage à payer au temps qu'il fait l'application, 10% des valeurs immobilières (10% du, ou partie du \$4800.00) et en plus à remettre 2/3 des valeurs immobilières seulement, à 3 1/2% d'intérêt en paiement mensuel ou annuel durant une période de 25 ans.

Aide à ceux qui desireront suivre des cours: Ici le gouvernement se propose de payer le coût des cours en plus d'une aide financière de \$44.20 par mois (Une allocation de \$15.00 de plus pour ceux qui sont mariés) pourvu que les cours choisis, soit techniques, collégiales ou universitaires, sont conformes aux aptitudes de l'appliquant et sont pour lui aider à améliorer son sort comme employé.

Et pour ceux qui ne desireront aucune des offres si haut mentionnées, il y a lieu de croire que les emplois seront assez nombreux après la guerre. Non seulement le gouvernement fédéral, mais les autorités provinciales, et municipales font tout en leur pouvoir pour nous trouver des occupations rémunératrices. Chez-nous dans Québec, le ministre Godbout, a entrepris l'initiative d'encourager à l'étranger l'achat des produits de notre province; initiative qui espérons-le créera un considérable nombre d'emplois. Nous ne devrions pas avoir de grandes difficultés à surmonter pour se trouver un de ces emplois, mais pour rendre la tâche plus facile des bureaux d'emploiement seront ouverts dans tous les grands centres, ou il faudra faire nos demandes, et ou nos aptitudes et nos connaissances seront considérées dans la mesure du possible pour la propre distribution des emplois.

Mais la guerre n'est pas finie et personne ne peut prévenir les conditions existantes à la fin des hostilités. Pour ces raisons, le programme de réhabilitation est sujet à des changements et il est entièrement réalisable qu'à la seule condition de gagner la guerre. Continuons donc nos efforts, mais soyons aussi intéressés dans l'avenir que nous offre notre beau pays.

Quelque minime soit notre tâche dans ce grand conflit, nous méritons tous, un avenir plein de paix et de prospérité. Il est là pour nous si nous y mettons du courage, de l'ambition et de l'initiative.

Sachons en profiter.

—C. C.



W.D. Diary

Edited

by

L.A.W. HANDSLEY



Written by
L.A.W. PERAUD
During illness of the Editor

LAW Mary Molson

"Mare" is one of those personalities that a station can't do without. Her ready smile and wit are ever present. She was born in Montreal and attended school at King's Hall, Compton. Upon graduating she took a business course for a year, then decided to put her talents to use by joining the Air Force. She first entered our mighty ranks in April, 1943, and took her basic at Rockcliffe where she stayed to take her trade training as Clerk Operational. Completing her course, she was posted to Eastern Air Command H.Q. and was there for four months and "then got the great posting to Dartmouth" in October, 1943. Her favorite sports are skiing and tennis. Also likes basketball, swimming, golf and LOVES dancing.



LAW Jeanette Anne MacDonald

Jeanette, or "Mac" as she is usually called, was born in Kentville, N.S., in 1924. She was educated at the Sacred Heart Convent and King's County Academy. Upon graduation, "Mac" took a job with the Maritime Telegraph & Telephone Co. She left there to join up in March, 1943. Following in the steps of many others she journeyed to Rockcliffe for her basic training. Then after a six months course at No. 1 Wireless School in Montreal she graduated as a full-fledged W.O.G. and was posted to Dartmouth and has been here ever since — "Ha! Ha!" She likes skating and dancing and is a very welcome addition to our station.

—PERRY.

At last the new W.D. Canteen is open for business. The girls spent all their spare moments this winter dreaming that "maybe next week the canteen will be finished," and of the many nights they would have sitting before the lovely open fireplace toasting their tootsies. AT LAST that dream has become a reality. Work is complete and the canteen is really sumpin'. The rooms have been painted blue and ivory instead of the traditional Air Force green. It makes all the difference in the world and with the addition of blue rugs and blue and cream leather upholstery, the canteen is one of the best in the country. It is offering a variety of merchandise which meets with all the girls' approval. By the time this edition hits the streets it should be known for sure whether the rumor that Chanel No. 5 is going to be sold (at reduced prices), also a stock of good make-up. Sorry, boys, but the one thing it won't have included in the set-up is a wet canteen. Although the canteen is open there are still a lot of questions arising about it. One very important matter is he subject of wearing sports clothes. As far as the girls are concerned the canteen will be of little use if every time they want to go in they have to wrestle with a collar and tie. The original idea of canteens is a place to relax and they certainly can't do much relaxing in their uniforms. Here's hoping the "powers that be" have the girls' interests at heart when deciding this issue. Another feature which is still in the wondering stage is "What about a beauty parlor?" This attraction will be welcomed with open arms by all the girls on the station, so here's hoping the equipment which is already purchased is installed and put into operation as soon as possible.

The girls all join in to express their thanks to those responsible for finally getting our canteen finished. The lack of a W.D. Canteen has been a sore spot on the station ever since the girls arrived here over a year ago. Regardless of a few persons' opinions, the girls like to have a place of their own where they can get away from the men for a while and the new canteen is the ideal place. A W.D. canteen is the one spot on all stations where the girls are able to get together and know each other a little better. Of course, it won't mean that the men won't be allowed in the canteen. There will probably be a weekly dance held in the canteen which will mean open house to all ye olde wolves. And speaking of wolves, spring is going to prove of great value to the girls as it will be helpful to them in distinguishing wolves from gentlemen as the wolves are going to have to shed sheep's clothing in the warmer weather. Hurrah for spring!

Now that the subject of men has come up (doesn't it always?) we might as well go into it a little further. Rumor has it that there is a W.D. on the station writing a book on "How To Get Your Man In 10 Easy Lessons." More material is needed and any contributions will be gratefully accepted. One of the many questions asked

BELL LAKE BULLETINS

By Cpl. Reeder, G. W.

From the Airmen at No. 2 Detachment, Bell Lake, situated on the peak of windy "Break-Heart Hill" comes glad tidings that old man winter must be on its way out. They can now peer through their barrack block windows and clearly see the fog rolling in daily, instead of gazing wearily at huge, billowy snow drifts that formerly covered the roofs of the buildings. But the wintry weather has not retarded the social and sporting activities of this "Bushwacker's Utopia".

The Bell Lake-Preston "Flashes" Hockey Team, garbed in uniforms designed by Adrian, were just nosed out of a play-off spot after a somewhat shaky start, due to postings and transportation difficulties. It is rather arduous to name any particular and outstanding performer for the team, as all players showed the true Bell Lake fighting spirit, but perhaps much credit should go to Jack Pumble, Buck Newman and Bob Heslin, who formed the defense and whose stalwart torsos sent many a would be "goal getter" skidding on his (ahem) "heels". Also credit is due to Coach F/O R. L. Gibbs who handled the team admirably from the bench.

The Bell Lake Bowling Team, captained by Bill Clarke, have clinched a play-off spot by winning the 3rd. series. It is rumoured that they will win the championship, providing their arch rivals (Accounts Section) cease bribing the pin-boy.

The Basketball Team . . . well, that is another story. What they lack in quality, they gain in ambition. They'll play anyone.

Bell Lake has acquired a new Recreation Hall and already the softball team is taking calisthenics in preparation for another hectic season. We are even training our own umpire.

Airmen's monthly dances are still the "piece de resistance", and many pleasant and enjoyable evenings have been our reward for entertaining all three branches of the feminine armed forces. On different nights, . . . of course. The W.D.'s, WRENS and CWACS have all visited our luxuriously furnished establishment and replace the harsh, raspy sounds of masculinity with their clear, chime-like peals of girlish laughter and gaiety. Yes, our Airmen's Dances are really something to write home about. Ask those that have attended. (catch . . . by invitation only). Compliments are due to Joe Chromicki and the Entertainment Committee for ensuring that **there is never a dull moment.**

Likewise, the Airwomen from E.A.C. have reciprocated and the boys were their guests at a gala Hallow'een Dance held at their Canteen in Halifax. Needless to say, a good time was had by all.

There are many other items of local interest that should be stated here, but space forbids. However, we are rather happy nowadays, because the day has ceased to exist when Dartmouth Airmen, confronted with the question, "Have you heard of Bell Lake?" reply with a nod of the head and a solemn voice "I never hoid of the joint".

BELL LAKE AIRMEN PRESENT TROOP FLAG TO BOY SCOUTS

By Cpl. C. W. Reeder

A very impressive Service of Dedication was held on Sunday, February 13th, when the Airmen from No. 2 Detachment, Bell Lake, N. S., under the command of F/O R. L. Gibbs, paraded to St. Andrews Church, Cole Harbour, and presented a Boy Scout Troop Flag to the 1st Cole Harbour Troop of Boy Scouts. But prior to the actual presentation, there lies a story that should be told.

The Airmen from this "outpost" have been very grateful to the local residents for their willingness and kindly act in giving the R.C.A.F. lads rides to town in their motor vehicles. The road to Dartmouth is a long, rough and hilly trail, with no convenience of an organized bus service, and if it were not for the generosity of the motorists, many weary miles and hours would have to be endured by foot. There came a time when the Airmen, quite naturally, desired to prove their gratitude in some tangible form and funds were raised by staging a mock Monte Carlo night in the Airmen's Canteen. It would be impossible to present to all the kind motorists some individual gift purchased from the money realized, and as most of them had sons who were members of the Boy Scouts, it was decided to buy for the newly organized Scout Troop, a Troop Flag. Many former Scouters will realize how much a Troop Flag is cherished and honoured. Naturally, the Monte Carlo Night was a huge success, especially when it was for such a worthy cause.

The Scout flag was purchased and engraved with the appropriate emblem, and on the aforementioned Sunday, it was a proud and enthusiastic group of Airmen, many of whom were former Scouts, who marched, with their gift, down the snow-covered road to the Church, where they were greeted by the Scouts. Side by side Airmen and Scout . . . they entered the Church and the rector, Rev. J. Willett, conducted a most inspiring and brotherhood service.

This was the first service of its kind to be held in this community and the Airmen have boosted their prestige and goodwill amongst the residents immensely by their method of saying "Thank You" to motorists who so kindly pick them up on the road and give them a free ride to town.

OUT FISHIN'

A feller isn'tt hinking mean—
Out fishin';

His thoughts somehow are mostly
clean—

Out fishin';

He doesn't knock his fellow-men,
Or harbour any grudges then;

A feller's at his finest when—
Out fishin'.

The rich are comrades to the poor—
Out fishin';

All brothers of a common lure—
Out fishin';

The urchin with his pin and string:

Can chum with millionaire and king;

Vain pride is a forgotten thing—
Out fishin'.

A feller gets a chance to dream—
Out fishin';

He learns the beauties of a stream—
Out fishin';

An' he can wash his soul in air
That isn't foul with selfish care
An' relish plain and simple fare—
Out fishin'.

A feller's glad to be a friend—
Out fishin';

A helpin' hand he'll always lend—

Out fishin';

The brotherhood of rod and line
An' sky an' stream is always fine
Men come real close to God's design—
Out fishin'.

A feller isn't plotting schemes—
Out fishin';

He's only busy with his dreams—
Out fishin';

His livery is a coat of tan
His creed to do the best he can;
A feller's always mostly man—
Out fishin'.

—HARRY LEE BURROUGHS.



"TALKING ABOUT BOOKS"

This month I am devoting my little discourse under "Talking of Books" to books we have had on the shelves for some time, or "old" books. That is, they are not modern, "up to the minute", "hot of the press" books, that I strive to acquire all the time for my "paying" section.

"Have any of you thought of reading for instance, "Vanished Poms of Yesterday", and "Here There and Everywhere" by Lord Frederick Hamilton?"

Well you should, for you would really enjoy these books. They are not dull or stuffy, and quite as exciting and intriguing as any present day experiences, in peace time of course.

Lord Frederick Hamilton was a diplomat, born in 1856, the fourth son of the Duke of Abercorn, besides being in the diplomatic Service, he served as Secretary of the British Embassies in Berlin and Petrograd—now Leningrad, and the Legation at Lisbon and Buenos Aires. He also travelled in Canada a great deal, and describes fishing and hunting trips he took here. He was also a Member of Parliament, and was at one time Editor of the Pall Mall Gazette. His brother, Lord Ernest Hamilton, also wrote a very popular book called "Forty Years On", but we do not have that in the Library.

He describes his travels and experiences in a fascinating way, literally carries you into the places he talks about, and his descriptions of places, people, works of art, customs, flowers, food, and everything he came in contact with, are so real, that you "come to" after the book is read, and feel, that you were there too.

It is good to find out something about the "good old days" and it makes one think they were not so bad after all.

You have all heard of Baron Munchausen haven't you? This book was much discussed at one time, and is quite old, but nevertheless interesting and unique. The theme is "different". Something after the style of "Jules Verne" only we have lived to see some of Jules Verne's far fetched, and seemingly impossible ideas come to pass.

Evidently a German, named R. E. Raspe wrote it. It was published as long ago as 1786, in pamphlet form, and was named "The Vice of Lying".

So, if you read the book, you will find out why a liar was termed a "Munchausen".

Of course you have all read Dickens. To read Dickens is part of our education, but have you ever read him for fun?

There is no doubt about it, that once you get familiar with Dickens characters, you will love them all. Did you know that "Edwin Drood, is an unfinished novel, and is still more talked of than any other mystery story, ancient or modern. There is still some conjecture as to how Dickens intended to finish the novel, for he was supposed to have a secret denouement in mind.

His characters are all based on people he knew, and

while "A Tale of Two Cities" is a story of the French Revolution, which profoundly shocked England at that time, "David Copperfield" is a portrait of himself as a boy. So come and browse in our Dickens section of the Library wont you?

By the way, did you know that the influence of Dickens' books on the "privileged classes" at that time, brought about a "bloodless" revolution in England, especially a "Christmas Carol".

We also have some of Kipling's works, and a great many other popular authors of a couple of decades ago. I will describe some of these stories each month, and then you will know what to look for, if you are interested.

A book I noticed and read the other day "A Search for America" by Grove, proved very interesting, and also entertaining. I don't know anything about the author, but it was good reading.

Also we have the lives of Edgar Wallace and Jack London, which are full of adventure, and should prove as interesting as their books.

Here is an opportunity for you "London" and "Wallace" lovers to get information at first hand about your favourite authors.

"How many of you have read "Life Begins at Forty"? I haven't, and I don't suppose many of you care—being well on the sunny side of forty, but you'd be surprised how the years slip by, and you might as well be prepared to begin life at forty, so why not read it?

"How to Win Friends and Influence People" is supposed to be the "open Sesame" to popularity and success, and all of us are anxious to interest the "right people" especially in the R.C.A.F., so why not have a peek at Dale Carnegie's book?

Have you read the "new" book, Santayana's "Persons and Places"? We have that on the shelf, also Winston Churchill's "Blood Sweat, and Tears".

Another "new" book, "Mother Russia" by Maurice Hindu, gives you a complete picture of Russia as she is today. Three chapters of "Mother Russia" are devoted to life stories in Liza, Shura, and Zoya, three young people, (two girls and a boy) who are outstanding heroes of this war.

New books purchased with the contributions this month are "Northern Nurse" by Merrick, "Moment in Peking" by Lin YuTang, "Jonathan North" by Hodson, "Good Night, Sweet Prince" by Fowler, "Mother Russia" by Hindus, "My Days of Anger" by Farrell, "\$1,000 a Week" by the same author, "Deadlier than the Male" by Gunn, "The Big Rock Candy Mountain" by Stegner, "Past Imperfect" by Ilka Chase, "Behind the Steel Wall" by Sternberg "Whiteoak Chronicles" by De La Roche, "See Canada Next" by Nixon, "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" by Lawson, "The Forsythe Saga" by Galsworthy, "Under Cover" by Carlson, "Caesar Stag" by Cronyn, "A Sense of Humus" by Damon, "And We Shall Build" by Morton, "Bride of Glory" by Field, and "Mama's Bank Account" by Forbes. There are also many others, but I haven't the space to list them.

Of interest to the W.D.'s there is a set of Faith Baldwin's and Fanny Hurst's books just added to the library, also Steinbeck, Buck, and several others. Another light book is "Arms and the Girl", about a Service woman, and her romance.

I am putting a blank sheet of paper on one of the bulletin boards, will you please help me to get your preferences, by putting them down, don't forget to state whose poetry you prefer too.

Again many thanks to you all for your forbearance and co-operation.

—"The Librarian"

MORE W. D.

author this year is what to do during Leap Year if you ask a man to marry you and he refuses. Maybe the boys could give them a few hints on this. Come on boys, give! I know it sounds impossible that any man in his sane mind would refuse a proposal of marriage but record has it that there are a few foolish men who would. But don't worry, girls; custom has it that if a man refuses you during Leap Year he has to buy you a red dress. Now that doesn't mean that every girl going around in a red dress this year has been turned down . . . get that straight!

Leap Year! Ah, what a wonderful institution! "I'm in favor of more Leap Years," says one very enthusiastic member of the female sex. But the girls aren't trying to get their men by feminine appeal alone—they are taking advice from the old saying "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach," and attending the Home Economics classes sponsored by the Canadian Legion and Eastern Air Command. Transportation from the barracks to Greenvale School in Dartmouth, where the classes are held, is furnished and a truck leaves the barracks every Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7:50. Cooking classes will be held Tuesday and sewing on Thursday. One drawing card for these cooking classes is that the girls are allowed to take any food they cook(?) back to barracks . . . that is, of course, if it is edible. The announcement of these classes should be a warning to the hospital to have a new wing added as undoubtedly there

will be many a case of stomach ache before the course is over.

HAPPENINGS OF THE PAST MONTH:

Squadron Officer Piler visited the station Tuesday, March 7. We've never seen the barracks as clean as that day, after the girls finished scrubbing and polishing.

Hot water at last invaded the barracks after about a month of trying to wash clothes and girls in cold water.

Jack Lunn's Saturday night dances as usual proved of great value in entertaining the girls and airmen. But as Jack puts it, if the girls would start powdering their noses about four hours earlier the dancing hours would be longer. Or in other words, if you think you can stand having your feet tramped on a little longer and your ribs crushed, come early and end up in the hospital.

MYSTERY OF THE MONTH:

What has happened to the widely publicized Station Concerts? For months a group of girls and fellows have been putting all their effort and spare time preparing for a station concert which promised to be one of the best yet. Dance routines were worked up, skits planned, music and material for costumes purchased. Then one fatal morning word came that all their hard work was done in vain and their hopes of entertaining the "troops" cancelled. No apparent reason for the cancellation has been given those participating in the concert but it is the fond hope of everyone that the decision will be changed and our talented personnel will be allowed to continue with their work and produce the finest concert yet to appear at Dartmouth.

W. D. SPORTS

BY L. A. W. PLAYFAIR

We saw some fast basket-ball when the WDs played the unbeaten Stadacona Wrens here the second last week in February. Unfortunately, though our girls looked to be in fine trim, the Wrens whipped them 14-8. The team work was excellent on both sides but after half time the Wrens seemed to tighten up on the defense, blocking every one of their opponents' shorts and passes. Wren Grant was the Stadacona "Ace" and LAW Periard was top scorer for Dartmouth. There was an enthusiastic crowd out to watch the excitement . . . an encouraging feature even if we did lose.

A week later the WDs met in combat with the CWACs at A23. It was a rough game but thoroughly enjoyed by all. The WDs had murder in their eyes and sailed through the game the way the Wrens had done, licking the Cwacs 20-8. LAW Periard and Cpl. Graham showed some smooth shooting with 9 and 7 points respectively. Constantine and George halved the baskets for the Cwacs with four points each.

This game wound up the league, leaving only the playoffs. Stad Wrens were on top, followed by A23 Cwacs, then the WDs and the Kings Wrens. However,

the girls were not content to call a halt to their Friday nights in battle so the representatives met and decided to keep the league going as long as possible. Stad. Wrens are now scheduled to play Kings Wrens and the WDs plan to meet the Cwacs again. The winners of these games will play each other.

* * * *

In order to keep the girls interested in league sports it was suggested that volley-ball teams be chosen and games played as a "filler-in" until the base-ball season opens.

This doesn't mean that the same girls will play although a lot of them would like to. There must be many of you who would like to play volley-ball or would like to learn how. It's very simple and could be just the thing to get you in trim for baseball, tennis, or canoeing this summer.

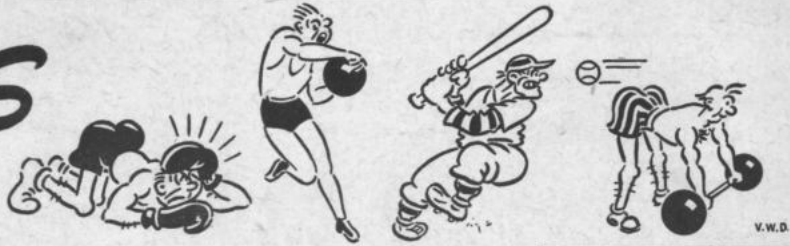
* * * *

In February's edition of Thumbs Up there was a picture of the Wrens team labeled "Kings Wrens." It should have been Stadacona Wrens.

"VICTORIES TAKE MORE BLOOD"

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

Sports



Sport Reporter

Arnold White

As Spring allegedly approaches these parts, and the end of the winter sports program comes nearer, it is possible to look back on a very successful winter on this station from the athlete's point of view. Particularly is this true of Inter-squadron leagues, which have kept so many occupied and have taken over the limelight from teams in outside competition.

In fact, so successful has been the Inter-squadron hockey league that its top teams are now entering a round robin series with teams from the Army and the Navy, to the winner of which series goes the Garrison Championship—and don't be surprised if that same championship finds its summer home on this station.

BASKETBALLERS LEAD HALIFAX SR. LEAGUE

Our previous lone entry in outside competition, the Station Basketball Team has continued on its merry way, and that one-point loss to the Navy in the first game of the schedule is still the only black mark on the record. Two games only remain to complete the schedule, and it seems certain that Airforce and Navy will finish out the league at the top together, each with 9 wins against 1 loss, with the Dartmouth team having the edge, if any, by reason of their clean cut victory in their second meeting by a score of 41-33. No other team in the Halifax Senior League has turned out to be in the same class as these two teams.

Other wins in the second half of the schedule have been over Dalhousie University by 31-16, and over H.M.C.S. Kings by 48-30. Games with Y.M.C.A. and Army remain to complete the schedule.

In addition to league games, a trip was made to Wolfville where the Acadia University team, which previously had had an almost perfect record against visiting outfits, found itself on the wrong end of a 39-24 score. This game was the last for Orm Weir, who took time out from his embarkation leave to get into one more game. The team will miss Orm—and by no means solely because he was a good player. Much of the credit for this season's success must go to his enthusiasm, while his cheerfulness and good humor, on and off the court, will not be easily replaced.

H. Q. SURPRISE IN INTER-SQDN HOCKEY

Although finishing no better than a tie for third and far behind the first place X Squadron at the end of the

league schedule, H. G. Squadron hockey squad provided the upset of the season when they eliminated the leaders in the playoffs in two games by scores of 8-4 and 4-2. Their victories put them into the finals against 8 C.M.U., who proved much too strong for the Marine Squadron in their semi-final bracket.

Despite losing in the semi-finals, however, X Squadron have the satisfaction of having completed their entire list of games without a defeat, winning nine in a row. Next best were 8 C.M.U., who fulfilled their early promise and are now engaged in the finals against the H.Q. surprise packet.

The smooth playing X Squadron team was chosen from Hamilton, Forgarty, Morrison, White, Cook, Clarke, Roy, Gilmore, Gillespie and Brodeur. H. Q. could choose from Clarke, Coops, McDonald, Bridgeo, Lang, Farrell, Dow, Frank and Carl Ripley, Potruff, Galipeau, Thompson, Cox, Doyon and Bush. Most effective of the 8 C.M.U. sextette were Laprade and McEwan, while others playing regularly were Scott, Coombs, Piche, Marr, Painchaud, Taylor, Butler, Bryden, Lang and Letang.

A notable feature of the season's play has been the consistently good attendance at the league's games, which were played at the Forum. As many as 300 supporters have accompanied their team from the station, and 8 C.M.U. has also had good backing. Bands at the games have also helped the general good entertainment.

R.C.A.F. DARTMOUTH

The Team That Didn't Play

PLAYERS

1. Roy Conacher—Boston Bruins
2. Bert LaPrade—Port Arthur Bearcats
3. Eddie Bush—Detroit Red Wings
4. Don Stanley—Edmonton Eskimos
5. Jimmy McCurrie—Montreal Royals
6. Alf Kunkel—Hershey Bears
7. Mickey McGuire—Manager
8. Jimmy Lortie—Coach
(Formerly with Halifax Wolverines)
9. Dave Kemp—Sudbury Wolves
10. Jack Timmins—Ottawa St. Pats
11. Sam Razminsky—Montreal Verdun Juniors
12. Joe Evans—Halifax, Juniors
13. "Howie" Howarth—Valleyfield Juniors
14. Hal Forrester—Montreal Royals

Missing From Picture:

George Coops—Regina Rangers
 Jack Pumble—Perth Blue Wings
 Art Upper—People's Credit, Toronto
 Carl Ripley—Baltimore Orioles
 Frank Ripley—Baltimore Orioles



MORE SPORT

COMBINES UNBEATEN IN I-S BASKETBALL

The Inter-Squadron Basketball League has now reached the stage where the stronger teams are establishing clear leads over the field and so far the main question to appear is—who is going to stop the Combines? Eight times it has been tried and eight times they have come out on top.

Chief challenge has come from the H.Q.—Marine squad, although it is possible that the Gremlins, if they had not defaulted a game, would be closer. However, they failed in a hard fought battle to stop the Combine crew, which effectively bottled up Elmer McLeod and thus eliminated the chief threat to their supremacy.

Combines' stand-bys are Chelin, Wiselberg, Hutton, Kramer and Watt, the first three being station team players. H.Q.-Marine' first five are Poulton, Sidenberg, Crozier, Bradshaw and Nemerofsky of whom only Poulton is a station respectative. Gremlins choose from McLeod, Weir, Bredt, Tinsley, Campbell, Kirk, Hall and Apple.

Sector Ops., whose line-up of Arnott, Black, Burt, Nall, Gilchrist, Mahoney and Stockton includes no station stars, are still making their presence very much felt with four wins in seven starts. X Squadron, with Smith, Martin, Malcolm, London, Booth and Regan carrying the mail will also have to be reckoned with before the schedule winds up on April 17. So far Bell Lake, with Dumouchelle outstanding, and Army, whose star is Elliott, have not been able to click with a winning combination.

Standing as at March 11:

	Won	Lost	Points
Combines	8	0	16
H. Q.-Marines	6	1	12
Gremlins	5	2	10
Sector Ops.	4	3	8
X Squadron	3	5	6
Bell Lake	0	6	0
Army	0	7	0

NO ONE YET CAN BEAT THE BAND

It's early in that League yet, but the Band is still showing the way in Inter-squadron Floor Hockey, with 4 wins to a single loss. Right with them, through, and threatening to go ahead are Sector Ops. It's still anybody's fight (Who said fight?) and every team in the set-up has battled its way to at least one victory.

CHIN LIFTERS THE GAME GUY'S PRAYER

Dear God: Help me to be a sport in this little game of life. I don't ask for any easy place in the line-up; play me anywhere You need me. I only ask for the stuff to give You one hundred per cent of what I've got. If all the hard drives seem to come my way, I thank You for the compliment. Help me to remember that You won't ever let anything come my way that You and I together can't handle. And help me to take the bad breaks as part of the game. Help me to understand that the game is full of knots and knocks and trouble and make me thankful for them. Help me to get so that the harder they come the better I like it.

And God, help me always to play on the square. No

For the league leaders, Petit, Miles, Mills, Kershaw, Morrison, Musicar and Duffield have all been making their presence felt around the floor. Sector Ops., who share the top berth, have Conacher, Bush and the Ripley twins in the van of their attack.

BOWLING HAS REACHED LAST LEAGUE SECTION

Consistant improvement in bowling averages all along the line continues as the Station Bowling League works toward the end of its fourth and final section. Clarke of Bell Lake, keeping around 218 to 219, is still top man in this respect, but Butler of Accounts at 216-217, and Macaulay of H. Q.-Marine Joeboys at 215 are constant threats to his supremacy. These so far have had a bit of an edge on the field, but recently Devine of Y Squadron has been climbing steadily, and threatens to worry the three leaders before the month is out.

Results of the Third Section follow:

No. 1 League Won by Cooks.		
High Three—Murphy (Armament)	795	
High Single—Maskell (Maint. O. R.)	286	
No. 2 League Won by Service Police.		
High Three—Duffy (Ser. Pol. P.)	795	
High Single—Lister (Photo.)	278	
No. 3 League Won by X Sqdn. 1.		
High Three—Morrison (Marine)	712	
High Single—Goodchild (X Sqdn. 2)	284	
No. 4 League Won by Y Sqdn. 1.		
High Three—Hickeson (Accts.)	718	
High Single—Hinds (Stores)	295	

BADMINTON TOURNEY IS POPULAR EVENT

While badminton has been taking care of the athletic needs of many of the men and W.D.'s on the station all winter, no organized competitions were held until an open tournament was held early in March. It occupied the whole of one evening's play, by which time one event had been completed and all others were down to the finals. These, with one exception, took place on the following evening of play.

Outstanding player in the tournament was LAC Herb Richard of Winnipeg, who won the Men's Singles without trouble. He is a former co-holder of the Manitoba Men's Doubles championship and a runner up for the singles title of that province. The Ladies' Singles was won by the LAW Jean MacLean, Cpl. Mooney being runner-up. The latter teamed with Nursing Sister Labreque to win the Ladies' Doubles, while the Men's Doubles went to Cpl. Carriere and Sgt. Blinck. The Mixed Doubles was left for decision, with Nursing Sister Labreque and Richard opposing LAW MacLean and Duffy in this event.

matter what the other players do, help me to come clean. Help me to study the Book so that I'll know the rules, and to study and to think a lot about the Greatest Player that ever lived, and the other great players that are told about in the Book. If they found out that the best part of the game was helping other guys who were out of luck, help me to find it out too. Help me to be a regular feller with the other players.

Finally, O God, if fate seems to uppercut me with both hands and I'm laid on the shelf in sickness or old age or something, help me to take that as part of the game, too. Help me not to whimper or squeal that the game was a frame-up or that I had a raw deal.

When in the falling dusk I get the final bell, I ask for no lying complimentary stories. I'd only like to know that You feel that I've been a good, game guy.

LAC Court Stone, who was featured in a few solos on the piano. It is hoped that many more who are interested in good music will avail themselves next time of the opportunity to hear the band in another such concert.

In the field of sport the boys are keenly interested in the floor hockey league recently formed. Always anxious to challenge other interested teams before, it seems they will now get all the opposition they want with eight teams to play against. That they expect to hold their own with all comers is evident by their showing in the games played at time of writing. In three games they emerged winners by scores of 10-0, 10-6 and 6-1. They are looking forward to their future engagements with keen interest, particularly the Sector Ops outfit, who boast most of the big time players on the station and whom they have already tangled with in an exhibition game.

Another in the "Get Acquainted With the Band" series. Meet the boys who have spent three Christmases in Dartmouth: Cpl. D'Eon, LAC Petit, LAC Mills, LAC Borland, LAC Bridgeo, LAC Cochrane and Cpl. Duffield.

E. J. "EGG" D'EON: Born in Yarmouth, N. S. Enlisted in Halifax, March, 1941, and was posted to Dartmouth immediately. Formerly played with the 84th Battery and RCCS bands in Yarmouth. Plays bass in the band and string bass in the dance orchestra. A very fine instrumentalist.

G. E. "EDDIE" PETIT: Born in Grand Mere, P.Q., and enlisted at Three Rivers as a bandsman in April, 1940, and proceeded to Sydney. Was

posted to Dartmouth in May, 1941. Played in L'Union Musical de Grande Mere Band before enlisting. Eddie has the longest service in the Air Force of any in the band and will be starting his fifth year next month. Plays cornet.

R. D. "RON" MILLS: Born in Moncton. Enlisted there as a bandsman in July, 1941, and proceeded immediately to Dartmouth. Formerly in the Reserve Army as a member of the New Brunswick Regiment Tank Corps Band. He is a bass player.

J. A. "JACK" BORLAND. Born in Pittsburg, U.S.A. His home is in Collingwood, Ont. Enlisted as a bandsman at Toronto, Nov., 1940. Was posted to Saint John, N.B. in Feb., 1941, and from there to Dartmouth in August, 1941. Formerly played with the Collingwood Kiltie Band. Jack plays cornet in the band and hot trumpet in the dance orchestra and can also play piano.

H. M. T. "HARRY" BRIDGEO: Born in Woodstock, N.B. Enlisted August, 1940. Not accepted as air crew he signed as a clerk and later demustered as a bandsman. Posted to Dartmouth in January, 1942. Harry plays clarinet in the band and is the pianist for the dance orchestra. Plays on the station Headquarters hockey team.

H. A. "HARRY" COCHRANE: Born in Halifax. Enlisted as a bandsman, October, 1941, and was posted immediately to Dartmouth. Well known for his ability as a dance drummer, Harry played eight years in his father's orchestra at the C.P.R. summer hotel in Digby and later had his own orchestra. Worked in the photography section of the RCAF for

four months. He is one of the percussion section of the band.

E. S. "ERNIE" DUFFIELD: Born in Bermuda but lived most of his life in Moncton. Enlisted there as a bandsman in February, 1941, and went to Manning Depot, Toronto, and then to Rockcliffe. Posted to Dartmouth in May, 1941. Played in the Salvation Army band all his life and prior to enlisting was deputy bandmaster. Ernie plays euphonium in the band and is considered a very fine player.

"TIME BOMBS"

Let's back Canada by living like Canadians. Canadians are honest, unselfish, neighbourly, clean, free and united. Are we? All the time?

We must live democracy, as well as believe it but the ability to cope with it.

If we ourselves dig up "buried hatchets" as soon as the war is over, we can scarcely expect our enemies to forever bury their swords.

People who won't listen to the dictates of their own conscience may soon be taking dictation from someone who hasn't got a conscience.

The first step in building a sound family of nations is to build a nation of sound families.

To break through a total victory in our lifetime, a lot of us will have to break through the habits of a lifetime.

Truth, when it becomes plain in our minds, has still to be made effective in our lives.

QUIPS FOR EQUIPMENT

We are wondering why a certain LAC went to the hospital with flu this month. He can't say he hasn't been warned. Anybody who pets in the park with the gate open and a nurse on hand to care for him shouldn't catch the flu. But he did. I guess his resistance is low, eh Lou?

The boys had quite a setback during the month. Everyone had visions of becoming an N.C.O. but somebody beat them to the punch and filled our establishment from external sources. Too bad, boys, but I guess it was quite a knot to get unravelled in such a short time. Did anyone brag too soon?

It gets pretty cold in stores sometimes, so every winter they move the ledgers into our Orderly Room so the ledger posters can be warm. It's getting too near Spring to be moving but nevertheless we are.

Why is it the Corporals get so enthused about the cribbage games they play at noon hour? First thing we know the coke business will be changing hands again.

CHARGE From Pay and Accounts

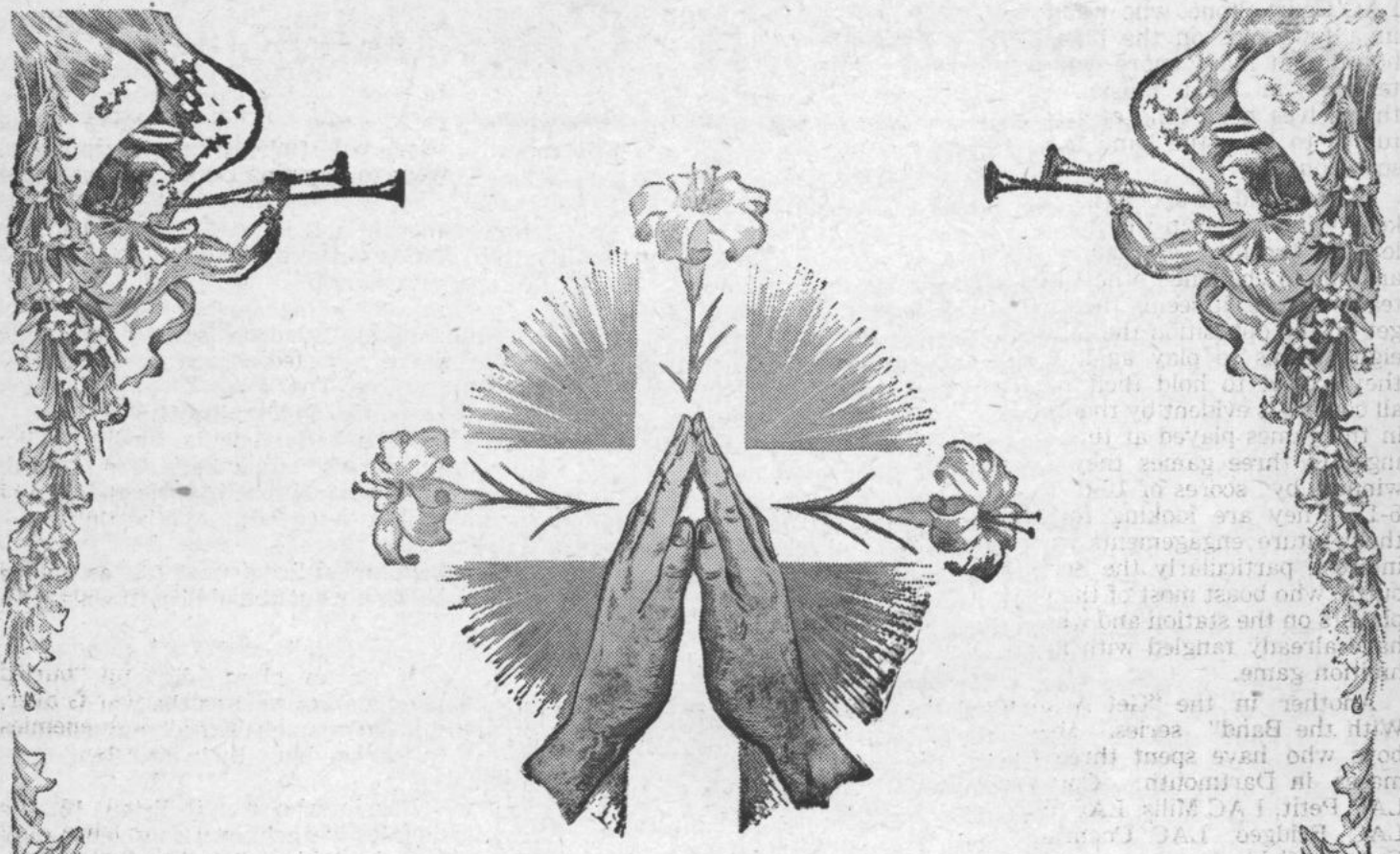
Congratulations to Griffiths, Gordon and Logan on their new status as 2 Hookers. As Napoleon once said, "There is a possible Marshal's baton in every knapsack."

The 'classy' hair cuts which some of the boys of this section have been getting in Dartmouth recently have kind of got 'up the noses' of the rest of 'em judging by their disparaging remarks upon the tonsorial efforts of the Dartmouth "Hair craftsmen!"

Judging by the extra work given to the Station Dental Clinic in the shape of broken molars, we are led to believe that an Archaeologist has salvaged stores from "The Ark" of Biblical history, which are being served from time to time as 'Hard Tack' in the Airmens Mess L.P.B.

Works and Bricks please note:—

How about using some of those empty Aircraft Crates that aren't working to make a shelter at the L.P.B. bus stop. It certainly would be appreciated on cold or wet days.



..Easter Prayers..

MULTITUDINOUS are the words of prayer which will reach heavenward this Easter. Each of us will say a prayer apart — for the safety of a son, or brother, or husband now in an enemy's prison camp — for the healing of a wounded dear one. Yet together, we shall say one prayer for lasting peace following the United Nations' complete Victory. And we shall find our greatest faith—particularly those of us whom the war has already bereft — in calling His resurrection, for whom this day is reborn each year!



-- Smiles 'n Chuckles --

A HOMELY STORY

From the Eastern Chronicle, New Glasgow.

An airman from England wrote to the old folks at home in Canada:—

Dear Mother and Dad:

I often think of the old home and the dear place it was. There was the little home that we know so well. The little kitchen with the high oven stove. The kitchen table where we ate our meals. The little bedroom off the kitchen, with its comfortable bed and the little pot under the bed. I miss them all.

And the father wrote back:

We still live in the little house you miss so much. The kitchen you miss with its high oven stove is just as you left, and we know you miss it. Your mother and I take our meals at the corner of the table you so miss. The little bedroom you miss is just as you left it; no one has slept in your bed since you left. And the little pot under the bed is still there—you always missed it.

Just Like A Woman

We like the story about the woman who wrote in from a lonely western rural spot. She wrote: "My sister and I ain't really lonely out here. We got each other to speak to. But we need another woman to talk about."
—Montreal Star.

Heard at the Trade Rejec Selection Board

Officer: "What work did you do before joining up?"
Acey: "I was an organist until I was forced to give it up."

Officer: "And why were you forced to give it up?"
Acey: "The monkey died."

The Teacher: "And so you see, children, love is the one thing you can give in abundance and still have plenty left."

Jimmy: "How about measles?"

Pay Day Drama

(In Four Acts)

Act 1: An Airman and his pay.
Act 2: An Airman, his pay and his girl.
Act 3: An Airman and his girl.
Act 4: An Airman.

They were sitting on the sofa and she was in his arms. Suddenly the door bell rang. She leaped to her feet. "It's my fiance", she cried. "You must go at once."

He looked around nervously.

"But how can I go?" he asked. "There's only one door and he's knocking on it."

"The window," she cried. "Quick!"

"But we're on the thirteenth floor," he stammered.

"So what? You're not going to tell me you're superstitious?"

Mother: "What's the idea of going out half dressed with the airman?"

Daughter: "Why don't you know, mother, everything is fifty percent off for servicemen?"

Of course, you've heard of the new slogan of Bell Busses—"The Public Be Jammed".

AC: "How come you and Peg sat out the last dance at the Rec. Hall last Saturday Night?"

LAC: "Oh, petty reasons."

A Wing Commander, a Squadron Leader and a Flight Lieutenant were having a heated argument one night on the subject of matrimony. The Wing Commander maintained that marriage was 60% work and 40% fun. The Squadron Leader said it was 75% work and 25% fun. The Flight Lieutenant insisted that it was 90% work and 10% fun. At the height of the argument a batman appeared at the door. "Let's leave it to him," said the Squadron Leader. The batman listened carefully to the argument and said with an air of absolute finality, "If you will pardon me, sirs, matrimony is 100% fun and no work at all."

"How do you figure that?" asked the astonished officers.

"It's very simple," replied the batman, "if there was any work in it at all, you guys would have me doing it".

He: "Please."

She: "No."

He: "Just this once?"

She: "No, I said."

He: "Aw hell Ma—all the rest of the kids are going barefoot."

A true music lover is a guy who upon hearing a soprano in the bathroom, puts his ear to the keyhole.

No Joke: Buy Victory Bonds and Stamps.

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS



: Smiles 'n Chuckles :

WHY WORRY?

I wonder why folks worry? — There are only two reasons for worry: you are either successful or you are not successful. If you are successful there is nothing to worry about; if you are not successful there are only two things to worry about! Your health is good or you're sick.

If your health is good, there is nothing to worry about; if you are sick, there are only two things to worry about—you are either going to get well or you are going to die.

If you are going to get well, there is nothing to worry about; if you are going to die there are only two things to worry about—you are either going to Heaven, or you are not going to Heaven. If you are going to Heaven, there is nothing to worry about; if you are going to the other place—you will be so busy shaking hands with old friends ? ? ? ? ? you won't have time for worry: So

Father, "Mary, who was that man I saw you kissing last night."
Mary "What time was it?"

* * *

LAC "Is your bunk-mate broad-minded?"

AC2 "Say, that's all he thinks of." One of our ingenious Lacs. says no one pays any attention to a watermelon rind but when it's a peach peeling that's different.

* * *

The corporal was going home on leave, and was lucky enough to have a pullman. When he pulled back the curtains of his berth he found two luscious blonds reposing there. He checked his ticket to make sure he wasn't wrong and said:

"I'm deeply sorry, ladies, but I'm a married man—a man of respect and standing in my community. I cannot afford to have a breath of scandal touch me. I'm sorry—but one of you will have to leave."

Man is just a worm in the dust. He comes along, wriggles around a while and finally some chicken gets him.

What do you think of this? He smut?
Cpl.: "How many beers does it take to make you dizzy?"

She: "About four or five. And don't call me dizzy."

* * *

Sgt.: "A girl's greatest attraction is her teeth."

Cpl.: "No, I think it's her hair. What do you think?"

AC2: "The same as you fellows but I don't lie about it."

* * *

LAC: "Shall we sit in the parlor?"

She: "No, I'm tired. Let's play tennis."

* * *

"You girl's spoiled, isn't she?"

"No. It's just the perfume she's using."

* * *

"Where have you been for the last two hours?"

"Talking to the girl at the cigar counter."

"What did she say?"

"No."

* * *

Airman: "Do you believe in free love?"

Blondie: "Have I ever sent you a bill?"

* * *

The moon was high,
The road was dark,
A perfect place to stop and park;
He gave a curse,
He gave a groan,
He gave a grunt, he was alone.

* * *

A good line is the shortest distance between dates.

* * *

Father: "When is that 'knight in shining armour' going home?"

Spinster Daughter: "Patience, papa, the hour's late but the knight is young."

* * *

"What the matter Mary?"

"My muscles are sore."

"You ought to see a masseur."

"What's that?"

"A man that pinches you all over."

"Oh you mean an Airman!"

REPRINTED BY REQUEST

By special request we reprint from our edition of May, 1943:

"P/O Erk's Beef"

The local bus company recently received the following letter from a disgruntled rider living at the R.C.A.F. Station, Dartmouth:
Gentlemen:

I have been riding on your busses for the past two years and the service seems to be getting worse every day. I think the transportation you offer is worse than that enjoyed by the people of 1,000 years ago.

Yours very truly,

P/O ERK, J. R.

Reply from the local bus company:

Dear Sir:

We received your letter and believe you are somewhat confused in your history. The only transportation of 1,000 years ago was on foot.

Yours very truly,

LOCAL BUS CO.

Reply of disgruntled airman:

Gentlemen:

I am in receipt of your letter of May 1st and I think you are the one who is confused in your history. If you will read the Bible, Book of Judges, 9th book, you will find that Balaam rode into town on his ass. That, gentlemen, is something I haven't been able to do on your busses in the past six or seven months.

Yours very truly,

P/O ERK, J. R.

Male Call

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

He'll Have To Go Through Chanel's



Male Call

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

You're Ridin', Now, Red!



The Wolf

by Sansone

Copyright 1944 by Leonard Sansone, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service

(In Hawaii)



"If you've made no plans for tonight, may I suggest something?"

The Wolt

by Sansone

Copyright 1944 by Leonard Sansone, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service

(South Pacific)



"S funny how ya forget all about gals out here. I ain't thought of one for five minutes!"

The Wolf

by Sansone

Copyright 1944 by Leonard Sansone, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service

(South Pacific)



"Careful! This is Leap Year!"

The Wolf

by Sansone

Copyright 1944 by Leonard Sansone, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service

(In Hawaii)



"Look at the guitar—only three strings!"

MOVIE GUIDE

Mayfair Theatre

APRIL ATTRACTIONS

Mar. 31—Apr. 3—Dancing Masters
Ghost Ship

Apr. 4-6—What's Buzzin' Cousin?
Dangerous Blondes

Apr. 7-10—Northern Pursuit

Apr. 11-13—Government Girl
Battle of Russia

Apr. 14-17—George in the Home Guard

Apr. 18-20—The Uninvited
Adventures of a Rookie

Apr. 21-24—No Time for Love

Apr. 25-27—In Old Chicago
Banjo On My Knee

Apr. 28-May 1—Fallen Sparrow

Dundas Theatre

COMING ATTRACTIONS

This Is The Army

Claudia

Watch On The Rhine

Gaiety Theatre

APRIL ATTRACTIONS

March 31—April 1—Pardon My Sarong
Hi Ya Chum

April 3 and 4—Henry and Dizzy
Mississippi Gambler

April 5 and 6—Hoppy Serves a Writ
They Fly by Night

April 7 and 8—Yankee Doodle Dandy
X Marks The Spot

April 10 and 11—Glamour Boy
Spooks Run Wild

April 12 and 13—Rubber Racketeers
Kid From Kansas

April 14 and 15—Now Voyager
Devil Pays Off

April 17 and 18—Double Trouble
Man From Headquarters

April 19 and 20—Torpedo Boat
Stick to Your Guns

April 21 and 22—Desperate Journey
Affairs of Jimmy Valentine

April 24 and 25—I Was Framed
Body Disappears

April 26 and 27—Lost Canyon
Criminal Investigator

April 28 and 29—Who Done It?
Eyes of the Underworld

REHABILITATION

1. An airman married with one child is discharged from the service as totally disabled as a result of wounds received in action. What pension will he and his family receive annually?
2. How many days pay according to rank will service personnel receive after an honourable discharge at the end of the war?
3. What allowance will be paid to dependents during that time?
4. How much cash must you pay the government in order to benefit under the Veterans Land Act if you wish to take full advantage of this opportunity to buy a farm and to stock it?
5. If you are a single man honourably discharged with one year's active service what out-of-work benefits can you claim while seeking your first job?
6. What pension allowance is the widow of an airman killed on active service entitled to annually?
7. For how long will the children of a totally disabled war veteran be entitled to allowances?
8. If you wish to enter a university at the end of the war, and are qualified to do so, what provisions has the government made to make courses available—how long may university training be extended?
9. Is your former employer legally bound to reinstate you in the position you held before enlistment?
10. What clothing allowance will an AC2 receive on discharge—will his officer receive a large grant?

***First Three Correct Answers To Reach Thumbs Up
Will Receive One Year's Subscription
FREE OF CHARGE.***

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DECISION OF EDITORS WILL BE FINAL

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