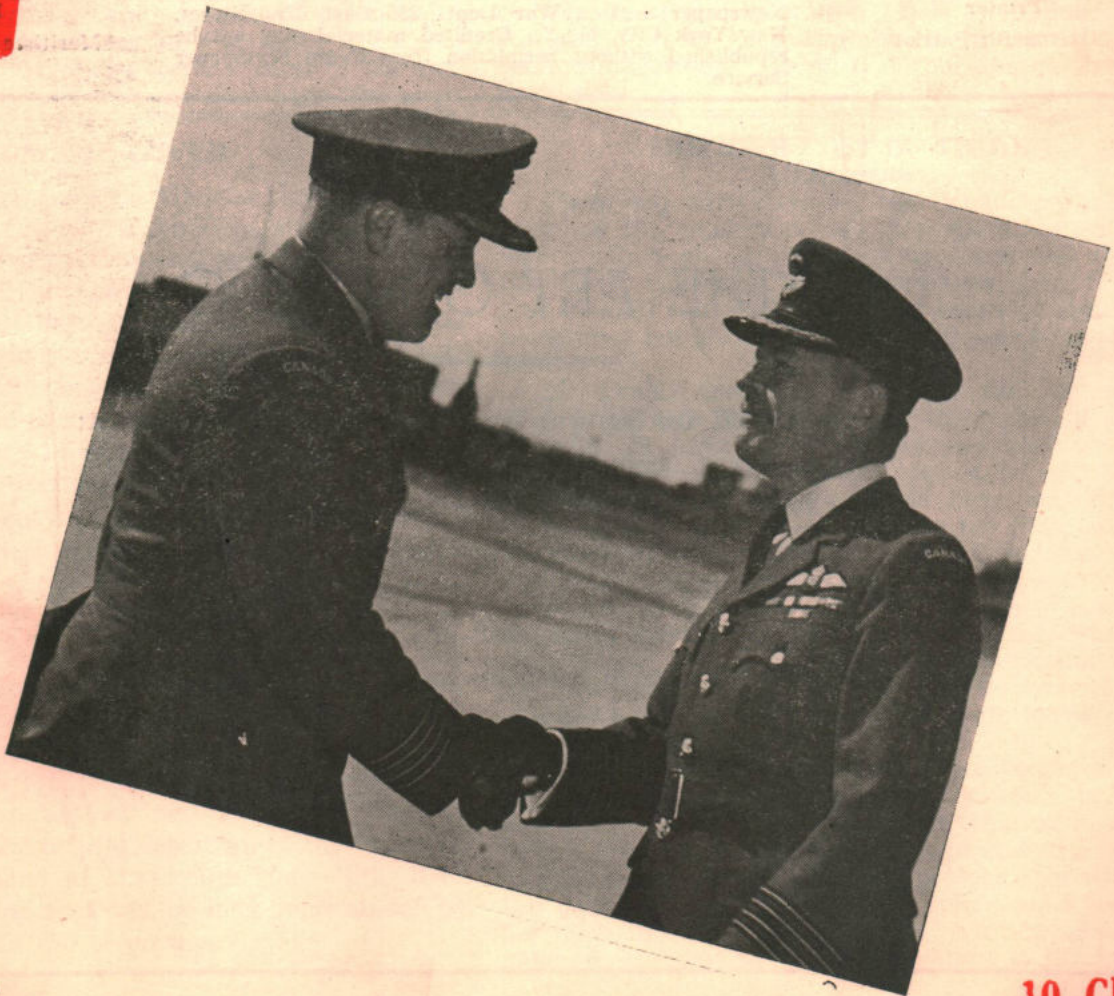




Thumbs Up!

R.C.A.F. Station,
DARTMOUTH, N.S.



MAY--JUNE

10 CENTS

Thumbs Up!

Published Monthly by Airmen of R.C.A.F. Station, Dartmouth, N. S.

With the kind permission of the Commanding Officer Group Captain H. M. CARSCALLEN, D.F.C.

Vol. 2

DARTMOUTH, N. S., MAY—JUNE, 1944

No. 10

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THE ART OF LIVING

To TOUCH the cup with eager lips and taste, not drain it;
To woo and tempt and court a bliss—and not attain it;
To fondle and caress a joy, yet hold it lightly,
Lest it become necessity and cling too tightly;
To watch the sunset in the west without regretting;
To hail its advent in the east—the night forgetting;
To smother care in happiness and grief in laughter;
To hold the present close—not questioning the hereafter.
To have enough to share—to know the joy of giving.
To thrill with all the sweets of life—is living.

Editorial



EDITORIAL

After a year of "well-earned rest," the writer finds himself again occupying the Editor's chair with all those mysterious powers attributed to the press at his command. He finds a station magazine much improved in material and a very complete change of editorial staff.

It has been difficult to pick up the threads so hastily thrown in his direction and to bring out an issue which will not suffer by comparison to other numbers published during the past year. Since his "retirement" in February, 1943, three editors have directed the policy of Thumbs Up. Each of these has added his own touch to the magazine and made it one of the best service periodicals in Canada. To carry on this tradition will be no mean task, but with the co-operation of a well-chosen staff it is hoped that Thumbs Up will prosper and reflect credit on this station.

Very little material was on hand to begin this issue, and the resignation of the former editor complicated matters. A change of policy has also been considered necessary. It is our intention to make Thumbs Up a station magazine in fact. We shall publish facts of interest to station personnel and omit any objectionable matter, thus making each number a souvenir of current life on the station. We hope to have most of the material contributed by our own airmen and airwomen.

There should be no necessity of copying features from other periodicals. At Dartmouth there must be numerous persons well able to contribute those stories, sketches and cartoons that mean so much in a service magazine. Each section and squadron should have its representative and be responsible for a monthly contribution. In the past many of our reporters have taken their work seriously and have always been on time with material. In other instances it has been difficult to obtain contributions.

It is no easy task to publish a monthly magazine. Those who have never tried to do so may not realize this fact. They see the results and are sometimes critical, but they do not understand the hours of work, on the part of the editors, behind each edition. This means teamwork and co-operation. Sometimes a few carry the full load of responsibility with little appreciation. A station periodical should be produced by the combined effort of as many as possible of the station personnel. It should have universal appeal and should be of interest to the many.

The Editor resumes his task requesting the fullest co-operation from the station. It is the intention of the editorial staff to keep Thumbs Up in the forefront of service magazines. We shall do our share—the rest is up to you.

ON THE COVER

In keeping with the season Thumbs Up appears this month with a new cover. For two years we have used the original cover produced on this station by a former airman of the Security Guard who, in civilian life, was a commercial artist. Personnel on this station may still remember Vern Drayton, who contributed so much to the initial issues of this magazine. However, it has been thought advisable to produce a new cover that may be changed from month to month, and in which seasonal pictures of station activities may be reproduced.

We trust you will like this effort and submit any suggestions for picture inserts in subsequent editions.

The reproduction for this month might be entitled "Hail and Farewell." It shows Group Captain B. D. Hobbs, D.S.O., D.S.C., former Commanding Officer, welcoming the new Commanding Officer, Group Captain H. M. Carscallen, D.F.C., to this station. This was taken as the former relinquished the command in which he has served so faithfully and well. The entire personnel of the station, officers, airmen and airwomen, were on parade to witness the official departure of the man who had been in command at Dartmouth since July, 1940. This was an occasion that will be long remembered by those taking part in the ceremony.

THE HIGH COST OF VICTORY

(Contributed)

These are stern days for the Canadian forces overseas and the country is told to prepare for even more difficult days ahead. There is no doubt that this "victory year" will bring home, more than ever, the bitter cost of total warfare, not only in terms of material expenditures, but also in terms of the flower of the nation's youth.

Mr. Donald Nelson, chairman of the United States War Production Board, stressed this point in a recent appeal to the American people. Illustrating how victories increase the demand for war supplies, he said that one thousand airplane workers would have to work forty hours a week for a year to replace the sixty Fortresses lost in the Schweinfurt raid. And this takes into no account the bomber crews that went too.

But what price this victory if it leads to a welter of the same old selfishness, the carping criticism of the other fellow, the greeds and fears and hates that marked the brief chaotic respite between the last war and this? What use for men and women to die gloriously, that we may go on living ingloriously?

History repeats itself only because people do. This time we need to face the facts, not of what our governments have or have not done, but of what we have failed to do. Many have given their lives to give us the chance to build a new world. The only coinage that will repay this debt is the coinage of a new spirit and a resolve to pay back, in living honestly and in restoring sound moral values in business and home, something of the high cost

Commanding Officer R. C. A. F. Station Dartmouth



I take this opportunity to greet all ranks and request their cooperation in continuing to make R.C.A.F. Station, Dartmouth an efficient and happy Unit.

It is up to us as individuals and as a Unit to make sure that this Station plays its full part in the coming victory and that we uphold the proud traditions of the R.C.A.F.

(H. M. Carscallen) Group Captain,
C. O., R.C.A.F. Stn., Dartmouth, N. S.

With this issue we greet the new Commanding Officer of this station, Group Captain H. M. Carscallen, D.F.C. and welcome him to Dartmouth.

Dartmouth is by no means an unfamiliar station to our newly appointed Commanding Officer. From 1938 until 1942 he served as Officer Commanding 5 BR and 10 BR Squadrons—leaving this station on posting overseas.

While overseas Group Captain Carscallen commanded a Canadian Bomber Squadron for a year.

The Commanding Officer has been continuously employed on operational duties since the outbreak of the war, and on July 1st, 1943 was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross in recognition of his outstanding service. He has a splendid record of achievement and there is no doubt that he will prove as popular as Commanding Officer of this station as he was in his previous stay

with us as Officer Commanding of two Bomber Squadrons.

Group Captain Carscallen was born in the "Ambitious City" of Hamilton, the son of Colonel H. G. Carscallen, D.S.O., a veteran of World War 1. He received his education in Hamilton, later attending the Royal Military College, Kingston. He is a graduate of Osgoode Hall in Toronto and holds a degree from Queens University. He enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in October 1932 and received his early training in Camp Borden. From Camp Borden he was posted to Ottawa where he was engaged in a cross country air survey. His flying experience has been wide and varied making him particularly fitted as Commanding Officer of a large operational station.

The entire personnel of this station join the writer in wishing Group Captain Carscallen a pleasant and successful stay at Dartmouth.

❖ AS OTHERS SEE IT ❖

In line with "Thumbs Up" stated policy of bringing you the best entertainment possible in the editorial world, we are using an editorial from "Chatelaine" of November, 1943, written by Mary-Eta MacPherson, managing editor.

* * * *

It was 1:45 and the crowd at the restaurant counter was beginning to thin out. The girl from the office building across the street, who had eaten her sandwiches at her desk while taking the noon phone calls, slid onto a stool and ordered a cup of coffee. Eventually it came—in a cup with a cracked and gouged rim and a smear of lipstick.

The girl with the tired face, knowing that these were difficult times for lunch counters as for business offices, made a valiant effort and got the cup half way to her mouth, but no farther. "I can't drink coffee out of a cup like this," she said.

"I suppose you want me to bring you another cup and throw this out," snapped the waitress.

"No, thanks," the customer replied, having a sudden vision of the dishwashing arrangements. "Just give me my check; I'm willing to pay for what I ordered but at least I don't have to drink it."

"SOME people," muttered the waitress meaningfully as she scribbled on her check pad, "don't care a darn about wasting things; SOME people don't know how lucky they are to get a cup of coffee; SOME people don't know there's a war on."

There it was again—that familiar, unhappy alibi for slovenliness. "There's a war on"; therefore disorder becomes the normal, and the small decencies of life are ignored, or, what is even more frightening to contemplate, are in danger of being permanently scrapped. For the habit of care and courtesy and gentle dealing, which took humanity so long to acquire, can't be tossed aside like an old shoe, for a few years, and then picked up and taken in to wear at some future date when we decide it's time once again to be civilized. Habit is something we use, consciously or not, every day of our lives, and if we displace a good habit by a bad one we are likely to be stuck with the new one forever and a day.

A great deal of discussion is now taking place concerning the post-war world. Already we know the broad outline — new materials and improved techniques for building, new textiles, increased travel facilities, a more scientific diet, greater leisure, health insurance, and some measure of social security. But among all these plans we have yet to find one that seriously concerns itself with the Problem Personality of the post-war era. The sloppy worker who got by during the labor shortage, the shopper who hoarded, the wives and husbands who forgot their vows, the parents who neglected their children, and all the other cheats who took their own special advantage of a difficult situation; they will still be with us, and it is too much to expect that they will change overnight into fine, responsible citizens, adhering to a high code of ethics and public manners. Plastics and vitamins will help us in many ways, but they can't do an overhaul job on character.

Thank heaven, there aren't many of these saboteurs, but there are just enough, and scattered in just such a way through our economic and social strata as to serve as a warning signal to all who care about the decent life.

In times of extraordinary stress it is a good and wholesome thing to reaffirm one's faith. It is important that one should have a standard of behavior and keep to it. In spite of the war tension, indeed because of it, it is essential that members of our common society deal fairly and courteously with each other. Manners are no longer something to store on ice, between special drawing-room occasions; they are a daily requisite in the home and the shop and in front of the washroom mirror at the office. The job in hand is the one that needs doing well, whether it's the washing of a coffee cup, the tending of a furnace, the filing of a letter. "By such carefulness life survives," Rebecca West wrote. We can't afford to gamble with the future by losing that carefulness.



ON DAYS LOST SPLENDOUR

We greet each guiltless morn with promise fair
 That, wholly garbed in virtues armour bright
 We'll hold elusive honour in our sight
 And keep the hours unsullied in our care
 Yet oft we fail, and manhoods burden bear
 To sad disgrace, for weary 'ere the night
 We've tripped the vain caprice with fool delight
 And lost sweet mornings hope in dark despair.
 Then turn the sickened heart and faithless eye
 To each new day whose chastened seal unbroke
 Awakes sad echo where dead courage lies,
 While hope on palsied limb o'erripe to die
 Mocks resolution's word but newly spoke.
 And leaves the vanquished soul to self despise.

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



This time is must be "hands across the sea" which grasp nothing except each other.

* * * *

It's not enough to have an answer to the problems of today. We've got to BE the answer.

* * * *

Some of us are afraid to search our souls, for fear that we will find a heel.

* * * *

They are out there fighting for freedom. Let's fight back here and guarantee them the reward of a rebirth of freedom at home.

* * * *

The problem after the war is not so much demobilization of our forces as remobilization of our motives. Aim high or you'll hit low.

Station Personalities

OUR STATION WARRANT OFFICER



WO1 Collins was born in Leicester, England. He attended Wigston Public School until he was fourteen years old when he went to sea as a ship's apprentice. After 3 years afloat he left his ship at Saint John, N. B. and took up decorating. He has worked at this trade in many different countries.

WO1 Collins served in World War 1 becoming Regimental Sergeant Major of the 59th Battalion. In

1915 he transferred to the 38th Battalion and remained with that Unit until he was discharged in 1919 in England.

Returning to Canada with a wife and a Military Medal, he set himself up in business in Ontario. Availing himself of the opportunities offered in the Permanent Force, he enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in 1930, and served in Camp Borden until the outbreak of World War II.

WO1 Collins served under WO1 (now Squadron Leader) Dyte, and assisted him in opening of No. 1 Manning Depot, Toronto. In February 1940 he was posted to No. 11 B.R. Dartmouth, and then transferred to No. 1 Fighter Squadron. With the latter squadron he made his second trip overseas in June 1940. A year later he returned to Canada and assigned to the post of Station Warrant Officer when No. 5 I.T.S. was first opened at Belleville, Ont. After a term of duty at Arrprior, Ontario, WO1 Collins was sent to Dartmouth where he replaced WO1 Clark as Station Warrant Officer on 27th November, 1943.

Bundles of "Thank you" letters from R.C.A.F. personnel overseas are the prizes possession of the Dartmouth Airmen's Wives Club. These "Thank you" notes were written by airmen on receipt of cigarettes, sweaters, socks and other comforts forwarded by this energetic club.

Other contributions of this club include supervision of the Dartmouth Services Club on Tuesdays, assisting at the Halifax Camps Libraries and Magazine Exchange and helping the Red Cross with their financial drives.

Study groups replaces social activities for the group. In order to be better prepared to meet emergencies which may arise in the community, the Dartmouth Airmen's Wives Club conducted first-aid and home nursing courses.

The president, Mrs. J. Maskell of 74 Windmill Road, comes from Belgium. Recently through the Red Cross, she heard from her family for the first time in four years. The other officers are Mrs. D. Kennedy, 12 Oakdale Crescent, secretary, and Mrs. L. R. Heans, 319½ Portland Street, treasurer.

OUR BANDMASTER

"Thumbs Up" to-day introduces to you Sgt. Jack Neilson, Bandmaster of the Dartmouth Station Band. Sgt. Neilson has only been with us for the last two months, having come from Rockcliffe Station, where he looked after the training of bands for postings to different parts of the country.

Before joining up in 1942, Sgt. Neilson held a high reputation as a professional musician, being one of Toronto's leading violinists. He was a member of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, and played on many of the C.B.C. feature radio programmes. In 1938 Jack toured the British Isles with Ray Noble and his American Orchestra.

Since coming here Sgt. Neilson has enjoyed many successes with the Dartmouth Band, and thinks they are a splendid outfit.

Sgt. Neilson's wife is one of Canada's finest violinists. Appearing under her own name, Bearina Somerville has achieved considerable success. Mrs. Neilson will be spending the summer with her husband in Dartmouth, and we can look forward to hearing her during that time.





STATION LIBRARY

TALKING OF BOOKS

I have been asked to talk about the Library this month. Well, the Library, may or may not, be a favourite spot with you, but if it isn't, why not make it so?

As some of you are aware we have moved into the old Music Room, which means a lot more room, sunshine, a certain amount of cheeriness, and an ideal place to "browse", or to wile away an hour skimming the magazines. We have a good assortment of magazines laid out on a centre table for your perusal, or you take your choice to the reading room across the hall, if you leave your mess card for security.

The library also houses games and gramophone records, and you are welcome to either at any time under the same arrangement.

As you are well aware there are books that are utterly impossible to get. We are always anxious to please, but you will agree that we cannot afford to lower the tone of the library, so please make your requests with a view to every man reading them.

I wonder if you all realize how important it is for you to read! It should be a "must" with you, even if only one book a month.

We have Fiction touching social problems, problems of environment and all phases of life and humanity. On our shelves is Non-Fiction which includes Political Discourses, Travel, Current Events, Biographies, Essays etc.

Then there are the "thrillers" that are relaxing, and now-a-days, very involved. In some cases finding out "who done it" is highly exciting and no end of fun.

Civilization to-day is based on books. It is said you can't read too many. J. B. Priestley remarked on one of his radio broadcasts that "at a time when public morale is all important \$10,000,000 should be spent on books", so you can see how important books are in the scheme of things.

All our outstanding men and women in the field of labour are avid readers, and anybody can be outstanding if they draw up a schedule of consistent reading. In this the library will co-operate with you 100% and all you have to do is put forth your suggestions.

At the moment we have a good selection of Fiction and Non-Fiction. In the Educational Library are technical books of all kinds, as well as controversial subjects. Anything we haven't on hand, can be obtained for you, all you have to do is ask.

Books are a mine of information, dealing with every subject under the sun from birth to death.

If a good library is of chief importance to a civilian community, how much more so is it here at Dartmouth for us in the R.C.A.F. So please, by your regular attendance at, and interest in your Library—help me to make it a good one, if possible the best in the R.C.A.F. Even if you get "posted" your successors will enjoy it, and bless you.

Many thanks for your encouragement in the past.
"THE LIBRARIAN"



AWARDS

In a short ceremony at Dartmouth Air Station recently, Air Vice-Marshal G. O. Johnson, C..B., M.C., Air Officer Commanding Eastern Air Command, presented awards including one Distinguished Flying Cross and Bar, one Operational Wings, and three Mentions in Despatches.

Flying Officer L. P. S. Bing, Regina and Charlottetown, received the D.F.C. and Bar, and the Operational Wing. The three Mentions in Despatches went to Wing Commander E. B. Hale, 16 Inglewood Drive, Hamilton, Ont.; Squadron Leader J. Howell, Meteghan, N.S., and Flying Officer A. K. Sonnichsen, Lunenburg, N. S.

F/O Bing, D.F.C. and Bar, whose parents live at 226 Angus Crescent, Regina, enlisted in September, 1939. He reached England in February, 1941, as an air gunner. He later remustered to become a navigator and was on operations in this capacity until the fall of 1941, when he went out to Egypt.

In Egypt, he flew on night fighter and intruder operation missions until the spring of 1942, when he was shifted to Malta. There, with Flight Lieutenant J. G. Fumerton, D.F.C. and Bar, Fort Coloungue, Que., he flew as an observer and fought with great distinction. The citation, accompanying the D.F.C., reads:

"Flying Officer Bing has displayed courage and outstanding skill. He has taken part in the destruction of ten enemy aircraft at night. Flying Officer Bing has set a magnificent example to other observers."

Their total was later raised to eleven enemy planes. In December, 1942, F/O Bing was sent back to Egypt, where he helped chase Rommel out of Libya, before being repatriated to Canada.

Since his return to this country, F/O Bing has qualified as a bomber pilot and is now stationed at Dartmouth. Mrs. Bing, a Charlottetown girl whom he met last summer and married recently, is living at 167 Euston Street, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

W/C E. B. Hale, a native of Toledo, Ohio, whose home is now in Hamilton, Ont., is the commanding officer of a Dartmouth-based bomber squadron. He received a Mention in Despatches for his demonstrated gift of organization and the all-round ability he has displayed in leading his squadron through the heavy operational schedule assigned it in the past year.

In his position as commanding officer of the Marine Squadron at Dartmouth Air Station, S/L J. Howell, Meteghan, N.S., has been responsible for the regular transport of supplies and provisions to many R.C.A.F. outposts along the Atlantic shore. The success with which he discharged his duty resulted in his winning a Mention in Despatches.

F/O A. K. Sonnichsen, Lunenburg, N.S., also received a Mention in Despatches. It came in recognition of the capable manner in which he has performed as master of the R.C.A.F. marine craft, "O.K. Service." F/O Sonnichsen has charted and sounded many hitherto unknown inlets along the Atlantic coast, with the result that much fresh and valuable information has been made available to the authorities.

A SERGEANT'S PRAYER

Almighty and all-present Power,
Short is the prayer I make to Thee,
I do not ask in battle hour
For any shield to cover me.

The vast unalterable way,
From which the stars do not depart,
May not be turned aside to stay
The bullet flying to my heart.

I ask no help to strike my foe,
I seek no petty victory here.
The enemy I hate, I know
To Thee is dear.

But this I pray, be at my side
When death is drawing through the sky,
Almighty God who also died
Teach me the way that I should die.

By Sgt. Hugh Brodie, R.C.A.F.
(Now reported missing in action.)

Padre's Corner



V.W.D.

By F/Lt. WOODSIDE
TRUTH RISES AGAIN

One of the most thrilling stories that has come out of the present world struggle, is that of the experience of Werner Moelders, the great German ace who has been credited with 115 victories in single combat. He rose to the rank of Colonel in the Luftwaffe, and fought for six years as a fighter pilot over Spain, France, Britain, the Balkans and finally Russia. He was honored with the highest decoration—the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross with Oak Leaves and Diamonds. In the execution of his duties he was ruthless and fearless. With other German youth he had been taught that his profession would be killing and he had learned his lesson well. His God was Hitler and his Bible was "Mein Kampf."

It is to Padre Guinness, until recently the R.A.F. chaplain at Charlottetown, P.E.I., that we are indebted for the story of Moelders. He was able to obtain some first-hand information (as well as being) indebted to Herr W. Frischaver's account of Moelder's experiences which first appeared in "The People" (June, 1942), published in London. The source of Frischaver's narrative in turn was the official organ of the Gestapo, the "Schwarze Korps," which sought to warn the people against a return to their standards like Moelder had done. In addition, Mr. Alex Dreier, a former Berlin correspondent of the National Broadcasting Company, assures us in an article in "The Readers Digest" that few German readers believed the official account of the "tragic accident" of which we shall read later.

Werner Moelders had accepted the doctrine that Hitler could do no wrong and as long as he believed in the Fuehrer he could not fail. He had reached that state of mind and heart that he considered it fun to hurt bombs down on defenceless peoples. It was fun to shoot up women and children and to see them run like frightened animals for shelter. In his idle moments he joined his companions in desecrating churches and jeering at those who were driven off to concentration camps.

Finally Moelders was sent to the Russian front. Again victory attended his efforts and as he sat in the cockpit of his Messerschmitt he wrought vengeance upon his foes. But with the coming of the Russian winter he encountered almost insurmountable difficulties. And then one day two Hurricanes dived on him out of a clear sky, and with a damaged engine he turned and ran for it. Do what he would the tracer bullets followed him and for the first time in his life he knew what it meant to be afraid. In those terrible moments old influences reasserted themselves and he cried out: "God, God Almighty in Heaven—help me out of this. You alone can save me!"

As by a miracle, Moelders escaped. When he climbed from his riddled plane he was a man shaken to his very depths and in a sense heartily ashamed of himself for

his cowardice. He went immediately to his quarters and shut himself up. He was now to fight a battle with himself and he wanted to be alone. One thing was certain—his faith in the Nazi creed was now shaken. The faith of earlier years was coming back. Thoughts of home, his mother, his church, his early faith in God, and for the tough Nazi the truth began to dawn.

Like Paul, to him all things became new. And like Paul he must needs face his comrades and now was he going to do it? It was not easy to talk to his friends about God. He knew what to expect—the cynicism of Nazi youth who regarded themselves as being superior beings.

However, where there is a will there is a way. And what a surprise awaited him! Hardly had he spoken of his new experience when a strange silence fell over the crowded room. Looks of hidden emotion and fearful glances told Moelders the truth. His companions knew from their own experience about what he was speaking. One by one they admitted a like breakdown in their misdirected and misguided faith and how that many of them who had ferried supplies to soldiers on the front line had found the same reaction amongst those who were up against the great realities of life and who were suffering privation, suffering and pain. And it was not just a revelation of weakness, rather it was the fact that their false doctrine of life was being weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Moelders wrote a confession to his home parson, who passed it on to his parents, and finally a copy came into the hands of the Bishop of Breslau. The Bishop appealed to Moelders to help the church in the hour of persecution. A great national hero would certainly be able to wield great influence. Moelders was glad of the opportunity and immediately sent a message to the Fuehrer to the effect that he could not continue to fight for the Fatherland if the Gestapo continued to attack the Christian Church on the home front. The Gestapo's revenge was prompt. Hero or no hero, this attitude could not be ignored safely. It was arranged that while Moelders was a passenger on a certain transport plane an explosion be engineered—and on November 22, 1941, the deed was accomplished. Moelders, the great Ace, was the victim of those whom he had heretofore sought to serve. But was he silenced? Had Christ been silenced by His crucifixion? Once more, misguided men were wrong in their assumptions.

Soon after Moelders' death, secret underground presses printed thousands of copies of his letter which were circulated throughout the country. Young Nazis read and pondered. Now it became necessary to fight Moelders' testament. The return to the Christian faith must be stopped because there could be but one God in Germany—Hitler. Bribes, threats, and cruel torture are still the general practice. Moelders is dead, but his message lives on. Truth crushed to earth has risen again.



LAC JIMMY COX



SGT. RAY POTRUFF



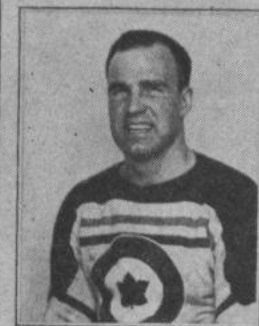
P/O DOUG CLARK



F/L HAL COULTER
LEAGUE PRESIDENT



P/O GEORGE COOPS



CPL. EDDIE BUSH



LAC HARRY BRIDGEO

HEADQUARTERS

RCAF STATION DARTMOUTH



LAC CARL RIPLEY



LAC FRANK RIPLEY



CPL. 'FLASH' LANG



SGT. HUBIE FARRELL



INTER-SQUADRON CHAMPIONS 1943-44



LAC MAC McDONALD



SGT. BUD DOW



LAC ALEX STARK
TRAINER



AC' AL THOMSON



SGT. EMILE GALIPEAU



LAC JACK DOYON

Photographic Section
DARTMOUTH, N.S.

LAC DOYON J.V. Photographer
April 1944

Sports



Sport Reporter

Arnold White

Another winter's sport history is almost ready to be written into the record, as hockey, basketball, bowling and badminton prepare to bow out for the season to leave the field clear for outdoor games. Plans for these are under way already, and should be complete enough for publication in the next issue of Thumbs Up.

R.C.A.F. Dartmouths left their mark very definitely on the Halifax sport picture during the winter season of 1943-1944. In hockey and basketball our teams were top flight performers and attracted a considerable following among local fans. Particularly was this true in hockey, and it is likely that many years will pass before as many top-rank ice stars will spend a season in this vicinity. Basketball—a game that has not appealed to Haligonians as much as it warrants—has run hockey a close second in both calibre and success, and the station team, along with those from Navy and Army, have undoubtedly advanced the sport more in this one season than would have resulted from several years of normal development.

The field in which this advancement has taken place is junior sport. There is no keener fan nor quicker learner than the 'teen age youngster, and the opportunity to watch the Poultons, McLeods, Devitts (Navy) and Wynns (Army) in action on the basketball court and the Conachers, Bush's, Laprades and McEwans, on the ice will have a beneficial effect on local athletics long after these men have left here—in fact, it is an effect already noticeable. A minor, but appreciable, good from the ill-wind of war.

HALIFAX GARRISON CHAMPIONSHIP GOES TO 8CMU HOCKEY TEAM

To 8CMU goes the honour of capturing for the Airforce the only championship won in winter sport. While not strictly a station team, it was bolstered by several of our players for the Garrison hockey series with Army and Navy teams, and performed all year in our Inter-Squadron League.

The Garrison Championship series involved 8CMU and X Squadron representing the R.C.A.F., and two teams each from Army and Navy. Chief opposition came from the A23 soldiers, who were only beaten after winning the first two games in a best of five series that

topped anything the NHL had to offer this year in thrills. With the exception of the second game when Bush, Pumble and Laprade were at Sydney with the station team, each game was fought to a finish. A23, led by Bingo Kampman, the burly ex-Maple Leaf, were rated to win the start and took the hard-fought opener by the narrow margin of 6-5. Opposed by the weakened team in the next game, the Artillerymen waltzed through for an 11-3 win, and needed only one more victory to take the series.

They hadn't reckoned on the fighting spirit of the Airmen, however, and a narrow 7-6 win for the latter sent the series into a fourth game. Here a clear cut 8-5 win for 8CMU set the stage for the fifth battle.

The script, if there had been one, would have called for a thriller in that deciding game, but no script could have done a better job than the facts produced. The pre-series favourite soldiers passed and skated their way to a 6-3 lead by the end of the first period, and appeared to have found a winning combination. The breaks seemed to be going their way, too, in the second when Carr, the 8CMU goalie, was injured, but this bad break seemed to be the needed spark for the Airmen. Giving their goalie perfect protection they whittled down the Army's lead to one goal, going into the last period with the score only 5-6 against them.

In that final session, Carr was injured twice in clearing, once having to leave the ice while seven stitches were put in a cut on his jaw. Still he kept a perfect goal, while his teammates, led by Bush, Laprade and McEwan, first tied and then passed the soldiers to win by the clear margin of 9 to 6. Despite injuries and a three-goal deficit, they had scored six goals without reply in 40 minutes of torrid hockey to win their third straight game and the series.

STATION CHAMPION DECLARED IN FINAL BADMINTON TOURNAMENT

The climax of a busy season was reached in the Badminton Club when a tournament was held to decide the station champions in men's singles and doubles, ladies' singles and mixed doubles. Due to the lack of entries, no ladies doubles were played.

Only one winner in the previous tourney was able to retain the title, LAC Herb Richards again winning the men's singles with a straight set win over F/O Burkholder. Sgt. Martin of the Rec. Hall staff is the new ladies' singles champion.

Richard also figured in the men's and mixed doubles finals but ran into unexpectedly stiff competition. He and F/O Burkholder in the men's doubles lost a hard fought battle to LAC Herb Mears and LAC Arnold White, scores being 15-12, 15-12. The mixed final between LAW Jean McLean and White and LAW Mary Nixon and Richard was the outstanding match of the tournament, with McLean and White finally winning by scores of 8-15, 15-12, 15-10.

MORE SPORT



WIN OR LOSE

After a good season of winning and losing, the Marine Squadron gave a banquet for their hockey team. The home of Flight-Sergeant MacDonald was used for the festive occasion.

Mrs. MacDonald, Mrs. Grover, and Mrs. Arbuckle were the very able hostesses and are to be congratulated on the sumptuous dinner they prepared for the boys. The tables were suitably decorated with spring flowers. Howell, Officer Commanding of the Marine Squadron, gave a short talk complimenting the players on the interest in their game of the finish of the series, even though they lost some of their best players.

Even though the Marine Squadron did lose out in the hockey league, it was felt by all present that they can challenge and hold their own in the forthcoming baseball season.

The balance of the evening was enjoyably spent playing various games and was brought to a happy close by the serving of refreshments by the very kind and gracious hostesses.

By J.B.D.

INTER-SQUADRON HOCKEY TITLE TO H.Q.

An anomalous feature of the hockey situation was that 8 CMU did NOT win the Inter-Squadron championship. This went to H. Q., who were not eligible for the Garrison series because they had not finished either first or second in their league. They had the benefit of Eddie Bush's ability and experience, however, as he was with 8CMU only for the Garrison games.

8 CMU were the other finalists for the S/L Wilson Trophy, but could not extend the best of three series beyond two games, H. Q. taking the title by scores of 8-3 and 7-6. As in the Garrison games, Bush was an outstanding performer, both on offense and defence, but the hockey produced was of a high order all round.

PLAY-OFFS START IN INTER-SQUADRON BASKETBALL FOR LEGGETT TROPHY

Also down to the play-off stage, with Combines, H.Q. Marines, X Squadron and Sector-Ops. ready to battle it out for the Leggett Trophy, the Inter Squadron basketball league is winding up a very good season. Favoured to cop the cup are Harry Chelin's Combines, who went through their schedule undefeated. Remembering what happened to X Squadron in hockey, though, the three other teams are threatening to upset the leaders, and some fast action is promised before a new name goes on the silverware.

BASKETBALL TEAM REACHES FINALS BUT LOSES TO ARMY QUINTETTE

After setting the pace in the Halifax City Basketball League all season, the Dartmouth team faltered as the playoffs approached and, although trimming H.M.C.S. Kings handily in the semi-finals, could not hit their league form in the finals. As a result, Army playing clever ball, took the final two game total point series by a score of 78 to 65.

The semi-finals, also a two game total point affair, saw Navy, 1943 winners, lose to Army 65-60. Meanwhile the R.C.A.F. was trouncing Kings by 114-50 as Poulton, McLeod and Chelin set a terrific scoring pace. These three totalled 38, 30 and 29 points respectively in the two games. but only McLeod with 15 in the first of the finals and Poulton with 16 in the second were able to penetrate the close-checking Army defence.

Every credit must be given the Army team. Winners of only three of ten league games, they took full advantage of the addition of two or three new players from intermediate ranks, and led by a smooth play-maker named Wynn, and a lanky scoring threat named Trudy, played heads-up ball throughout the playoffs. Rated underdogs in both series, they were still worth their wins on their series form.

R.C.A.F. Line-up:—E. McLeod, T. Poulton, H. Chelin, P. Lewis, D. Malcolm, G. Hutton, E. Poscavage, J. Georges, P. Wesilberg.



**CHAMPIONSHIP
BOWLING TEAM**



Reading left to right: Cpl. Eisent, LAC Steeves, Sgt. Butler, Cpl. Compson and LAC Hickson.

**BAND WELL TO THE FORE ON
FLOOR HOCKEY BATTLE FRONT**

Continuing to entertain good crowds with action galore, the floor hockey league has reached about the three-quarter mark on its schedule, with interest as ever. It has proved to be a fine team game, while fulfilling the early prospect of being a rough and rowdy battle all the way. Any doubts on the score will be chased by a visit to either dressing room after the final whistle where a popular pastime is comparing bruised shins and battered ribs.

The Band no longer has an unbeaten record, but is well out in front of the pack according to standing released to March 31, which follow. However, Marines, X Squadron and Sector ops. are all drawing closer, and the play-offs may well see one of the three upset the leaders. H.Q. Armourers, a potent force in the early going, have lost quite a few stars by postings, but are also very much in the running still.

Standing to March 31:—

	P	W	L	D	For	Agst	Pts
Band	8	6	1	1	50	23	13
Marines	7	4	2	1	21	20	9
Sector Ops.	8	4	4	0	32	35	8
X Squadron	9	4	4	1	44	39	9
H.Q. Armament ..	8	3	4	1	22	27	7
Combines	9	3	5	1	32	40	7
Y Squadron	9	2	6	1	31	50	5

W. D. SPORTS

BY L. A. W. PLAYFAIR

At last the ground has dried up and the softball season is underway. We have four teams in the house league, one each from H.Q., Sector Ops, Signals, and the Hospital. As we go to press, no games have been played but the schedule is drawn up and will begin shortly and the girls may be seen practising almost any night.

Volleyball died a natural death with the beginning of softball. No league was formed—instead it proved to be as was originally intended, a “filler-in” to keep up the interest and enthusiasm of the W.D.’s between seasons. As the old saying goes, “It was fun while it lasted.”

A W.D. Sports Committee was formed in April with N/S LeBreque in charge, Sgt. Martin as chairman, LAW. Periard as secretary and with Cpls. Mooney and Atkinson as members. Already they have shown us what they can do by the fine dance they had in April, gathering the sport-minded people together. Entertaining is not their chief function by any means. At the moment they are planning summer sports for the girls, including archery, swimming, and perhaps tennis and riding if suitable arrangements can be made. They have also obtained a grant of money for uniforms for the various teams. The colors have been chosen, the outfits designed, and the order is being filled. From all accounts, our girls will be looking extremely smart out there on the softball field in a month or so.



NURSING SISTER LE BREQUE

W.D. Diary

Edited

by

L.A.W. HANDSLEY



Sgt. "Tim" Martin, or Maureen Stirling - Martin, our new P. T. C & D. sergeant, was born in Edmonton, Alberta, in 1922. At the early age of four years she moved to Vancouver where she attended Vancouver High School. Upon her graduation she was employed to teach swimming and diving for the Vancouver Sun, and also worked for some time at Hudson's Bay Co. She enlisted with the W.D.'s in February of 1942 and became a full-fledged airwoman upon completion of basic training at Toronto. Following her course as a chef in Guelph, she was posted to Javis for five

months, remustering finally to P.T. & D. After a course in physical training she was posted to Hagersville, and remained for nine months. At Trenton, where she com-

LAW Mary D. Toohy first saw the light of day in Woodstock, Ontario. She was educated at St. Mary's School in her home town after which she took up nursing in the Woodstock Hospital, studying "epilepsy" but one day decided to join the throng of W.D.'s. She enlisted September 18, 1942. She took her basic training at Rockcliffe, and was posted to "Y" Depot, Halifax, N. S. After serving there a year, she came to Dartmouth to work in the Snack Bar.

Her favourite sports are swimming, horseback riding, and skating, and hobbies are dancing and reading good literature.

After the war Mary intends to take up where she left off, before joining up, that is she said, "If I don't settle down before the war is over."



LAW R. Nickafor, or "Nickie", as she is more familiarly known, hails from the wide open spaces of the West. She was born near Saskatoon, being educated at Langham, Saskatchewan. Before enlistment in April 1942 she clerked in a confectionery store in Saskatoon.

"Nickie" received her initial training at Rockcliff, and her first posting was to MacDonald, Manitoba. In July 1942 she was re-posted to Gander where she remained one year on duty in the Officers' Mess. She arrived on this Station in September 1943 and was assigned for duty to the Snack Bar, where her civilian experience proved of great value. On the opening of the new W.D. Canteen "Nickie" was placed on the staff, a position which she now holds.



OPENING OF W.D. CANTEEN, MARCH 24, 1944

On the evening of March 24, 1944, the W.D. Canteen was officially opened by S/L Christy, who spoke for G/C Hobbs, the Commanding Officer. He welcomed all W.D.'s on the station to the Canteen, and gave some account of the difficulties which had to be overcome before this attractive recreation hall was finally completed.

Cpl. Hendershot replied on behalf of all W.D.'s on the station. She thanked G/C Hobbs, the Commanding Officer; W/C Sprange, F/O Besner, who had gone to Montreal to purchase the furniture; F/L Rowbottom, F/O Claringbold, the Works and Buildings officers and their staff, who had painted the walls, built the booths, etc.; F/O Webster, who had selected the stock and helped in many other ways; A/S/O Bryanton, the W.D. Administrative Officer, and A/S/O Kennedy, the Canteen Officer, and all who had helped so ably and with so much interest in the completion of this building.

Dancing continued for the remainder of the evening. Guests were welcomed by Cpl. Marjory Dalton. The mistress of ceremonies, Cpl. Hendershot, ran off the dance, and roused everybody's interest and co-operation in the many novelty and trick dances. A/S/O Bryanton and Cpl. McKinnon supervised the serving of a delicious supper, during which Cpl. Betty Laycock sang, and LAC. Clyde Carty played several mandolin solos.

The canteen itself is one of the nicest W.D. recreation halls to be found anywhere in Canada. The walls of the main lounge room are painted blue with ivory woodwork.

MORE W. D.



W. D. CANTEEN

The furniture is all-white leatherette with dark blue occasional chairs interspersed. The rugs are also dark blue and at one end of the room is a huge fireplace upon which is painted the Air Force crest, work of LAC. Clyde Carty of the Fire Dept.

A finishing touch was added for the opening night when LAW. Pavely donated four dozen daffodils, which had been sent to her that day by her mother. They had come Air Mail all the way from her mother's garden in Vancouver.

The Canteen part has attractive yellow and brown booths with blue trim, and the canteen itself is very well stocked with all refreshments, soft drinks, cigarettes, etc., as well as the most popular toiletries.

The reading, writing and games rooms are more than adequately supplied by the Y.M.C.A.

The whole station is justly proud of this beautiful Recreation Hall, and it will no doubt prove to be the most popular place here.



CANTEEN W.D. DANCE

A successful party was sponsored by the W.D.'s basketball team on Wednesday evening, April 12, in the Canteen lounge. Special invitations had been sent to airmen, and upon arrival each man was given a tag representing different sports.

From 8:30 until 10 dancing was enjoyed. The jitterbug contest was won by LAW. Burgart and LAC. Weiser. For refreshments, delicious hot dogs and coffee were served by the girls and boys of the basketball team, who were assisted by F/L Coulter and P/O Lewis.

This was followed by a sing-song led by LAC. Georges. Dancing to the music as rendered by the Y.M.C.A. staff continued until midnight. Everybody spent an enjoyable evening, and such dances will be held from time to time in the W.D. Canteen.

MY PRAYER

By AW.1 LINDSAY, E. P.

This is my prayer:

Bring him home safely, dear Lord. Bring him home to his mother. She looked upon him in his cradle and dreamed great dreams for him. Not money or fame to be his, but a full rich life, made abundant by true friends and simple living. When he went to school she watched his childish pranks with a tolerant eye. Childhood illnesses found her sitting by a sick-bed, never dreaming of sleep for herself. High school and college brought boyhood scrapes and adolescent loves. As through babyhood ailments she nursed him through these trials of growing up. On his marriage day she welcomed gladly this girl who was to share his life and her hopes. The day he came home bright and confident in his uniform, she smiled and put her dreams aside for a happier day.

Let him come back, Father. Let him come back to that girl who shares his life, all his joys and desires. She remembers the day, oh! so well, he shyly gave her the token of his love, and asked her to let it be the shining symbol of their life together. The excitement of beginning a home of their own, that small dream cottage with the picket fence and the shiny candlesticks on the mantle—these spelt security. She can recall the day he, with his hair on end, patrolled the hospital corridor until a small, red edition of himself was shown to him. Yes, and that first Christmas the three of them together, with the little one not quite knowing what it was all about, but laughing with them in their exuberant gaiety. The day he left is engraved in her memory also. "Be brave and remember I'll be home soon."

Return him to his son, oh God! His son is so young. The child can scarcely recall his father. He was the god-like being who tossed him merrily into the air, chuckling with him at the lively antics. Mom cries now at nights, that must be about dad, who is only a handsome picture on Mom's table.

Yes, dear Lord, bring him home safely to these three who make up his world. This boy, and others like him, all who are praying to you, please bring them home.

This is my prayer.

NEWS OF THE PAST HAPPENINGS

Wedding Bells rang out last month for A. W. Fairweather (WD), who was united in marriage to a Merchant Marine lad who came all the way from Norway. Best wishes from the station to the happy couple.

R.C.A.F. vs. Fleet Air Arm with the former already on the losing side—or at least it appears that way as far as our well-known Rita Hickey is concerned. Cupid has already arranged her engagement. Congratulations.

MORE W. D.

WEDDING

Critchley—MacGregor

A very pretty service wedding took place at Grace United Church, Dartmouth, on Wednesday, February 9, when Elice MacGregor, formerly of Winnipeg, Manitoba, became the bride of Engineer Petty Officer Fredrick Critchley, R.N., of Lancashire, England. LAW. Harris attended as bridesmaid and Petty Officer O. Salmon was best man. The bride was given away by Petty Officer A. Pendleton, friend of the groom.

Following the ceremony a reception was held at the Fleet Air Arm, R.C.A.F. Station, Dartmouth, where a buffet supper was served and dancing enjoyed. A toast to the couple was proposed by the Commanding Officer. Members of the Fleet Air Arm and the hospital staff (where the bride is an assistant) presented the couple with a large sum of money. All friends and personnel of Dartmouth extend their best wishes to the happy couple, who intend to reside in Canada after the war. The best of wishes go to the groom for a return trip overseas in the near future.



MOVIE STAR

Personnel of this station had the pleasure of meeting glamorous Gail Patrick, who flew here by T.C.A. to help out in the 6th Victory Loan. During her short stay here she staged a short, but interesting dialogue with one of the airmen. She also picked the lucky Victory Bond winners.

MORE W.D.'s

For months there were only 28 W.D.'s on this station, but postings from far and near have given us a decided increase and we now have 350 of them. This increase in number necessitated changes in accommodation. A new barrack block was opened up on the Seaplane Base and at present is being occupied by 40 girls. We now have W.D.'s on both bases.

Welcome Back to work, A/S/O Bryanton. Having missed you, especially on Sports Nights, due to a rather long illness in hospital, we are glad to have you back with us again. Wishes for a speedy recovery to all hospital shut-ins.

Good Luck, Jack Lunn, at your new post in Quebec. Many of us attended the "good-bye" for Jack during which time he was presented with a lovely mantle clock. We will miss him, as he did much toward making the personnel of the station happy. And in wishing him good luck we welcome Messrs Zeller and Robinson, who are our new Y.M.C.A. supervisors. We know they will continue the good work of the Y.M.C.A.

The Musical Show as staged by the C.W.A.C.'s and the boys from A-23 was greatly enjoyed by all personnel attending at the Rec. Hall during the performance. The entertainers were at their best in songs, fancy dancing and skits. They were assisted by Sgt. Martin.

Pyjamas and Housecoats of every color were well displayed a short time ago when a fire broke out in the W.D. Barrack Block. But thanks to two of our girls the flames were noticed in time, and the alarm sent in. The fire was soon under control and the girls returned to peaceful sleep.

FRIENDLY HAZING INITIATES AIRWOMEN TO SERVICE LIFE

By CPL. EDITH B. MOTLEY

In a spirit of schoolboy friendliness, airmen love to tease a newcomer and airwomen arriving on stations offer wonderful opportunities for wit. No tenderfoot goes through more hazing; no freshman a tougher initiation; no office boy falls into more booby-traps than the little sister of the service.

They will send her to the laundry to pick up the propeller wash, to the kitchen of the airmen's mess to borrow a compass bow.

"Sgt. Possey is in charge of the station gardening project. Ask him if he's got any compass roses. I want to send one to my mother," and away trudges a little AW2 intent on winning the war.

"Do you know what a cardinal point is?" thunders an N.C.O., and a

W.D. comes back sturdily, "No, but I'll ask the R.C. padre."

"Flights B and C want to have a ball game," says another wag, "run over to the Sports Director and ask him if we can have the magnetic field to play in." Or—"We want to have a bon fire and we need logs. All the pilots keep logs, ask them if we can have some of theirs."

One airwoman was instructed to go on an impossible errand that would take her far out of bounds into the no-woman's-land beyond the tarmac. She knew that something was amiss but could not recognize what, so she kept a perfect poker-puss. "Shall I ask permission before going out?" she inquired.

Her tormentor was delighted at this additional funmaker. "Yes, ask either Wing Commander A or Wing Commander B," he said, expecting her to be overcome with timidity at

the big names. What he did not know—because she had never told him—was that her own brother was a Wing Commander and senior officers were just men to her. She had respect for rank but no fear.

"Right, sergeant," she said, turning away smartly. Was the little ninny actually going to do it? "HEY!" he roared after her. "You'd better wait until tomorrow."

Like teasing brothers, airmen have regarded airwomen as fair game, but the girls themselves have proved just how game they are. So game that now the boys are boasting about them.

"There she was," Smith told the Sergeants' Mess, "half-way up the ladder before I had a chance to tell her I was fooling. Believe me, she had me scared but she—she didn't turn a hair. I tell you, that kid's got—er—grit."

The R. C. A. F. Marine School



E. A. C. MARINE SCHOOL

By Cpl. J. B. Drope

What! Sea going Airmen? Yes, it is true we have sea-going Airmen in the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Under the leadership of F/O Fred Hagelin the Marine School has become an officially reorganized and established part of the E.A.C. Marine Squadron. The third class of sailor airmen will soon be writing their final examinations having familiarized themselves with such terms as—"going aft", "to Port or Star'b", "doing a trick at the wheel", making a line fast", etc.

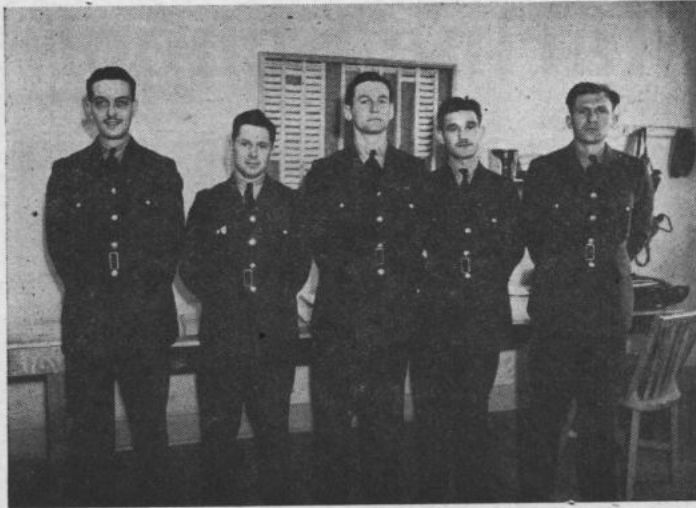
Many wonder why the Airforce require these, "Men who go down to sea in ships". Well, as long as there are aircraft flying on patrol over the ocean or R.C.A.F. outlying stations to be taken care of, these airmen will be needed to man the fast Airsea Rescue Marine Craft or the slow moving, Supply Vessels.

When this war is won and over there will be stories told about the daring ventures performed by the sailor airmen and their marine craft. Already two officers have been mentioned in despatches—S/L Howell, Officer Commanding Marine Squadron and F/O Sonnichsen, Captain of one of the Supply Vessels.

Marine personnel are enlisted from all walks of civilian life, some having been to sea all their lives, often owning their own pleasure craft as a hobby, then there are the men who have a desire to get a taste of salt in their veins and so feel that they can serve their country in the Marine Squadron of the R.C.A.F.

It is here that the Marine School comes into the picture. Each man on enlistment is trade tested and he becomes either a Seaman or a Motor Marine Mechanic and is classified according to his ability, so the men with little or no sea experience and the desire to learn, are given a chance to go to school.

The Marine School fairly hums with activity from morning till night. The Seamen being taken in hand by very competent Instructors namely, Sgt. Martin of Ottawa, LAC. Williams of Shelburn County, N. S., and experience behind them, being able to impart the Three "R's" of Sea Lore, Seamanship, Navigation and Signalling. The Signalling Instructor is Cpl. Hill of the Marine Wireless Section. The Motor Marine Mechanics, known as, "the men below the deck", receive their instructions from WO1 Fitkowski, hailing from Grimsby, Ont., teaches the M.M.M.'s the Mathematics they should know as Marine Engineers.



Cpl. Carriere, F/S Boye, LAC. Lasky, LAC. Williams, WO2 Fitzkowski

As a result of this intensive training the boys will have a thorough knowledge of Marine Mechanics and Seamanship. The "Mechs" have been taught general maintenance and to make all kinds of repairs, while tied to the dock or when at sea, while the Seamen have learned Navigation, Signalling, the "Rules of the Road" Cargo-work and all other necessary subjects including knots and splices and general rope work.

In addition to this, all have taken Drill, Marine Administration, First Aid, and the theory of how to handle aircraft around the base or disabled at sea. The four above mentioned subjects were very ably taught by Cpl. Carriere, F/S Boye, LAC. Lasky and LAC. Williams.



F/O Fred Haglin, O. C. Marine School, WO1 Trenholm, Engineering Instructor, and LAW Sutherland, stenographer.

The graduate sailor airmen when posted to the various types of Marine Craft will round out their academic training by actual experience, mingling with experienced Airforce Mariners and you may be sure it won't be long before the boys will find their sea legs and be recognized as sailor airmen, by their "rolling walk."

S/L J. Howell, Officer Commanding the East Coast Marine Squadron states that these men have had expert instruction and he feels that they are better fitted for their duty aboard the R.C.A.F. Marine Craft and also that all this training plus the experience they will acquire will be a real ground work for establishing the men of the Marine Squadron for the post war living.

"MARINE SQUADRON DELIVERS THE GOODS"

Two small wooden ships of the R.C.A.F. Marine are safe back in Halifax from Iceland after a hazardous exploit seldom equalled in Canada's maritime history.

Unescorted and entirely alone, the "Eskimo" and the "Beaver" have made separate trips across more than 2,000 miles (4,000 miles each return trip) of the worst stretch of the North Atlantic in the worst possible weather. As a result, an R.C.A.F. flying squadron in Iceland obtained all the supplies and equipment necessary for new blows against Nazi submarines.

"It was one of those trips you wouldn't miss for a million bucks and wouldn't take again for 50 million" commented one of the crew on his return.

Each ship battled through the most severe ocean winter gales of the past five years, bucking winds of 70-mile velocity. Each faced almost incredible danger from ice accumulation and the strain of pounding waves that rose to an engulfing 50 or 60 feet. And each has her own story of adventure and the hardships of "hell on water" in wartime.

The "Eskimo" fought fire at sea, narrowly missed a floating mine, and came uncomfortably close to a school of German U-boats. The "Beaver" encountered uncharted icebergs and then was trapped for many

hours in an icefield that forced her towards almost certain destruction on the rocks of a 300-foot cliff.

Port authorities at Halifax, St. John's, and Reykjavick agree the two ships performed an almost "unbelievable" feat considering their size, construction, and the severity of the weather.

The ships are the two chief vessels of the Air Force "fleet" operated by the Marine Section of Eastern Air Command. Both are Diesel-driven, both have wooden hulls and superstructures, and both are in the approximate 500-ton class.

They are coastal freighters, manned entirely by airman-seamen, and used to supply Air Force outposts. Built at Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, they were intended only for trips along the shores of the Maritime Provinces and to Newfoundland and Labrador. They were not constructed for long open-ocean voyages in mid-winter.

But late last year aerial assaults against the submarines in the North Atlantic changed and the R.C.A.F. decided to station a squadron in Iceland. Men aircraft, and the full equipment of the squadron had to be transported to the new location.

The 'planes with their crews reached Iceland under their own power, flying high over the ocean—a story in itself. But the equipment presented another problem.

(Cont'd on Page 18)



'Marine Squadron Delivers The Goods'

It was needed in a hurry and there was no space in the cargo ships that normally sail the route.

In the emergency, the Air Force decided to risk the trip with the "Eskimo" and the "Beaver". The vessels were loaded with all the assorted items necessary for the upkeep of the squadron, and special crews were picked.

J. Howell, of Meteghan, Nova Scotia, Officer Commanding the Marine Section at R. C. A. F. Station Dartmouth, took charge of the "Eskimo". Flying Officer A. K. Sonnichen, of Lunenburg, became master of the "Beaver". Both are veterans of a life-time at sea and of years of experience with the R.C.A.F. Marine.

The "Eskimo" set sail first—and "sail" is literally true, for both vessels used riding sails throughout to assist their Diesel engines.

The first stage of the voyage was uneventful but when the ship was one day out from Newfoundland, the wind reached gale force. That afternoon, January 17th, the "Eskimo's" chief cook, Corporal Reg. Goodwin, of Canso, N. S., was awakened from an after-lunch nap by smoke and the crackle of flames. His galley was on fire.

The blaze was in the partition behind tin sheeting that surrounded the galley stove. Dangerously close was a tank holding 100 gallons of high octane gasoline. And in the ship's hold were 50 tons of depth charges.

The ship hove to in the heavy seas and all hands fought the fire with chemical extinguishers and water. "There was so much water on deck we just stepped outside and dipped it up with buckets," Cpl. Goodwin said afterwards.

The tin was an obstacle to the fire-fighters until LAC Romeo Goderre, seaman, from Aylmer East, P.Q., stepped up and with one mighty tug pulled the entire sheeting from the wall. Crowbars broke through the partition and the fire was soon under control, leaving a badly scarred galley in which Cpl. Goodwin cooked, never missing a meal, throughout the entire voyage and return.

The gale continued for five dull days, driving the "Eskimo" 200 miles east off course. Heavy seas cut off the fog line and tore away the dodgers and rails on the boat deck. The entire superstructure took a terrific pounding.

One day a flare—sign of subs or convoy—was seen on the port side. Then, on the evening of January 22nd., AC1 R. M. Robinson, of Sonora, N. S., taking his turn at the wheel, sighted a floating mine. It was travelling along the path of the moonlight and drifted ominously by on the starboard side within 10 feet of the "Eskimo".

Battered but comparatively intact, the ship reached Reykjavick on January 25th. Her arrival was a "Seven Day Wonder". Records showed that six U-boats had been reported along the "Eskimo's" course.

Cargo was discharged, the crew had a rest, and the ship received necessary repairs. Then, with rock-lava ballast, she started for home.

Bad as the eastward voyage was, the home trip was worse. Within a day the "Eskimo" plunged into a gale that shook the whole North Atlantic. Elsewhere on the water heavy damage was done to large ocean-going ships. The little wooden vessel labored heavily through it all.

She bucked the nor'-nor'west gale for three days and two nights and then was forced to haul away and run with the wind. That night she lost more mileage than she had gained in three days and two nights.

The ladders to the bridge were smashed; the canvas and railing around the wheelhouse were swept away; oil drums and assorted equipment went overboard. And one mighty wave ripped off the companionway to the fore'st'le making the crew's quarters uninhabitable.

It was impossible to find a dry spot on the ship. The men in the engine room worked in raincoats. The crew slept in odd corners of the galley or the passageways on coiled rope, on hose or gear in two or three inches of water. Everything was awash.

Somehow the "Eskimo" reached Newfoundland.

Meanwhile the "Beaver" had parallel experiences. Sailing later than the "Eskimo", she also hit the gales but managed to keep her course to Iceland. Then, on her return trip, she ran across icebergs off the tip of Greenland and finally was surrounded by a great icefield as she approached Newfoundland.

At first she made her way through the floating ice without trouble, but on February 27th she found herself locked in the icefield close to shore. Through the night her engines tugged to pull her free but the ice forced her nearer and nearer the towering 300-foot cliff.

"We were certain she was lost and only hoped she wouldn't hit until daylight," Flying Officer Sonnichen said. "Only a miracle saved us. The bow swung round, we were able to start the engine full out, and we pulled away, very slowly at first, but enough to get clear. It was the closest call of any ship of which I've been master."

"Like the "Eskimo" the "Beaver" was badly battered but she managed to continue on to Canada. The "Eskimo" was held in Newfoundland until temporary repairs made her seaworthy again and she has just reached home now.

The majority of the men who shared these adventures, like the two skippers, are from the Maritime Provinces, with long years of personal and family history of sea-faring behind them. They include:

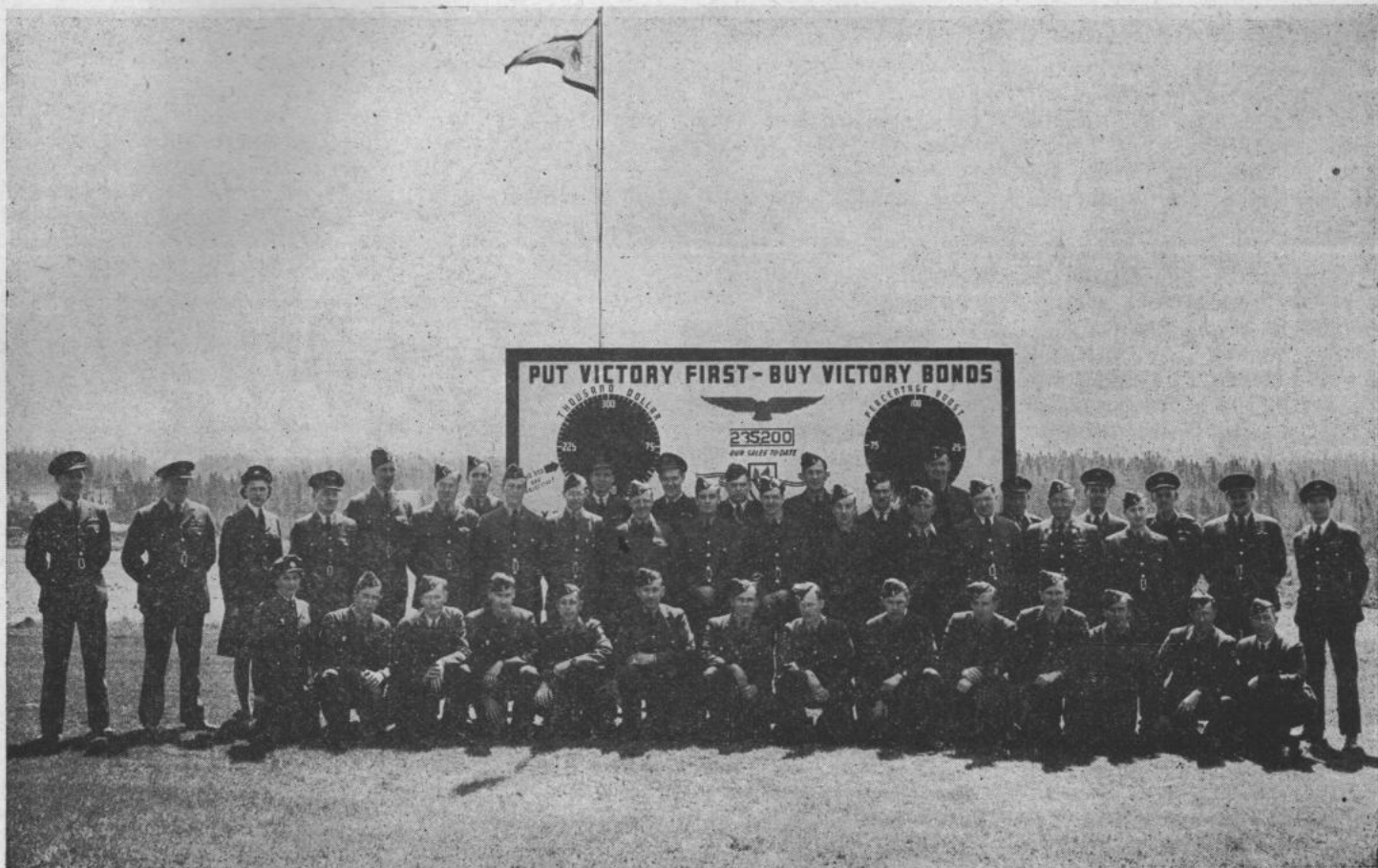
From Nova Scotia—Flying Officer A. S. Himmelman, LAC. W. S. Creaser, Cpl. E. R. Hiltz, all of Lunenburg county; WO1. J. C. Dort and Flight Sergeant M. T. Lynch, of Dartmouth; Cpl. J. K. MarFarlane, Pictou; AC1 R. M. Robinson, Sonora; AC1 H.B. Mahone, AC2 R. Crocker, AC1 J. MacAulay, WO1 C. E. Bastable, AC1 Sibley, and AC2 G. B. Ward, all of Halifax; Cpl. R. R. Goodwin, Canso; AC2 A. M. Montgomery, S. Ann's Cape Breton; LAC J. A. Walker, Walkerville, Cape Breton; LAC J. P. Head, New Aberdeen; AC2 B. L. Atwood, Shelbourne County; AC2 J. A. LeBlanc, Pubnico; AC2 D. F. Marshall, New Glasgow, Cpl. C. D. Wood, Kentville, Kings County; AC1 J. C. Kiley, Prospect.

From New Brunswick—LAC S. W. Goreham, St. John; LAC W. A. Savage, Wilson's Beach; LAC J. V. Forbes, Gagetown; Cpl. G. T. Gallie, Dalhousie; Cpl. G. R. Gillcash, Sackville.

From Prince Edward Island—F/Sgt. Elmer Gaudet, Summerside.

Of these, F/Sgt. M. T. Lynch was born in Ottawa, the son of Mr. and Mrs. David Lynch, 127 Spruce St.; and AC1 J. MacAulay was born in Prince Edward Island and worked in Toronto before enlistment.

Non-Maritimers include:—LAC R. Goderre, Aylmer East, P. Q.; AC2 L. J. Clarke, St. John's, Newfoundland; Cpl. W. M. McCormick, 343 Nepean St., Ottawa; Cpl. G. R. C. Harwood, 193 Suffolk St., Guelph, Ont., LAC L.J. LaCasse, of Castle Mountain, Banff, Alberta and Nahani River Landing, Yukon Territories; Sgt. C. Bouillon, Rimouski, P. Q.; LAC G. E. Beirnes, Nanaimo, B. C.; LAC J. H. Murphy, Chesley, Ont., and Sgt. A. B. Cafferata, Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan.



R.C.A.F. Station, Dartmouth has again proved its ability to lead the Victory Loan Field. Under the able chairmanship of S/L P. A. Gilbertson, canvassers were appointed in every squadron and section throughout the Station. Early returns showed over \$50,000 for the opening day of the drive and a steady return followed daily that amounted to over \$245,850 upon going to press. This had exceeded any expectation held by the committee and was only made possible by the untiring and persistent effort of the canvassers. Attempts to single out the leading squadron or section for special mention would result in question. It is to the credit of the personnel of this Station that the drive was staunchly supported and over subscribed.

The few exceptions that had money and did not purchase bonds will be ready to climb aboard the band wagon to make the next drive a greater success.

Our Thanks To All Bond Purchasers. We Are
Really Speeding The Victory!



VICKI STYLES

Unit News



NEWS FROM THE OXYDOL SQUADRON

By A. O. G.

On behalf of the Officers and Men we wish to express our deepest sympathy in the loss of F/O H. A. Swinden, LAC Gautreau, J. E., and LAC McDonald, D. J., who were accidentally killed on April 19th, 1944. This was the first fatal accident in the history of our Squadron. This great loss has been keenly felt by all.

F/O B. T. Walsh, our Tech. Officer has been posted Overseas. Our loss is England's gain. Loads of luck "Bert".

We welcome out new Tech. Officer P./O L. L. Merrifield, best wishes and good luck to you, Sir.

Three of our lads have been posted aircrew—they were: Cpl. Munz, Cpl. Jones, and the one and only Ralph Eby. Happy landings all the way. Best wishes to LAC Edwards who was posted to Moncton and Sgt. Ross who was posted to Jarvis, Ont.

Who is that person who spends his mornings sleeping in the Wireless Section? What's wrong "Crash" does she keep you up that late every night or are your quarters so quiet you can't sleep?

Well the Bond drive is over and we went over our quota. Congrats to the canvassers, F/O Noel, F/O Campbell, F/S Rackham, F/S Bordman, and Cpl. Troyansky on their good work in helping the Sixth Victory Loan.

Why has the tanned typist from the West in our Orderly Room that awful look on his face? What is it "Handsome Harry", cheezed off?

What Flight Sergeant was in the limelight about a week ago, greeting the one and only Gail Patrick, my, my, Jim is getting up in the world!

That crew on temporary duty from Sydney seem to want to tear our station down. We see they aren't doing too badly in town. Quit your beefing boys, there's a shortage.

Looks like Scotty Gillis has a new job. Getting white collar on us. Are you Scotty?

Now that the Newfy Kid has been transferred from the Electrical Section it seems Shorty Power has taken over his spot as the "Beau Brummel".

Looks like that practice some of the lads had awhile back left a couple of the lads stiff, what's wrong Jerry can't you take it?

What Cpl. in our Orderly seems to be quite the lad around the Snack Bar? Should we call him Snack Bar Mac?

VOICE BEHIND THE LINES

Haven't you often wondered who that voice belongs to? You know the one I mean—sorry the line is busy, or, sorry no outside lines. Lovely, isn't it? It can lift you up one minute and let you down the next, we know because your voice effects us too.

Now for the introductions. Yep, we have a Cpl., she is small, dark-haired, Nevada MacIntyre—she prefers the Army. Joyce Mosher, better known as Mooch, is the life of all jive sessions as well as a certain LAC Rice, minus the raisins. Every one knows little Ernie—Irene Dean to you. A little inconvenient since Airmen's Postings at E.A.C. needed a good man, eh Ernie? Connie Dickie still can't understand why 161 was posted. Oh Harry! Then there is Donna Robinson who has no men troubles. Lucky girl. Our redhaired Joyce Colbourne hails from Newfoundland, and is proud of it. Our Nova Scotian brunette is Kay Bowers. The tall slim brunette is Dottie Buchanan, who thinks local 216 is a very interesting number. "Switchboard to Control tower", "Come in please".

"PRESTON ECHOES"

(Towerlights contribution to Thumbs Up)

Serene on its forest-girt hilltop No. 1 Detachment, Preston, welcomes returning spring, and with it the third year of active service. Keenly aware as we are of our dependence on, and debt to our parent station Dartmouth, there are perhaps few, if any, Prestonites who would voluntarily exchange postings for life at the larger camp. This is in large measure due to a very real and tangible spirit compounded of friendly co-operation and life by the Golden Rule that permeates every section of detachment life, and has made not only for fine efficiency but pleasant living in what might seem to be the casual passer-by, a lonely outpost. Evidence of the goodness of life here is multiplied with every letter from those posted on who sigh with nostalgia and remember happy Preston hours.

With this detachment has grown its publication, "Towerlights", pioneer in the now active field of detachment papers. The call to contribute news and views in crystallized form to the parent station's "Thumbs Up" is a welcome one. Increasingly good work is being turned out by numerous station publications in Command, sustaining station morale, keeping service friends in touch with each other and providing a medium for journalistic experience that must certainly bear fruit in the democratic world of our post-war hopes.

Maintaining a tradition of over subscription of Victory Loan quotas, Preston again went over the top in the first week of the VI loan. Led by Cpl. Dugal, LAC Dick, and LAC McCabe, three station teams competed in the drive, with that led by LAC McCabe the first to soar over its quota.

The new Recreation Hall has been a busy place since its formation opening at our last station dance. The Duty-Fitness program supervised by F/S Wood held sway daily, and many the groan and sigh were heard about camp as muscles resented a sudden return to trim.

In Memoriam

J-27045 F/O H. A. Swinden

R-174633 LAC. D. P. McDonald

R-126181 LAC. J. E. Gautreau

Killed on Operational Duty April 19, 1944.

Officers and Airmen of this Station extend sincerest sympathy to relatives and friends.

MORE UNIT NEWS

Badminton enjoys a growing popularity, to the extent that our purveyors of "birds" are hard-put to maintain a stock to meet demand. From the soft-ball diamond resounds again the smack of ball on bat and glove, as Canada's national summer sport gets underway. Preston hopes to field a strong team in the Station League again this year, despite the loss of experienced players through posting.

With spring in the air, and more of our men afield on off-duty and 48's, entertainment plans are being re-organized to meet the summer's needs. The renowned station dances will continue to hold the spotlight. In place of the usual Monday game nights, an occasional smoker is planned to tie in with the expanded program of sports. The success of "Open House" on Sundays is undisputed as the company of feminine guests and the play of children add a touch of home to camp life. Led by our Padre, the weekly Discussion Groups featuring guests specialists in varied fields are proving both popular and helpful. The Wednesday and Sunday movies now presented in the more spacious and acoustically superior Rec. Hall, are as ever a high-light of weekly entertainment.

In all, a well-rounded combination of fair work, general athletic participation, and varied entertainment keeps Preston morale at a high level.

Submitted by LAC Ken Annett, Editor, "Towerlight".

NEWS FROM PRESTON

On Monday, April 10th the men of Preston wound up the winter sports season in traditional Preston fashion with a smoker in the canteen. Free drinks, smokes, and cheese and crackers gave just the right atmosphere for one of the finest and loudest sing-songs the camp has ever heard. Flying Officer Kennedy presented the prizes to wind up the bowling season. They were awarded as follows: Highest average, B. J. McCabe: High three, Geo. Ulyatt; High Single, Eric Bezanson; and Best improved average, Ken Annett. The team prize was won by the Operators. This team was comprised of: Pete Kearns, Tony Righetti, Glen Shaver, Dave Little, Geo. Ulyatt and B. J. McCabe.

The new recreation hall was suitably inaugurated with a dance on Friday, April 14th. Our guests for the occasion were the H.M.C.S. "Stadacona" Wrens. Ken Hughes and his fellow artists went all the way out in decorating the hall. Spring pastels were the predominant colours, and the spring flowers, birds, and soft lights gave a very professional touch to our first "cabaret" style dance. The Wrens, wives and friends were very gracious and pleasing guests, and the dance was an outstanding success. Refreshments were served in the Mess hall, and consisted of the ingredients to make a "Dagwood" sandwich. However some of the more timid individuals simply put them on a plate and called it a "salad".

Credit for the success of the dance goes to Dave Little, chairman of the entertainment committee, Flight O'Grady, the capable M. C., Frank Eade for the food, and many others.

With the advent of the new "Rec" Hall, a very ambitious sports program has been drawn up for the immediate future. Badminton, floor hockey, and basketball can now be played right on the station, and F/S Woods our P.T.I. has posted a schedule of Floor Hockey, Borden Ball which is aimed at removing the creaks from every individual on the station.

ACCOUNT SECTION DANCE

On Monday, May 1st, the Account Section held a party and dance at the old Officers' Mess, L.P.B. About 125 were present. The feature items of the evening were a draw for a \$50.00 Victory Bond, won by WO2 Rice of the Accounts, (his super-rabbits foot was again working smoothly!) and three dance prizes.

The waltz prize was won by F/L Fairweather, the spot dance was won by Sgt. Potruff and the jitter-bug went to LAC Steeves of the Account Section. Prizes were \$1.00 War Saving Certificates and a large chocolate bar.

Everybody had a good time, and the party was voted by all "a great success". Incidentally, there were no casualties!

The refreshment staff, Cpl. C. Cartledge and LAC Andrews gave excellent service to the entire satisfaction of the guests.

La Chronique Francaise

UN MOT SUR LA FRANCE

A cause de sa magnifique maternite a notre egard. Nous lui devons la vie premiere, quand, en faconnant autrefois notre pays, elle nous a donne le plus pur et le fort d'elle meme. Depuis lors, les liens politiques etant rompus, elle nous a continue sa maternite spirituelle par ses lettres, son art, sa pensee, son perseverant effort pour maintenir dans le monde un ideal digne de l'homme.

A cause de son malheur. La decimation de sa population les destructions accomplies sur son sol, l'occupation de son territoire par un ennemi Jaloux et impitoy-

able, font peut-etre aujourd'hui de la France la nation la plus a plaindre parmi celles que la guerre a atteint. Le sang francais lui-meme semble place sous la menace de l'aneantissement et de la disparition.

A cause de notre esperance. Esperance desisteressee de retrouver dans le concert des peuples qui fixit orientation du monde un peuple qui ne vit que pour l'esprit et par le coeur. Esperance interressee de revoir dans tout son eclat le prestige de cet azur et de ces lys d'or, prestige dans lequel notre propre vie perd jusqu'a sa raison d'etre, emmuree dans la nuit de l'obscurite et privee de conseil, de force et d'intelligence.

LA CHRONIQUE FRANCAISE

Editorial:

Presque a la vielle de notre fete nationale, celle qui reveille chez-nous l'idee de grandes parades, de fanfares, et de longs discours: La Saint Jean Baptiste: Fete nationale du Canada Francais.

Le grand saint ne manque jamais de reveiller chez ceux qui l'ont elu leur patron, de vifs sentiments de fierte et de patriotisme envers ce que l'on peut appeler la petite patrie Quebecquoise.

De notre grande province, a cause de son histoire, de sa situation actuelle et du futur qu'elle nous offre, il y a raison d'en etre fier.

Les exploits d'un d'Iberville, la bravoure et le courage de'un Madeleine de Vercheres, le sang froid et la resignation d'un Dollard des Ormeaux, et bien d'autres encore qui par leur courage, leur charite, et leur devouement, sont la cause de notre existence aujourd'hui.

C'est a nous jeunes Canadiens-Francaise de voir a ce que les nombreux sacrifices de nos ancetres n'aient point ete en vain. Adjourd'hui, plus que jamais, vivons les belles traditions de chez-nous. Elles sont l'essence de notre originalite et de notre survivance.

—O. C.

—Je te quitte, je suis oblige de rentrer, ma femme m'attend

—La mienne aussi; c'est justement pourquoi je reste.

Notre Obeissance

Notre docile obeissance envers nos superieurs est parfaite et meritoire, mais ne la comparons pas a celle des premiers chretien, qui respectaient l'autorite meme dans ceux qui les persecutaient. "Nous regardons dans les empeurs disaient-ils le choix de Dieu qui leur a donne le commandement.

LE PRINTEMPS

Bientot viendra le doux printemps
Chasser la neige, les autans,
Les jours moroses;
Bientot les feuilles renaîtront,
Et les saux nous reviendront
Avec les roses.

Bientot de nos rudes climats,
Disparaitront les blancs frimas,
Les froids severes;
Et nous pourrons, d'un oeil charme,
Voir eclore aux rayons de mai
Les primeveres.

Sur la route, chaque bosquet,
Dans l'arceau pimpant et coquet
De ses ramures,
Le soir comme au soleil levant,
Rendra sous les baisers du vent,
Mille murmures.

Les ruisseaux transparents et frais
Meleront au bruit des forets
Leur voix si douce;
Et sous les branches qui plieront,
Des chants joyeux s'envoleront
Des nids de mousse.

L. Frechette
Les Fleurs boreales.

Entre Confreere Dans Un Bureau de Redaction*

- Vous avez lu mon grand article d'hier.
- Oui! Je l'ai meme lu deux fois.
- Oh! que vous etes gentil.
- Oh! mais c'etait pour le comprendre.

The Wolf

by Sansone



The Wolf

by Sansone



: Smiles 'n Chuckles :

Advice to the Lovelorn Dept.

Dear Editor:

For the past few months I've been asking a girl to marry me and she says NO! Whats hall I do?

Distracted.

Dear Distracted:

Be patient. Don't ask her until Thanksgiving and if she says "no" again . . . you'll have something to be thankful for.

Editor.

Two little mites of about six and seven respectively were gazing with considerable interest at the storks in the zoo, when the usual interfering old lady ambled up.

"Those are storks, my dears" she purred, "the clever birds brought you to your mother and father!"

The youngsters looked at one another and one whispered: "Poor old thing! Shall we tell her?"

"I knew she was the livery man's daughter, because she made a face like a horse every time she took a snort."

The Lithper

"Where are you going, my pretty maid? Why do you pass by?"

"I'm on my way to gymnathic thchool," she lithped as she heaved a thigh.

An airman was running the obstacle course not long ago. He puffed through till the last lap, when he fell in getting over the last hurdle. The officer-in-charge noticed the man on the ground.

"What's the matter?"

"My leg, sir. I think I broke it on the last hurdle."

"Well, then, don't waste time just lying there—do push-ups".

Indignant woman (to man smoking in subway): "Sir smoking always makes me ill."

Man: "Oh? Why don't you give it up?"

Rabbit: "We certainly know how to multiply."

Snake: "I'm a tricky little adder myself."

Joe: "We're going to give the bride a shower."

Suds: "Count me in. "I'll bring the soap."

George White: "Have some peanuts?"

Helen: "Thanks."

George: "Wanna neck?"

Helen: "No."

George: "Gimme my peanuts back".

Airman: "Boy! I'm feeling like a new man tonight."

Blind Date: "I'll say you are."

As I stepped up to a lonesome lady in the hotel lobby, I inquired: "Are you looking for a particular person?" "I'm satisfied," she said, "if you are."

Wing Commander: "How's your daughter's golf?"

Squadron Leader: "She says she is going around in less and less every week."

Wing Commander: "I know that, but I asked you about her golf."

Sergeant Major: "Hulu Hulu dancers should have an easy time of it."

Corp.: "Why?"

Major: "All they have to do is stand around and twiddle their tums."

"Oh, dear," said the young woman with a weary sigh, as she tossed aside the volume, "I'm so unhappy."

"What's the trouble?", asked the young man.

"There isn't a library in this town where one can get a book that's unfit to read."

"Do you know, young lady, that a man was recently sentenced to a month of hard labor for kissing a girl?"

"Oh, Fred, give me one as if you were going to be sentenced for life!"

Cpl. to Taxi Driver: "What are you stopping for?"

Driver: "I thought I heard the young lady say stop."

Cpl.: "She wasn't talking to you."

Modern Maiden's Prayer: Dear Lord, bring him back safe, sound and single.

Mother: "Mable, get off the sailor's lap."

Daughter: "No, Mother—I got here first."

Gal: "I'm all worn out trying to get into this evening gown."

Guy: "You don't look all in."

Gal: "Omigosh!!! Where?"

First Mother: "Has your son learned anything in the Air Force?"

Second Mother: "Yes, he can open a bottle of beer with a half dollar."

"I love you, darling I adore you."

"Are you going to marry me?"

"Don't change the subject."

MOVIE GUIDE

Mayfair Theatre

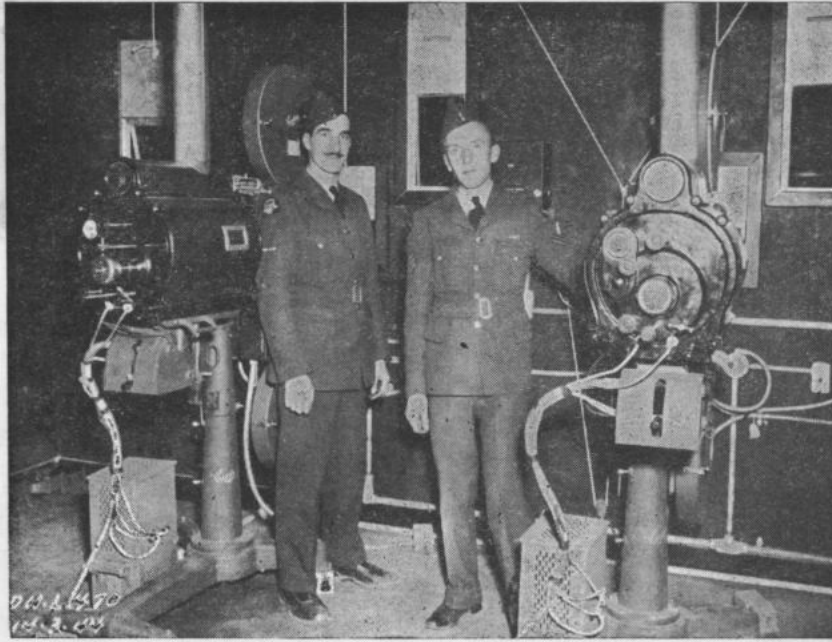
FEATURE ATTRACTIONS

- May 30—June 1 "The Heat's On"—Columbia.
- June 2-5—"Life Boat"—20th Century Fox
"Crime Doctor's Strangest Case"—Columbia.
- June 6-8—"Happy Land"—20th Century Fox,
"Hi Diddle Diddle"—United Artists.
- June 9-12—"Standing Room Only"—Paramount.
- June 13-15—"Jack London"—United Artists,
"Return of Vampire"—Columbia.
- June 16-19—"Intermezzo"—Columbia.
- June 20-22—"The Lodger"—20th Century Fox.
"Memphis Belle"—Paramount.
- June 23-26—"Destroyer"—Columbia.
- June 27-29—"Appointment In Berlin"—Columbia,
"Is Everbody Happy"—Columbia.
- June 30-July 3—"Lady In The Dark"—Paramount.

Gaiety Theatre

SCHEDULE FOR JUNE

- June 1— Bar 20
Seven Miles From Alcatraz
- June 2 and 3—Tragedy At Midnight
Hers To Hold
- June 5 and 6—Truck Busters
Blondie Goes To College
- June 7 and 8—Durango Kid
Falcon's Brother
- June 9 and 10—Johnny Come Lately
Hurricane Smith
- June 12 and 13—Mysterious Doctor
Victory Thru Air Power
- June 14 and 15 Busses Roar
Across the Sierras
- June 16 and 17—Seven Days Leave
Girl From Alaska
- June 19 and 20—Here We Go Again
Night Monster
- June 21 and 22—Tarzan Triumphs
Riders of the Deadline
- June 23 and 24 Prairie Chickens
Johnny Eager



STATION MOVIE SCHEDULE FOR MONTH OF JUNE

Thursday, June 1	THE UNINVITED	Paramount
Friday, June 2	KNICKER BOCKER HOLIDAY	United Artists
Sunday, June 4	TOO GIRLS AND A SAILOR	M. G. M.
Tuesday, June 6	IN OUR TIME	Warner
Friday, June 9	UP IN MABLE'S ROOM	United Artists
Sunday, June 11	GAS LIGHT	M. G. M.
Tuesday, June 13	WEEK-END PASS	Universal
Friday, June 16	VOICE IN THE WIND	United Artists
Sunday, June 18	SPITFIRE	R. K. O.
Tuesday, June 20	CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK	Universal
Thursday, June 22	RATIONING	M. G. M.
Friday, June 23	MEET THE PEOPLE	M. G. M.
Sunday, June 25	HERS TO HOLD	Universal
Tuesday, June 27	WHAT A WOMAN	Columbia
Thursday, June 29	ONCE UPON A TIME	Columbia
Friday, June 30	SWING FEVER	M. G. M.