

SUMMER

NUMBER



P.O. Pilkington

OVERSEAS

The

MAGAZINE OF R. A. F., GREENWOOD

VOL. 2 NO. 1

SUMMER 1943.

PRICE 15C. TO SERVICE PERSONNEL



GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND PRINCESS ALICE RECEIVE R.A.F. GREENWOOD AT RIDEAU HALL

Your mother, your wife or your girl friend; either one or all three will appreciate receiving a copy of **OVER SEAS** each month. They are interested in your life here at Greenwood and **OVER SEAS** might just be what is needed to round out the picture for them. We'll be glad to see to it that they get copies each and every month if you will drop in to either the Editorial Office, Drill Hall, or the Y.M.C.A. office, Recreation Hall, and make the necessary arrangements.

OVER SEAS

THE MAGAZINE OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE
GREENWOOD, NOVA SCOTIA, CANADA

Published by kind permission of Officer Commanding,
GROUP CAPTAIN G.F.W. HEYCOCK, D.F.C.

VOL. 2

SUMMER, 1943

No. 1

THE EXECUTIVE

Chairman of the Committee	F/O. C. Moyes
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Photography	AC. D. Mack
Y.M.C.A. Representative	Mr. Douglas Gow

THIS MONTH

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CARTOONS.	Drawn for Over Seas by Sgt. Allan and Sgt. Brydon.	
ACKNOWLEDGMENT.	To the Boys in the Photographic Section for all their help.	



Courtesy 20th Century-Fox.

NUMBER ONE PIN-UP PICTURE OF A NUMBER ONE
PIN-UP GIRL . . . BETTY GRABLE.

“Whew . . . What A Relief!”

EDITORIAL

That's what we said when we got this issue safely off to press and leaned back, wiping the sweat from our fevered brow. And why not? Hadn't we made up three months lost time with this number, combining the July, August and September numbers in one and calling it the Summer Number? We won't say that our methods were strictly according to Hoyle, but then, maybe Hoyle never had to turn out a service magazine. Anyway, we are once again on a more-or-less firm footing and have breathed a silent vow to keep *Over Seas* up to date from now on even if we have to pad the thing with cook-house recipes. An that *would* be the last straw.

We are guilty of understatement when we say that our elation at your response to our Quiz and Essay contests knows no bounds. Gentlemen, you were superb. Several contestants of the many attempting the R.A.F. Quiz turned in correct answers to every question but, since we could not afford prizes for all, we had to content ourselves with paying off to the two entries received first. Our congratulations to these men of gen; their names you will find on page 39. To those who were not so lucky this time we can only suggest that they get cracking right away on the Nova Scotia Quiz on Page 15 because there is certain to be plenty of red-hot competition.

The Canadian Committee at Ottawa, sponsors of the Essay Contest announced last issue, join with us in expressing pleasure at the very hearty response the contest enjoyed. There were a great many fine entries, and the judges found themselves faced with “a” tough task in selecting the two best. The results of their

judgment are to be found on Pages 40 and 41. Both essays are thought-provoking and splendidly written, and the writers are to be highly commended. Some of the other essays came very close to being winners and it is our intention to run them in next month's issue. The Canadian Committee have assured us of their willingness to offer prizes for any contests of a similar nature we might wish to put on in the future. We are intending to make the most of their kind offer in an early issue; possibly a competition for Short Stories based on an incident in Canada's colourful history. In the meantime it might be a good idea to do a bit of reading up on the subject.

We trust that it is not necessary for us to reiterate how important it is that *Over Seas* get more and more contributions. We'll turn out the kind of magazine YOU want if you'll give us the kind of support WE want: Contributions. The more the merrier. Also, we are very anxious to find an artist or cartoonist. Illustrations and cartoons play a big role in the success of any magazine, and though our photographs have usually left little to be desired (excuse our modesty) we are in urgent need of a good artist. If you are talented in that line, drop in and talk it over with us in the Drill Hall. Either that, or leave your name with Mr. Gow, Y.M.C.A. Office, and we'll drop in and see you.

Well, now to get down to work on the October book. Since we are now reasonably well up-to-date we are going to do all in our power to remain that way. We can use your help.

As the book-worm was heard to say: “This is where I came in.”—Ed.

Greenwood--Section by Section

Electrical Section



Front—L-R-LAC. Watson, Cpl. Pascoe, Cpl. Naylor, Cpl. McConnel, Sgt. Wood, F/O. Williamson, M.B.E., F/Sgt. Stone, Sgt. Glanville, Cpl. Hutcheson, Cpl. Hyde, Cpl. Anderson.
 Centre—LAC. Morgan, AC. Caton, LAC. Carter, LAC. Trafford, LAC. Armstead, LAC. Carter, LAC. Flowers, LAC. Deakin, Cpl. Mitchell, AC. Knibbs, LAC. Sidebottom.
 Back—LAC. Parker, LAC. Bradbury, LAC. Cahill, LAC. Emmett, LAC. Thomason, LAC. Aspinall, LAC. Hill, LAC. Wassell, LAC. Booth, A. C. Brown.

At last OVER SEAS has answered our hopes by insisting that we jot down a few notes concerning the *raison d'etre* of our long-suffering Electrical Section. Though the end of the day usually finds us in a state of semi-exhaustion (so strenuous are our labours) we will at any rate do our best, keeping our section motto: "The difficult we do immediately; the impossible takes us a little longer," always uppermost in our mind.

The section proper is located in one corner of No. 6 Hangar, but lest the stranger wander into the wrong corner and run smack into the notorious Signals Section we would add this cautionary note: "Judge them not by the noise

they make" but rather "By their deeds shall ye know them."

The Section is composed of two working parts, Maintenance and Flights, and a chat with any member of either division will probably uncover the following illuminating facts:

- (1) Maintenance does all the scrounging.
- (2) Maintenance does all the work.
- (3) Flights do all the scrounging.
- (4) Flights do all the work.

This condition of mutual admiration and respect comes under the heading of "esprit de corps" repeat "corps" and is a very important factor in the smooth efficiency of the Section. It should be

kept in mind that, though Maintenance and Flights make up the bulk of the personnel, the Section has many 'agents' operating in other necks of the Greenwood woods. There are electricians in the battery charging rooms, the M.T. depot, the plug bay (this latter, by the way, having no connection with the care of horses) the engine bay and the Link trainers. Besides our routine work, the Section gets many calls to do buckshee jobs such as erecting fountains, mounting and wiring crystal balls, stage and bar illuminating on dance nights, etc.

The Section is justly proud of an instrument designed originally to detect radio interference on an aircraft. This is the brain-child of Sgt. "Timber" Wood and was immediately christened the "Gremlin Detector." In appearance and use the gadget is not unlike that used by the Army sappers for detecting land mines. It's a sight for sore eyes to watch "Timber" prowling over the frame of an aircraft waving his magic wand about while fitters and riggers hang on for dear life to avoid being knocked off or, at the worst, decapitated. Since its first appearance the instrument has been improved beyond even the inventor's fondest dreams. It can now detect:

- (1) Who to tap for a loan just before pay day.
- (2) If your girl friend is being true to you.
- (3) It gives a warning buzz when the "Heads" are about.
- (4) It will howl when the beer ration arrives on the camp.
- (5) It can find anyone a Form H aunt.

At this writing "Timber" is burning much midnight oil in an effort to get the instrument to hurry on the boat.

So much about the Section's activities.

A few remarks about its members:

F/O Williamson, M.B.E.: The Section Officer, one of the most popular offic-

ers on the station and a man to steer clear of on the rugby field. He hails from Taunton and besides tossing people about at rugby he is fond of swimming.

F/S Stone: N.C.O. i/c and his home is 'arrer' whoops! sorry . . . Harrow. Any resemblance between Stoney and the old school tie is purely coincidental. His hobbies are (1) trying to find some decent beer, (2) trying to find some more decent beer.

Sgt. R. S. W. Wood: "Timber" to the boys and i/c Maintenance wallahs. Comes from Northampton. His thick wavy hair is the envy of all the ladies who visit the Sergeants' Mess. His sidelines are designing all things weird and wonderful (see note above) and photography. He dreams of the day when someone will turn in some nudes for him to develop. The films we mean.

Sgt. Glanville: N.C.O. i/c Flights. Another west countryman. The lads in the Flights swear by him. We said "by." Home address is Colomb Minor. His hobby is trying to beat the land speed record between Greenwood and Berwick. Already he can make any-



Like all good N.C.O.'s, "Stoney" likes to keep a fatherly eye on his section busily at work.

one eat his dust getting away after the 'phone has rung with another "Come down and have a cookie" call.

Cpl. Hyde: Often referred to as Jekyll but no one knows why. His civilian hangout is Essex and on pre-war weekends was often to be seen wolfing along Southend front got up like a hambone. He tried the same tactics here on the Margaretsville front, but soon got rumbled. The first N.C.O. the Section ever had, he's been a bit of problem ever since. He is fond of tennis and seeing how much profit he can make out of the tea swindle.

Cpl. Mitchell: He is a Liverpool lad 'ee by goom 'e is an' all. So fond of Nova Scotia has he become he goes cold at the thought of being posted. His avocation is fishing. A true angler, he never misses an opportunity to cast his line. At a recent dance when someone informed him that there were fish in the ornamental fountain, he sped back to the billet for his rod, pulled off shoes and socks and waded right in.

Cpl. Anderson: A comparative newcomer to the Section and a native of Willesden. A gen man on Britain's fastest bomber (censored), he has no hobbies.

Too fond of his wife.

Cpl. Hutcheson: Jimmy is in charge of the plug bay and is one of Brechin's best-loved sons. "Here's tae us 'twas like us, damn few." We never did understand that toast anyway. You can understand Jimmy quite well if he talks slowly enough. Hobbies? We'll have to trail him to Kentville some evening and find out.

Cpl. Pascoe: A miniature dynamo of energy. Played centre forward for England in the last International. Will score plenty of goals if someone bets him a packet of fags he can't. Saw the light of day for the first time in Devonshire but would like to be taken for an American. His favourite occupation is delivering dissertations on conditions in Western Canada.

Cpl. Hellyer: A Flight princeps, and often referred to as Satan. Unquestionably the Beau Brummel of the Section. When he steps out there are no flies on our Donald although they do follow him. Could be the brand of hair oil he uses, we aren't certain. The ladies' pride and joy. His hobbies—er—let's just skip that.

AC Wisdom: Another A Flight wallah. See above and repeat. He's a Londoner but please don't hold that against London. Favourite stamping ground is Boston, Mass. She's very sweet too, Wis.

AC Knibbs: Since coming to Greenwood he has taken unto himself a wife. Now he wears a serene and satisfied expression as against the lean and hungry look of the rest of us.

LAC Carter: 857 so as not to get him mixed with 140 Carter. Les, so a little gremlin has whispered in our ear, is also about to take in bond a mate. He may have already done so by the time this goes to print. Best of luck, Les. His specialty is making out late chits.



LAC. Parker, LAC. Took and Cpl. Hutcheson, Testing spark plugs in the "plug bay."

AC Brown: 720, once again so as not to mistake him for his namesake Brown 856. His theme song is "I Belong to Glasgow," and is walking proof of the old saying, "There's many a good tune can be had from an old fiddle." His sideline is collecting bottles of Scotch and emptying them so that others will not be tempted.

LAC's Sidebottom and Trafford: The twins of C Flight. Cpl. Naylor (a photography fiend who won an OVER SEAS photography contest) thinks they are the cat's pyjamas. They spend the day fighting with each other, but the moment anyone else joins in he finds to his chagrin that he has both of them to contend with. Sidebottom comes from Yorkshire; Trafford's a Scot, too.

LAC Robertson: Another Scot. Goodness knows where they all come from. With all the places around here bearing Scottish names why on earth does he have to go to a place called Windsor so often? Scotland's goalie in the international matches, he's very canny between the uprights.

LAC's Aspinall, Wassell and Hill: These gentlemen are all in Maintenance and their one joy in life seems to be scrubbing their bed spaces on Domesticity night. The corporal i/c room loves them for the interest they take.

LAC Armstead: Yet another Yorkshireman. The quietest man in the Section, his motto is "Hear all and say nowt". At such times as Christmas and other festive occasions he has been known to let his hair down and sing "On Illkley Moor 'bout 'at!" The rest of the year he just says 'nowt' and keeps on saying it.

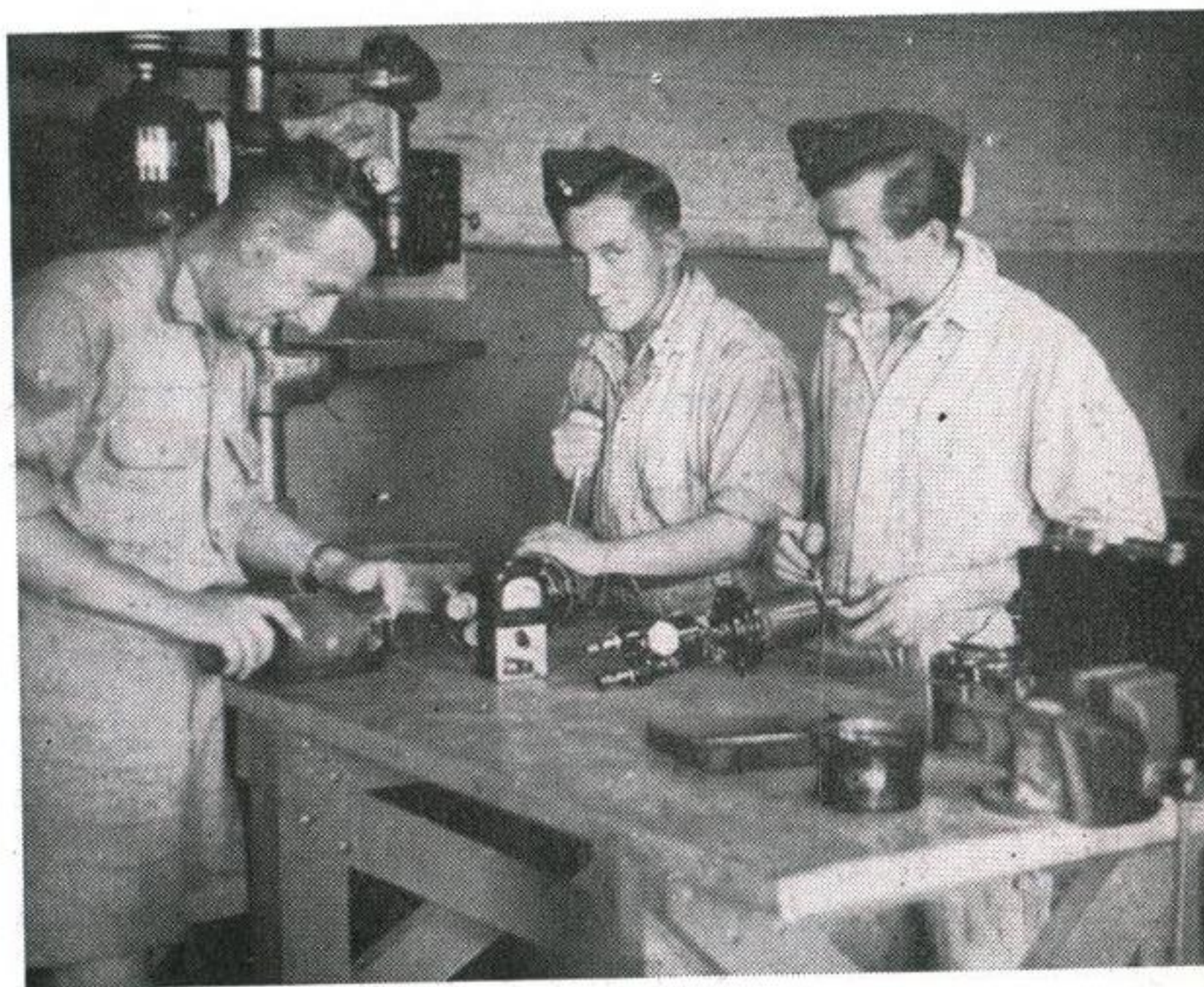
AC Flowers: Head of the battery charging room. The originator of that expression "Say it with flowers". No matter where you go in Nova Scotia



AC. Brown, LAC. Thomas and LAC. Boeth engaged in the painstaking work of adjusting generator regulators.

Alec is a jump ahead of you. The ladies all love his rosy cheeks, otherwise we don't see what he has that we haven't got. Favourite occupation: Flannelling his way through life.

LAC Carter: Busyman of the engine bay. The only time he's to be seen around the Section is when he pops in with a 295 and pops right out again. His pet aversion is the possibility of two stripes being hung on his arm. He still dreams of his old squadron 408 and



F/Sgt. Stone, LAC. Thomas and Cpl. Moore servicing propellor "featuring" motors.

the 'Robinhood' at Newark. We feel sure his last N.C.O. i/c must have been a wizard chap. What his hobbies are he keeps under wraps: we wouldn't know.

LAC's Thomason and Booth: Link trainer experts. What they don't know about flying isn't necessary. We don't know very much about this gifted pair so it would be hardly fair to voice comment. They always look pretty fit so possibly they haven't any bad habits.

LAC Ellis: The Section's "perfect little gentleman" who is the one we always send out when there is a pink tea going on. We can always rely on his deportment being irreproachable. His one aim in life is to perfect his command of the English language.

And so ends a brief summary of the Electrical Section. Space has not made is possible for us to mention every member in our list of profiles but if your interest warrants doing so, drop in any old evening at the Wet Canteen where you will find each and every member at his best.

—"*Hameater*"

An old lady, seeing barrage balloons for the first time, said: "If those Huns think they can scare us by sitting up there in their balloons all day staring at us they don't know the British."

There is no better no way of giving the folks a regular review of life at Greenwood than by sending them a copy of OVER SEAS each month See us about having copies mailed home. The cost is small, 25 cents, including postage. Drop in at the Editorial Office, Drill Hall, or the Y. M. C. A. office, Recreation Hall.

Circuits and Bumps

A Smattering of S. F. A.

If The Cap Fits . . .

Service psychologists might with reason be asked to comment on a strange scene which is enacted in Mess Cloak-rooms on Guest Nights. A junior officer, impelled by who knows what mysterious force, will take a heavily gilded Air Commodore's hat off the peg, put it on his own head, and peer into the mirror grinning. At the sound of approaching footsteps off comes the hat and the J. O. walks out as though he's just nipped back for his handkerchief.

R.A.F. Journal.

* * * *

We once thought the slogan "A pub is a place for Gin and Gen" quite a nice security line; until we tried getting some gin in a pub.

—*R.A.F. Journal.*

* * * *

A sergeant-pilot who in civil life was a rent collector was welcomed home on leave by large crowds. On this occasion they took no evasive action.

* * * *

As Bob Hope says, with so many of both sexes in uniform these days it's getting that you never know until you're about twenty feet away whether to salute or whistle.

* * * *

These days, if you're not in uniform, you'd better learn to keep a civilian tongue in your head.

* * * *

Two anarchists sat leafing through a mail order catalogue. "Hey Joe," exclaimed one. "Order one of these. Here's a machine that makes 15 thousand revolutions per minute."

West Africa--*Raffly* Speaking

Over Seas must get more contributors, otherwise . . . well, let the fate of an R. A. F. station magazine in West Africa be a warning to all on this station. It started off well, in spite of a paper shortage, with a staff made up of our Squadron Leader, two Flying Officers, one Flight Sergeant, and a staggeringly, well-informed LAC., who also owned the one and only private typewriter for miles. First the Squadron Leader resigned; he was too busy, or so he said. Then the two F/O's, one of whom was a professional journalist, were posted home. The LAC. then decided he was too busy which he definitely was, so the gallant Flight Sergeant wrote the whole thing from cover to cover. The paper shortage then became so acute the magazine could not be printed and had to be typed in triplicate and one copy posted on the notice-boards in each of the Messes. The Flight Sergeant did all the typing assisted by the then conscience-stricken LAC. Various issues never appeared and indignant letters from readers would appear on the notice boards, followed by a next issue, and a letter from the Editor explaining it was late due to lack of contributions. The continual correspondence between yearning readers and the harassed Editor became quite interesting but at last the Flight Sergeant was posted home and we later learned that he had written the readers' letters as well. So much for the fate of an R. A. F. magazine in West Africa.

Coastal Command have been doing magnificent work along the West African coast from above Dakar to Lajos, and have disposed of a large number of U-boats, in spite of very trying living conditions. On several inland stations everyone sleeps in tents which are so hot in

the dry season the occupants can barely breathe, and under water most of the time during the rains. On the coast living is a shade more pleasant. Several camps are sited right on the beach so if anyone wants to he can spring out of bed at dawn with a glad cry, throw out his chest (being mindful of the chap in the next bed) and gallop gaily into the sea, returning later, a magnificent bronzed figure, to breakfast. He can do this if he likes but nobody ever does it. The newcomers try it for a morning or two but soon slacken off and stay in bed, tucked under their mosquito nets. These muslin drapings seem very cozy and feminine at first. One wakes up and stretches like Jeannette Macdonald about to burst into an aria from the Merry Widow, but there the resemblance ends.

With the exception of Freetown, which is in a bay surrounded by magnificent hills and gets six months rainfall a year, and also Dakar, West Africa scenery is very flat and monotonous. Gambia is all palm trees, sand and swamps, but like all flat scenery it has a wide-open-spaces attraction all its own. Bathurst, though everyone grumbles about it, is quite an attractive little place, with pleasant memories for anyone who has ever served there. There is the open air cinema in the evenings, which are the best part of the day in Africa; there are recollections of the R. A. F. production of Steinbeck's *Of Mice And Men* which was so successful the company toured all the distant camps in the colony, jolting over jungle roads in a lorry with all the scenery and props, and smeared their faces with make-up in a temperature of ninety-three. The unfortunate corporal playing the giant half-wit in the play had to be

(Concluded Overleaf)

padded with one small bolster wrapped in a towel and two blankets, over all of which he wore two jackets. Perspiration kept seeping through the lot at every performance. The dog in the play displayed great affection for the character he was supposed to hate, completely ignoring the man he should have worshipped, despite the latter's precaution of concealing tasty morsels of food about his person as a lure. After performances the company would come home in the early hours of the morning, under a bright moon along the coast road, and pleasantly full of beer which, incidentally, cost one and ten a pint!

Also, there was the Sunderland crew that went out on a reconnaissance flight and crashed. No word was heard of them but after their next of kin had been informed, they turned up just in time to see their personal effects being disposed of. They had managed to reach Portuguese territory and were treated with such kindness by the Portuguese that they vowed that nothing they could do could ever repay the debt they owed them.

And there are several bright remarks worth remembering. A very young and witty LAC wrote to his mother apropos getting home: "I'm now in my eighth month," and added "but no one would think it to look at me." And the C. O.'s remark when, after Dakar came over to the Allies, a very important French delegation including Admiral Collinet and several French liaison officers visited the R. A. F. mess at Bathurst. The Squadron Leader Admin. fondly imagined he spoke fluent French and while he was haranguing the guests the C. O. quietly observed: "Never was so much said by one person to so many and understood by so few."

Best of all, there were the starry nights on the beach, with the waving palms and the long stretches of sand, and the bright moon shining on the sea. Only

one thing was missing, and we don't mean you, Sergeant! —F/O. N. R. Gee.

For Those in Peril in the Air

*1st Prize, Arts and Crafts Competition,
Poetry Division*

LAC. LLOYD-HUGHES

Lord of the tempest and the storm,
God of the boundless sky.
Thou at whose word the snow-clouds
form,
Hear us for those who fly.
Good Lord Our Father, hear our Prayer,
For those in peril in the air.

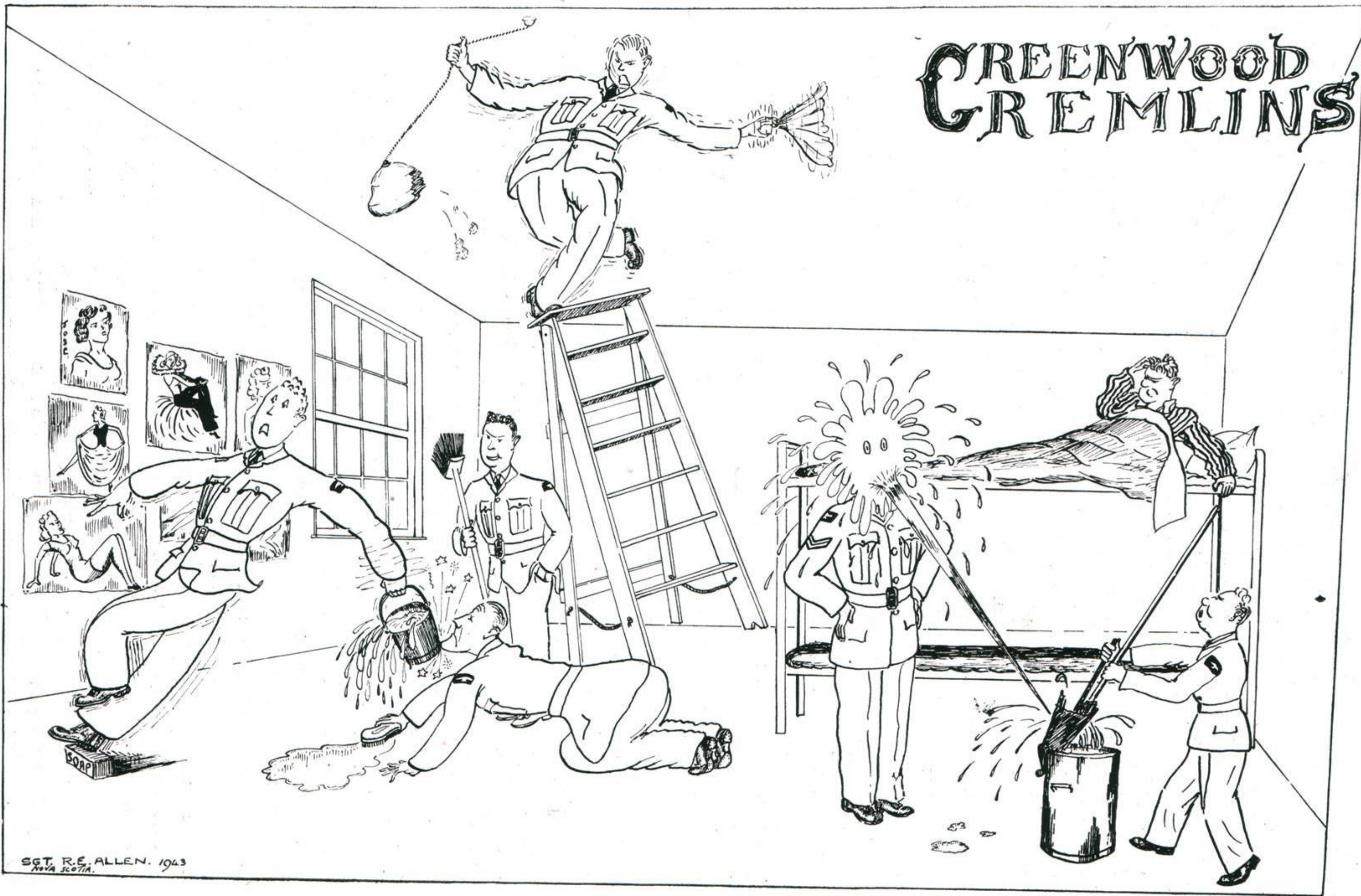
Lord of the thunder and the hail,
God of the mists and rain,
Grant that they shall not faint or fail,
But shall return again.
Good Lord Our Father, hear our prayer,
For those in peril in the air.

Thy gentle hand shall spread the balm,
Upon my aching brow,
My cup of life be filled with Peace,
All, all, its source art thou,
Good Lord Our Father, hear our prayer,
For those in peril in the air.

Lord of the Nations be their Guide,
Save them from shell and flame,
Be in the contest at their side.
Help them to serve thy name.
Good Lord Our Father, hear Our prayer
For those in peril in the air.

Thou who has made the eagle's wing,
High in the heaven to soar,
Grant that the eagle's strength to bring,
Thy peace for evermore.
God of our father, hear our prayer,
For those in peril in the air.

GREENWOOD GREMLINS



SGT. R.E. ALLEN. 1943
No 14 SCOTIA.

Personalities

F/Sgt.. C-mm-n-s:

Disguize our bondage as we will,
'Tis woman, woman rules us still.
—Tom Moore.

F/O M-y-s:

Who loves a garden loves a greenhouse
too. —Cowper.

AC P-pe: The perception of beauty is
a moral test. —Thoreau.

Cpl. B-ac-w-ll:

The tavern is my High place.
—Hafiz.

F/Lt. H--dl-y:

Drink deep
For shallow draughts intoxicate the
brain
And drinking largely sobers us again.

Gentler sex at station dances: They
come to see: they come that they them-
selves may be seen. —Ovid.

F/Lt. E-s-on:

(To his car): But where's the bloody
horse! —Roy Campbell.

P/O G-rt-n:

Though oft to agony distress
And though his favourite seat be feeble
woman's breast.
—Wordsworth.

F/O Br-yn:

Every woman should marry—and no
man. —Disraeli.

AC P--nt-n:

Good men have bags—of money.
—Porter.

F/O. M-rl-y:

I've no mind to be a
Strolling round among the drink shops.
—Hadrian.

AC Sp-c-r:

Will I live? Go, with her, with her;
hook on, hook on. —Shakespeare.

LAC M-rt-nd-le:

Does it not show vilely in me to de-
sire small beer?
—Henry the Fourth.

F/Lt. J-seph:

If thou gett'st any leave of me, hang
me; if thou takest leave thou wert better
be hanged. —Falstaff.

S/L. S-g--s:

I would it were otherwise: I would my
means were greater and my waist slenderer.
—Shakespeare.

At Medical inspection: Sirrah, you
giant, what says the doctor to my water?
—Falstaff.

100 Years at Greenwood: One remem-
bers only the silence and their still faces
lifted in the phantasmal light of lost
time.

Thoughts at Greenwood on sunny days:
Sweet is idleness to those that need not
labour but to the weary toilers sweeter
still.

Sgt's Mess Dance: Be gone good an-
cient: this will grow to a brawl anon.
—Henry the Fourth.

F L M--n:

Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no
more with thee. Hold, there's sixpence
for thee. —Twelfth Night.

Guard Staff:

Who's there?
Nay, answer me; stand, and unfold
yourself. —Hamlet.

N.C.O. i c trade tests

Away! I do beseech you, both away.
I'll board him presently. —Hamlet.

Asides From The Ads..

Wanted—Boy's two wheel bicycle.
Must be in good condition.
—Montreal Gazette.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT NOVA SCOTIA?

This month's Quiz, the second of a series, is designed to test your knowledge of Nova Scotia. If you succeed in answering all of the following correctly you may consider yourself an authority. What you cannot find in history books, road maps and travel folders you may be able to find by asking a neighbouring farmer. In any event, there are cash prizes waiting for the lucky pair turning in the best entries. We suggest getting cracking!

Space for answering the questions below may be found on reverse side of this page. Answers must be submitted on or before **Saturday, Oct. 23rd** and may be handed in either at the Over Seas Editorial Office, Drill Hall, or the Y.M.C.A. Office, Recreation Hall. Two cash prizes will be awarded \$3.00 to the winner, \$2.00 to the runner-up. Speed in answering may be a determining factor in selecting the winner so get your answers in early!

This contest is open to all ranks.

Winners will be announced in the next issue of Over Seas.

This contest is to be judged by the Commanding Officer, Group Captain G. F. W. Heycock D.F.C.

Caution: Do not RIP this page out. Snip it out with scissors or pen knife.

1. In what year is "Evangeline" supposed to have left Nova Scotia?
2. In what year did Lief Erickson a Norse Explorer visit Yarmouth Harbour?
3. How many Golf Courses are there in Nova Scotia?
4. What was the old name for Annapolis Royal?
5. In what year did the change of name of Annapolis Royal take place?
6. What was "Evangeline's" real name?
7. In what year did Halifax become the Capital of Nova Scotia?
8. After whom are the following places named:
 - (a) The Cornwallis Inn
 - (b) Halifax
 - (c) Kentville
 - (d) Digby
 - (e) Annapolis Royal
9. In what Charter did "Nova Scotia", the Latin for New Scotland, first appear?
10. Name twelve varieties of apples grown in Nova Scotia?
11. In what year was Halifax partly destroyed by explosion?
12. Where, in Nova Scotia is gypsum produced?
13. What is meant by "facing and tailing"?
14. Where is the largest Indian reservation in Nova Scotia?
15. A Crimson Beauty is (a) A strawberry (b) A fast young Nova Scotia girl (c) Apple (d) A butterfly?
16. What do they manufacture at New Ross?
17. Why do they flood cranberry bogs in Spring and Autumn?
18. When is the best season for moose calling?
19. How many Breweries are there in Nova Scotia?
20. What is the difference between a Fire Worm and a Wire Worm?



Logging in Nova Scotia

(Space For Answers Overleaf)

ANSWERS

- 1. -----
- 2. -----
- 3. -----
- 4. -----
- 5. -----
- 6. -----
- 7. -----
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NAME -----

QUARTERS -----

IN THE BARRACK-ROOM OF LIFE

In the barrack-room of life
I learnt my trade,
In strife;
I worked, I paused, I dreamt, I slept,
And sometimes
In the gloom,
In all my life,
I wept.

In the barrack-room of life
I swapped my thoughts
As a sailor swaps his thoughts
Before the capstan,
Or on the poop-deck,
Steep,
Of a slow barque bound
From Balbriggan
(Or somewhere)
To Plympton creek.

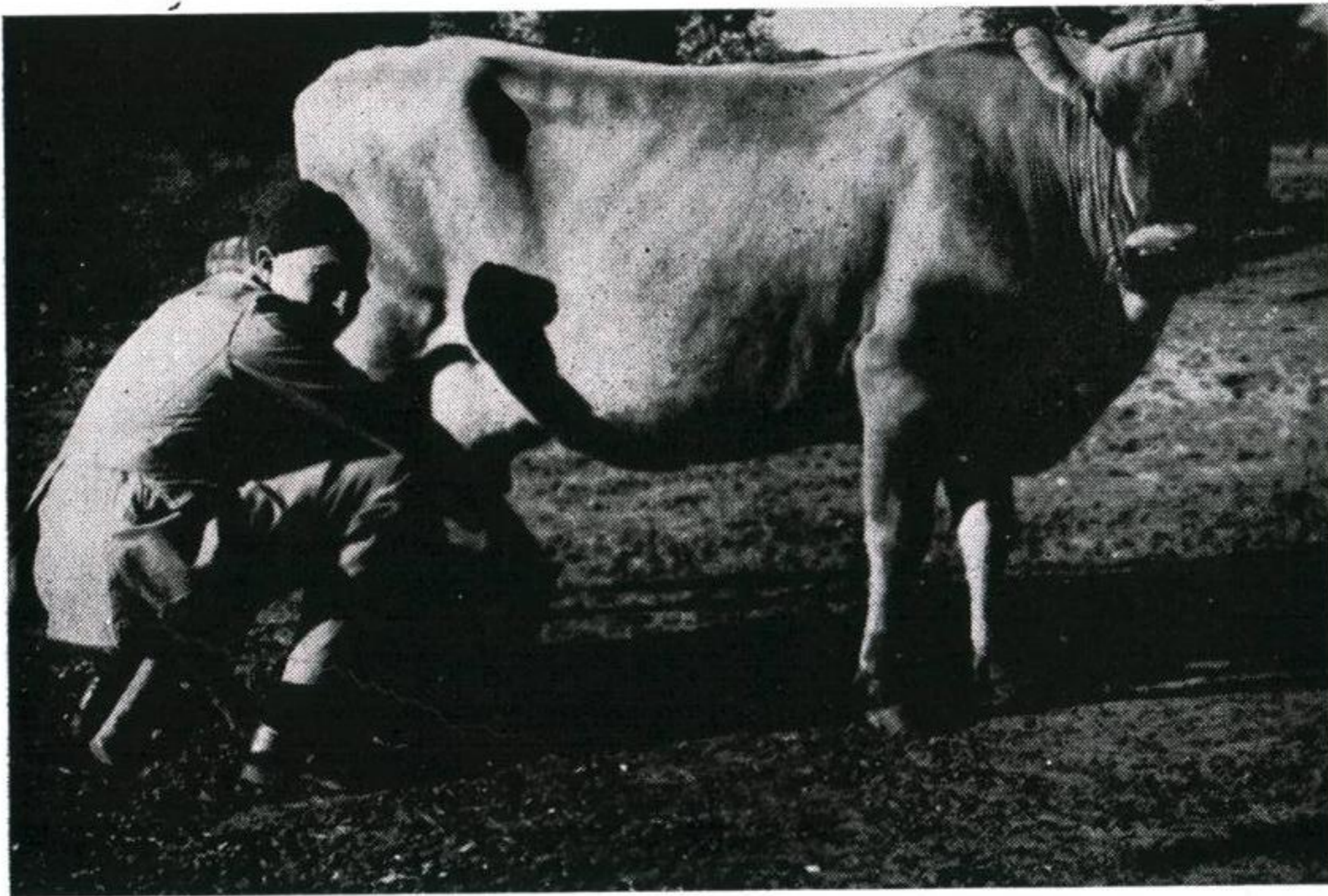
In the barrack-room of life
I saw my men:
Intelligent, and some—
Some who had no ken—

But I saw my men
Clear and bright and shunning,
Solid, Patient, critical and cunning.

In the barrack-room of life
I learnt a real man's ways:
I learnt to speak my word,
Hold my peace,
To fight,
And lowly, wisely,
Oftimes miserably,
To bide my days.

In the barrack-room of life
I learnt to hold my torch
Against a million colours, shadows
Painted;
I learnt to play my fire,
Careful, deliberate—
With all its odd, ornate desires—
And yet,
Emerge,
Untainted.

—S. C. Monk.



"Tell me, handsome airman, are there any more at camp like you?"

New Barnyard Ballads.

Basil Bindingbotham Scores Again!

Dear Mr. Editor,

I helped you out rather well last time, I think. I did at least write and tell you all about my leave in New York. Maybe I did not tell you *all* about it for after all one is expected to keep a little of one's life "secret and confidential," as they say on those files the Orderly Room Clerks find so amusing at times. And for another thing, I don't think Lana would like me to make our Romantic acquaintance too public at the moment.

I owe it to you and lots of others who may have been similarly placed to tell you of my most wonderful "after leave" experience. Experiences on leave, however amusing, romantic or full of future promise, must, of necessity, be dull and uninteresting after the terrific bend I described to you in my last letter. But the return from leave is the same for everybody and, from what I can gather, even hits the Commissioned Ranks. You know what I mean: The train is four hours late, you're broke, it's pouring with rain and you've lost the piece of paper with the girl's address and 'phone number. The very day you return they serve up some of that everlasting mince and follow it with a dish of what I once thought was pink soup but later found out to be jelly, delivered to you in a soup bowl straight off the furnace. All this happened to me. Mr. Editor, after leaving Lana and Betty Grable and the Limousines and the Stork Club behind to come back to "Chiefy" and Mr. Runnerly, dashing across the Parade Ground, the Airmen's Mess and the morning ride on the Garbage Van I was so brassed off that I hardly had the courage to count the weeks to my next 48. Then all of a sudden something happened. It was just like a dream. I was strolling through the G. I. S. Block. I often use this block

as a means of getting from my Hangar to the Airmen's Mess, especially on wet days. It makes quite a pleasant change to walk part of the way under cover and you never know who you might meet and in any case one can always pop into the Barber's Shop and get all the local scandal. It was wet this day I'm speaking of and, as I was more than ever brassed off, I thought I would see what the G. I. S. Block offered. I never would have thought it possible. I was just ambling along when out of the corner of my eye I caught sight of the word "Ladies" on one of the doors. I wasn't even looking for that sort of place, or thinking of it at the time, and then all at once it dawned on me how odd that was, "Ladies"--in Greenwood! I turned round and one came out and tripped lightly up the corridor and disappeared. She disappeared into what used to be a kind of class room. I know this because quite often I've had to get away from that door quickly. I nearly got trampled to death one day when they all rushed out at once for lunch. Well there it was. She went into that room and I stood outside the double doors wondering what had got hold of Greenwood. Just then someone opened both doors, or rather they were flung open, in much the same way as they would be for the ceremonial exit of a Lord Mayor, an Ambassador, or a furniture remover carrying a grand piano. None of these came out. I found out that they always had to open both doors when Wing Commander Suspense came out. The story goes that once they only opened one door and he had a terrible time getting through. Well, it turned out to be quite a good thing that they opened both doors because I was then able to get a glimpse of the inside and, would you believe it, there were six of them—

(Continued on page 19)

all glamorous and gorgeous; and there was me, 803 Bindingbotham, on the outside looking in.

All lunch time I thought the matter over. Entrance to that Harem I had to have and the question was just how. Like a flash it dawned on me. My fountain pen. I must have left my fountain pen in that roomful of glamour. As a matter of fact I haven't used a fountain pen for years, at least not since I last wrote you.

I went back in the afternoon. Of course the Flight Sergeant who looks after all these beautiful women didn't know me and was a bit upset at my disturbing his afternoon reading of the Halifax Herald but he let me look around for my pen. Here again Mr. Editor I must draw a decent veil over this remarkable experience. I feel I ought not to divulge the secrets of my clandestine meetings anymore than I should tell, as I have refrained from doing, of my adventures with Lana and Betty Grable. Sufficient to say that Charlotte, Irene, Dorothy, Brenda, Elaine and Lena and marvellous meals at the Rosebank Inn will be memories I shall treasure for years to come. They asked me to have lunch with them but I felt I ought to refuse. Although the meals they serve in Sick Quarters are as a rule better than those dished up in the Airmen's Mess they are just a trifle fussy as to who they serve. Whilst they were happy to oblige Charlotte, Irene, Dorothy, Brenda, Elaine and Lena, I'm sure they would have objected to me. So I had to make do with dinner at the Rosebank Inn and the pleasure of their Society.

Don't you realise now how remarkable it all was? Me, just back from my most wonderful leave in New York, straight into the soft lap of luxury. Good old 12 Group! But that's not all. I found that wandering up and down the delightful

(Continued on Page 20)



"I can't see what right you girls have to be angry. After all, Basil can't be expected to take us all dancing."

(Continued from Page 19)

corridor produced all manner of surprises. The names and ranks on the doors alone would strike awe into the breast of one twice as bold as Basil B. The most comic thing of all however was the game of Shooting Craps. One day I was near the highest door of all. I don't mean that it measured any higher but, I lower my voice when I repeat it, the words "Air Commodore" were on it and even if Lana, in New York, thought AC meant the same thing I know different. I could hear them murmuring within.

"Fives and threes" came a voice I knew so well. I heard it say "Seven days" once. That was when we had our last Station Commander.

"Fours and twos. Roll it round twice and Fours and twos."

There was no mistaking this voice. I used to work in the same Wing as Group Captain Wrennolds.

Very slowly and cautiously I opened the door and edged my head round the corner. There they were, and both our Accountant Officers as well. The Senior Accountant Officer joined in. Sevens. Sevens and fives. She's coming this time."

They were all huddled round in a tight group on the floor. I silently withdrew. The sight of the Mighty shooting craps is not for the vulgar gaze.

That night I had dinner again with the girls at Rosebank. (Oh, boy! What a party.) We started to talk about 12 Group and I asked if they often played at shooting Craps and told them what I had seen.

"Gee, Basil" Lena said, "You are stupid. That wasn't shootin' craps. They had a safe and someone had forgotten the combination so the Air Commodore called in Group Captain Wrennolds. He's clever you know. He can make all kinds of things work. The Accountant Officers came too. They have to know about

safes and numbers and figures, and between the four of them they found out all about it. I'll bet their knees ached kneeling down in those funny little shorts though." She let off the most delightful giggle and passed me a second helping of Raspberries and cream.

Now they've all gone and one of the Officers Mess Waiters told me the Staff Officers are back again at their old table in the Mess. The only exception is F/Lt. Moore. He got sort of caught up in the Scheme of things and went back to Halifax with the Girls. Some people are born lucky.

Mr. Editor I'm brassed off again. No more leave for months and the corridor in the G. I. S. Block empty of everything that matters.

Yours faithfully,

Basil Bindingbotham.



Greenwood's first station wedding took place recently in the new Roman Catholic Chapel, Father J. J. Kennedy officiating. The happy couple, LAC. and Mrs. Phil Horton, are pictured here to the left, with Mrs. L. Rapson, matron-of-honour, and Cpl. Vickery, best man.

OUR OVER SEAS OBSERVER

ITEMS AND SIDELIGHTS ON LIFE IN BRITAIN



It happened on an airfield in Britain when a ground crew, working on a Halifax, heard a strange buzzing noise and saw a procession of bees entering and leaving a small hole in the tail of the plane. The Halifax was due to bomb Germany that night bees or no bees. A frantic search of the neighbourhood finally resulted in the finding of a local clergyman who claimed to be somewhat of a hand with bees. Gingerly the crew stripped part of the fabric away and the pastor went to work with gloved hands finally finding the queen bee which he bore off, followed by the rest of the hive.

* * * *

R.A.F. Pilot, after a raid on Mannheim: "I spent my honeymoon there and I remember there was a street collection for the Luftwaffe. I felt so good I contributed to it. I wonder what they thought of our joint contribution last night."

* * * *

Britain's oldest beauty contest started in 1841 by a vicar of Holsworthy, who left 50 shillings each year to "the young Holsworthy girl under 30 the most handsome and the most held in general esteem for her quietness and regular attendance at church." Towena Bennett, 17-year-old telephone operator, has won the 1943 contest.

* * **

Living up to the motto, "To See and Be Seen", the R.A.F. sea rescue service, which formerly was limited to the coastal waters of the United Kingdom and the English Channel, has been extended from Iceland almost to Gibraltar.

* * * *

The following statistics tell the story far better than words:

Period	British Bombs On Germany	German Bombs On Britain
Third Quarter, 1940.....	2,750	18,900
Fourth Quarter, 1940.....	2,500	17,000
First Quarter, 1941.....	2,700	8,000
Second Quarter, 1941.....	7,200	11,600
Third Quarter, 1941.....	8,800	1,600
Fourth Quarter, 1941.....	4,300	600
First Quarter, 1942.....	3,500	250
Second Quarter, 1942.....	12,300	1,700
Third Quarter, 1942.....	15,600	600
Fourth Quarter, 1942.....	5,600	250
First Quarter, 1943.....	17,400	800
Second Quarter, 1943.....	36,700	700

(Continued on page 22)

(Continued from page 21)

As an example of what to expect if you decide to go on a vacation in these times of restricted rail travel, the London News Chronicle tells the story of a Mr. McKean who left London on a Friday intending to spend a week's vacation on the Isle of Man. His log: No room on the boat or in embarkation point of Fleetwood; spent two nights walking about Fleetwood; decided to try Blackpool; hotels full, he spent night on beach; went on to Chester and walked about all night there; went on to Bangor in North Wales and spent two nights on the beach under the stars; after six nights without a bed he staggered back to London; lost his suitcase on the way; suitcase finally discovered by rail authorities at Crewe.

* * * *

Britain's harvest this year will probably mean the best part of 100,000,000 tons, it is estimated by R. S. Hudson, Minister of Agriculture, who is calling for 500,000 volunteers to help garner the crops.

* * * *

Sgt. Jordan Hogan, U. S. Army wrote three letters to his mother describing his visit to Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare's home town, feeling sure that at least one would get by the censor untouched. On one of the letters the censor wrote the following: "Please inform your son that you are now well acquainted with the details of his visit to Stratford-on-Avon. I'm tired of reading about it."

* * * *

In Case You're Interested

An English sociological study called "The Pub And The People", deals with the drinking habits of the British proletariat. The authors go very thoroughly into the question of how long it takes to consume a pint of bitter. There is

not an average time for an (English) gill, the article points out, the time varying from night to night. The researchers go on to present a table showing the time required by 443 bitter drinkers in four public houses to knock off a half pint. The time varied from 7.9 minutes on Saturday nights to 13.5 minutes on Tuesday nights. A Tuesday night elbow-bender is evidently not in the hurried, bottoms-up mood that comes over him of a Saturday evening. The authors make it clear that the accumulation of these facts is "difficult, laborious work" and we suspect, ourselves, that the investigator finds himself not so often abreast the statistical table as under it.

We might add that a visit on the part of the investigators any evening of any week to Cpl. Blackwell's emporium would make it necessary to make some drastic revisions in their statistics. Not unlike Gunder Hagg, crash Swedish miler, certain of the more regular attendants are working zealously toward the 4 minute mark.

* * * *

At a stuffy English garden party, Beatrice Lillie (Lady Peel), wearing the Peel pearls, was approached by a lady of lineage who said maliciously, "What lovely pearls, Beatrice. Are they genuine?"

Lillie nodded.

"Of course you can always tell by biting them," said the cat. "Here, let me see."

"Gladly," said Lady Peel, proffering the pearls, "but remember, Duchess, you can't tell real pearls with false teeth."

¶ One couldn't worry a great deal about anyone when every time one got into one's bed one was so tired one slept from the moment one's head hit the pillow.—*From*

* * * *

You're wordly wise and witty,
And I would make it lawful,
If you were awfully pretty,
Instead of pretty awful.

The Padres' Page

Church of England:

Services in the Station Church are now all voluntary. Only in exceptional circumstances will the "exigences of the Service" prevent attendance at the 11.15 a.m. Morning Service. All denominations, except R. C.'s are welcome.

The Holy Communion is celebrated twice every Sunday, at 7.30 a.m. and 12.00 noon. If required, those who attend the early service, may have a chit for late breakfast by arrangement.

Wives of personnel are invited to attend any service in the Station Chapel, and are asked to regard the Padre as theirs as well as their husbands,' in spiritual or any other matters about which they may desire help or advice.

Confirmation and Religious Instruction is given regularly on Tuesday at 6.45 p.m. and other times will be arranged on request. Choir practice on Wednesdays at 6 p.m.

Altar Servers and Choirmen are asked to introduce themselves to the Padre, who will be glad to make use of their help. It should be possible to have a daily service of Holy Communion and at least one complete and unabridged well-sung service of Mattins or Evensong every Sunday.

The Chapel is open at all times for private prayer, and Confessions will be heard by arrangement.

Whatever religion you profess, (except R. C.), come and see the Padre, if you feel your spiritual needs are neglected, and he will be glad to discuss ways and means.

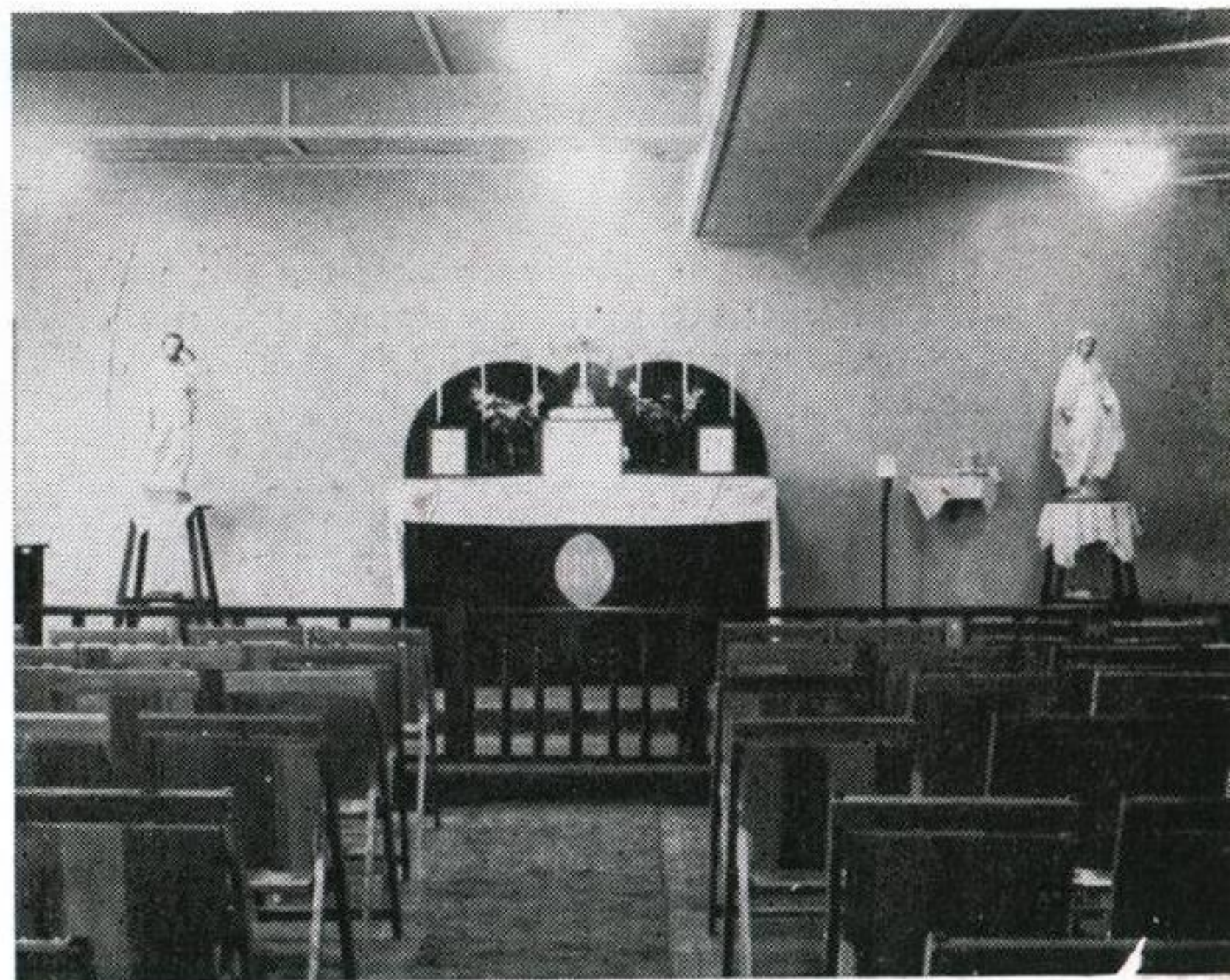
REV. H. H. ASHLEY.

Roman Catholic:

Always in the midst of the community stands the parish church. Around it the life of the community circulates. Open day and night, it is the doorway admitting men into the immediate presence of God.

The war has taken us from our natural environments, but still in our midst we find the parish church. Here at Greenwood our chapel is complete and almost fully equipped. True, it is not so ornate or pretentious but still it stands for everything our parish church stood for at home. Always the heart and centre of the chapel is the altar, the gateway of heaven. Through it God comes to man, man returns to God. Upon it is reenacted daily the Last Supper and Calvary in the Sacrifice of the New Law—the Mass. Christ has there taken up his permanent abode in the Sacrament of His love, the Eucharist; the Tabernacle is the symbol of God's eternal love for mankind, of his watchfulness and providence and mercy. For that reason the chapel is

(Continued on page 31)



A View of The Roman Catholic Chapel



When members of the Camera Club started out recently to have a corn roast they took the precaution of bringing along plenty of the tender, golden cobs. Judging by the amount the boys are husking, above, no one is likely to go hungry.



Doug. Gow piles the cobs neatly near the fire, while LAC. Cowler sets the boiler in place, the rest of the gang, except for LAC. Hyde, left, are off somewhere gathering more firewood.



"C O R N

It has been a day of brilliant sunshine and cobalt skies, with the autumn haze hanging over the fields. The evening is cool, with the least hint of frost in the air. A yellow harvest moon soon will be seeming to roll along the rim of the distant hills.

Some people have gathered at the river's edge and already a campfire is blazing, blue smoke drifting slowly above the points of the cedar and pine. Blankets are spread about the fire and the corn is laid in a heap for husking. At length the golden cobs are thrown into the open pot of boiling water hung over the fire. Someone feeds another log to the fire and the sparks fly up in the gathering darkness. Soon the corn is ready. Out comes the butter, salt and pepper. Everyone moves in closer to the fire, the flames playing ruddily on their faces.

Then from the pot come the long glistening cobs to be passed to eager hands. The cobs are coated with butter, and heads

The corn goes into the pot and in a very few minutes one of the most appetizing odours known to mankind will be making mouths water. Cpl. Brooks, LAC. Hyde and Cpl. Dyer form part of the hungry-looking group around the fire.

ROAST"

bend to the business of stripping away the sweet tender nuggets of corn. Cups of steaming coffee are passed around. The corn roast is well underway.

Later on, the moon riding high and bright and the campfire heaped with fresh wood, someone produces a guitar or a mouth-organ and one of the old favourite songs, written to be sung around an open fire, is struck up. Songs like "My Darling Clementine", "Keep The Home Fires Burning", "There's a Long, Long Trail". Later still, someone begins a story which the others take up in turn.

Somewhere out on the dark water a loon gives its weird cry; the sudden splash of a trout breaks the silence. The fire settles suddenly, sending a shower of sparks skyward. Eyes are heavy with sleep now. Sand is scooped on the fire to snuff out the glowing embers. From the riverbank frogs sing a shrill chorus as the party begins the trek homeward.

Such is a Canadian corn roast.

LAC. Campey topped off the evening by catching a beautiful trout. When he suggested that they finish off the repast with that everybody groaned. LAC. Crump helps hold the trout up to the camera, while Cpl. Lane and LAC. Cowler felt like kicking themselves for not bringing a line.



Camera Club president David Mack turned from watching the corn boiling, just in time to catch this shot of LAC. Welch "coolin' the cokes."



Well, darkness has fallen and the boys are still hard at it, munching away for all they're worth. That's one of the characteristics of a corn roast: once you get started eating you just can't stop.



SPORTS SECTION



ENGLAND AND AUSTRALIA XI's

Front Row—L-R:—LAC. Phillips (umpire), LAC. Andrews, Sgt. Hookway, LAC. Watson, LAC. Tregunna, Sgt. Freeman, Cpl. Exley, Sgt. Summerville.

Centre Row—Sgt. Taylor, P/O. Ballard, P/O. Williams, F/Lt. Offord, S/L. Kennedy, P/O. Akers, F/O. MacKay, F/O. Reeves.

Back Row:—Sgt. Shaw, Sgt. Lawson, Sgt. Adamson, Sgt. Mackenzie, Cpl. Burrows, Cpl. Rogers, Cpl. Watson, Cpl. Freston, Sgt. Ricquier, F/Lt. Wright.

Cricket

A very successful cricket season has drawn to a close. At the outset we hardly anticipated such a fine season, but the enthusiasm expanded quickly and we were soon assured that all would be well with cricket at Greenwood.

The Sergeants Mess team, league winners, are to be complimented upon the high standard of play throughout the season, as are also the team from Officers Mess, runners-up. Kent, though finishing at the bottom of the standing are to be congratulated on the spirit with which they played every game. It cannot be stressed too strongly that however much teams may try to win, the primary consideration is to play the game,

provide entertainment, and create topics for conversation.

Some very exciting games were played throughout the schedule. The Sergeants, playing under the name of Lancashire, defeated Gloucestershire by only one run; the Officers beat the Notts. XI in the last over, to mention but two instances where suspense in the outcome was sustained to the last.

Thanks are extended Cpl. Rogers for the good work he did as station scorer, his keenness making possible the weekly publication of bowling and batting date. A word of thanks also to the large number who acted as umpires.

Following are a few league statistics:

Batting Averages

1. Sgt. Haines (Lancs.)	5	2	225	89	75.00
2. P/O. Williams (M.C.C.)	6	1	227	59	45.40
3. W/O. Leach (Lancs.)	7	3	145	32	36.25
4. LAC. Duckworth (Sussex)	8	1	243	103x	34.71
5. Cpl. Burrows (Sussex)	6	1	159	63	31.80

x . . . Not Out.

Bowling Averages

1. Sgt. Taylor (Lancs.)	29.6	8	95	18	5.28
2. Sgt. Ricquier (Lancs.)	34.4	5	127	21	6.05
3. F/Lt. Ponsford (M.C.C.)	33	1	134	21	6.38
4. Cpl. Watson (Glous.)	69.2	13	247	36	6.86
5. F/Sgt. Bowman (Lancs.)	37.5	9	71	10	7.10

Final League Standing

	Played	Won	Lost	Drew	Points.
1. Lancs.	9	8	0	1	17
2. M.C.C.	9	5	1	3	13
3. Middx.	9	5	2	2	12
4. Sussex.	9	6	3	0	12
5. Glocs.	9	5	3	1	11
6. Yorks.	9	4	4	1	9
7. Notts.	9	3	5	1	7
8. Surrey.	9	3	6	0	6
9. Durham.	9	1	7	1	3
10. Kent.	9	0	9	0	0

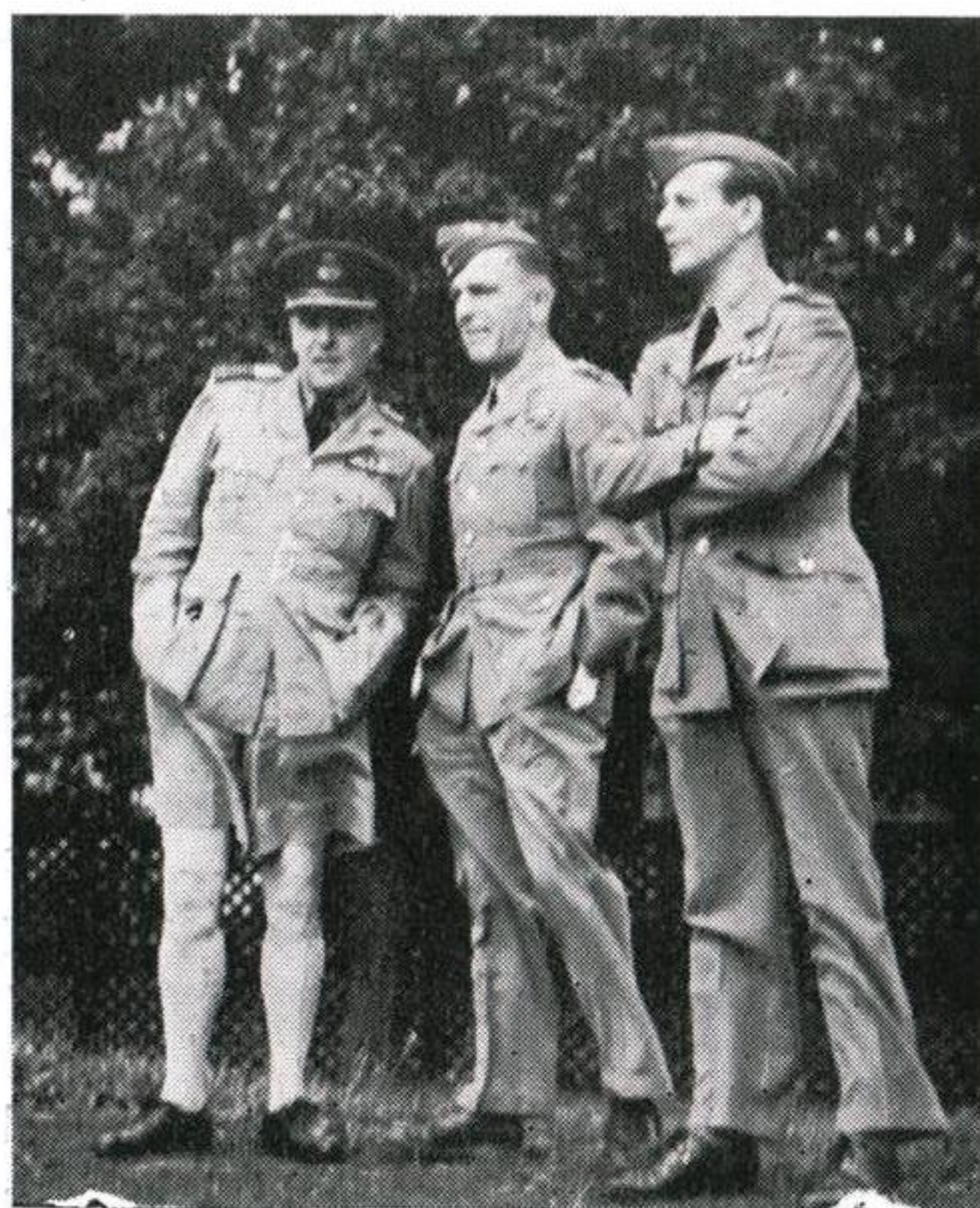
Test Match

Some very fine cricket was displayed in the match between an England XI and an Australia XI. England batted first and declared at 261 runs for 5 declared. Of this aggregate P/O. Williams scored 62. Cpl. Exley 69 and F/O. Mackay 53. Sgt. Bill Freeman produced the mightiest clout of the season the ball soaring well over Block 33B. Australia was unfortunate in not having their original team but put up a grand performance, scoring 154 all out. Of these runs Sgt. Taylor scored 49, F/O Reeves 32. P/O. Williams took 5 wickets for 12 runs. Final score: England 261 for 5 declared; Australia 154 all out.

Debert vs. Greenwood

Only one Station game was possible during the season and that was when our Station XI journeyed to Truro to meet the Debert team. Both teams produced a

(Continued Overleaf)



A trio of keen spectators at the Greenwood-R.A.F. Debert cricket match played recently. Left to right, G/C. J. H. Woodin, Air Commodore W. J. Seward, and G/C. G.F.W. Heycock, D.F.C.

sparkling display, both fielding and batting, but Greenwood emerged victorious by a margin of 4 wickets.

P/O. Williams and Sgt. Taylor opened the innings for the Station and put on 71 runs for the first wicket. The next two wickets fell without further score and the side eventually declared at 153 for 6 wickets. Cpl. Watson kept up his good bowling and took four wickets for 31 runs.

Debert: 149 all out.

Greenwood:

Sgt. Taylor	32
P/O. Williams	39
W/O. Leach	0
Cpl. Burrows	0
F/O Mackay	16
Cpl. Watson	5
Sgt. Freeman	18 not out.
Sgt. Haines	21 not out.
Extras	22

153 for 6 wickets, declared.

The Lighter Side . . .

. . . Of course, when you are looking on at a cricket match, you are not supposed to shout and yell the way we do over baseball on our side of the water in Canada and in the States. All you do is to say, every now and then, "Oh, very pretty, sir, very pretty!" You are speaking to a batsman who is about two hundred yards away and can't hear you. But that doesn't matter; you keep right on, "Oh, well done, sir, well done." . . . That day of the country match in England that I spoke of, my American friend heard an Englishman on the other side of him say, "Oh, very pretty! very pretty, sir." And he asked the Englishman, "What was very pretty?" But of course the Englishman had no way of telling him. He didn't know him. So he turned to me and asked, "What did he do?" And I explained it wasn't what he did, it was

what he didn't do. A great many things in good cricket turn on that—what you *don't* do. You let the ball go past you, for instance, instead of hitting it, and the experts say, "Oh, well let alone, sir." There are lots more balls coming; you've got three days to wait for one . . .

Stephen Leacock on Cricket.

SQUASH

The Greenwood Squash team repeated the Cricket team's success at Debert by winning all games of a tournament held recently. Results:

G/C. Heycock D.F.C. won 9-4, 9-3, 9-5.

P/O. Daley won 9-6, 9-1, 9-2.

F/O. O'Connell D.F.C. won 9-7, 5-9, 9-3.

LAC. Piennington won 7-9, 9-1, 9-4.

LAC. Roark won 9-1, 8-10, 9-6.

A Squash "enthusiast" writes of the acute shortage of balls on the Station and asks that a more even distribution of the balls available be arranged "so that this very good game, which was becoming increasingly popular on the Station, could be played once more by a greater number of people."

FOOTBALL

The Station team visited R. A. F. Pennfield Ridge and won the game in no mean fashion. The opposition was a good deal stronger than the results would suggest but all members of the Greenwood squad played heads-up football. Combination and fine footwork drew much applause from the spectators, many of whom were recent arrivals from this station which suggests that sentiment might have had a hand in their plaudits. From the opening whistle Greenwood showed themselves superior in all positions and each goal was the result of well-placed kicking and clever team work. Ellison at

centre forward played an inspired game, scoring three of our goals. No opportunities for a score were missed around the goal mouth where Pawson, at his best around the opposition's goal, netted two counters. At outside left F/Sgt. Clelland played the best game he has yet shown at Greenwood, scoring two beautiful goals from awkward angles. Other goals: Sgt. Ricquier and Phillips.

Final score: Greenwood 9, Pennfield 3.

Debert vs Greenwood.

The unit entertained a very strong team from Debert Sat., Sept. 11th, the game resulting in a draw to all.

From the very start the play was fast and clean; the combination and clever footwork was very much appreciated by the large number of spectators. It was generally stated by the spectators that the Station team did not play as well as one would have expected. This of course may have been due to the fact that they have not put in sufficient training; for however good a group of players may be they cannot expect to play as a team unless they get out and play together, improving their teamwork and becoming confident in their movements.

Pawson, due to injury, was compelled to leave the field for a short while, yet on his return scored a goal which was the result of good combination and well placed passes. The rearrangement of the side in the second half was due to the injury sustained by Denovan who had previously played a good sound game.

In the closing stages of the game Sgt. Freeman who captained the side scored a goal from a penalty shot.

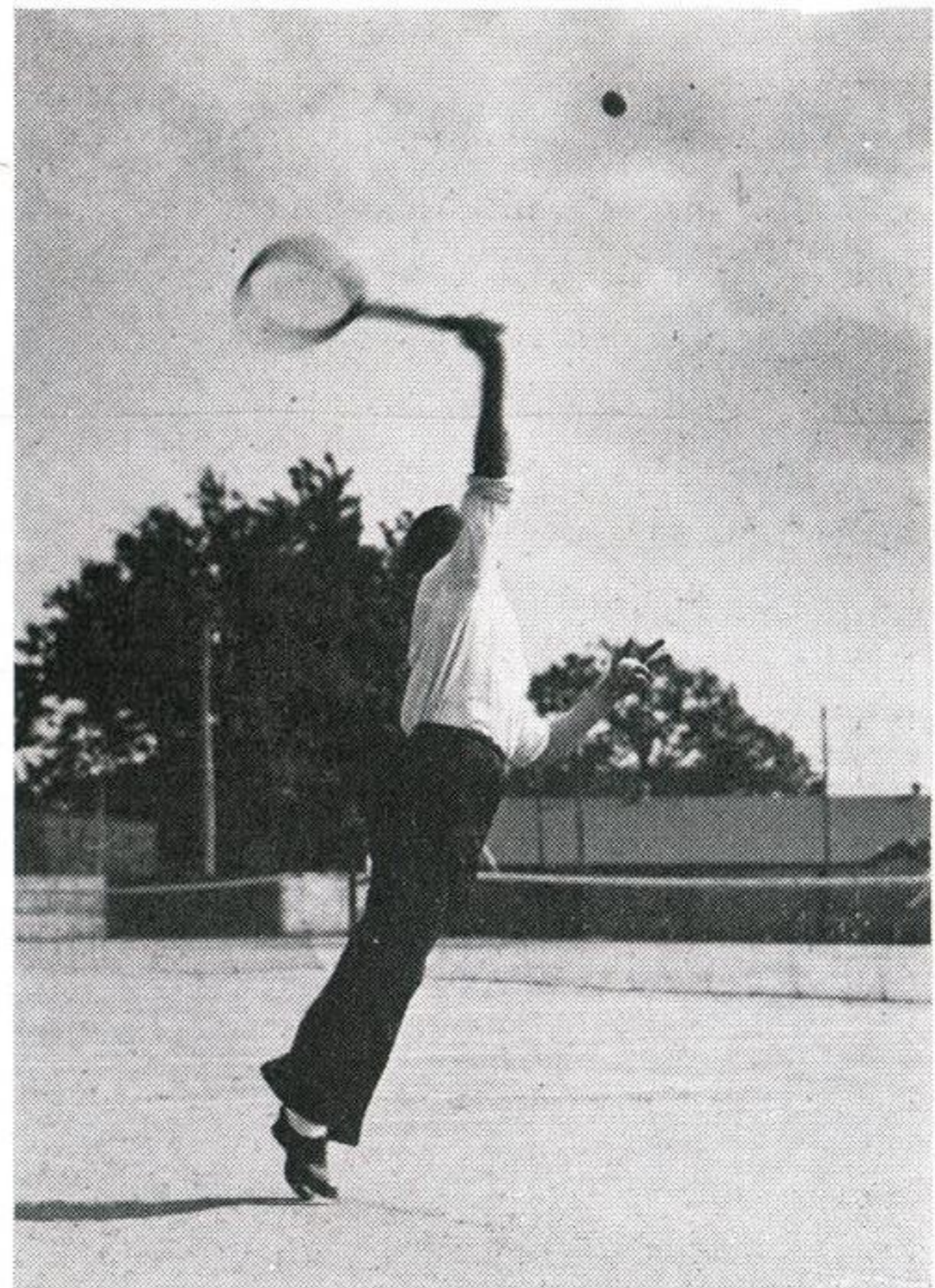
Athletics

Congratulations are extended to L.A.C. Thompson on the very fine performance which he gave as one of the R. A. F. representatives in the Mile Race at the Inter-services Atlantic Meeting at Halifax.

TENNIS

The first Station game of tennis was played against Debert on Sat., Sept. 11th, and although our team lost both the singles and doubles matches, the station representatives are to be congratulated on the very good performance which they gave. Two days only were available to select the team, no member of which had managed to get in much practice, yet the tennis was of a very high standard and one is confident that they will become a very good team. Matches will be pushed forward between now and the close of the season.

P/O. Daley and Sgt. Wetherburn were the only members of the team to win their matches, but the most interesting and spectacular game was that in which the Station Commander took part. The play throughout was of a high standard and the long rallies were a source of great enjoyment.



The Station Commander displays an effective service in the tournament against R.A.F. Debert.

Station Activities

ARTS AND CRAFTS COMPETITION

On the whole this competition was somewhat disappointing in that the number of entrants fell far short from that expected. The exhibits however were of a very high standard and showed a high degree of craftsmanship.

To help men follow their hobbies efforts are being made to set up a small workshop where they can work in their leisure moments.

Winners . . .

Short Story—Sgt. Game.

Poem—L.A.C. Lloyd-Hughes.

Aircraft Model—Cpl. Isaac.

Hand Carving—Cpl. Bird.

Drawing—Sgt. Meadway.

The Instruments Section are to be congratulated on their great contribution to this competition. It appears that the majority of this section attempted something or other in the competition . . . It is suggested that other sections follow suit.



EDUCATIONAL OFFICER'S NOTES

With the winter approaching, and the long dark evenings curtailing outdoor activities, now is the time to think of some useful occupation for your leisure hours. Many of you feel that your work is dull and gives you little or no opportunity to exercise your natural talents and capabilities. In addition to this you probably spend a large amount of time listening vaguely to a radio, or watching the pictures at the cinema. Too much of that sort of thing will surely tend to dull your mental and critical faculties; if you are not to lose the power of these faculties they must be exercised. In the recent arts and handicrafts competition it was evident that, given the opportunity, many of you are capable of doing some fine creative work. I am sure that a good number would welcome the chance to do some drawing, painting, sketching, model building and so on. The chance can be yours for the taking.

One of the minor tragedies of the war has been the scarcity of toys for children at Christmas. They are almost unobtainable at home now. Here is something you can do now. Let us inaugurate a toy-making class. There are many qualified men on the station who could act as instructors and if all interested in this project will contact me we can have this started soon.

For those who prefer to do some studying, the French and German classes are now open. There has been a proposal for a Spanish class, and this will be started immediately there is a sufficient demand and an instructor can be found. Remember that classes can be started on almost any subject provided a fair num-

1st. Prize, Arts and Crafts Competition. Hand Carving Division. Cpl. Bird

ber show interest in it and an instructor is available. If the nature of your work prevents you from attending evening classes, the Canadian Legion offers a wide variety of correspondence courses free of charge, with subjects ranging from elementary level to university standard.

The Dramatic Club offers you a chance to appear before the footlights and display your talents. Who knows? You may be another Clark Gable or Charles Laughton waiting to be discovered. In any event it's worth a try. Most of you who have had experience in dramatics, amateur or professional, know what an interesting and entertaining hobby it can be. The Dramatic Club invites all who are interested in stage work to attend the meetings which are held regularly. For the musically inclined there are the Gramophone Recitals held weekly at which you may listen to the best in music played by the greatest artists in the world today.

You all know about the library, but I'm afraid are not making as much use of it as you should. We have some of the very latest books on our shelves and they are yours for the borrowing. There are excellent books on all aspects of Canadian life which have been donated by the Canadian Committee.

For the debaters and public speakers there is the Discussion Group which convenes regularly to deal with all manner of topics.

There is no reason whatsoever for any one feeling that he has no place to go and nothing to do this coming winter. Join one of the clubs or classes, take up a correspondence course or a hobby, and you will be agreeably surprised at how easily and profitably time can be filled in. There are no formalities attached to getting started; come in and talk it over with me at your first opportunity.

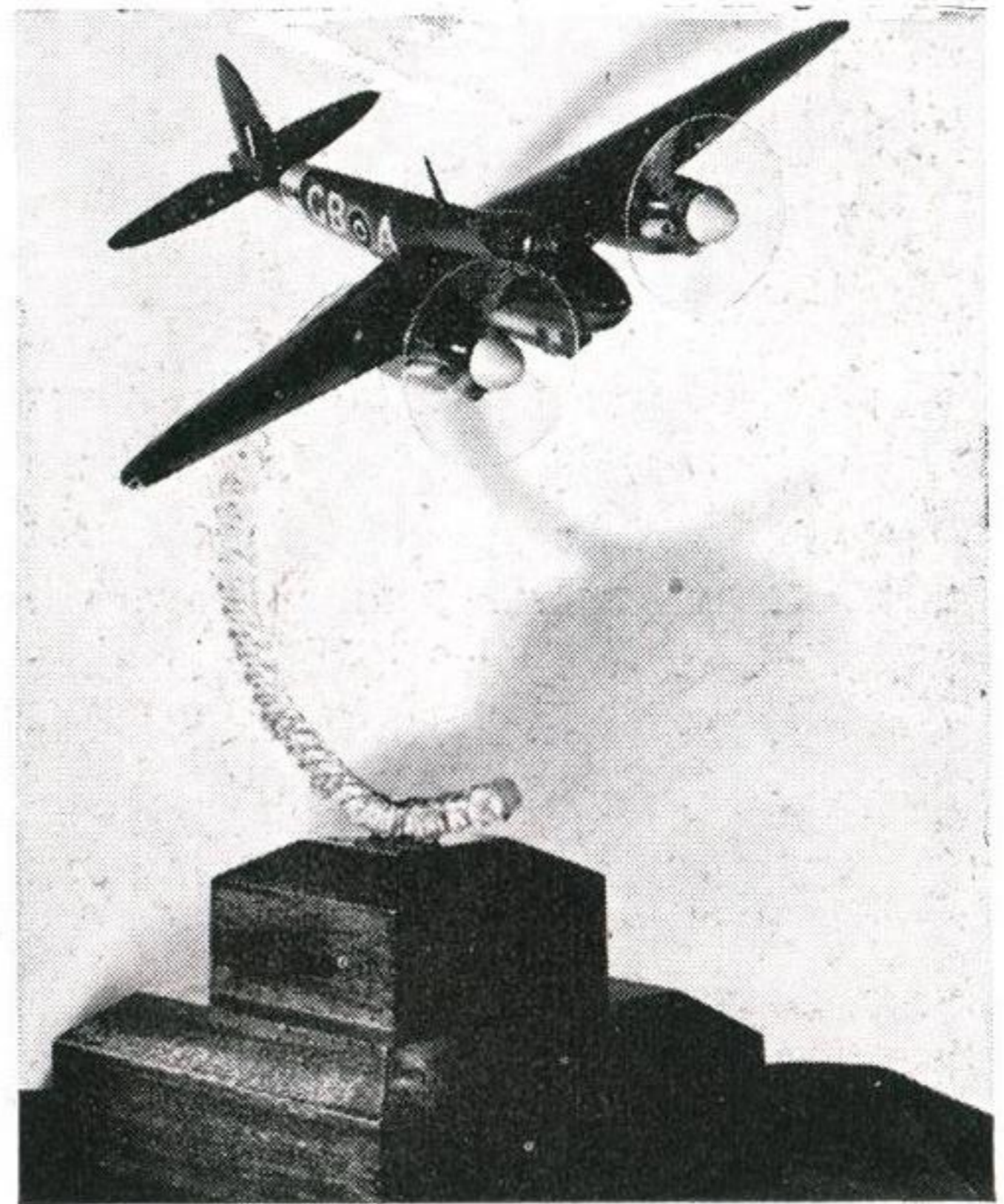
(Continued from Page 23)

not a mere meeting place. It summarizes all that the Church teaches and believes. It is symbolic of the Church's belief in the sacredness of human life and divine institutions.

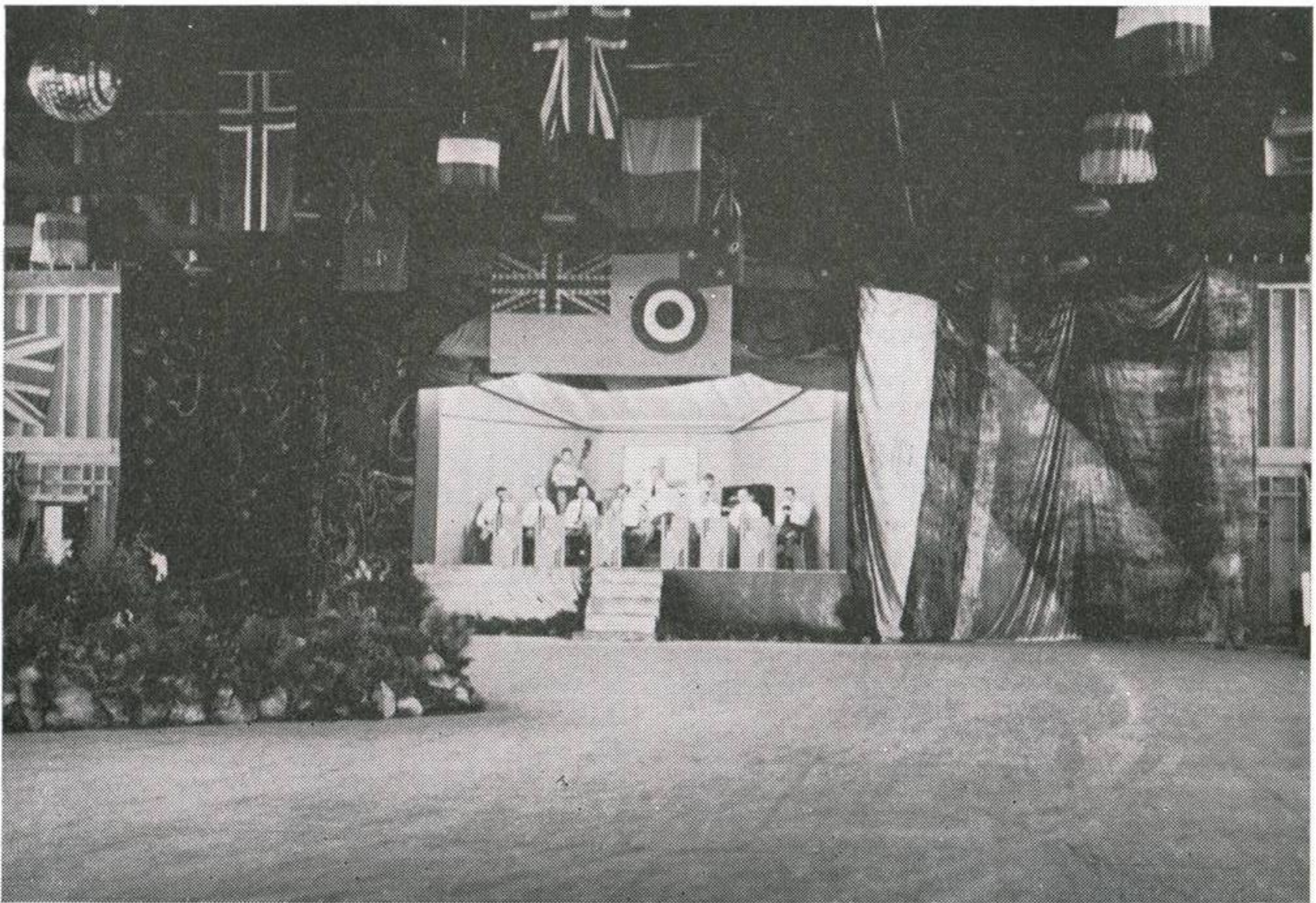
Bitter is the warfare waged today on all that God has ordained for man's guidance and all that mankind has held sacred. But each church and each chapel is a fortress against this aggression, each is a little garrison of men and women and children determined to maintain all the things that make life worth living: faith in God, hope of eternity, sacredness of the marriage vow, respect for woman and the sacred institutions of home and family, the right of children to be born and to receive the knowledge of God from infancy, reverence of law and governments, and love of country.

It would be ungrateful indeed if we did not put on record our appreciation for the material and moral assistance of those who have made this chapel possible. To each and everyone who has given freely of his time and energies we extend a special vote of thanks.

REV. J. J. KENNEDY.



1st. Prize, Arts and Crafts Competition. Model of Mcsquito Bomber, Cpl. Isaac.



Whenever A Station Dance is held at Greenwood the guests can rest assured of finding the Drill Hall tastefully decorated for the occasion. Our last dance, held in aid of the Red Cross, found the Drill Hall bedecked with the flags of the United Nations, and an artificial pond (see left foreground) in the centre of which a fountain of water played against the crystal ball overhead. With the ball spinning and the coloured spotlights centred on it, the effect was breathtaking. Usually a crowd pitches in to help decorate the hall for dances but at the helm can always be found F/S. Gant, Cpl. Phillips and Doug Gow, Y.M.C.A. Representative. Credit for the fountain goes to F/O. Williamson and his electrical section.

U. S. O. Concert:

A welcome break in the routine of cinema presentations was the excellent entertainment provided by a troupe of U. S. O. artists who visited Greenwood on September 7th. Despite the fact that the turn which brought down the house was staged by eight of our own personnel trying to keep eight trilbies in constant motion from one head to another, the artists themselves merited more than usual applause. Top honours went to the compere and chief comedian, Bob Camery and his daughter, Roberta, whose tap-dancing was indeed out of the ordinary. Len Gunn, a magician with a very good line of patter was on the stage rather too long, and his rope-trick be-

came monotonous.

Perhaps the most-appreciated artist was Bunny Holland, a titian-dressed damsel who wowed the audience more by her Hayworthian personal appeal than by her acrobatic ballroom dancing. For those who preferred the blues Betty Maysler obliged in the approved Cafe Society manner, her rendering of Gershwin's, "It Ain't Necessary So," being particularly effective. The accompanist throughout was Robert Sleeper who rounded off the show with some very popularly-received numbers on the accordion, with the vocal assistance of the audience.

Our thanks to these artists for a well-balanced show.

TO THE R. A. F.

Never since English ships went out
 To singe the beard of Spain,
 Or English sea-dogs dived with death
 Along the Spanish Main;
 Never since Drake and Raleigh won
 Our freedom of the seas,
 Have sons of Britain dared and done
 More valiantly than these.

Whether at midnight or at noon,
 Through mist or open sky,
 Eagles of freedom, all our hearts
 Are up with you on high;
 While Britain's mighty ghosts look down
 From realms beyond the sun
 And whisper, as their record pales,
 Their breathless, deep "Well Done!"

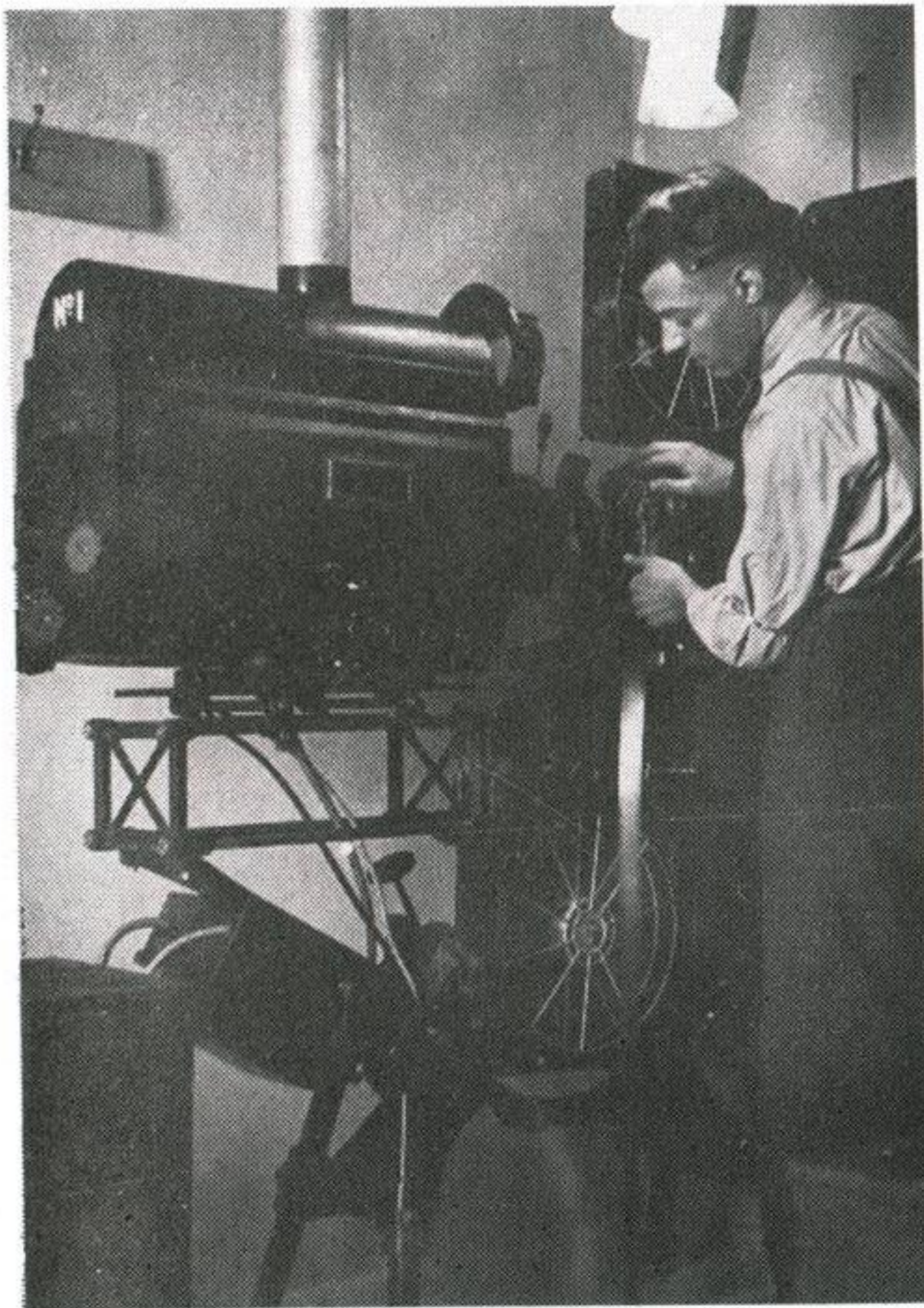
ALFRED NOYES.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

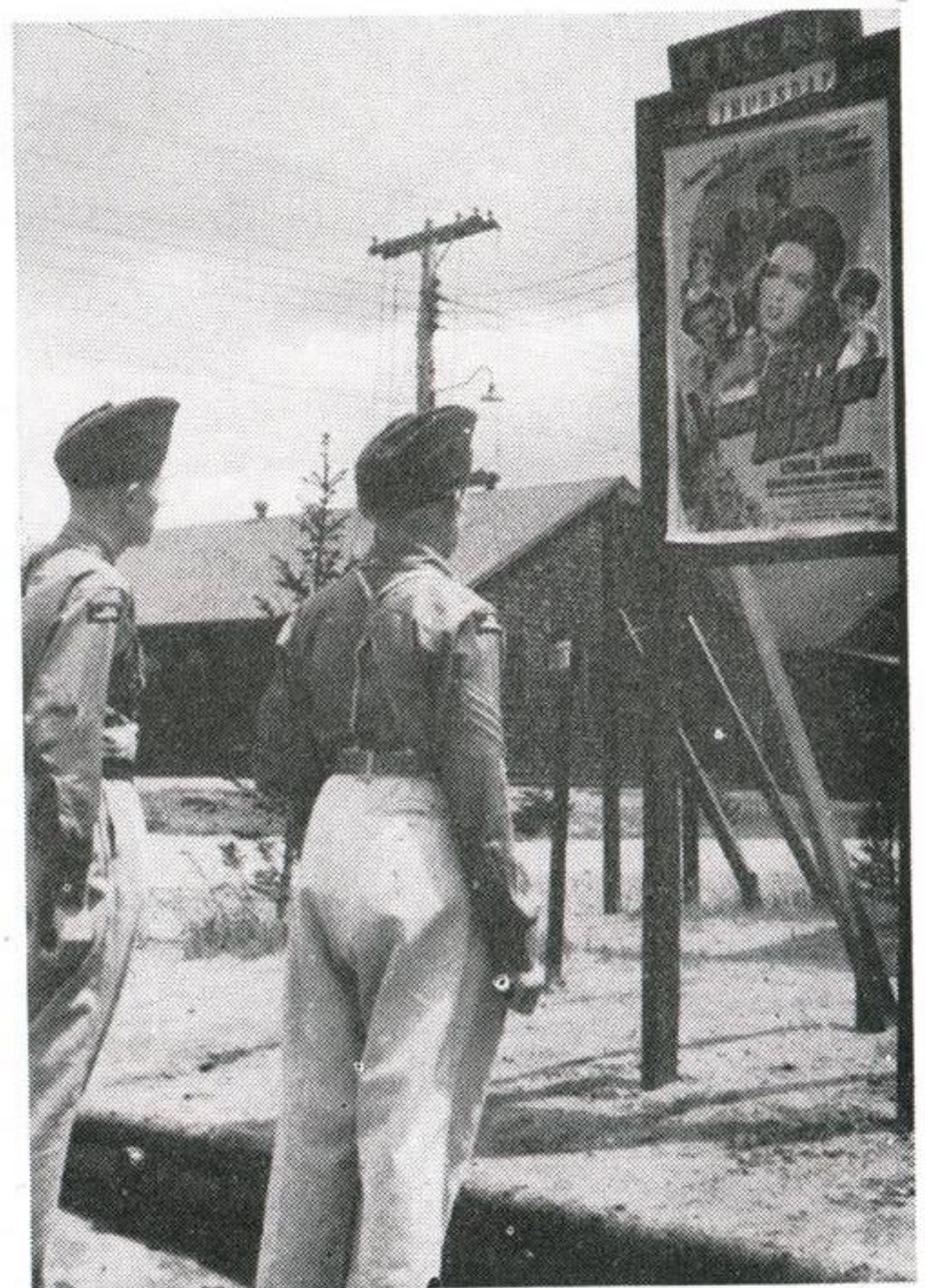
*Written by a Loving Mother Whose Son
 Is Training at Greenwood.*

Dear God, when of my son I speak,
 Please keep me humble, quiet and meek;
 Don't let me boast how high his standing
 And how perfect his three point land-
 ing;
 How high he stands in all the classes,
 (The rest surely can't all be asses)
 Just let me say he likes the course,
 He's glad he joined the goldarn force;
 Just let it rest at that, dear Lord,
 And then my friends won't all be bored.

A British golf magazine, referring to it as a monstrous act, asked discipline for a young officer who had chosen the Sandwich Golf Course greens as mortar targets.



While Pete Lewis checks on one of the big Regal Cinema projectors prior to the evening showing . . .



. . . A couple of visiting Air Cadets scrutinize the billboard and wonder if they're entitled to go in for half price. Examine the title of the movie closely and you have the exact opposite of Greenwood.

23.59 News From The Sergeants' Mess

Or Musings Under the Moose

With the last glass of Messrs. Molson's product still tingling in our innards and with a gloomy vision of Messrs. Keith's contribution for the near future, we disentangle ourselves from the bar queue, turn sharply right by Sgt. Mac-Goo, bear left past F/Sgt. "Damp Austen" (or is it Wetford?), and slump into the nearest chair. From this vantage point or, if considering the distance from the bar, disadvantage, we proceed to ponder over the events concerning Moose Manor that have taken place during the the past few weeks. The warmth from our newly acquired, bought, built and paid for brick fireplace makes us delightfully drowsy and we begin to dream of messing at 5 cents a day. What a dream. At least we sat by the components of a fireplace and then, what's 10 cents a day anyway? The idea of giving up one third of a bottle a day to the messing heads tickles us immensely, and we wink quite cheerfully at the Moose, Clarence, who acknowledges our cheery gesture by drooling a liberal amount of venom in our direction. S'funny, that . . . he never used to drool, but then, if "Sparks" Cummings had draped himself around our neck instead of around Clarence's, I guess we'd be drooling too, and it wouldn't be maple syrup either.

Leaving Clarence drooling away, we cock an inquisitive ear in the direction of a somewhat heated argument which is progressing quite satisfactorily off our port beam: "And I'll never call you 'sir' again!—All right, sir?" Hmmm, final, that.

Our next door neighbour astounds us momentarily by imbibing an orange coloured liquid through a straw, but upon noticing our consternation, confidentially

informs us that he is taking it easy this fortnight because he's worried about his next mess bill. We can see his point, and fervently hope that the C. M. C. will see our's on the 10th of October.

The Kingston Cowboys under Sheriff Fowler jingle their way spurrily out of the Manor towards the Badlands, into which—since seeing a recent film—we've not the guts ourselves to roam. We admire their spirit, deciding at the same time that almost anything is worse than Keith's!

F/Sgt. Busby's stomach, followed by F/Sgt. Busby and F/Sgt. Sheppard ooze past our line of sight and we are quick to congratulate them on their well-earned promotions in the hope that our thoughtfulness might result in the offer of a rye and ginger. No go! Sgt. Howarth next receives our hearty welcome into the Manor and we wonder whether his efforts with the dance band will overshadow the wailings of Sgt. Albert "Overmountain" Sandler. Who suggested taking away his bow and giving him a hacksaw blade? . . .

While on the topic of promotions we feel we must pause to congratulate P/O's Clayfield, Maderson, Groom and Leach on their ascension from our lowly midst. We mourn also the loss of Sgts. Smee, James, Chapman, Ress and F/Sgts. Parkes and Trotman who were valuable members of the old gang. No, we decide, the old Manor just isn't the same these days, except of course for the pupils, a bunch of whom are flying through fog and stratus 20,000 feet off our left quarter. We grimace and walk completely unaided into the dining hall for a free supper, where the cook is crooning

(Continued on Page 52)

The Pigeon In War Time

Even in These Times of Advanced Wireless Communication and "Hush-hush" Radio Devices, the Faithful Pigeon Is Still Getting the Message Through.

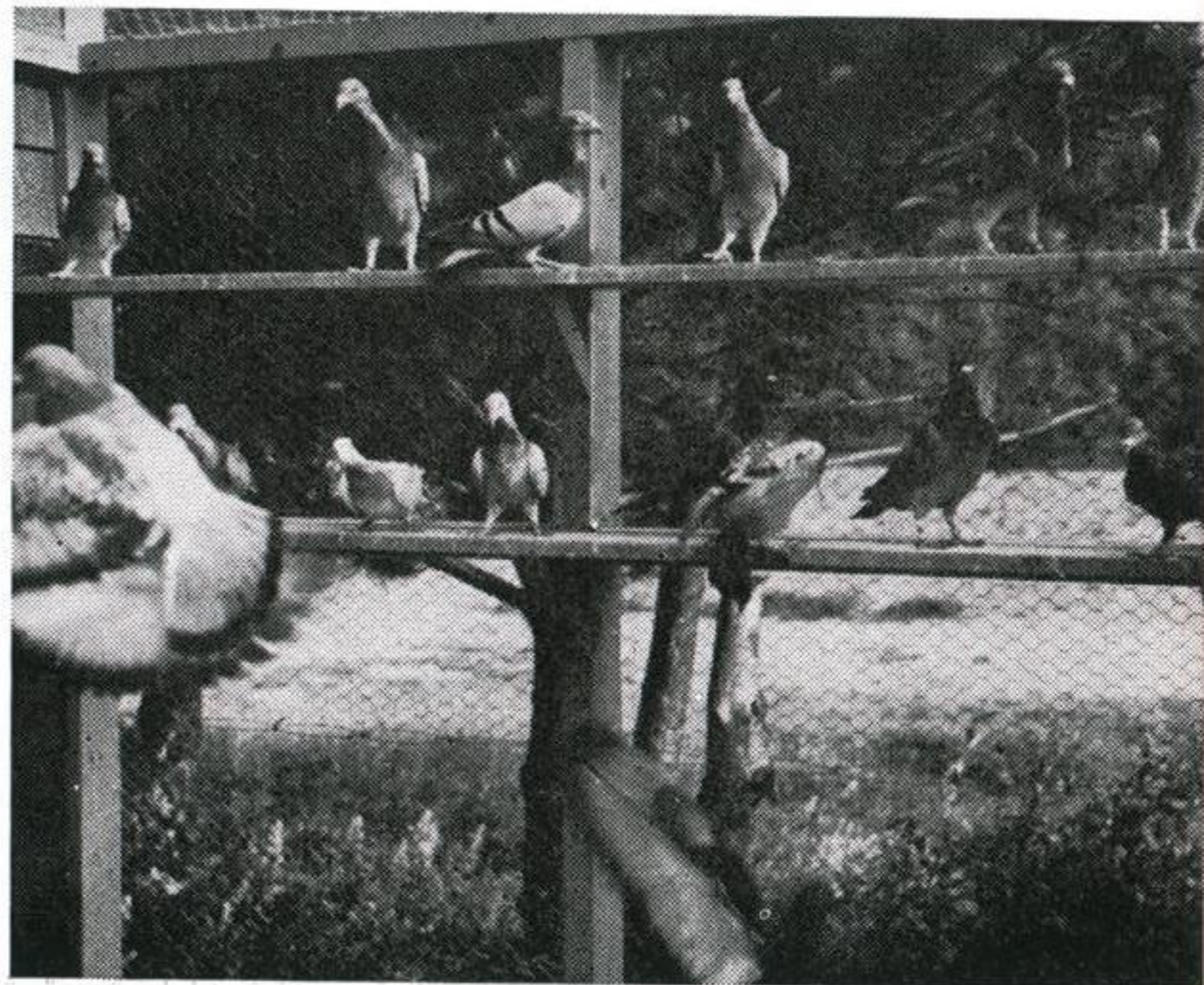
Although few residents at Greenwood may be aware of the fact, down behind the Station Sick Quarters and overlooking Zeke Creek there is a section at work which, if not the busiest on camp, is certainly the smallest. Two men make up the staff, two men and about a hundred pigeons of all shapes and sizes. Loftmen Lloyd Rapson and Phil. Horton have been pigeon fanciers since their early 'teens, and a few of the birds are their own which they have had sent them from home. The others are donations from fanciers from every part of Canada who have willingly enlisted their birds in the Air Force for the duration. Now after a few months at Greenwood the pigeons consider it as their home.

We had heard some stories about pigeons and the part they were playing in the war but the full importance of their position in the service was made clear after chatting with Phil. and Lloyd about their trade. Before then the pigeon had been to us something that left unsightly spots on brick walls. Needless to say our ideas suffered an abrupt change for the wiser.

Sending messages by carrier or homing pigeon is the oldest form of distance communication known to man, with the exception perhaps of native drums or smoke signals. As early as 56 A.D. a general sent off a message by pigeon which resulted in his besieged army getting much needed reinforcements. Back in the days of Drake and Hawkins the masters of sailing ships were given to releasing pigeons when a day or two out of port in order to let the merchants of the town

know what cargo was aboard. Reuters News Agency are said to have got their start using racing pigeons. Today, as they have for the past quarter century, pigeons are giving yeoman service in the R. A. F. and, latterly, the R. C. A. F., getting vital messages back to home base when all other means of communication have failed.

At one stage, before the advent of wireless communication, pigeons were used for all manner of messages sent from aircraft to home base, but today they are used mainly for carrying S.O.S. messages and for conveying important information at times when the strictest 'radio silence' must be observed. The lives of the members of many crews have been saved because a pigeon got the message of distress through in time. In this war, too, besides helping to save lives, birds are being carried along on bombing raids to be dropped by parachute into occupied territory for the purpose of bringing back



to England vital information from patriots and Underground workers.

Throughout the years British and Belgian fanciers have bred the best pigeons in the world. The homing pigeon's origin can be traced back to Belgium and the carrier's to England but the cross-breeding of the two types has produced a strain ideally adapted to racing and service work. King George VI is a great pigeon fancier. Before the outbreak of war he was the proud owner of a fine flock at Sandringham but, today, like the birds of pretty well all fanciers in Britain, his pigeons are seeing service on many and varied war fronts.

To our question of how long it takes to train a pigeon for service work, Lloyd and Phil. stated that a bird must first come from a racing family and that the training and development of the bird must begin when it is no older than three months. With proper care and training an average bird will be flying a distance of two hundred miles or better at the age of five months. A yearling is usually capable of covering three to four hundred miles. Up to the age of eight or nine years a properly trained bird is good for all distances up to five hundred miles, and in the case of exceptionally fine strains the range may extend to one thousand miles. The "flying" span of a pigeon is usually eight to nine years, after which they may still be useful for breeding for a further year or two at which time they are usually killed off. "Old Rex", a weathered veteran from the king's loft at Sandringham was still being used for breeding at the ripe old age of eighteen. He died only recently at Dartmouth, N. S., the progenitor of a many a fine racing bird now seeing service with the R. C. A. F.

It takes a practised eye to foretell what qualities a bird when still a youngster is likely to reveal in the months following. The fullness of the chest, the sheen of the

feathers, the span of the wing, the "streamlining" of the bird, and the way it carries itself; all are features to be noted carefully in selecting a bird for training as a racer. A pigeon either has these qualities or he is doomed to end up in a pie. There is plenty of room for sentiment in this business of raising and training pigeons but never is it allowed to interfere with the efficiency of the loft and flock.

We stood by while the birds were fed. Their diet consists of a "racing mixture" a handful of which looks a little like the stuff they hand you at bingo games. Apparently the birds are fond of it because the loftmen had only to make a few low whistling sounds and rattle a can of feed and two dozen birds were clattering around their feet. One bird, usually an over-sized cock bird, commands these eating sessions and monopolizes more than a fair share of the feed, more or less unopposed. However, unlike geese, while on the wing they keep to no fixed formation nor do they recognize a leader. Each bird must be an individualist; the bird who can find his way home only when flying with the flock is doomed to an abrupt end. The flock is fed twice a day, immediately after morning and evening exercising flights.

When the training begins the young



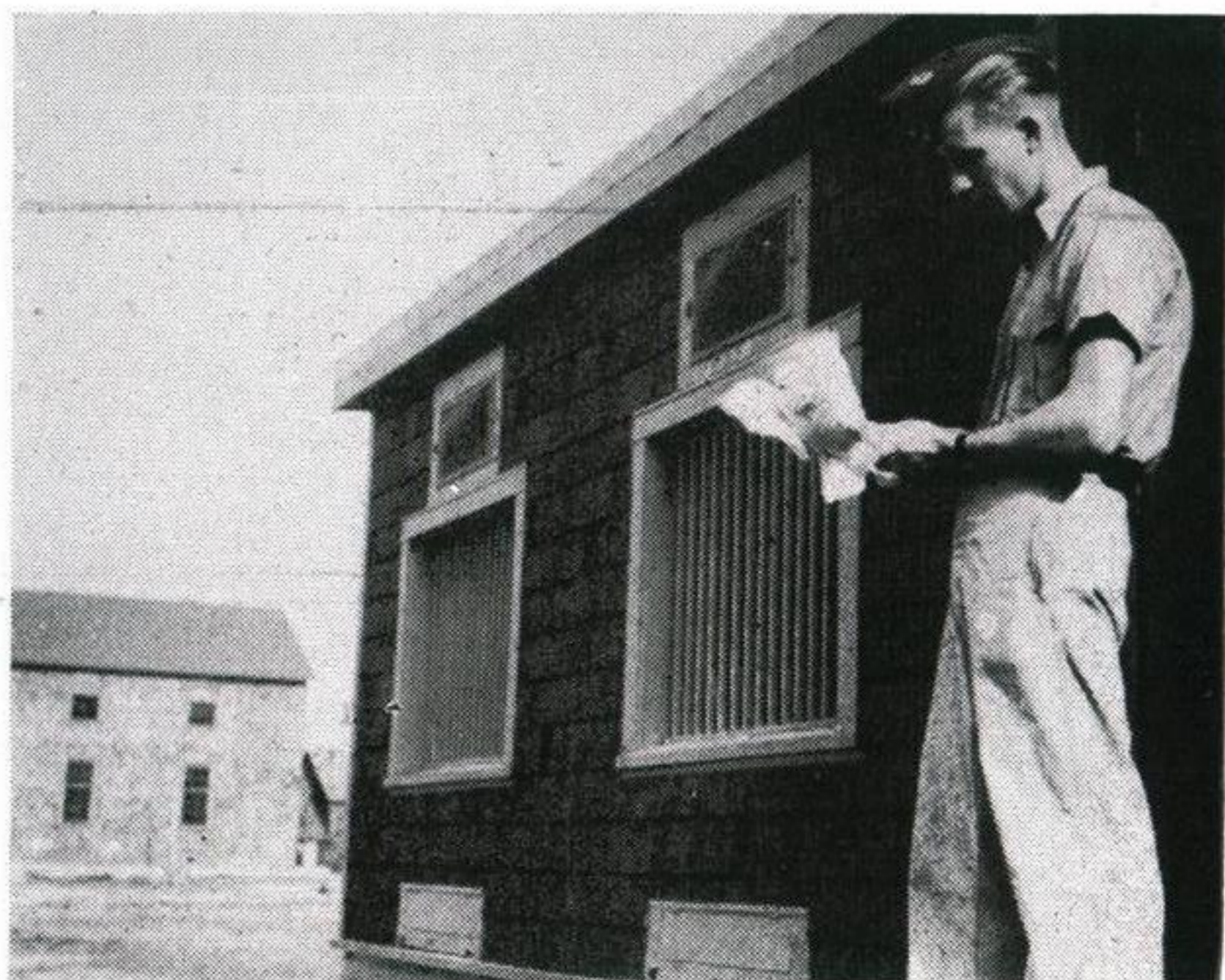
"Pigeons, hell! I've been crossing the Atlantic for years."

sters are taken about three miles away from the loft and released. They are clocked for that distance and day by day the distance is increased; as the training progresses and the bird develops its speed increases noticeably. The youngsters are taught to trap immediately on landing atop the loft, trapping being the process of coaxing the birds into the loft through a hole in the roof by dint of rattling a feed can and making a curious, persuasive sound with the lips. It's all very heart-warming to watch.

The period for exercising is extended as the speed and endurance of the birds improve until such time as the flock is working one full hour morning and evening. Apart from the regular exercise, of course, are the trials and tests the pigeons undergo throughout their training and thereafter.

Consistency and reliability during training and road work, as the regular flights are called, determine the bird's potential value as a racer and homer. In service work dependability is the basis upon which all birds are judged primarily; unless you know a bird will get back to base with its message all other good qualities it may possess count for nothing. Consistency, speed and show are all traits to be looked for in a pigeon, but dependability tops them all in importance.

During the training period the birds receive "group tosses," and "individual tosses," that is, they are first released as a flock and then singly. The latter test soon shows up the hangers-on, the birds who can fly home fast and true only with the flock to guide them; and since such birds are useless for service work they get thumbs down—but quick. The curious characteristic of homing pigeons, and a phenomenon for which science has never found a solution, is just why a homing pigeon always manages to find its way home. One theory has it, however,

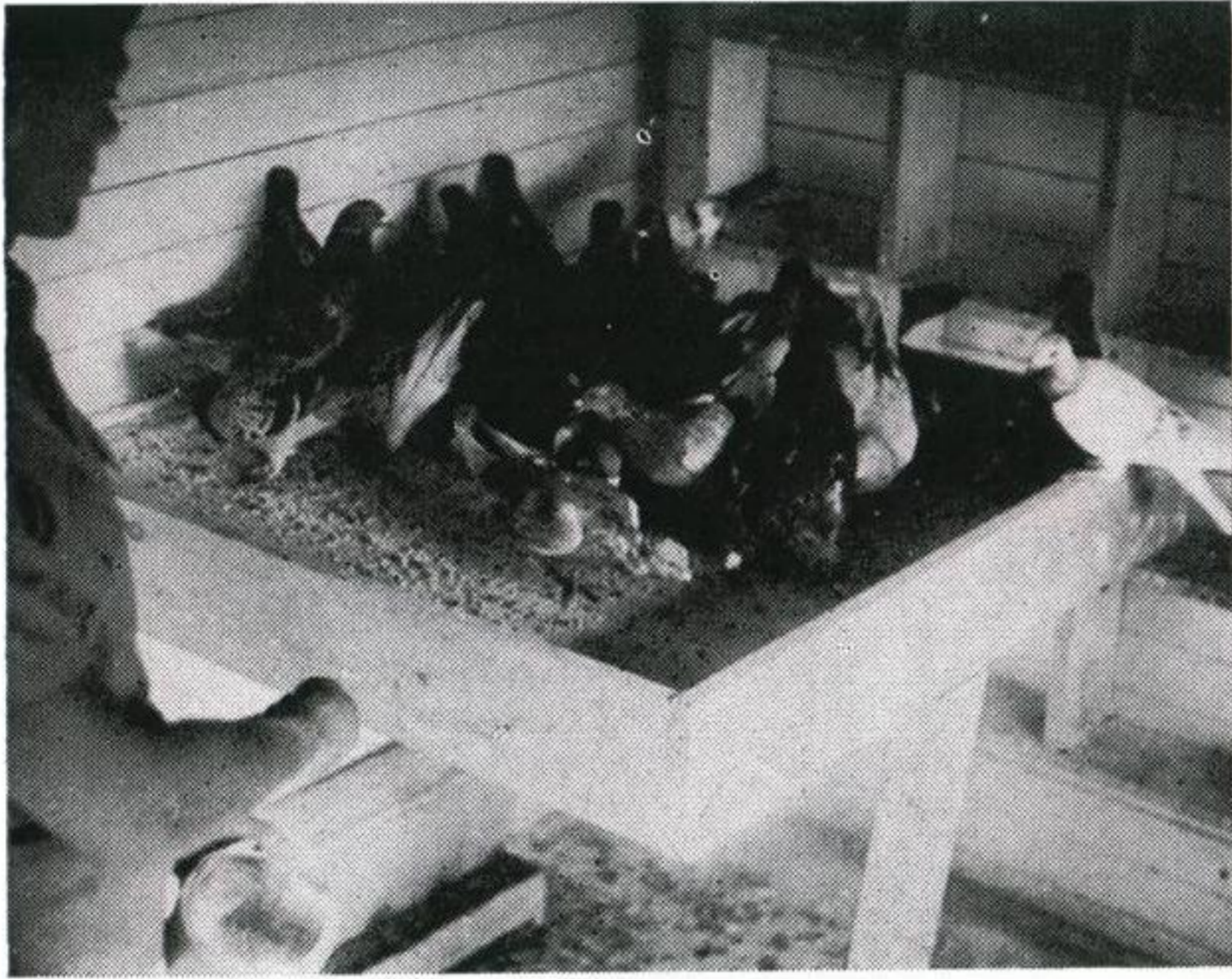


Loftman Lloyd Rapson releases one of the loft's top-flight birds on a trial flight.

that "they'll come home to anyone who's fool enough to feed 'em." This answer will do, we think, until a better one comes along.

Releasing the birds from all compass points with respect to the home loft serves to familiarize the birds with every foot of the surrounding countryside. Many air stations have adopted the system of a daily interchange of flocks, having found that this practise serves to make the birds' surroundings familiar to them, providing at the same time extended road work. The birds are usually crated up and shipped from the home loft in the morning and released from the "strange" loft towards evening, usually at a pre-arranged time in order that their performances may be clocked.

Getting back to our original topic, the use of pigeons in aircraft, we learned that these grey-blue Mercuries are unaffected by altitude and remain perfectly normal even at heights that call for the crew using oxygen. Even the frigid temperatures encountered at such heights fail to faze them. One thing they will balk at doing is flying in darkness or dense fog, nor are they particularly fond of



It's feeding time and Loftman Phil Horton sees to it that his pigeons get nothing but the best.

operating over water. With consistent and patient training, however, this latter aversion is soon overcome, and pigeons have been used in Coastal Command for some time now with considerable success. There is a definite art to releasing a pigeon from an aircraft. A specially-designed paper bag, ripped in a certain way, is used, the bird being slipped into it beak first. The reason for the bag is to prevent the pigeon's feathers being "turned" and to overcome the initial shock of release at that height and speed. The pigeon is lowered through the belly-gun hatch, head pointing into the slip-stream and slightly downwards, and then released. The bag rips away and the bird dives immediately, turning instinctively towards home. Coastal Command files contain entries telling of pigeons returning to their home station from points as far distant as three to four hundred miles out to sea. Each aircraft that goes out on a sweep carries two pigeons, and should it happen that the need to "ditch" becomes imminent one bird is immediately released, the other being carried to the dinghy. In the event that the dinghy should drift considerably off the bearing sent home with the first pigeon, the sec-

ond bird is then available to relay the new "fix." Many an airman who has had to take to the dinghy has a pigeon to thank today for having got a wide-flung search started for him at a time when the immediate future looked very dark and very wet.

Other sidelights on the pigeon world came up for discussion during the course of our chat and we learned that in England today pigeons are replacing despatch riders with certain army units, with a view to greater speed and conservation of rubber and petrol. The police force is using pigeons in all parts of the country for important work. Pigeons are an essential part of all paratroop units and have been found indispensable for getting the message through at times when the flicking on of the wireless would reveal hidden positions to the enemy. In desert warfare, inside tanks where the temperature climbs up to 130 degrees without the shade, the pigeon remains as chipper as ever.

The ingenuity and adaptability of the pigeon has never been doubted, and the following story makes even more pronounced these admirable traits. It seems that a young lady riding on the London Underground chanced to glance across the aisle from her and was amazed to see a gentleman sitting there quite unperturbed with a pigeon perched on either shoulder. Hardly able to believe her eyes she nevertheless said nothing for several stops until at last, unable to contain herself any longer, she said to the gentleman:

"I say, what are those pigeons doing on your shoulder?"

The gentleman looked calmly first at one pigeon then at the other, then said:

"Blessed if I know, really. All I know is they got on with me at Clapman Common."

Send "OVER SEAS" to the Folks At Home!

Taking a View With "Perspex"

Congratulations to all Greenwood Gardeners on the pleasant and colorful appearance of the camp. Those gladioli would do even Kew Gardens proud.

* * * *

What about all that propaganda covering the walls of the Airmen's Mess? Our digestive systems take enough punishment without having that stuff staring us in the face at every mouthful. How about it, Mr. Messing Officer? If we promise to eat up our crusts like good little boys will you do something about those atrocities on the wall?

* * * *

Airmen break more cues in the billard room than do the sergeants it is stated.

The reason for this is uncertain but it may be because the airmen get more "strength" foods in their mess.

* * * *

"Join the Air Force and do interesting work in the vicinity of aircraft" says a recruiting advertisement.

For instance, carrying out daylight "sweeps" on the hanger floors.

* * * *

American soldiers complain of lack of female companionship on Algiers bathing beaches.

So what? Rita Hayworth or Carole Landis don't frequent the beach at Zeke Creek either and you don't hear us kicking.

* * * *

Certain corporals have suggested that members of their revered rank should be allowed separate billets, claiming that close contact with the men after working hours tends to affect their disciplinary powers.

Comment is withheld as being superfluous.

Needless Remarks:

Heard at 'lights out': "Cheer up, mates; one day nearer victory."

In future, according to a recent order, pin-up girls may be allowed on Maintenance Wing barracks walls providing they are framed and have a firm backing.

Tut! Tut! Hardly gentlemanly treatment for nice girls like that?

* * * *

Complaints Section:

A word to the Dance Band: Do you have to play 75 per cent of your numbers so fast that the dancers are falling all over one another trying to keep up with it? Try listening to a few of Miller's records and you'll get some idea of what tempo people who are not half dervish like to dance to. Those so-called "Jam" sessions you stir up half-way through the evening are okay for the boys in the back room but not for people who want to dance.

* * * *

Postscript To Messing Officer:

A news item has come to our attention dealing with an American army chef Staff Sgt. Edward Dzuba who was awarded the Legion of Merit for "exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding duty." His meritorious conduct: "originating many unusual and appetizing recipes for the utilization of leftover scraps". Don't you think it would be worth a "gong" or two to get the same results in the Greenwood Messes? It would make those art masterpieces on the wall unnecessary anyway.

These modern children!

Situations Vacant (Female)—Woman wanted to take boy out 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. daily.

That's the war for you!

Why I Would Like To Return to Canada



On this and the opposite page *Over Seas* is privileged to present the prize-winning essays in the competition sponsored by the Canadian Committee in Ottawa: The topics were "Why I would like to return to Canada" or "Why I would *not* like to return to Canada". The essays were judged individually by Group Captain G. F. W. Heycock, D.F.C., F/L Main, Mr. D. Gow and LAC Langford (two Englishmen and two Canadians) and the results compared. In making their choice they were faced with the task of selecting the two best essays from a great number that were very well written. Cpl. Bird and LAC Barnett were finally declared the First and Second prize winners respectively. The prizes of \$12 and \$8 will be presented by the Commanding Officer at the Regal Cinema on the 3rd of October, during the Concert.

Honourable mention goes to the following essayists for their fine contributions: Cpl. S. Monk, S/L Simpson, F/Sgt. Cadman, LAC Hodges, Cpl. Hulbert, Cpl. Fox; we trust they will try again in forthcoming competitions. *Over Seas* hopes that it will be possible to print some of these essays in a future issue.

Half a century ago Emerson talked of the British "carrying the Saxon seed with its instinct for liberty and law, for art and thought—acquiring under some skies a more electric energy than its native air allows—to the conquest of the globe." Nowhere is that assertion more boldly upheld than here in Canada. It needed more than ordinary qualities to enable a few hundred thousand folk to hold and organize a land mass larger than the U. S. A. with only one tenth the population of its then rapacious neighbors: to string a couple of railroads

across three thousand miles of untracked waste: to organize a democratic government to administer justice: and all within the space of a century. Under these Canadian skies this "more electric energy" will do more; for Canada's geographical and political position is unique. It bids fair to become the Commonwealth's hub, midway between the Antipodes and the Old Country and athwart the U. S. A. Chances, therefore, are still going in Canada.

There are many things a Britisher can like here. Browning, visiting the tropics in the heyday of British complacency, might have sighed for the leaden skies of England but the same skies are a drag on the life and leisure of the island's occupants. Here the weather is more intense: a shorter summer and longer, harder winter. But you can count on the sun growing crops at, to us, phenomenal rates, which with the fertility of Canadian earth provides amply for the long snow-blanketed winter.

The most important thing to a newcomer would be his neighbors; and there we should be fortunate. There is a sense of kinship between us for on two occasions Canada has gone to war when short-

(Continued on Page 42)

Why I Would Not Like To Return to Canada

Would I choose to return to Canada after the war—not just for a holiday, nor for a limited time, but permanently?

Almost before I asked myself this question my instinctive answer was 'no.' However, realizing that this was merely man's natural reluctance to abandon the known in favour of the unknown—after all, whatever the drawbacks of one's established way of life, they are, at least, usually expected—I proceeded to discover to what extent my instinctive caution was justified by reason.

In so doing I found that I had already touched on a point which is often mentioned when this question arises, for my objection pre-supposed a return to an England under conditions substantially similar to those prevailing before the war. One hears a good deal concerning the changes that may be made after the war, but it is not within the scope of the question at issue to guess in what ways and to what extent a hypothetical policy of post-war reconstruction may affect the life of the individual in either England or Canada. Such changes are of necessity just so much hopeful conjecture at present, and, though this may seem pessimistic, perhaps even cynical, for practical purposes one can only choose between life in England as we knew it before the war and what we imagine life was in Canada before the war in so far as we can judge it under present conditions.

On that basis I found my original decision justified. Not, be it emphasized, that I dislike Canada. I have spent many happy days here. I have met charming and intelligent people whose frank and hospitable manner compares favourably with our own chilly and suspicious attitude toward strangers; I have seen places that equal our English countryside

in beauty and surpass it in grandeur—but it is not England; not even England with all the pre-war faults—low wages, slums, unemployment and all the rest—we know existed.

And let us analyze some of the reasons why. We English have over centuries acquired a taste for the convenient, the compact, the accessible; and where, save in southern Ontario, can Canada show, over any appreciable area, such industrial development and social amenities as in England?

Again, where in Canada can one marvel at the antiquity of a Stonehenge or Glastonbury; see the pageantry of a Lord Mayor's Show, the festivity of Hampstead Heath or the friendliness of cricket on the village green, the glory of bluebells in a beech wood or primroses in a Devon lane; or hear the song of nightingale or willow-wren in a Surrey copse?

Another point, perhaps the most important of all. The Canadian people, speaking generally, are blessed with a simple directness of thought and speech such as befits the people of a young and growing nation, and which personally I find rather attractive. This characteristic can, perhaps, be put most concisely by saying that it is childlike as opposed to childish—usually, that is, for the distinction is sometimes a little obscure. Let me illustrate what I mean. The English mind has, like the Canadian mind, an element of natural shrewdness, but, unlike it, has too the realization that it is, within its own individual limitations, grown up, and adapts its conduct accordingly. Where in England could one see middle-aged business men, presumably educated and obviously respectable, reading in public, with every apparent enjoy-

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sighted reason said stay, with the U. S. A. out of it. Before railroad and truck had wheeled their way to the remotest spots, a man would always help a neighbour build his home and reckon not the cost. In those days windows and sawn boards and hinged doors were twenty years away in the fringe of civilization and a chimney instead of a hole in the roof, a luxury enjoyed only by the skilled and industrious builder. Then it was that hospitality was part of the frontier code and generous bed and board a certainty as soon as the traveller entered the cleared acres. We at home are more guarded and less generous than the descendants of these pioneers. They are true to their father's traditions as many of us can testify. That heritage, and widely scattered homesteads, compels in Canadians an open friendliness with strangers which we, with reserve bred of life on our tight little island can only emulate with difficulty.

We like the way your gardens and clipped lawns run into your neighbours with never the suspicion of a hedge. We think regretfully sometimes of our snug little privet hedges, around each box-like bungalow, whose height reflects the year by year feeling of neighbourliness, or otherwise. For like a big family in a small house we often get on each others nerves.

The simple holiday feasts at home are deteriorating, even in the countryside, into a mad scramble to reach Blackpool or Bridlington or Brighton. No longer do we parade the village en masse, the children drawn on decorated drays, the band playing, the folk laughing and singing. Harvest homes and village picnics are unknown but to the oldest. We have slipped into the grip of mechanization, of profit and return and the like. We mourn their passing and rejoice to find simple pleasures still the

vogue here. Long may corn roasts, weiner roasts and barn dances prosper.

Not that the Canadian is behind the times. The remotest farmers have their radio, electric power and telephone: true they lack sewers and other more modern conveniences but they are more closely in touch with great events than governments were a generation ago. Nor would I have you to believe Canada perfect. Why do you not try gardening one week-end instead of going to the lakeside in the car? You scratch the earth, drop in a few seeds and leave the rest to God. Our English allotment-holder would feed your family at a quarter its present cost and everybody except the canning industry, would be the gainer.

Something should be done too about the racket made by the field insects: that prolonged squeaking as of a thousand rusty hinges. When I do come back I'll bring a few pairs of larks, song thrushes, finches and blackbirds, persuade them to migrate to Florida for the cold season then return to lift the Canadian soul to the heights achieved by the soul of England listening to the twilight spring-song of "the wise thrush as he sings each song twice over, lest you should think he never could recapture, his first fine careless rapture."

This criticism is perhaps going to annoy and bring out another fault; overweening national self-consciousness. When Wavell captured a quarter of a million Italians his army was largely a home counties one. The British papers gave nearly all the credit to the Anzacs and we didn't mind. Eisenhower used a Division of Canadians as one eleventh of his invasion forces and your papers assured that almost unaided they had taken Sicily. Perhaps it is because there are but eleven million of you in a country bigger than the U. S. A. and traditions are being made for posterity. Perhaps it

(Continued from Page 42)

is my fault for being insular, intolerant and reserved.

I want to return to Canada. For "are we not of a race first among the strong ones of the earth; the blood in us incapable of weariness, unconquerable by grief? Have we not a history of which we can hardly think without becoming almost arrogant in our just pride of it?" and I see Canada, sharing Ruskin's noble truth and, having acquired that "more electric energy than the native air allows" moving on from strength to strength to a glorious future I would be proud to share.

—Cpl. Bird.

(Continued from page 41)

ment, comics such as the average English child discards at the age of ten?

It is often said, rather vaguely, that the Canadian people are different from ourselves. I want to suggest that the basic difference lies in this immaturity, as it seems to us, as much as or more than in the superficial differences of speech, dress, and details of social conduct that distinguish the two nations.

Now I am not going to say that the difference between our outlooks is too great to bridge consistently with our living together in harmony, nor that the presence of any of those things I have mentioned as being peculiar to England too vital to existence. But we depend so largely for our happiness on the people amongst whom we live and move, the little things around us, the trivial happenings that make up everyday life, that, deprived of these things with which we grew up, all of them so essentially English, how could our life be full and happy? One might conceivably, in time, substitute other things, Canadian things, but why deliberately bring about the necessity?

I know that all this is contrary to the

pioneer spirit which gave us Canada and the British Empire itself; that Canada is crying out to be developed, to become a world power. But to be a pioneer and be happy about it one has to be born with the pioneer spirit.

And even pioneers sometimes grow weary in well-doing—

'Whose heart hath ne'er within him
burned

As home his footsteps he hath turned

From wandering on a foreign strand?

Yes, I could be happy in Canada, but I could be happier in England.

—LAC. Barnett.

And the Band "Brayed" On

What is that noise as dawn is breaking,
Intuned so badly to the ear,

Here we stand in shorts, a-quaking,
Just with cold, and not through fear.

Is that the milit'ry boom of drum,
Pounding out its jungle beat?

With it now in sad communion,
Comes the clarinet's mearge bleat.

Strident trombones with perky blast,
Strive to out-do the trumpet's call,
Saxes, sad, out-blown, outclassed,
Moan a note to one and all.

Marchers falter, airmen shuffle,
Sergeants tread on sergeants' heels,
In the stepless distract scuffle,
Each one knows what the other feels.

Flashing glance 'neath lifted hand,
Show to our "lefted" eyes no praise,
What thinks the C.O. upon his stand,
As we march past, and the band plays.

Sousa, and Elgar, and Nazis all,
Have thrilled to music, martially blended,
But had they heard our band at all,
No ears of ours would be so offended.

—Longswallon.

¶ A man who had wanted a parrot for years was walking along a street and noticed a sign on a pet shop—Bankruptcy Sale. Here, he thought, is my chance to get a parrot cheap. He entered, and sure enough, there was a gorgeous parrot in a cage. When the auctioneer put it up for sale he began bidding; higher and higher went the bids, but finally the parrot was his.

Bursting with pride of ownership, he walked out of the shop carrying the parrot in its shiny cage, when suddenly it occurred to him that perhaps the parrot couldn't talk. Back he ran and, holding the cage up to the auctioneer, demanded: "Say, does this bird talk?"

"Who the hell do you think was bidding against you all that time?" said the parrot.



1st. Prize, Arts and Craft Competition, Drawing;
"Sgt. Howarth" by Sgt. Meadway.

ASIDES FROM THE ADS

For Sale:

Socks, shirts, underwear, washed only once, will fit small boy. Apply any living-in officer.

Relax and Slenderize

In a club-like atmosphere—separate men and ladies compartment.

Advt. in New Yorker magazine.

Sounds frightfully cozy.

What is more beautiful for the blondes to wear for formal dances than white tulle? My answer—and I'm sure you will agree with me—is "Nothing."

Advt. in Worcester (Mass.) Evening Gazette.

Private party? Or can anyone come?

Will Auction

One brace of dueling pistols with hand-carved butts, one portable gramophone, small printing press, two boxes El Ropo cigars, one Luger automatic, small collection of Indian curios, shaving mug, plaid hunting jacket, and other personal effects.

Advt. in local paper.

F/Lt. Lancaster going home?

No Two Busts Alike!

Berle's custom made "Delineator" brassieres. Individually designed. Exquisite workmanship. Gives permanent uplift and separation.

Advt. in New Yorker magazine.

The shape of things to come.

Airman's Code

A bad girl is a good girl
Who's had some nasty breaks.
A good girl is a bad girl
Without the looks it takes.

On Marriage In War Time

These few observations are intended to provoke discussion. No hard and fast rule applies in personal problems, though there is a great deal of common ground. Making a contract with a person of the opposite sex is an undertaking which may bring happiness or ruin to at least two persons. It is therefore, in all probability, the most important decision you may be called upon to make.

In normal times the parties to the contract are familiar with the background of each other's life. They start with a way of life, to which both are accustomed, set up a home of their own, and proceed to establish a relationship of mutual understanding. Under the most ideal conditions, the first few months are difficult, but fortunately the majority learn to adapt themselves to their new life, and love for each other grows. In a successful marriage, man and wife love each other more after ten years than at the beginning.

Wartime marriages, in which the parties are separated before they have time to deepen their love by living together, are loaded with difficulties. Usually the only justification for such a union is a long courtship. Loyalty until better times is an immense strain upon both parties, when separated; they must be really sure of each other. Owing to the widely different circumstances, under which each is separately living, without any opportunity of sharing the experiences, they are likely to have changed a great deal in two years. This is particularly true of persons in the early twenties, whose mental development is rapid under war conditions of living.

Even when it is possible for the parties to live together the accommodation obtainable is so limited, that great sacrifices

in convenience and comfort have to be expected. To those already married such a hardship counts little; they are thankful to be together. But to the newly wed it adds one more difficulty to the adjustment period of married life.

When an Englishman is thinking of marrying a Canadian girl he must discuss with her and her parents, whether, after the war, he intends to live here or in England. On the whole such marriages should not take place unless the couple have some prospect of living together for nearly a year. Such a prospect is remote, and it is probably better to become engaged and marry after the war. If love is real it will stand the test.

A contract made on oath, or a vow made in the presence of a priest, cannot lightly be broken. Unhappy marriages are tragedies which could often be avoided, if such contracts were made with a greater sense of responsibility. Much human suffering, especially for innocent children, would be saved if more thought and reason were applied to this problem. If these few words help some to make a right decision, they will serve a good purpose.

There are many other considerations; think about them yourselves before taking this serious step. It is your own life and the decision your's only to make. No impediments are put in your way. If, after careful thought you decide, before the war ends, to enter upon Holy Wedlock, upon which human happiness on earth is based, all will wish you well.

H. H. ASHLEY.

**OVER SEAS NEEDS YOUR
CONTRIBUTIONS !**

“GREENWOOD ODYSSEY”



The Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice with their guests on the steps of Rideau Hall in Ottawa.

Dear Joe,—

I was pleased to hear that your trip across the briny was uneventful and that you found the home country as welcome a sight as we all expect it to be on that long awaited day when we set foot on its shores.

Things have continued pretty much the same since you left Greenwood including the weather which we have now given up as beyond redemption. One event in my own experience stands out as worthy of special mention and that is the seven days' leave which I took at the end of July. I was a member of a party of twenty-seven which left camp on the 19th of that month for a tour of Eastern Canada under the leadership of Mr. Gow, our enthusiastic Y.M.C.A. supervisor. Two English wives were included in the party. The journey to Saint John you know well enough. At Megantic we

changed to the Quebec Central Railway which ranks on a par with the Dominion Atlantic Railway for speed and comfort, and twenty-four hours after leaving Kingston we arrived in Quebec City. Here we might have been in some foreign land for nowhere did we hear our native tongue. The whole time we were in Quebec I heard only three genuine English speakers. For the bulk of the populace French is the first language and English is only used of necessity.

No doubt Quebec City has figured prominently in the English newspapers of late and you may have seen pictures of the Chateau Frontenac where the Canadian government took its temporary abode. We had dinner in this luxury C.P.R. hotel. I wonder if Mr. Churchill was conducted along the narrowest street in North America. Today it must be the worst slum in North America, teem-

ing with filthy urchins who demand pennies from passers by, and I think the guides to Quebec would do well to omit this "attraction" from their itinerary. With the remainder of what we saw in Quebec I was greatly impressed and I would have liked more time to explore the city walls, the parliament buildings and the Plains of Abraham.

An overnight journey brought us to Montreal with which you are no doubt familiar having passed through on more than one occasion. With Mr. Gow at the head of the party we "did" the sights in true American style. I was struck by the contrasting interior architecture of the three churches that we visited. St. James' Cathedral is decorated in light colours and the mural paintings show up to advantage in the bright sunshine streaming through the windows. Contrasting with this expression of freshness and hope is the dim gloomy atmosphere of the older Notre Dame Cathedral where the accent is on dark colours and where the sunlight is all but shut out. St. Joseph's Oratory, still in the course of construction, is different again and is an example of a cathedral conceived on the usual grandiose lines but brought to realization in modern reinforced concrete.

We spent that night at the Y.M.C.A. and the next morning took the train to Ottawa. You may have read for yourself what happened in Ottawa for several English newspapers have published a short account of a tour of Eastern Canada undertaken by a party of R.A.F. airmen from a camp in Nova Scotia. Photographs may appear later for besides a press representative we were followed by a photographer of the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) who took numerous pictures. The way that girl used flash bulbs would have broken the heart of an English wartime camera enthusiast.

As the newspapers put it, the highlight of the tour was a visit to Rideau Hall,

the official residence of the Governor-General of Canada, where we were received individually by the Earl and Countess of Athlone. After the formal shaking of hands the Earl and Countess and their staff mingled with our chaps and a pleasant half hour or so of chatting followed. Light refreshments were served on the terrace, all tastes being catered for from whiskey to still lemonade. Before entering Rideau Hall we were more than a little apprehensive but our fears were quickly dispelled and all agreed afterwards on the delightfully easy way in which the whole affair passed off.

We were the guests of the United War Services Committee for lunch at the Chateau Laurier, another palatial hotel owned this time by the C.N.R., and after a magnificent repast we were taken to the Houses of Parliament. It happened that both the Senate and the House of Commons were in session and we were able to listen to the proceedings from the

(Continued Overleaf)



In the shadow of the Peace Tower in Ottawa, sight-seeing Greenwoodians get genned up on life in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

(Continued from Page 47)

visitors' gallery of each House. At that time however only routine matters were under discussion in both Houses and the handful of members present appeared to find more interest in reading newspapers and in talking to one another.

Following a swim in the lovely pool of the Chateau Laurier we were introduced to the girls who were to look after us in the evening. Being taken to a home and eating a meal in friendly company just rounded off a perfect day.

Another night on the train and we were in Toronto, where we resided at the Royal York Hotel, the largest hotel in the British Empire. During the course of our stay in Toronto Mr. Gow proudly enumerated the other "largests" which this city boasts, but we were more impressed by the great show of friendliness on the part of the girls whom he had arranged to accompany us on some of our outings here. I shan't forget Toronto in a hurry.

But I am going too fast. After depositing our bags at the Royal York and satisfying the inner man with breakfast (not at the Royal York) we proceeded to the docks for a boat to Niagara. Here the first hitch in the programme occurred. Everything had gone swimmingly up to now but for some reason the tickets for the Niagara trip hadn't been prepared in advance and the boat had to be held up while the agent performed the usual Canadian rites of writing out and stamping twenty-seven tickets.

Lake Ontario was quite calm and some two and a half hours after leaving Toronto we sailed majestically up the Niagara River to Queenston about eight miles below the Falls. The day was glorious and the colorful setting of the Falls was not far short of picture postcard standard. After the rushing around of previous days the four or five hours spent at the Falls came as pleasant re-

laxation. We tried to cross the Rainbow Bridge to New York State, but the Canadian Customs Officer, keen though he was to collect a ten per cent toll from each of us, insisted on seeing a form of authorisation from our Commanding Officer which none of us had, and so we had to remain on Canadian soil. The thought ran through my mind how odd it was that we could see motor cars and people on the other side of the river and yet we could not join them.

It was Saturday afternoon when we first met the girls at Casa Loma, an ornamental castle of the Hollywood brand designed by a man of fertile imagination and considerable wealth. Unfortunately his wealth proved unequal to his extravagant ideas, he went bankrupt, and the city took over Casa Loma for taxes before it was completed. The tour of inspection did not impress us greatly for we have all seen the genuine article many times in our own island. We shall remember Casa Loma as the place where we had tea and drew numbers for our partners.

After these ceremonies were over the lads and lasses proceeded to Sunnyside Amusement Park, home of a roller coaster, roundabouts, hot dogs, hamburgers, and all the fun of the fair. Also at Sunnyside there is an open air dance floor called the Sea Breeze. Intending dancers purchase a strip of five cent tickets one of which dropped into a box entitles a couple to dance. When the music stops the floor is cleared and couples wishing to join the next dance must drop another ticket in one of the boxes. I believe at some of the dance floors run on these lines in the States the ticket includes a partner as well. I enjoyed the novelty and the dancing in the open.

The next day was Sunday and for the first time rain interfered with our programme. The girls had arranged to provide a picnic lunch for us on Centre Island, one of a group lying a mile or so

off Toronto docks and reached by a frequent service of ferries. We landed in pouring rain and our lunch had to be consumed at long tables under a huge shelter. The girls unpacked lots of tempting sandwiches and cakes of one sort and another and purchased tea at the refreshment counter. Other picnickers appeared to be enjoying themselves in spite of the bad weather, and being used to the airmen's mess we ourselves did not mind the conspicuous lack of formality.

In the evening it was our turn to treat our charming companions to dinner at the Old Mill, a mild variety of night club on the outskirts of Toronto. The building itself is in timbered Elizabethan style and has nicely laid out gardens at the back. Besides lawns and rockeries which remind one of home the gardens include tennis courts, bowling green, putting green, and a miniature golf course.

Most of us said good-bye to our friends at the Old Mill though I believe some of the chaps arranged to meet the following

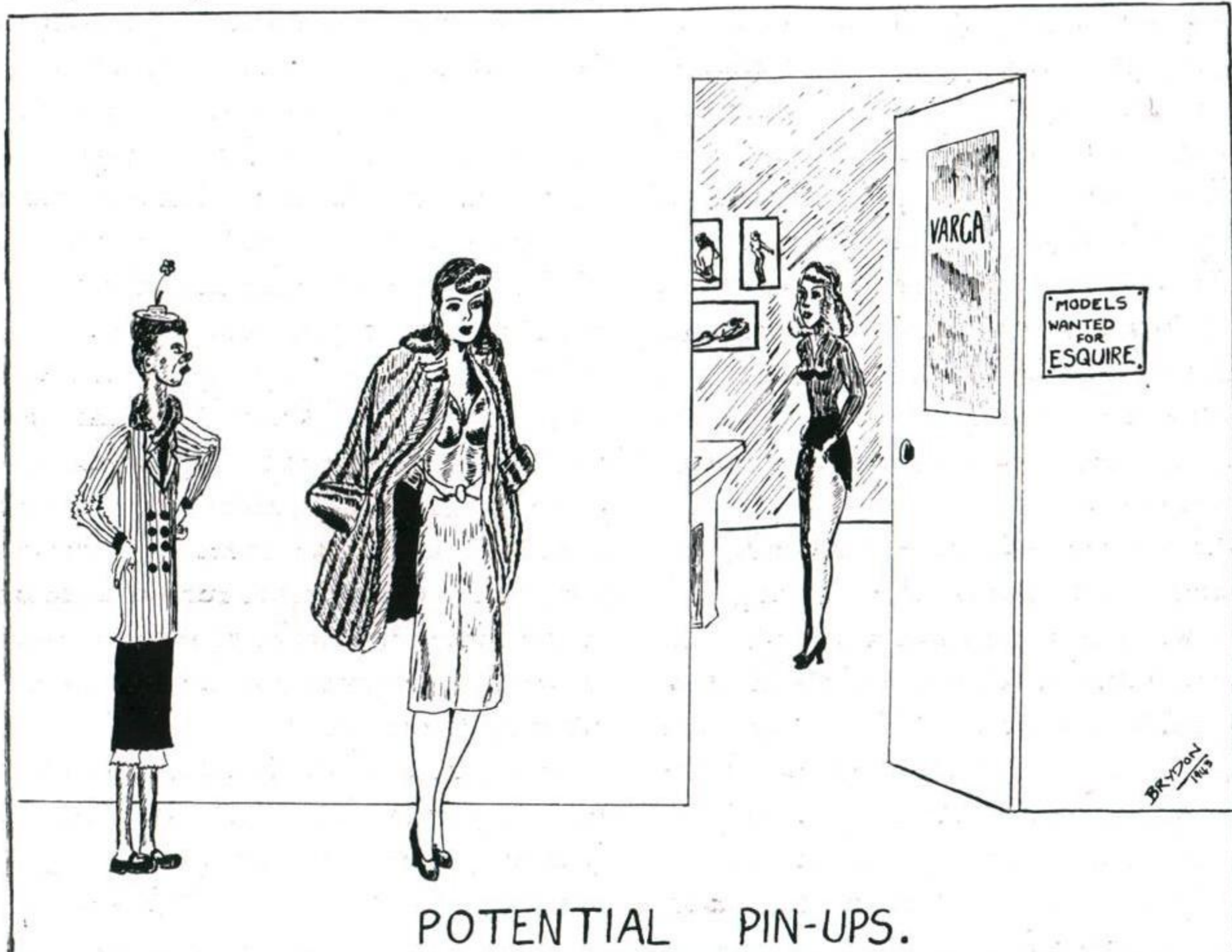
evening. Part of Monday I spent in shopping for the opportunities that Toronto offers in this direction are not to be missed when one contemplates spending the next six months at Greenwood, Nova Scotia.

All good things come to an end and I won't enlarge upon the return journey which you know is always depressing, especially the section from Montreal to Saint John which I call the "Cinderella Route" of the C.P.R. May I remind you that the final stage of the journey is by the "Evangeline Route" of the D.A.R.

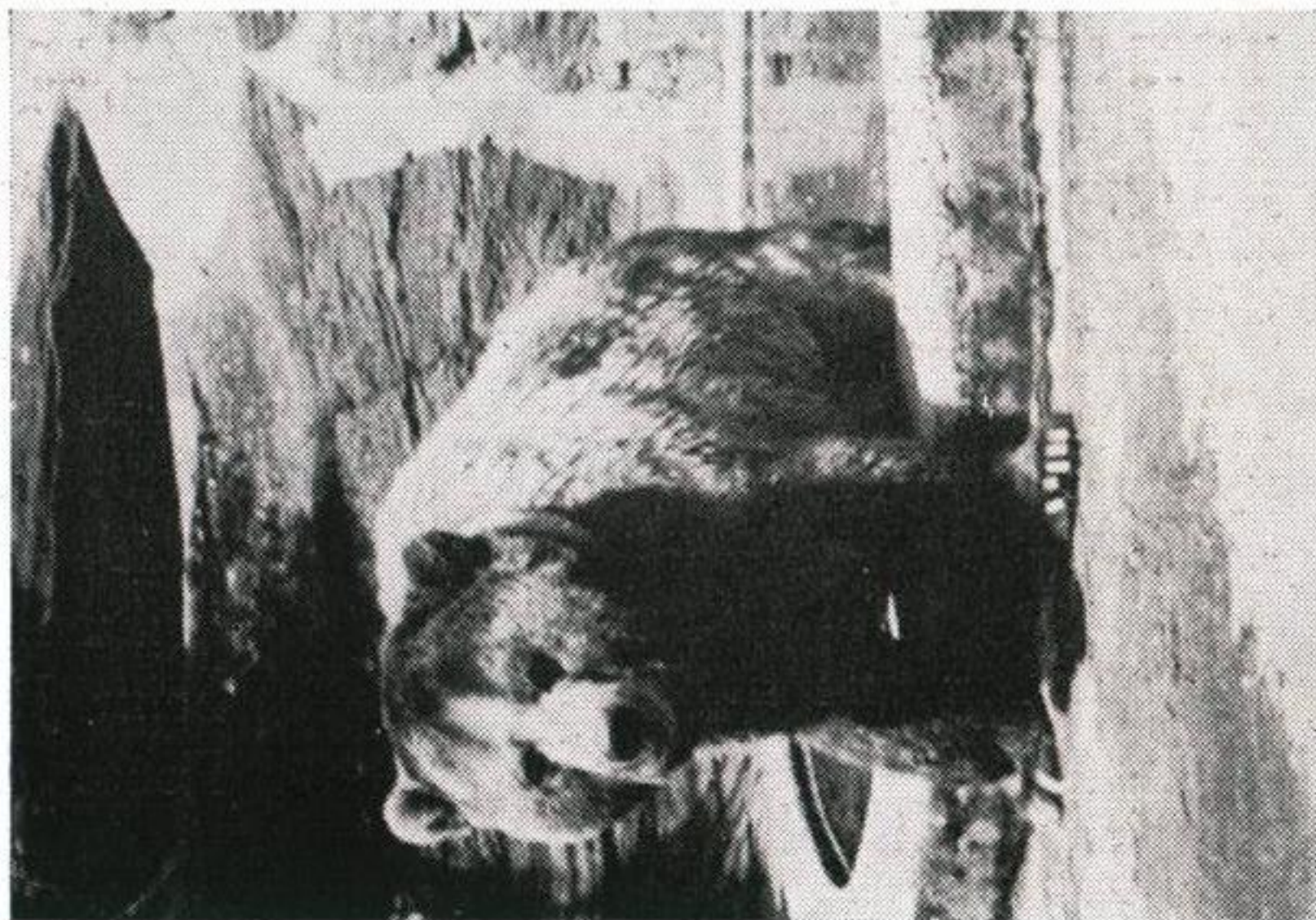
Everyone agreed that the trip had been most enjoyable and the finest experience we could wish for in Canada. You will readily appreciate that being accustomed to living in sizeable towns at home we find the opportunity to escape from the isolation of Nova Scotia a blessing that comes too seldom.

That is a suitable place to end this epistle so here's wishing you the best of luck and for myself—R.O.T.B.

ALEC C. SIMPSON.



POTENTIAL PIN-UPS.

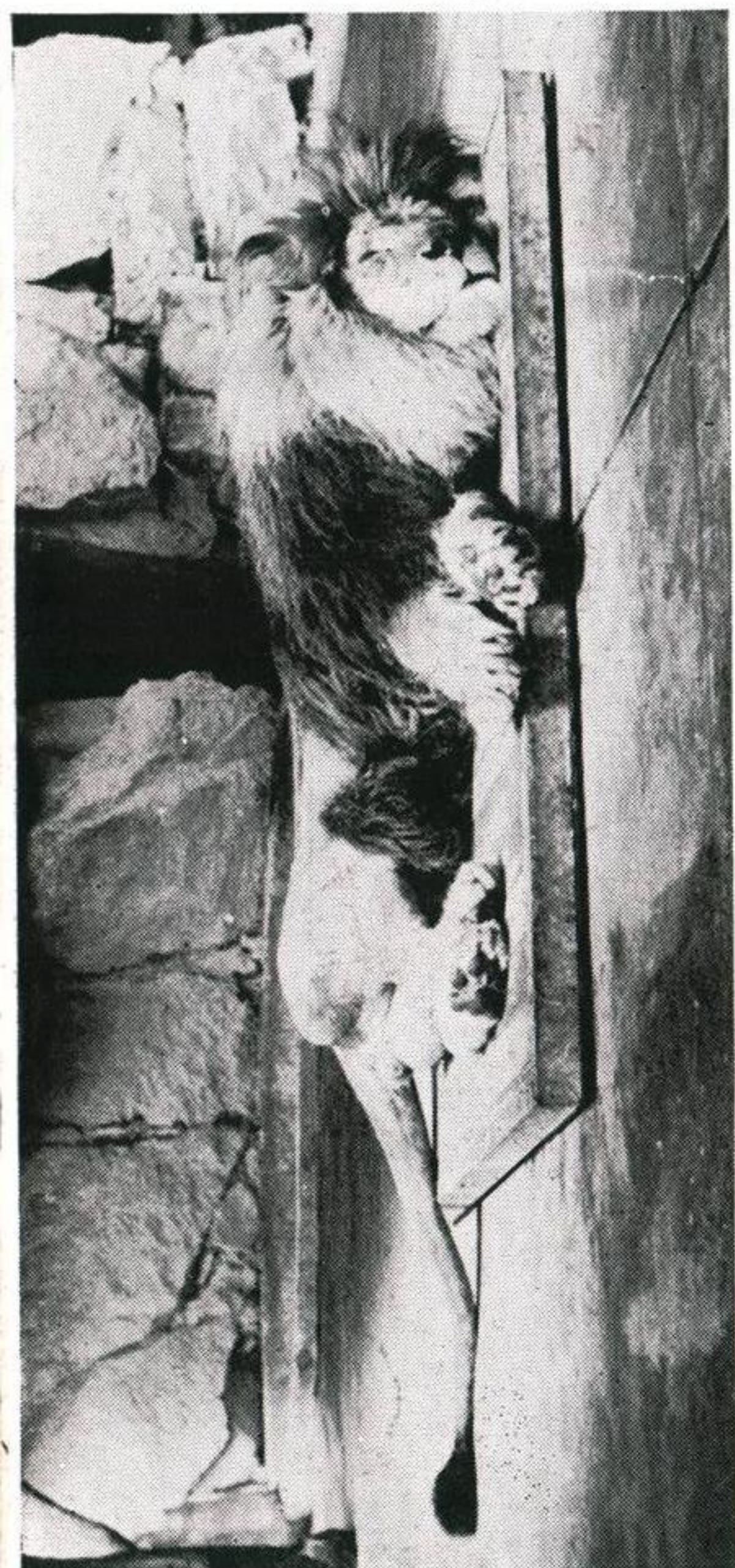


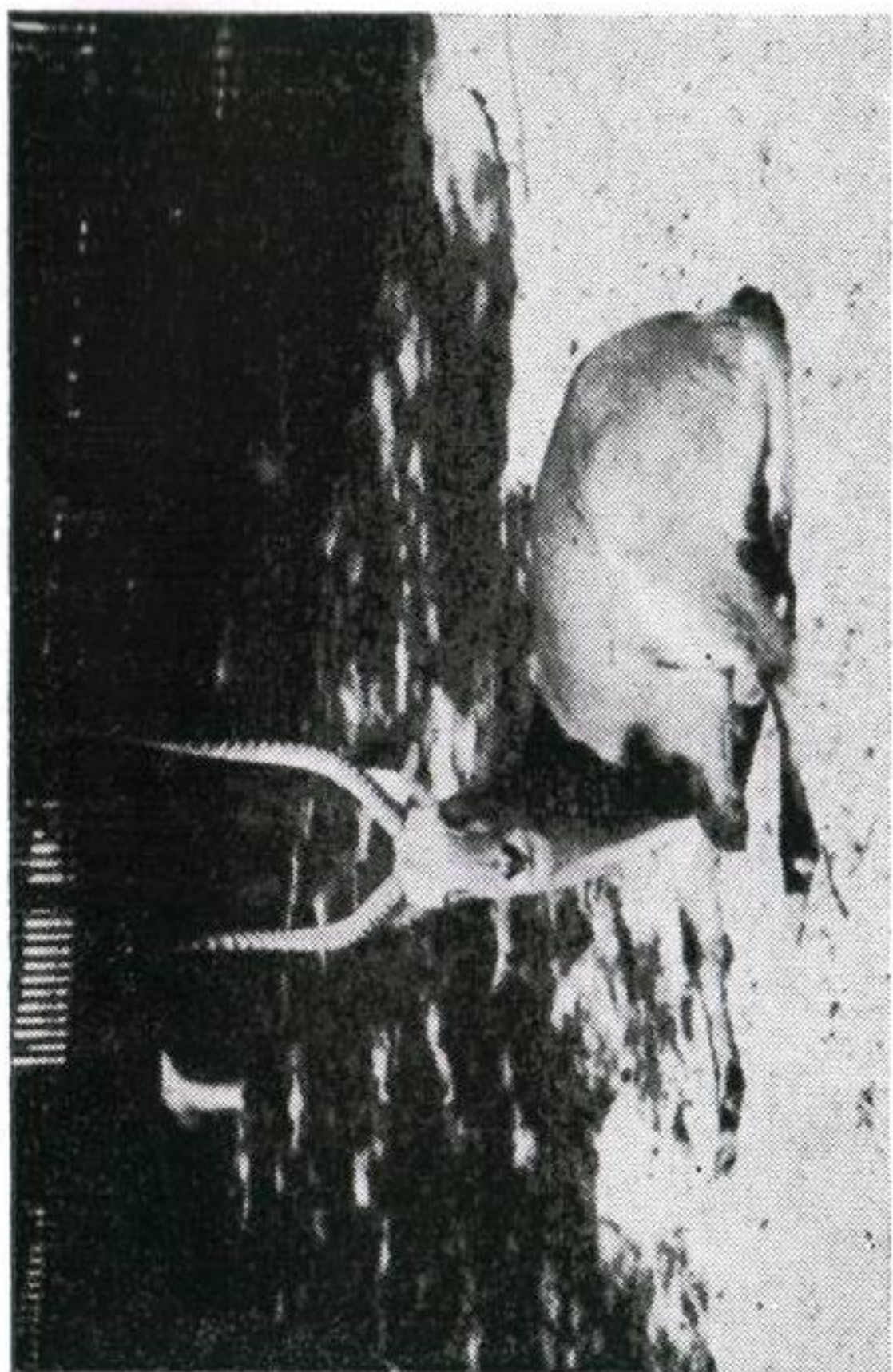
ANIMAL ALBUM

Next to blondes and babies, animals make the best picture material there is. We knew that. So when our photographer told us he was going on leave in New York recently we said: "Look, when you're down there, take a day off and run up to the Bronx. There's a zoo up there — the Bronx Park Zoo — and it's supposed to be one of the best in the world. Slide up there and get us a few animal shots, will you?"

Which he did.

The net result you see spread over these two pages.





The Giant Baby Pandas you see bouncing about in the lower pictures are a gift of Mme. Chiang Kai Shek. The rest of the characters you can probably identify for yourself, although you might need some help with "Stoneface" to the left there. His real title is Shoe Bill,

for obvious reasons; otherwise he is known as the "ugliest bird in the world." You may know someone else. We've met a few 'birds' in the last two or three years that would run this hombre a close second, and they weren't wearing feathers either.



CLIPPINGS FROM THE CORPORALS' CLUB

*Narrator temporary corporal Sean
"O'Casey"*

For some reason, the club wishes to express its regret at the absconding of temporary-corporal "2nd. Floor Willy" Wildson to Detroit. t/c. Wildson is famous in Montreal as the first t/c. to have got tight before breakfast.

Thanks are expressed to F/S. Leslie and Sgts. Macnamee and Marsden for instructing us mere temporary-corporals in the finer arts of the "Muffin Man." Anyone interested in learning the rules of this game, the "Muffin Man," should try to wangle entry into the Sergeants Mess on "guest night."



A Stag Party In The Corporals' Club.

"I joined for meals, not medals" says temporary corporal Skilbeck, B.E.M.

Heard on the C. O.'s parade:

S.W.O.: "There's a man in the rear rank talking, Flight Sergeant. Take his name."

F/S. "He's a corporal, sir."

S.W.O. "Well, get the next man to 'im."

LOONEY LETTER DEPARTMENT

Mr. Headquarters
R.A.F., Greenwood.
Dear Mr. Headquarters:

My husband was induced into the surface long months ago and I ain't received no pay from him sence he was gone. Please send me my elopment as I have a four months old baby and he is my only support and I kneed it every day to buy food and keep us enclosed. I am a poor woman and all I have is at the front. Both sides of my parents are very old and I can't suspect anything from them. My husband is in charge of a spittoon. Do I get more than I am going to get? Please send me a letter and tell me if my husband made application for a wife and child and please send me a wife form to fill out. I have written to Mr. Wilson and got no answer and if I don't hear from you I will write my Member about you and him.

Very truly,
Mrs. P.D.Q.

(Continued from Page 34)

"I 'slaw' you last night," and settle down to a hearty feed of loose ailerons with a bunch of flight wallahs led by our Irish exponent of "Shifting Father's Grave." The odours from the nearby sewer makes us temporarily homesick until we taste the tea. Whereupon the 'home' part disappears. We make a mental note to check up on the cook's source of brown cabbage leaves. At \$3.10 a month, they must be good cabbages.

And so we take leave of the Manor and head to the pit, not happy yet far from miserable, wondering what next month's mess meeting will impose on us; perhaps we shouldn't complain too much though. After all we're still issued with 6 rounds while on O. S. We leave Clarence until next month . . . still drooling.

OVER SEAS takes great pleasure in announcing the winners of last month's R.A.F. QUIZ.

First prize of \$3.00 goes to Cpl. Titterrell.

Second prize of \$2.00 goes to Cpl. Wood.

As we warned all contestants when the Quiz was announced, SPEED might be an important factor in deciding the winners. SPEED WAS the important factor. Several others of the many entries received were correct in every detail; unfortunately for them, they arrived LATE.

On Page 15 of this issue appears our second quiz in this series, our Nova Scotia QUIZ. Let's have as many entries for this as last month's—and more! But for the love of Allah get your answers in promptly. Three bucks and two bucks are nothing to turn your nose up at in this day and age.

FILM FARE

THE REGAL CINEMA PRESENTS

- Sat., Oct. 2nd—"Holy Matrimony".
- Mon., Oct. 4th—"The Youngest Profession" with Virginia Weidler, Lana Turner, Robert Taylor.
- Tues., Oct. 5th—(Title Unknown).
- Thurs., Oct. 7th—"Tom, Dick and Harry" with Ginger Rogers and Burgess Meredith.
- Sat., Oct. 9th—"Young Mr. Pitt" with Robert Donat and a cast of famous British stars.
- Mon., Oct. 11th—"Gentleman Jim" with Errol Flynn.
- Tues., Oct. 12th—"Best Foot Forward" with Lucille Ball Harry James' Band.
- Thurs., Oct. 14th—"Pied Piper" with Monte Wooley.
- Sat., Oct. 16th—"Heaven Can Wait" with Don Ameche and Gene Tierney.
- Mon., Oct. 18th—"Coney Island" with Betty Grable and George Montgomery
- Tues., Oct. 20th—"Adventures of Tartu", with Robert Donat.
- Thurs., Oct. 22nd—"The Common Touch".
- Sat., Oct. 23rd—"Hers To Hold" with Deanna Durbin and Joseph Cotten.
- Mon., Oct. 25th—"Star Spangled Rhythm" with a huge cast of stars.
- Tues., Oct. 26th—"Journey Into Fear".
- Thur., Oct. 28th—"I Dood It".
- Sat., Oct. 30th—"My Kingdom For A Cook".