

KNEELING—Green, Hatfield.  
LEFT TO RIGHT—Lawry, Hohncox, Lynk, Bugg, Hoskins, Cpl. German, (i/c Night Servicing Flight), Wahlers, Anderson, Gates, Lawrence, McKee, McClean.

## Night Servicing Flight

### HAVE YOU HEARD THIS ONE?

We think that it is a fact that airmen in general are ingenious, but this story concerning two airmen is a little above the average. Of course maybe the old adage (two heads are better than one) may have had some bearing on the case, however, it proves a grounded airman is not necessarily a stranded airman.

Our story starts with two of our chaps climbing aboard a bus at Camp Borden—immediate destination Barrie, ultimate destination, Woggy Woggy. The immediate destination was reached without mishap or excitement and the second stage of the journey started with moderate success. That is, they covered about two thirds of this stage by walking slowly along the highway and casting a hopeful glance at each passing motorist; one of which registered. The ride was taking them northward, but at Elmvale our heroes found themselves once more with only their own two feet to carry them. No pleading look seemed to stop the hard hearted business man, holiday bent, or start any maiden's heart to flutter in her breast as she sped beachward in daddy's car. After standing for some time, watching the traffic steadily dwindle, they decided to start back to camp but had no more success in that direction.

This failure called for some deep dark thinking, so a sojourn was made at the local pub where a consultation was held and a plan of action decided upon. At this point one of the lads became violently ill, necessitating the calling of the local doctor. He, realizing the seriousness of the situation, administered first aid and advised the boys to put through a call for their own sawbones as he would be more familiar with an airman's ailments.

The call, when received, was acted upon

in true Air Force manner. Ambulance, stretcher and experienced crew were immediately despatched to the scene of disaster. We are glad to report that all concerned were back in camp before expiration of time on late passes. Also both airmen ate a very hearty dinner next day. Can you beat it?

AC1 Gabinet, our six-foot-two model airman (Western version), never seems to have any trouble in procuring co-operation from his fellow workers. Maybe it's that deep voice of his when he roars, "Are you coming," or "Do I have to take you?" We wonder if he uses the same technique or if it's just his Viking like profile, which makes him the idol of so many of the fair sex?

"Are the sandwiches here yet?" Hoskins is our hungry airman. We think that each recruiting office should have a department to categorize the eating capacity of, well . . . some airmen.

Lynk . . . No, he is never missing, but his sweater . . . is another story. "Are the sandwiches here yet?" Hoskins leads the whole flight in three cheers for A/S/O Patterson and her kitchen staff for the vast improvement in our eats.

Boys we will have to "smarten up". We have been coasting along for weeks with the "mistaken" idea that we were the most efficient bunch of lads on the station. This one has us floored.

It is the practice to lend a hand in every way possible to the visitors from other stations, who from time to time use the facilities of Borden, and make their stay as pleasant and carefree as possible. However, we are wondering if a new coat of paint supplied and applied to a recent visiting O.C., by the "Servicing Pool" isn't carrying the idea a bit beyond the limit.

### THE OWLS' CLUB

(Officially known as the Night Servicing Flight)

We are the boys  
Who forsake night fun  
To keep them flying  
When day is done.

There's Hoskins and Faires  
And old man McBeigh  
Who march off to work  
At the close of the day.

Routledge and Gates  
Johncox and Bugg  
Are gassin' up Harwards  
Instead of cuttin' a rug.

Lawrence and Lowry  
Are tending the flares,  
While Poppa McClean (one dog, he has no kids)  
Has the timekeeper's cares.

Helpert and Bridges  
And Hatfield and Lynk  
Are all in there pitching  
Not sipping a drink.

Green and Wahlers  
And Bud McKee too,  
And wee Tiny Andy  
Make up the crew.

Corporal German's in charge,  
Our work must be done  
Before he will let us  
Have any fun.

When the roaring of Harwards  
Shatter the nights,  
We are the boys  
Who are up at the flights.

## They Toil Without Glory

Broadcast in the BBC's Short Wave Overseas Service

I would like to talk to you about those four simple little words—and all they imply in the Air Force here, in Canada, in the United States of America and everywhere. To us in the Air Force, they, perhaps, have a meaning that others do not see. To us, they are symbolic of men who have done much to make the Air Force what it is today.

Without them; we should fail. Without them; the Battle of Britain would have been lost. Without them (and I say this deliberately) this mighty island might, long since, have been battered to its knees.

But thank God we had them. They (no less than the men in the air) helped send

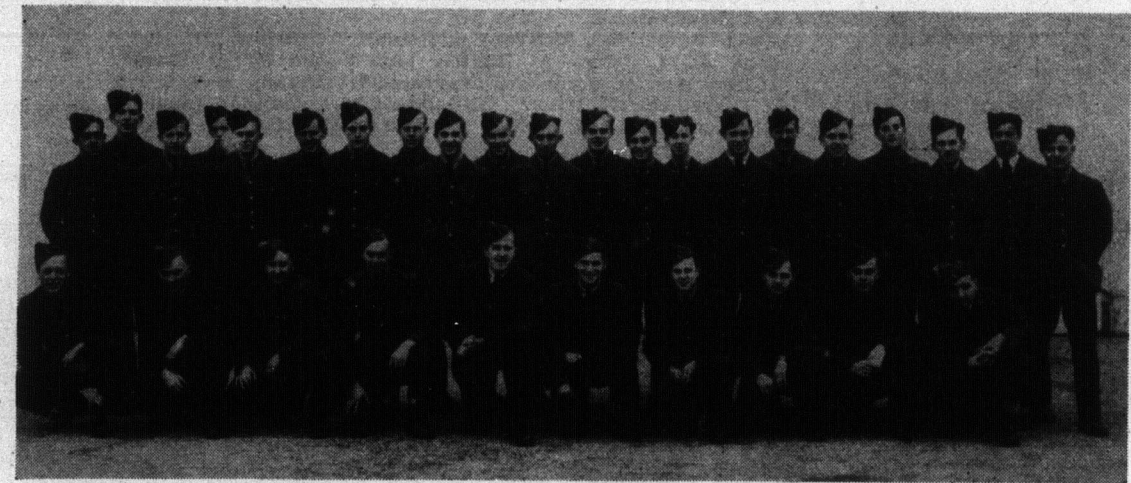
adventure, travel, a chance to see new things.

You reach an age, you know, when you like to come home in the evening after your day's work is done; and, depending on your walk in life, take off your shoes and put on slippers, loosen your collar (so to speak) and spend a quiet evening with your wife and children. Many of those ground crew have reached that age. They held good jobs in peace time. There were many foremen mechanics among them. The majority were already skilled tradesmen.

But they had in them that love of fair play—that hatred of a bully—that characterizes our people wherever you find them.

He brought back a souvenir from that war—a jagged one that the surgeons dug out of his shoulder. When this war came a-long Paddy enlisted again. He knew he was too old for active service. But he also knew that he was a first-rate cook.

Paddy is up there in the Midlands with one of our Canadian Squadrons. Just about now (and it is just after two o'clock in the morning over here in London) Paddy is likely busy over his pots and pans for (on the nights our aircraft are on operations) Paddy knows what it means to keep the fire going all night long. He knows, too, just what an important effect bacon and eggs, if he can get them, have on morale when he serves



FRONT ROW (l. to r.)—LAC Sowden, AC Gourlay, LAC Wright, AC Smith, AC Sweeney, AC Cupoli, AC Anthony, LAC Ross, LAC Hayden, AC Wright.  
CENTRE ROW (l. to r.)—Cpl. Cormier, AC Brodie, AC Farr, AC Wilson, LAC Austin, AC Kalsmar, AC Burnham, AC Holt, AC Moore, AC Hurst, Cpl. Downey.  
REAR ROW (l. to r.)—AC Coates, AC Murphy, AC Purdon, AC Hoglin, AC Beyers, LAC Jones, AC Lobsinger, AC Canning, AC Young, LAC Mac-Intosh.

the Luftwaffe back into Germany to lick its wounds. They (no less than the men in the air) made it impossible for flames to roar over this island as they did over London more than fifteen months ago.

I pay tribute to the men of the ground crews—the riggers; the engine mechanics; the cooks; the radio operators; the armourers; the clerks; the equipment assistants; the transport drivers; the instrument makers; the parachute riggers—all that host of people in Air Force uniform who are among the fifty ground crew trades that we have today.

The air crew—the men who fly, the valiant young men before whose sheer, stark courage I always feel humble, when I see them off on a raid—they are a gallant company. I would take away from them no whit of the credit they so rightly deserve. But I would ask you to remember that an air force is a team—a team in which each section is interdependent on the other. Those gallant young men in the air are the brilliant half-backs who carry the ball. The ground crews are the men who run interference for them and make their spectacular gains possible. Few of the ground crew are youngsters. Those who are, you can take my word for it, would be in the air if they could follow their own desire.

Many of the ground crew are long past the age when Air Force Service means high

They tossed aside their good jobs. They accepted the lowest rate of pay in the Royal Canadian Air Force. They exchanged the comforts of home life for a life in huts. They bade their wives and children goodbye, and headed out for a future in which everything was uncertain.

But perhaps I'm going too far when I say that everything was uncertain. There was one thing that was certain—that (as ground crew) their lot would be "Toil Without Glory."

There are several definitions for the word "toil." But the one that I feel most properly describes it, as applied to the ground crew, is the one that says toil "is hard and unremitting work." That is true, very true!

I would like to add to that definition. In addition to being hard and unremitting work, the toil of ground crew, in the Air Force, is vital work. It is "win the war" work that means the difference between life and death to the men who fly the aircraft.

Let us look at these ground crew for a few minutes and I will try to let you see them as I see them. On one of our stations there's a man called "Paddy." Paddy is the sort of man you'd pass in the street and never notice him. Paddy is forty-seven years old and (if you could get him to talk about it) he would tell you of a dirty night; near Amiens; in another war, long years ago.

them to tousle-headed crews, at all hours of the day and night.

Away to the north of this aerodrome is another. The wind never seems to die down there. In the winter it howls from the north and brings on its frozen breath that hard, stinging sleet that numbs the fingers and chills the marrow. There are fine Canadian boys flying the aircraft from that station. They battle with sleet and hail and wind long before (and long after) they've battled with the enemy. But they can only do that because of a group of ground crew men, whose names never strike the headlines.

Where the cruel wind howls and bites like a mad dog, these men work. Though their fingers are blue with cold, though their clothes are stiff with frozen rain, they swarm over the aircraft, cleaning, tightening, adjusting, fitting: with almost loving care.

I would like to tell you about the radio mechanics. You don't hear much about them: more because the job they do is one of the things we don't talk about. They are highly skilled men. They are doing a job that has much to do with the successful defence of this island. But no glamour surrounds them. They are hidden away, many of them, in isolated areas. They do not have the fellowship of the mess. They sleep at odd hours. But they do their job magnificently. They take great pride in it. They

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