

*The*  
**PIONEER**

PRICE 10c



THE MAGAZINE OF THE FIRST R.A.F. UNIT IN CANADA

**CONTENTS FOR AUGUST**

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  - ★ **Inspector General's Visit**
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NO. 31 SFTS CANADA



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NO. 13

## EDITORIAL



The New Editor:  
LAC. S. W. WOOD

Everyone will wish to join me in wishing Cpl. Blaxley good luck on his repatriation; I am certain his hard work for the "Pioneer" has been appreciated by all.

I have enjoyed working with him on the mag; his efforts were untiring. At times the readers haven't backed him as he deserved but he literally forced "gen" from the sections, pleading for articles and searching every corner for material.

The "Pioneer" could not be allowed to fade out because a man is posted. Like the war the "Pioneer" must go on;

luckily the foundation is well laid and it behoves those remaining to carry on.

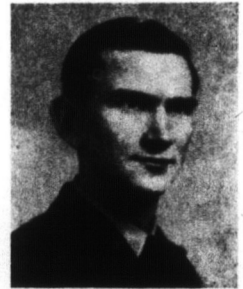
A complete change of personnel is taking place, and the new Editor, LAC. Wood, has been selected from the new personnel. The credit of this issue is due to him and I think you will agree it is a fine effort,

This is your magazine so send in contributions early and have a bumper issue next month. There is a notice elsewhere regarding the Photographic Competition which demands your attention. Support the competition and make your new Editor feel that he has your backing. He is one of you, so stick together.

I am sure the Editor and the committee will welcome suggestions for the magazine. Don't say to the other man, "I don't think much of that article, why don't they have more of this stuff"; it won't get you anywhere. Write to the Editor and he will get to know what you want and give it to you.

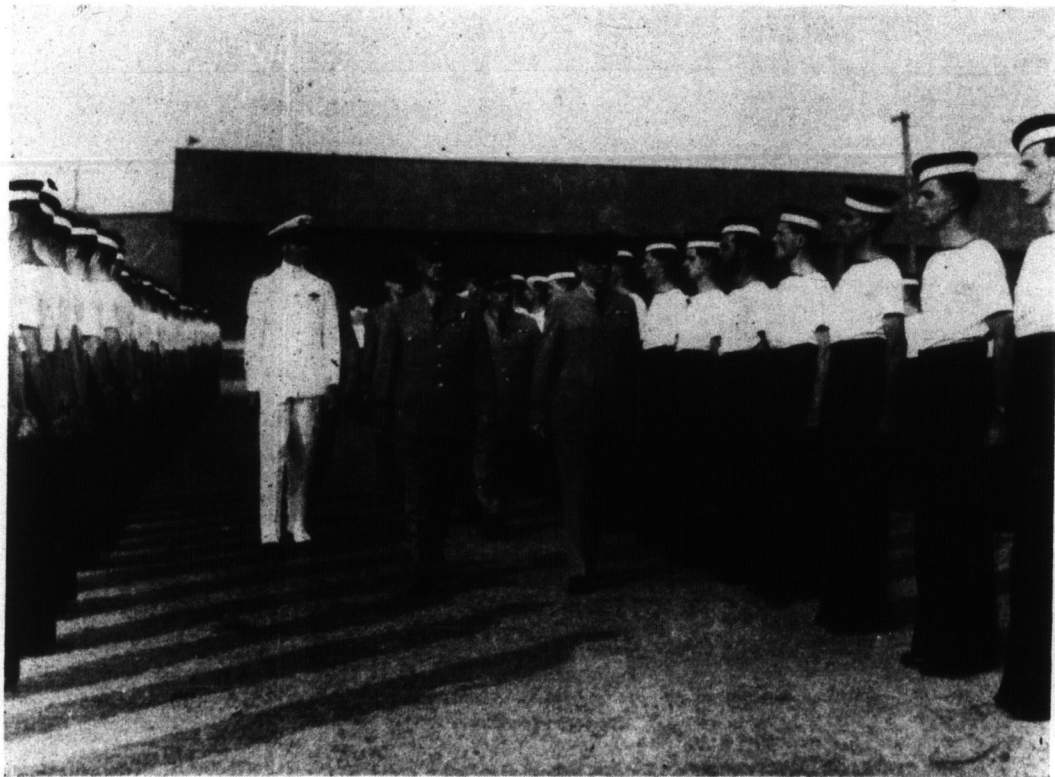
To all those who have gone or are going, I say "Goodbye and good luck." To those recently come I say "Welcome." The "Pioneer" is a little outlet from the more serious business of war effort. Let us not shirk the latter, we owe it to the generation to come."

J.T.



The Former Editor:  
CPL. R. W. BLAXLEY

## *Inspector General Visits 31 S.F.T.S.*



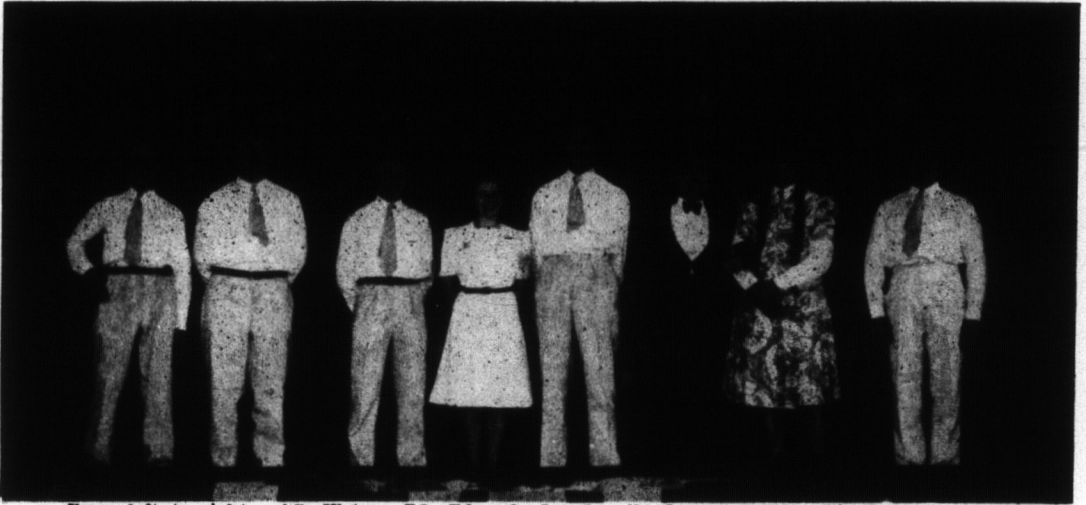
Early in the last week of the month there were signs which seemed to pre-  
sage some portentous event; it was if the atmosphere of the Station was permeated  
with a feeling that an event of rather more than usual magnitude and importance  
was to take place. It was started when the Duty Trumpeter called the Airmen to  
working parade with an exuberance quite new. On the parades Mr. Bell's sonorous  
voice boomed across the Parade Ground and echoed back with an unusual gusto.  
The dignified figures of the Station Adjutant and the Station Warrant Officer  
were a positive expression of zest for the job to be done. Soon it was learned  
that this was the preparation for a visit of a noted personage.

The great morning came, The Parade Ground was set in relief by brilliant sun-  
light, long rows of Officers, Airmen, and Sailors stood waiting. Even their  
shadows cast in such regular formation seemed a part of the Parade. As the inspec-  
tor General made his rounds the boys stood very still and solemn. Although so tense  
everybody was interested in this impressive ceremony. Scarcely an eyelid flick-  
ered as the colors were hoisted and the salute taken. Yet when the command  
was given which relieved the boys from a position of attention, everybody could  
be heard taking a deep breath, as if of relief.

Shortly after, while the Inspector General proceeded on his tour of inspection,  
the men were marching away section by section to carry on with the normal  
routine, feeling that a job had been well done. They had acquitted themselves  
as representatives of a great service and had maintained their reputation.

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# "LAKESIDE KNIGHTS" DEBUT



From left to right— AC. Waters, PO. Edward, Sgt. Lovell, "Lovey" Soutter, Vic Newrock, Cpl. Collison, LAC. Ray, AC. Godley.

Despite many trials and tribulations, not the least of these being the withdrawal from the cast, on the eve of production, of the accompanist and the co-producer, the Station Concert Party nevertheless scored a great success with its first Revue, "Lakeside Knights."

Few people who have not taken part in 'theatricals,' amateur or professional, realise the communal nature of dramatic art. The painter, poet, musician, sculptor, can work alone, indeed work best alone. But the actor is entirely dependent on his fellow-actors both at rehearsal and in performance. And it is not hard to see that the 'exigencies' of the Service, over-time, Station duties, etc., increase even the normal difficulties of assembling a cast—and keeping it together.

So it is not too much to say that on Wednesday, July 22nd, PO. Edwards and Company achieved a minor miracle, and if one may hazard a guess, nobody was more surprised than they were themselves. It was a brave effort and that the effort was worth making was fully endorsed by the enthusiastic audience. It is to be hoped that the value of the Concert Party in providing entertainment throughout the coming Autumn and Winter may be recognised by the Authorities so that, with official approval, encouragement and support, its path may be made a little easier.

The main burden of this first show fell on the experienced and confident producer

PO. Edwards and the smart, wise-cracking compere Vic Newrock, and in their individual acts, in sketches and in song, these artists raised some of the biggest laughs and kept everyone in good humour throughout the evening. Another whose contribution to the performance was above the average amateur standard was Miss "Lovey" Soutter, a visitor from the C.W.A.C.s; "Lovey" sang her songs with charm and a nice understanding of the mike.

But of possibly greater interest, in view of future shows, was the form of the novices, and this was most encouraging. There was Harold Godley's beaming smile which in the opening scene set off the proceedings on a note of geniality; PO. Ellis, whose characterization of an Oriental thought-reader was a model of restraint; Harry Collison, whose departure to the Old Country is a definite loss histrionically; and LAC. Ray, that Orderly Room automaton, who could have guessed that he had such a range—vocally and otherwise?

In more serious vein, AC. French scored with his songs; ALA. Brine's violin solos, accompanied by ALA. Lilly, were much appreciated, and a big reception was accorded the first appearance of the Station Orchestra under the leadership of PO. Ellis. Although only recently formed, the orchestra played extremely well together and fully deserved the hearty applause which they

(Continued on Next Page)

## STATION MUSIC

In spite of the departure to England of Cpl. Amos and two other stalwarts of the Dance Band, the Band, now under the direction of Cpl. May, has after a little re-organization continued its successful career, giving very good performances at the Officers' Mess and at the R.M.C., Kingston, in addition to the normal Station Monday Dances.

The discovery that there was a considerable number of musicians on the Station who could not be absorbed in the Dance Band raised the question of forming a Station Orchestra. The P.S.I. proved most helpful and generous over the question of providing additional instruments to the number already owned by the Station, and a bass violin, trumpet and trombone were purchased from Toronto.

The Orchestra made its debut at the Station Concert on July 23rd, after only two practices, and proved quite successful, complement being as follows:

Marine Brine, "Mus. Bach.", 1st violin and leader, a most accomplished musician, but unfortunately only here for a short while. LAC. Lewis, a viola player of great experience who together with LAC. Godley, violin, and Lieut. Smith, 'cello, completed our string section. Marine Lilly and Sgt. Smith, pianos; Flt. Sgt. Donovan, trombone; LAC. Bleakley, trumpet; Cpl. May, clarinet and E flat saxophone; LAC. Boddy, saxophone; Cpl. Cullum, saxophone; LAC. Stevens, drums; conductor, PO. Ellis.

It is hoped that with so many newcomers to the Station this number will be increased, as there are still some violins and clarinets begging for players. Any "would be" players are asked to contact PO. Ellis, Maintenance Wing Headquarters, or LAC. Lewis, Station Armoury, who is doing such a good job as Orchestra Librarian.

H. S. ELLIS.



The PIONEER

is printed

by the

The Salsbury Press

PHONE 7295

132 Clarence St. Kingston

## POSTING POSTPONED

"You're posted to Timbuktu," they say  
"So pack your kit and without delay  
Report with your Clearance Certificate signed  
To the Orderly Room, and there'll you'll find  
A Warrant already, made out for you  
To start your journey to Timbuktu."

"You're late already, so don't delay.  
The signal apparently lost its way:  
It went to another Thirty One  
Somewhere out West in Saskatchewan.  
We're sorry to make you toil and strain,  
But you've only two hours to catch the train.

"You are married and have a child or two!  
Who you think prefer Kingston to Timbuktu?  
May they come with you? We very much  
doubt.

But of course, that's a thing we shall have  
to find out.

There may be a war going on out there,  
In which case you see it would hardly be fair."

"The name of the Unit? We don't know yet!  
We'll try to find out, but don't forget,  
It's probably a secret, a hush hush affair.  
To make the enemy think it's not there.  
You would like a few minutes to hear your  
wife's views,

Could we re-check with Records the stag-  
gering news?"

"We've checked on the Signal and hear with  
dismay

That Records do not agree what we say.  
It seems you are not to be posted at all  
An error perhaps through somebody's scrawl.  
Your number quite definitely gave as a clue,  
It's a year old promotion and not Timbuktu."

ANON.

## STATION CONCERT PARTY (Cont'd.)

received for rendering "Lustspiel". Their repertoire being rather limited at present and an encore being demanded, the conductor (who, incidentally, in his excitement omitted to bow his acknowledgement of the audience's approval) was forced to repeat the latter part of "Lustspiel" overture. When they have been together longer and have been augmented by additional players from the new arrivals, this orchestra will be a considerable asset to the Station and, in conjunction with the Concert Party, should be able to provide us with some first class shows.

Just one note of criticism—though it was not altogether their fault, for the acoustic properties of the Rec are appalling, some of the cast were almost inaudible from the back of the hall. That it IS possible to make oneself heard was proved by the rich, resonant tones of PO. Edwards!

"THESPIAN"

## Stop Me If . . .

Two women were passing an A.R.P. Headquarters and seeing a notice regarding the use of sand in case of incendiary bombs one said to the other.

"Wots the use of 'aving buckets of sand around the 'ouse in case of incendiary bombs? I calls it daft, there ain't one in a thousand as would drop in the bucket!"

Jock and Sandy were left some estate by their father and couldn't agree as to how it should be shared. So they called on a mutual friend and asked advice.

The wise friend said "Well Sandy, you will divide the estate exactly as you think fit." At which, Sandy's face lit up. "And," went on the wise one, "Jock will take which ever half he prefers!"

The Group Captain of an R.A.F. Station was invited to dine with a farmer near the Aerodrome and the farmer was astonished when the G.C. consumed two whole fowls. Whilst walking in the farmyard a little later they passed a cock strutting about.

"That's a proud looking bird," the G.C. remarked.

"And so I should think," replied the farmer. "He's got two sons in the Air Force now!"

\* \* \*

Mary was a late riser and her Mistress told her that every time she was late and the Mistress had to cook the breakfast, she would have a shilling deducted from her wages. The next morning she was late again. The Mistress remonstrated with her and when she had finished Mary said, "I don't know why you're grumbling at me, I'm paying you for doing it anyway."

"How's the new Flight Sergeant doing?"  
"Not too bad, pity he was a shopwalker in civvy life though."

"Why?"

"Well, instead of saying 'Quick march' he will say 'Walk this way, please.'"

Father: "Did you see the report in the paper today dear? John must be getting quite a runner. It says that he was so fast he fairly burned the track up."

Proud Mother: "Yes, dear, and that's quite true. I passed the sports field this morning and I noticed that the track was nothing but cinders!"

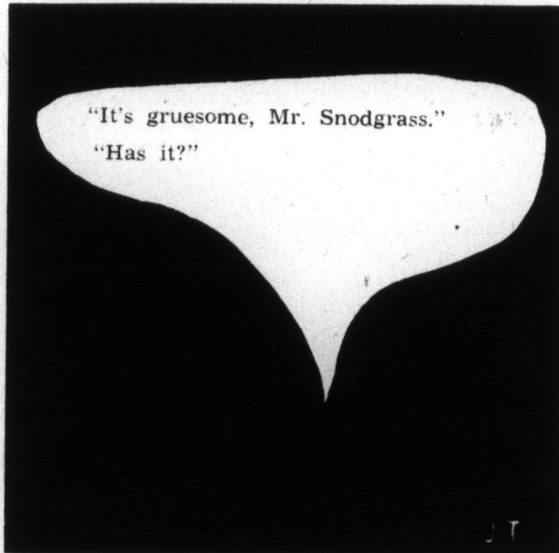
### Dumb Dora Thinks:

A Nattertorium is a sort of a club where women meet and knit and discuss things.

A Teetotaler is a man who is never seen drinking.

Sinister is a woman who can't find a husband.

But she was definitely right when she said that scantily dressed women were either very poor—or very rich!



BLACKOUT BUNGLINGS

"Is this the speedometer?" asked the pretty girl, tapping the glass with her finger.

"Yes dear," he replied.

"And that's the clutch?"

"That's the clutch, darling," he said, jamming on the brakes to avoid a fast approaching lorry.

"But what's this?" she inquired, at the same time giving the accelerator a vigorous push with her foot.

"That's the accelerator dear," he said, and flapping his wings he flew away!

## What We Would Like to Know

What's happened to "Pegasus," the Sergeants' Mess horse?

Who was the Scots N.C.O. seen following the horse around with a brush, shovel and bucket?

How far the six Sergeants got on the "Chalk Boat" after their very laborious rowing?

Who left the Apron floodlight on outside No. 2 Hangar on the morning of the Inspector General's inspection?

What was the interesting part of the fancy boot lacing on the I.G.'s inspection?

Who said "If any fall down I want to stand some more up"?

Was it the lack of Brandy on the ambulance which accounted for no "fall downs" on THE morning?

When a certain Corporal is going to increase his selection of canteen songs?

How the clerks accounts enjoy their 48's these days?

Which pupil landed at Trenton thinking it was Picton?

Who, on the reclassification board, defined "Inhibited" Horse Power?

Did a certain party enjoy his trip into the U.S.A. recently?

If a certain Officer enjoyed his long row when the outboard motor stopped for want of "juice"?

What time a certain senior Officer turned up at the Yacht Club for his farewell party?

If Laval's successor in the Vichy Section will try and push forward the real war effort?

Who is Sgt. Morpheus???

Which WO. had a very comfortable bed when he was Orderly Officer

Why SHE put the light on again?

Who are the COCA KIDS?

Did a certain Sergeant enjoy the meeting when his girl friend's husband appeared on the scene?

Who made the apple pie bed in the Sgts. Mess?

Why some of the holders of obsolescent trades are not willing to remuster.

When a certain Pilot is going to "Pull out?"

Who kicked the PO.'s ear?

Why the Link Instructors have to work so hard?

Who is "Morgan the Mighty"?

Now that a certain senior Officer is on the warpath if we shall get a bit more war effort out of the Maintenance personnel?

Which Sgt. confuses beer with "Cakes"?

How many of THE PARADE came to attention when the order was given by a hatless N.C.O.?

Is it the night club which attracts a certain Sergeant to Wolfe Island?

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### MEN'S SHOP

Shirts, Ties, Gloves, Shorts, Pyjamas, Black Wool Sox, Dressing Gowns, Jaeger Wear, Marley's English Sox  
All Types of Underwear.

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# Christening Party



## PADRE'S CHAT

**S**TATION Workshops have done a very fine piece of work as a result of which the Church has been beautified by the addition of a font. Our thanks are due to LAC. Howard, who is responsible for the carpentry, to LAC. Champion who made the lead bowl, and, not least, to Pilot Officer Ellis who designed the font. If you have not yet seen this excellent furnishing, pay a visit to the Station Church soon. It was "christened" at the baptism of David Philip Greig, son of our Commanding Officer and Mrs. D'Arcy Greig, on Saturday, July 11th. Report has it that this is the first of a number of similar services at which the font will be required!

But, just as the baptism service, at which a person is made a member of the Christian family, is usually the first service to which a baby is brought, so the font is only the first of many improvements and additions to which we look forward in our Church. We go there to worship God, to tell God what He is worth to us; we do not go merely to receive, but to give of our best as we praise and thank Him, and to offer ourselves afresh to Him as we realise how we have fallen short in

the past. Therefore we want to make God's House as beautiful as our homes, or more so—in fact, it should be our second home. This is even more important when most of us are far away from home and from those we love; we want to be able to go to church as God's children, as members of His family, and feel that we are at home—if we go in that way we shall be better able to pray for those whom we have left behind in the old country or elsewhere. So we are going to do all we can to make the Church the sort of place into which you will want to come at any time. You are especially invited to our services. I want to urge the communicants of the Church of England and of Protestant denominations to come far more frequently to the most important service of all, the Holy Communion which is held every Sunday at 07.35 hours. Then there is a short evening service for everybody each Sunday, at 18.10 hours. In addition, there is a ten minutes' service for pupils who are on ground instruction in the G.I.S. Lecture Room No. 1 at 08.55 hours, and a ten min-  
(Continued on Next Page)

**"PADRE'S CHAT" (Cont'd.)**

utes' service in No. 5 Hangar for everyone else who can get to it at 09:45 hours. At the time of writing, only one Hangar service has been held, but it was quite a success, with a 'congregation' of about 50. I conducted it from an aircraft, so that I could get two or three feet above everyone else (not from inferiority complex, but in order to be seen and heard better). I should add that Mass is said for Roman Catholics in the Station Church shortly after 08.00 hours.

On Wednesday evenings we have a "Fellowship" at 19.00 hours, lasting about three-quarters of an hour. It is for prayer, discussion and instruction. It is held in my office or in the church, and you will be welcome.

You know you can come to me at any time with any problem, trouble, suggestion or — well, anything. I am usually in my office during the morning, and also on Mondays and Wednesdays from 18.00 to 18.45 hours.

Now for a spot of advertising. In King Street Kingston, near the corner of Earl Street (four blocks west of the Market) stands the Elizabethan Inn, run by Miss M. C. Ritchie as a club for service men. Some of you already know it, as it is here that Toc H has a room and meets every Tuesday in the fall, winter and spring.

There you can go and get meals at a reasonable price, play the piano, have the radio on, have a game of table tennis, and so on. It's open on weekdays from 17.00 hours to 23.00 hours—on Saturdays it opens at 14.30 hours, and on Sundays a little earlier still. Now that you know about it, I am sure that several of you will be glad to use it as your "club" in Kingston.

DONALD A. FOSTER.

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CANDIES, TOBACCO, CIGAR-  
RETTES, NEILSON'S ICE CREAM  
PAPERS and MAGAZINES, Etc.**

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**CITY WIDE DELIVERY**

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**Male Voice Choir Notes**

At the present the Choir seems to be entering upon a new era, in fact a new Choir is growing around the remaining few members not on the boat.

The new leader, Gwynn Lewis, certainly knows his onions and if the enthusiasm of the new members continues, as indeed I see no reason why it shouldn't, we should have a fine group of versatile harmonists.

In the near future we hope to equip the Choir with a new modern library of good music of all types.

If any of you chaps on the Station are interested in the art of harmony, we would be glad to welcome you. Do not hesitate because you know nothing about it, if you are interested we can do the rest. Many of the best singers in the old Choir never sang before coming to the Station.

Practices will be held in the Station Chapel at 1930 hours on Monday evenings, or in the recreation hall if it is not in use.

During last winter the Choir sang in several towns in Ontario not too far distant from Kingston, and were given a good reception. It is hoped to draw up a programme of activities of a similar nature for next winter. Further information may be obtained from the Secretary, H. Speechley, Equipment Section and Hut 14.

H.S.

**Let Me Be Your Father!**

With the re-classification and re-mustering boards so recently in your minds it would not be inappropriate to mention the educational facilities arranged by the Technical Adjutant, PO. Ellis, for your assistance.

Results have shown that the majority of failures are due to a weakness in "basic" and in order that this may be overcome PO. Ellis has compiled and had printed a very comprehensive Basic Notebook. This is so complete in detail that it does not seem possible that any question could be set the answer to which is not to be found in the notebook.

Arrangements also exist by which airmen can acquire the specialised knowledge of their own particular trade such as engines, airframes, electrical equipment, etc., from a good selection of technical publications on loan, and if there are a number "genning" in the same subject a lecture or series of lectures as necessary, will be arranged for them.

If you are taking a "board" or need assistance with a technical problem you are advised to seek the assistance of PO. Ellis, Maintenance Wing Headquarters, and he will help you with your difficulties.

## ENQUIRIES UNLIMITED

(Note:—This is your column. Have you any grouses, moans or complaints? Drop your missives into "The Pioneer" box in the entrance hall of the Canteen and we will do our best to answer your queries —Ed.)

Dear Editor,

Since when has a Senior N.C.O. had authority to pull an airman up for eating an apple in the town?

Ardent Reader.

What's up, chum—got the pip?—Ed.

Dear Editor,

Why is it that I have been in the Service for two years and am still only an AC. 2 when I read from Orders that certain sprogs whose numbers are not yet dry are promoted Corporal?

Disgustipated.

You're in the wrong trade, old boy. Promotion as rapid as that only happens in Station Headquarters.—Ed.

Dear Editor,

After a whole summer spent in preparing the tennis courts, is there any likelihood of them being converted back to an ice skating rink before winter ends?

Ice Skater.

Don't be so stupid, you're in the R.A.F. now, and such things simply don't happen.—Ed.

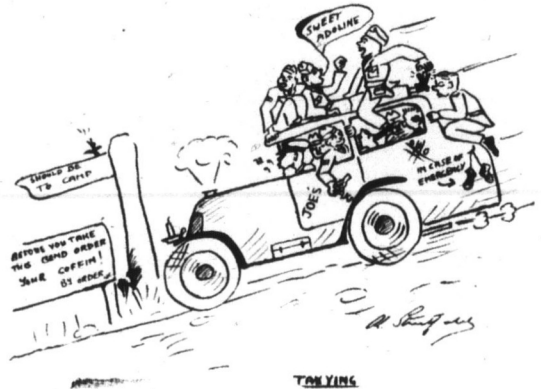
Dear Editor,

When we leave England we are issued with shoes for walking out in Canada. When these shoes are wore out we don't get no more. What are we supposed to do?

Worried.

There's nothing to it—wear boots, old boy, you'll look devastating.—Ed.

## Areostration No. 1



## Scotland Forever!

Hurrah, hurrah for Scotland,  
The land beyond compare,  
There will always be an England  
As long as Scotland's there.

Oh why, oh why give England  
All credit and the name,  
When Scottish deeds and valour  
Help brighten Britain's fame.

And our dead: Our dead are at Dunkirk,  
At Norway, Tobruk and Crete—  
They're first on the field of battle,  
Last at the bloody retreat.

And the Queen, the Queen, God bless her,  
Is a Scottish lassie fair—  
There will always be a Britain  
As long as she is there!

So cheer, yes cheer for the Empire,  
And cheer for the English as well,  
But stand up and hurrah for the Kilties,  
Our lads—the Ladies from Hell!

And Scotland, Scotland forever,  
Land of the leal and true,  
There will always be a Scotland  
And a welcome warm for you!  
James Curran, Jr.

## United Cigar Store Luncheonette

Good things to EAT! . . . Always Open

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a  
Specialty

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Pipes  
Magazines

"MEET ME AT THE UNITED"

## Zakos Bros.

Limited

FRUITS, VEGETABLES, and  
GROCERIES

Opposite the Y.M.C.A.

# Britain Wants News of You

Everyone who is far away from home is anxious for news of home, for that reason news of England is always very welcome, but are you aware that the people back home are equally interested in hearing the news about you? The British Government has realized this and as a result a Liaison Officer, or Public Relations Officer, has been appointed to Ottawa. His job is to organise a service of news and photographs for publication in English, national, county and local newspapers. Your job is to furnish the news.

Local papers at home are willing, nay even anxious to print contributions in the form of letters or articles by people from their own districts dealing with life and experiences in Canada. Here is one way to let people in your home town know how you are faring in the "New World." But, letters and articles alone are not all that are required, even the briefest of items of news will be welcomed, from two line paragraphs upwards. Have you married out here? Did you score the winning goal? Have you made a couple of dozen centuries at cricket? Have you given birth to twins (sorry, we mean has your wife given birth)? If so it will all be of interest to the folks of your locality back home. Send it along.

The position of Station Press Correspondent is open to anyone with the time, inclination and ability, but until such time as one is appointed all contributions should be passed to either Sqd. Ldr. C. E. Stuart or FO. H.

E. Biggers, who will arrange for them to be passed through the usual R.A.F. channels to the Public Relations Officer, Ottawa. These, in turn, if considered suitable, will be forwarded to the Air Ministry for eventual publication.

Please note that any contributions submitted must give full details including home address, street number, and district or county. This can mean an added interest in Canada to your folks back home, so, don't forget it is up to you.

G.R.

"When I applied for a job the manager asked me if my punctuation was good; what a nerve!"

"What did you tell him?"

"I said I'd never been late in my life!"

A woman was holding her dog up for a drink at a fountain in a big shop. The floor walker walked up and said, "Pardon me madam, this fountain is only for the use of customers."

"Sorry," she replied. "I thought it was for employees!"

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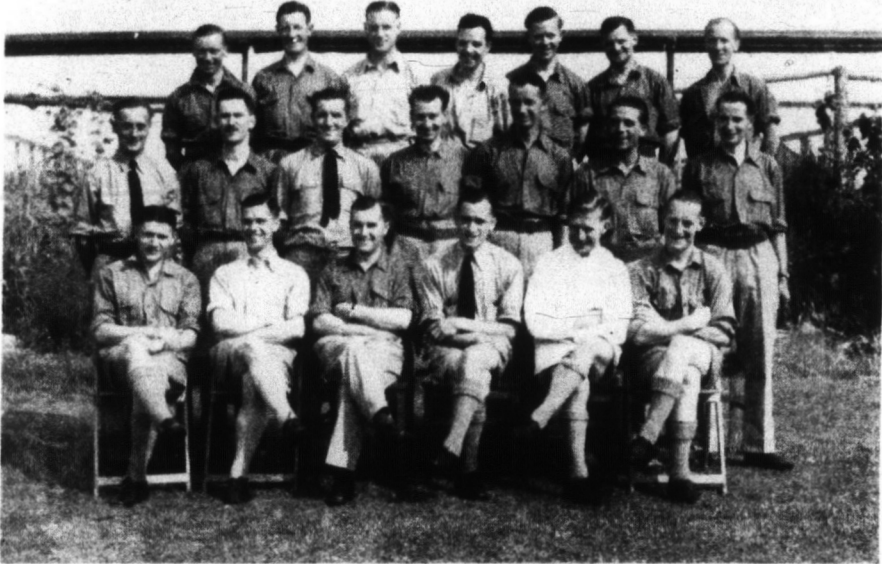
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# COOKE'S

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film service.

## OFFICERS' MESS STAFF



Top row, left to right: AC. Coombes, Cpl. Coleman, LAC. Ramage, LAC. White, LAC. Minors, AC. Jones. Middle row, left to right, LAC. Brittain, AC. March, AC. Fox, AC. Johnson, A.C. Valentine, A.C. Huberstone, AC. Curtis. Bottom row, left to right: LAC. Harrison, LAC. Upton, Cpl. Anderson, A.C. Garrity, LAC. Clarke.

## PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

We have to apologise to those who submitted photographs for the Competition, and we can understand that after giving their time to the careful selection of a subject, and perhaps waiting hours or days for the most suitable conditions of light, etc., to occur, that they will be disappointed to hear that for various reasons the judging has been postponed until 30th August, 1942.

The response to this competition was very small, and the number of photographs submitted was few. This was a surprise, because there are so many photographers among us. In the various places where airmen meet and gather they are often seen passing round their snaps, and on many occasions we have had to wait five minutes to buy a bottle of milk, whilst some keen photographer was doing some important business at the counter.

The standard of work submitted is not so high that you need think that your photographs do not stand a chance. On the contrary, with the recognised experts from the Photographic Section banned from this competition, these prizes can be taken by anybody.

Very often the best pictures are of simple subjects, and it is not necessary to travel

hundreds of miles to take a picture of some famous falls and win a prize (which in any case your camera will not do justice to), unless you can prove otherwise, when there is plenty of scope in the neighbourhood of Kingston. Those pictures you took of the little beach you swim from, those snaps taken on a fishing trip, or from the side of a hill where you stopped for a picnic lunch, or lingered with a girl friend, can be submitted. When you already have a selection of pictures it is not necessary to take special ones for the competition. Turn over the pages of your photograph album tonight.

With the small number of entries it was difficult for the judges to reach a decision and bearing in mind that so many have been taking their leave recently it was decided to extend the closing date until 30th August so that a few more entries, lots more we hope, may be sent in.

The prize-winning picture may be in your album now. Make certain that you are not hiding your light under a bushel, and let our photographic experts of Kingston see what you can do with a camera. We have plenty of entrance forms, which can be obtained on application to the wet canteen.

Let's hear from you.

The Editor.

# More Farm Talk

## OPENING OF NEW CANTEEN—INAGURAL DANCE GREAT SUCCESS

After waiting some considerable time we have at last succeeded in opening our new canteen. On Tuesday 28th July, airmen and their guests from Gananoque spent a pleasant evening dancing to the strains of the Collins Bay Station Orchestra, which despite difficult and uncomfortable travelling arrangements, acquitted itself well on arrival. Many comments have since been passed by both airmen and guests, upon the success of the evening's entertainment; both the Committee and staff of the Airmen's Mess who arranged the refreshments, can congratulate themselves on the success of their first venture. It is hoped that we shall be able to arrange further activities of a similar nature in the near future. As and when P.S.I. meetings are arranged, bulletins will be issued as to the results of the various suggestions received during the intervening period; it is further suggested that there should be a secretary's report at least once a month dealing with questions relating to the activities of the committee.

## "BOANERGES" GETS NEW OWNERS — ALA. JOHNSON NOW SKIPPER OF 1917 VINTAGE SPECIAL

Overheard in the canteen (the new one) the other eve' that one of our visiting pupils had, with, we presume the financial co-operation of two friends, purchased the goodwill and interest of Cpl. Buster Middleton, in the above vehicle. May we suggest to the new owners that it would be as well not to attempt aerobatics within the purlious of the landing ground? It's liable to put other pupils off their exercises, and for Pete's sake don't christen it the "ark."—that would be too obvious.

## AGE LIMIT FOR HAREN INCREASED

Incidentally that man's back again, you all know Tony (Ceasar Romero) Allen, sometime we hope brave aviator; well his latest exploit in vanity is to lie on the beach at high noon and carefully comb the hairs on his manly bosom. . . . The Spiffington's latest assertion is that the family have branched out to such an extent that they form fifty-seven per cent of the population of New Zealand. We must have had quite a few of the clan over here, but I haven't noticed the name amongst the pupils course photos, but then they will probably be all land owners

like the Baron de Boote, please correct the spelling if in error but that's what it sounded like.

Jimmy Moorhouse is increasing the age limit for his harem to sixteen; a lot of the former favourites must have had birthdays.

## LA GUARDIA'S WORK CUT OUT

Here is a tale that will not be culminated until the next issue, then we'll probably have to print it on asbestos: The two 'Sarth Landoners' are paying New York an unexpected visit, and believe me, from living with "Smokey" Wilkins and Whitey Patey for over three months I've gleaned the idea that La Guardia will have to be even better than they say he is to keep up with those two bright sparks. You know Ed., you can always live while you've got a crust, can't you?

## BENNIE PITCHES "WOO"

It appears from our last two games of baseball that popularity among the fair sex is Bennie (the Dodgers) Linovitch strong point, and no wonder, if he can pitch woo with the same skill and fervour with which he pitches baseball. . . . From the inside

Continued on Page 24

Welcome to the

Hollywood  
Tea Room

GANANOQUE

Taxi Service

GEO. McDONALD

Phone 400

GANANOQUE

# Calculated Constructive Criticisms

Dear Editor:

I'm not here to give you 'gen,' all I want to do is ask questions.

When are we going to enlarge this orchestra of ours, bring in some civvies and start whipping up the old Stokowski? We all know how much the military band overtures are loved by everyone (sic.). For some considerable time weird feline noises have issued from the Link Trainer Hut, noses have been pressed firmly against the fly-net windows, and sniffed to quite an appreciable extent. There's a man with stripes on his epaulettes, wildly gesticulating arms, staring eyes and ominous frown; a Royal Marine (noble fellows these) pounding away viciously at a piano; and a soulful looking Naval Officer in the corner quite lonely, but at least with a clarinet. The feline noises come from the string section.

I don't know if the 'Pioneer' accepts unadulterated literary efforts, or whether it adulterates them, but don't you honestly think my effort is a brave one?

"Retourbons a nos moutons," this business of the orchestra is getting serious. Support it and make it solid, or for the love of Pete ask it to pack up. A few straggling musicians can make a hell of a noise you know—or you should know—but get some system into it, and it may even bring you fame. (I'm a visionary.)

What we want is a revolution (I smacks my lips). But quite seriously now, don't you agree that there's a marked absence in the camp of cabbage plots and geranium beds? With all this lovely ground and all these

'Gestapo' agents and the poor prisoners wasting their time and ours in scrubbing the guard room steps, and making us walk around to the other door, could not something useful and constructive be done—it's a wicked world.

Talking about connections, I've been wondering for quite a time when are we going to tell the P.S.I. to buy a 'bus with that \$4,000 or whatever it is they want to get rid of, and then we can make an S.P. a bus driver, an economical saving all round. Buy bootleg whisky with the extra cash, sell it again and put any excess profits into a stocking so that you can invest capital into this revolution we have been talking about. (A preposition is a bad thing to end a sentence with.)

I won't charge any fee for the ideas produced by my genius this time.

Before I go back to sleep I'd like to warn you of the ghost that now haunts the place. I believe his father was a Welshman because he's often heard singing "Sospen Fach" when the kites rev up for night flying. Anyway this bain't no ordinary ghost, it's an evil ghost (or he wouldn't sing "Sospen Fach", would he?). I'm just warning you to watch for him, that's all. Oh, by the way, have you ever read Hamlet?

'SPECTATOR'

A little girl was taken by her father to an old-fashioned church for the first time. She stared for a long time at the old Highland minister, shut up in a box pulpit, thumping the Bible and waving his arms about. Unable to stand it any longer, she whispered in a frightened voice: "Fayther, what'll we dae if he gets oot?"

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# Manhattan Musings

Or Some Advice to Those About to Visit New York City

New York, first city of the Americas, is, as they say, quite a place. Greater New York, at the mouth of the Hudson River, has spread from the island of Manhattan onto Long Island, Staten Island, and onto the mainland at both sides of the river mouth—though strictly speaking some of this is in the state of New Jersey. But with only 14 days a year at your disposal you'd better stick to the island of Manhattan, which, about twelve miles by three, can provide enough material for a year's vacation.

First of all finding your way about Manhattan is childishly easy. The Avenues running up and down the island, and the Streets running across the island are numbered consecutively; and the streets are East or West of Fifth Avenue. So that if you arrive at Grand Central Station on E. 42nd and you want to get to the 'Y' (where accommodation can be had for 65c a night) on W. 34th at 9th Avenue, you just head up 42nd until you hit 9th, and then turn down 9th till you hit 34th, or, of course, you can get there by a series of zig-zags. You'll soon cotton onto it. Things are slightly complicated by Broadway which slashes diagonally across-town, and pops up in the most unexpected places.

The first rather obvious things about New York is the high buildings made possible by the hard rock on which the city is built. The sub-soil of London just wouldn't bear the weight of such buildings. To give yourself an idea of the layout of the city, get to the top of the Empire State Building from which at 1,250 feet you can on a moderately clear day see right round the island of Manhattan. It's forbidden to take photos from the top these days, and it's no use trying to take any on the sly as the roof is well covered with aircraft spotters. New York these days is very A.R.P. self-conscious.

Let's take a look around and decide where to go. Looking south down the island you can see the towers of Lower Manhattan—Wall Street and the City—and beyond that New York harbour with Bedloes Island and the Statue of Liberty—which is worth a visit if only for the view across the harbour. You can get to the Battery Park either by bus which will cost you 10c however far you go, or by subway which only costs a nickel for a ride of any length on the island. This subway will make Londoners homesick—it's just like riding on the District Line—tho' the rolling stock is not as modern as it might be. It'll cost you a quarter for the boat trip out to the Statue. Then if you are feeling energetic you can climb the Lord knows how many steps to the top.

East from the Empire State you look across the East River (which is really a narrow strait) to Long Island. You are looking now

at New York's east side, site of some of the worst slums of the city. Slums aren't nice places to visit on leave, but it's as well to take a look at them so that you don't run away with the idea that New York is all limousines and luxury. Round to the south, you can see the Williamsburg Manhattan and Brooklyn bridges across to Long Island.

To the west you look across the Hudson River to Jersey City. Down there on the Hudson River are the piers where once rode the largest ships of the world. Now only one of them is there, and she, the Normandie, lies stricken on her side, like a gigantic dead whale.

But it's looking north that you see most for the Empire State lies to the south of the core of the city. Round there to the left there's the Hudson River with the vast Geo. Washington suspension bridge—just about the largest of its kind in the world (or is the Golden Gate Bridge larger? Anyway it's mighty big). Flanking the river is the Riverside Park, and up in the 120's Grant's Tomb close by Riverside Church and the University of Columbia. Just below that there stands the uncompleted Cathedral of St. John the Divine, which promises to be about the largest of its kind too.

Just in the foreground is the beautiful Rockefeller Center—Radio City—which will bring joy to the hearts of the camera fiends. Whatever you do don't miss visiting the Radio City Music Hall—you can get a free ticket for this and other shows from the U.S.O. on Park Lane at 40th. For sheer unexpected size this place licks the Empire State and the George Washington Bridge combined.

Down there you can see Times Square, "the cross-roads of the world"—for those who like gay lights and liquor this is the place, although thanks to the A.R.P. the lights aren't as gay as they were, but the liquor is still there. And there are some good little eating houses in the side streets around these parts—French, Polish, Italian restaurants where the food has to be tasted to be believed.

The theatre district lies in the W. 40's around Broadway. There are some good plays in town this season. Recommended are "Arsenic and Old Lace," a comedy-macabre with Boris Karlof; "My Sister Eileen," the adventures of two small town girls in New York; Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit," "Junior Miss" and "Life With Father."

The U.S.O. will also provide free tickets for film shows, but stick to the stage shows as most of the films can be seen in Kingston a few weeks later.

That, then, is just a small sample of things to see and do in New York City. Go to it now and watch your step—those taxis move like greased lightning

H.W.B.

# Democracy Gets

## REPORT ON THE

IT IS no longer news that the Welfare Committee, comprised of a representative from each airmen's hut and under the guidance of our Padre, is the Station's latest innovation, but the result of the first three meetings, held on Wednesdays July 8th, July 22nd and August 5th, respectively is news that has not yet been revealed. The first meeting, as one would naturally expect, was devoted mainly to the election of officers and the formation of a committee and therefore was not productive of ideas, but at the second meeting the Committee really "got into the groove" and by the time of the third meeting suggestions, ideas, groans, moans and complaints were really beginning to roll in. The Padre was elected Chairman of the Committee, having had experience of a Welfare Committee at his previous unit located at Moose Jaw, Sask., and Cpl. E. Bradburn, of Maintenance Headquarters was elected to fill the position of Secretary. It is from the minutes of the meetings, written out by Cpl. Bradburn, that the following itemized information has been collected.

### 1. All Night Passes.

In conformity with other R.A.F. Units in Canada, 32 S.F.T.S., Moose Jaw being quoted as an example, it was hoped to arrange that all-night passes be granted to personnel of good conduct and character in order that on their days off duty they could spend their night in Kingston and report for duty the following morning. This matter was passed to the Commanding Officer for his approval, but, unfortunately, or otherwise, the Commanding Officer was not agreeable to granting this request. He stated that he did not see the necessity for such a privilege and there the matter rests. No further action is contemplated.

### 2. Subsistence Allowance for Living Out Personnel.

Owing to the increased cost of living and the financial burden, on "other ranks" particularly, under the existing arrangements for "Living Out Personnel," it was suggested that representation should be made to higher authority for subsistence allowance to be paid to such personnel, or in lieu thereof

that rations in kind should be issued. Within a few days of this matter being raised by the Welfare Committee it was announced on Daily Routine Orders that living out personnel were to receive an allowance of 50 cents per day. It is not quite clear whether or not this was entirely as a result of the unaided efforts of the Committee, or whether it happened to come along at that particular time just as a pure coincidence. In any event it was a worthy effort.

### 3. Bus Services.

It will be generally agreed, we think, that the omnibus services provided by the Colonial Bus Company is not quite all that may be desired and with the object of trying to improve this service the Company was approached with a request for a reduction in fares and increase in the number of buses to and from the camp. It must be borne in mind that under the existing gas rationing and conservation of rubber regulations this request was a difficult one for the Company to accede to, however much their sympathies may be with us. It was therefore with much regret that the Company was unable to assist in this matter, but one concession was granted. In future there will be an additional bus from Kingston at 12.00 hours on each Friday, returning to Kingston at 12.30 hours. This is a very useful innovation as at present the only means of transport for personnel proceeding on 48 hour pass, or on leave, at noon on Friday, is either the taxi service (a little expensive for most airmen's pockets), or the age old method of "hitching." The latter has never been very satisfactory particularly when there is a train to be caught. A request for additional buses at 01.30 hours on Sunday and Monday mornings was, unfortunately rejected. It is unfair to censor the Omnibus Company too severely as they are going through a difficult period at the moment. If the regulations should be relaxed at some future date further representation will be made to them when it is felt that sympathetic consideration will be given to any reasonable request.

### 4. Airmen's Mess.

How many times have you complained

# Into Its Swing!

## WELFARE COMMITTEE

about the disgusting condition of the cutlery and crockery in the cookhouse? Not official-ly perhaps to the Orderly Officer, but amongst yourselves—numerous times. Have you noticed any improvement lately? Warrant Officer Carlile was present at the second meeting and request was made to him that the matter receive his attention. Mr. Carlile promised that he would look into the matter and if you have not noticed any improvement, (as we must admit we have), then it is up to you to mention it to your Mess representative who will refer the matter to the Messing Committee. A motion that each airman should have his own knife, fork and spoon and be responsible for their cleanliness received scant attention. It is a ruling of Command that all cutlery should be the property of the Cookhouse and that the Cookhouse should be responsible for its cleanliness, the argument being that "en masse" it is likely to be more hygienically treated than if each airman were to clean his own. This is, we consider, a debatable point, but we are informed that should the cutlery appear to us to be dirty any germs thereon are "dead germs" as no microbes could possibly exist after the "irons" have been passed through the automatic washing machine. It was agreed that all further matters relating to Messing should be passed to the Messing Committee for consideration.

### 5. Lighting of Huts.

It is a strange thing that after lights-out every moveable piece of furniture in the barrack huts is in the most inconvenient place imaginable as far as people returning from town are concerned. Someone must have barked his shins more than once to make the suggestion at the meeting that some form of auxiliary lighting be provided for after lights-out. This has resulted in the installation of a blue pilot light in each hut, a very useful addition to barrack equipment. At the time of going to press wiring and fixtures are being installed and by the time you read this our new "Blue-Out" will be in operation.

### 6. Transport for Living Out Personnel.

Due to the difficulty experienced by many

of the "livers-out" to transport themselves to and from the camp, request was made for the Station to provide official transportation. Again the problem of gas rationing and tire restrictions was mooted and the request was not granted. It is not a usual procedure for a unit to provide transportation, after all the privilege of living out of camp is a definite concession and it is not surprising that this request did not receive official sanction or support.

### 7. Welfare Committee News.

The Committee realizes that the results of its labours are of very great interest to the camp at large and therefore it was agreed that all news of the meetings would appear in Daily Routine Orders in the future.

### 8. Payment of Income Tax.

Payment of Income Tax. It was brought to the notice of the Committee that After Income Tax deductions the pay of unmarried Group I corporals, is less than that of LAC's of the same Group. This matter has now been referred to No. 1 Training Command.

The Welfare Committee, as its name implies, has been formed in order to look after the welfare of the personnel of the unit. Higher authority realizes that there is a great deal of truth in the phrase that "a happy man is a good worker" and it is therefore your responsibility to bring to the notice of the Committee, through the medium of your elected representative, any dissatisfaction that you may have with working conditions or regulations governing your life on the station. It must be appreciated that trivial, foolish or frivolous complaints will neither be tolerated nor entertained, and abuse of the Welfare Committee will only result in difficulties in operation. This democratic principle, whereby the views of the masses are even entertained, is a new venture on behalf of the Service and it is up to us to see that it is made as effective as possible. Privilege carries with it responsibility and one cannot expect to share these privileges without bearing an equal share of the responsibility that they do not become an object of abuse.

S.W.W. and G.R.

# News and Views

by Geoff Ray

**B**ILL Baylis's departure left a gap in the Editorial Staff of "The Pioneer" and at former Editor Blaxley's request I have stepped in to fill the breach. Do not think that I am necessarily here to stay, far from it, I am perfectly willing to hand over the seals of office to anyone who is prepared to devote his spare time to furthering the interests of "The Pioneer" and the Bomb-cd Victims Fund.

We were very sorry to see "Bill" go. He has been an indefatigable worker for the magazine, and has put in a considerable amount of time in trying to keep up its high standard. Our grateful thanks are due to him, and we wish him the best of luck in his present venture as an Under Training Pilot. We hate cliches, Bill, but may all your landings be three-pointers.

A review of the news of the month could not possibly exclude the occasion of the visit to the Station by the Inspector General. We in Station Headquarters were, for once, the lucky ones, we were excused the parade. From all accounts the rehearsals were much more amusing than the actual day itself. What a pity that the "falling out"—and we do mean falling, did not occur on the day of the visit—how much more effective the parade would have been!

The Station during the last month has had three separate invasions, peaceful ones, Allah be praised. The first was a visit from the American Army. Two bus loads arrived and disgorged their occupants outside the S.H.Q. building. At the command of the Officer i.e. the men lined up in two rows facing our windows with an N.C.O. in charge in the reverse position. He stood them at ease, he stood them at attention, and then he gave the command, "Dress Right." Imagine our consternation when they immediately shot out their left arms and turned their eyes to the right. We had a very vivid vision of Mr. Bell, dashing out shouting out. "As you were, as you were," there is only one Air Force "Right."

Our second invasion was by a contingent of the R.C.A.C. They arrived during Army Week. Possibly they came along just to see how their Army should be run. (The operative word in that paragraph is "possibly.")

The final invasion was by the Royal Canadian Air Force Cadets, and this was by no

means the least of these. For two hours each day over a period of two weeks we in the Admin. Sections had these fellows as our "guests." They were there, officially to study the workings (did I hear someone say, "If any"), of the Admin. Sections. We hardly think that their minds were on the job, at least not on the jobs that we were doing. Their only interest appeared to be in flying—and the questions they asked! "What speed does a Harvard do before it starts to take off?" "What are the blades of an air-screw composed of?" How the devil were we supposed to know? Anyone would think that we were in the Air Force or sumpin'.

We do not wish to appear biased at all, but we were of the opinion that the new Station Concert Party was received very favourably by the audience, which, incidentally was much larger than any of the members of the concert party anticipated. Much credit is due to PO. Edwards and Vic Newrock, who in spite of innumerable difficulties, succeeded in holding the participants together when all was all but lost. New members are urgently required and if you have any ability at all, or think that you may have talent lying dormant, get in touch with either PO. Edwards in the Towing Flight, or Vic Newrock in Hut 14A.

You will perhaps have noticed that this month's issue of the "Pioneer" has a number of new features. There are contributions from the Met. Section, Welfare Committee, Hut 13, Vic Newrock in person, and Enquiries Unlimited. But we are by no means finished. This is your magazine for your own interest and amusement. Let us have some "gen" from you. Your writing ability is of little moment, all that we want is the news. There is a box, especially for this purpose, in the entrance hall to the Canteen—use it. Contributions need not necessarily be signed, if you fear reprisals, anonymous contributions will be quite welcome; that is part of our job, to lick them into shape. We, of the Editorial Staff are quite willing to devote our spare time to making the "Pioneer" the best magazine of its kind on this side of the "Lil' Old Herring Pond," but we need your co-operation. At the moment the mag. has the enviable reputation of being the best magazine published on an R.A.F. Station in Canada. We do not wish to lose that reputation, so buckle down and let us have the "gen."

# CAVORTING CZECHS ENHANCE WOODLAND

News In Review From S.H.Q.

By MERCURY

**T**HEY come and go, the boats we mean, but not only is it the boats that leave us but also our fellow workers, or should we say our mates? Bobby Speedikins made it at long last, after months of patient waiting (we are doubtful about that word "patient"), but Wee Tommy was not quite so lucky—he missed the boat again. At least he missed that particular boat, but it should not be long now. We have a vague idea that Tommy was not too disappointed at being "included out" on that first long boat list as he seems to have an attraction in town. Could Bee! At any rate he seems to spend quite a good deal of his spare time down the lower reaches of the St. Lawrence.

We will miss Bobby; he is not particularly raucous in manner but in his own quiet way he has often been the cause of considerable amusement in the office. What is generally termed, "a good bloke."

"P.G." has not run true to form. In spite of our delectable item of news in the June issue of "The Pioneer" we find that he is all set for going home. It puzzles us. Why on earth was he making such comprehensive enquiries concerning marriage allowances, could it be that he was merely lulling the gal into a sense of false security? He has been going quite gay lately, really on the loose, week-ends in Watertown and Clayton, leave in Detroit, perhaps he wants to make his final fling, one that he will be remembered by.

Jack Mills seems to have made the States his venue. Since his first trip to Alexandria Bay he has rarely been seen in Canada during his off duty periods. He likes Syracuse, but he likes the "Zombies" that Syracuse provides even more so. We would like to have seen him that particular week-end because we have had one vision of him attempting to kiss a dog "good night" after only a couple of Canadian ales, so goodness knows what he tried to do in Syracuse.

Ralph struck out on his own one week-end and quite unpremeditatedly arrived at Smiths Falls. He was a stranger and was taken in (in the kindly and hospitable sense of the word, and from all accounts intends to take a further trip there in the near future. There must be something in the old

adage, "he travels fastest who travels alone," because Jack too is also a "Lone Star Ranger."

Euclid states that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. Euclid obviously never met Willkie and heard him trying to explain anything.

Geoff. Ray, taking a fatherly interest in Taffy Marshall, arranged to take him to Wolfe Island for a day's holiday, but someone was dim as they missed the boat, not entirely their own fault as the Boat Company decided that the boat should leave one quarter of an hour earlier than its scheduled time. Instead of their projected trip they made for the Ottawa highway with a view to travelling as far as Smiths Falls. But that too came unstuck as they happened to be given a lift by a Czechoslovakian who was on his way to a picnic given by his own nationals. At the aforesaid Czech's invitation they accompanied him and, it appears, thoroughly enjoyed the unusual form of entertainment provided. The rendezvous, a clearing in the wood, was gay with colourful costumes and the Czechoslovakian, Hungarian and Rumanian dances, performed to the strains of a Tzigane Band, were a pleasant change from the interminable "jitterbug" which is such a prevalent disease in this country.

So, our most senior N.C.O. has a bike, or at least he had a bike. It is a pity that he is not of a mechanical turn of mind as he might have been able to adapt the bike to his boat and thus conserve his petrol (gas to you Cannucks)—a worthy war effort. But, perhaps after all a bike, used as a bike, would not have been a great deal of use to him — you can only get one on a bike.

Toronto appears likely to have a visitor again in the near future, one Ron Pollard. Ron is beginning to get a "one track mind." It is a waste of time asking him where he is going for his week-ends, as the answer is invariably the same. What is she Ron, blonde or brunette? Ron has adopted a useful principle, he gets to know the family first and the girl afterwards and thus reduces parental opposition to a minimum.

We heard a peculiar story about Peter (Albat) Ross the other day. It appears that when out with the boys one night, helping to celebrate Bobby's repatriation, he espied a snappy little sports car at the side of the road and with no more ado he hopped in

Continued on Next Page, Col. 2

# P-O TO GO LONG WAY

## FOOTLIGHT FOOTLING

They tell me that there is an AC. 2 on the camp who has been an actor nearly all his life. Well lads, here's your chance for a good ham sandwich. The last play he appeared in, in the West End of London, he had the audience in the aisle. No, not applauding. They were fast asleep.

You know I hate women, and I'm glad I hate them, 'cause if I didn't hate them, I would like them and believe me I hate them.

Girls are divided into two species. (a) Those that close their eyes when you are making love to them, and (b) Those that look to see what's going on.

Flight Sergeant Blackburn tells me he was out with a nurse last night. Cheer up, Flight, maybe your mother will let you go out without one when you get older.

She clung to him. He could feel the subtle warmth of her burning in his soul. Something within him stirred. He touched her bare shoulders with the tips of his fingers, her hot breath was in his face. "My gosh," he said, "What would you have me do?" She lifted her eyes trembling to his—eyes in which burned an inscrutable fire. "Pick up your feet, you poor fish, and don't step on my gown again until this dance is over."

And then there was the shoemaker's daughter, who gave the boys her awl.

A certain Flying Officer and a fellow officer were accosted the other day by an angry farmer. "Say," yelled the farmer, "Don't you see that sign. It says no fishing here." "I certainly do," said the disgusted FO. "The fellow that printed that sure knew what he was talking about."

There are two kinds of fishermen. Those that fish for sport, and those that catch something.

If all the R.A.F. boys who sleep in billets here were placed end to end—they would sleep a darn sight more comfortably.

How much more comfortable would life be these summer evenings if Noah had stepped on the male fly when he left the Ark.

And then there's the sergeant who is so dumb that all the other sergeants noticed it.

Remember you A.L.A.'s that the cemetery is full of would be pilots who thought they could do that stunt they saw in the movies.

SWO. (to new arrival): "What was your occupation before you joined the R.A.F.?"

New Arrival: "I was a travelling salesman, sir." SWO.: "Stick around, boy, you'll get

plenty of orders from me."

LAC. Berry isn't quite sure whether it was a marriage licence he got last month. He says he has been leading a dog's life ever since he got married.

Did you ever notice how my piano playing seemed to fill the hall at the last concert? They tell me that at least 30 people left, to make room for it.

PO. Edwards has quite an act with that trombone of his. He ought to go a long way, with his act. (That's what I say, Vic, who the hell cares how far he goes.—Ed.)

After our last concert party I was pestered by quite a few airmen who wanted to meet a "Miss Ray" who appeared in the show. Well, I am afraid that I must disillusion you. "Miss Ray" is none other than LAC. Ray of the Central Registry. Of course, if there are some of you who still care. . . .

Did you know that "Lovey" Soutter was so dumb that she thought "United We Stand, Divided We Fall" is a slogan for an uplift brassiere.

Yours jokingly,

VIC NEWROCK.

Continued from Page 18

and invited the rest of the gang to take a spin. Fortunately for everybody concerned, but particularly Peter, the owner had the forethought to remove the key and so Peter was thwarted in his foul design. We tremble to think of what might have happened had the ignition key been present.

A consensus of opinion would probably show that the "hitch-hike" method of travel is more popular than a journey by train, but ask "Farmer" Giles what he thinks. We hear that in a recent return trip from Toronto he covered the 180 miles in 2 mile hops, and 90 lifts for a journey means plenty of "thumb-wagging." The most ironic part was that the final lift was given to him by a motorist who travelled all the way from Toronto.

Skilly paid a visit to compatriots in Ancaster. We have not heard much news about this particular trip, but on his trip to Wolfe Island to get his sea legs ready for "the boat" he and Tubby Coulburn dropped off at an island en route in the mistaken impression that this was Wolfe Island. We wonder if there is any likelihood of Bill dropping off at Ireland under the mistaken impression he has reached Blighty and if so, whether the boat will turn back for him.

## Fire Section Gen

By NOD

Except for one or two stationary clammers the fire section has been rejuvenated by the influx of fresh blood, straight from Blighty. And quite a typical rough, ready, "raff" crowd they're proving to be—Creetings, boys.

For example, there's a representative of London's classy Bow Bells district, who is usually to be found wrestling with the rockery, muttering incoherent cusses to himself and gripping me between times.

Then there's Arthur, who could be a stand in for Vic McLaglen and who is so darn strong he can crush grapes with his bare hands—no fooling! His side kick, Johnny, ex-butcher, is having his own troubles vainly trying to stifle Ginger's wind.

Old Tryhorn and Fatso just naturally deviated to the same bed. With Slim's steady influence that trio should go far. The supreme optimist, Taffy, keeps repeating "On the boat in February" so often that he believes it now.

Cesar Romero's young brother, Tony, has gone to Belleville to fly 'em for a change. No more shall caucous cries of "Woods, Woods," reverberate through the fire hall. He can say again—"Shan't be round tomorrow, lady, donkey's 'stood' all over the strawberries."

Agnes contributes this one—"What could both a man and a bird do before Pearl Harbour that only a bird can do now?" And the answer—"Lay a deposit on a new car."

## Answers Awaited

By SCANDALMONGER

1. While the Russians are falling like flies on the Russian front, quite a few fellows were falling on the parade ground at No. 31 recently. Equalisation of the war effort?

2. On a recent visit to a Nylon Plant a certain LAC. Lyon seemed more interested in the girls working there than in the manufacture of Nylon.—Who blames him?

3. I bet that Vic Newrock certainly got a kick out of rehearsing the bedroom scene in our recent revue "Lakeside Nights." He seemed to excel in the part. I daresay he has had plenty of experience. He's a married man. I haven't let the cat out of the bag, Vic, have I?

4. LAC. Michie recently arrived back about 14 hours late from leave. He said it was quite unintentional. Come, come, this is the fourth time this has happened in about nine months. The officers aren't that dumb, or are they?

5. AC. Duff was seen in Watertown on July 4th, crossing the road looking rather dazed. Or could he have been drunk? If so, where the hell did he get the money from? Or was it just another act from his repertoire?

The old grandfather of a German family died so they put the usual announcement in the local paper:

"Ernst Muller has been called to a better world."

The rest of the family were arrested next day for criticizing the Nazi regime!!

ERIC ERK by COCKAYNE

Suggested by Flt. Lt. J. Tee, M.C.



Any similarity to any persons living or otherwise is probably accidental— who knows?

**GEN SECTION**

**HAM GETS \$5.00**

**AROUND ACCOUNTS  
With SCRUTATOR**

Before this scandal appears, two more of us will have begun our journey back to England, Home and . . . Duty. We shall miss you, Doug, with your keen appreciation of the Canadian way of life; and you too, Harry, who could always be relied upon to carry your weight.

Nobby's face dropped a couple of feet out of alignment when he heard that there was to be no more promotion this side of the Ocean. Dreams of returning to England as a Flight Sergeant were dashed to the ground when the poor fellow realized the most he could hope for was a couple of G.C.'s.

One afternoon at the end of last month Basher shook the section by intimidating, through the voluble Grim, that one of us could have a forty-eight. We looked at each other dazedly. Dicky, who during the last two months had made out his pass regularly only to have it cancelled; on this particular Friday hadn't even bothered to bring it to the office—anyway he was broke as usual. Actually, as our betters would say, none of the boys seemed over eager, for the tidings had been promulgated so late in the day that it was difficult to organize an effective week-end.

However, Freddy said he'd take it if only to spend the time in bed, and Dicky muttered that he hadn't had a forty-eight since March, but that you couldn't do a darned thing on thirty-five cents. Whereupon Freddy (who looks as if he's been a boy scout anyway) offered to lend the ex-Ham five bucks if he really wanted to get weaving in Wauertown. Gathering together his few remaining wits, Dicky blinked appreciatively and accepted. What he did in the States for the next couple of days even he doesn't know, but he has a vague memory of drinking with an American soldier who kept announcing bellicosely what he was going to do to the Jerry when he got "over there," adding as a humanitarian after-thought that he didn't really like war and had never killed a man—only once.

Talking about killers, Tich has been going around lately hinting darkly something about giving certain people the old one two. It seems that he did not appreciate his first parade in Canada on the occasion of a recent "distinguished visit." (Incidentally the little man doesn't realize how a couple of times he very nearly got mixed in with the Air Cadets when they were there.)

**What a Life!**



Beautiful girls usually storm  
A handsome man in a uniform,  
But not this man—  
till he learns, m'friend,  
He has to perspire  
but needn't offensa!

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DIAL 6282

# TUBBY'S MOUTHINGS 'MAZE AUDIENCE

By FERRET

The inspection by the Inspector General being a highlight???? of the month, it is very interesting to note that certain members of Hut 13 boomed very badly on one of the rehearsal parades, several of them being present when it was unnecessary. Maybe they like parades, or probably they just wanted to see what was going on.

It is indeed strange that certain people do not know the words of the good old English songs. I wonder if Corporal Collison knows the other version of "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree."

A few days ago the lads were startled by what appeared to be Beau Brummel walking down the middle of the hunt, but no, it was only Hepple showing off his civvies for wear whilst on leave. Incidentally, he returned from leave looking rather the worse for wear—maybe it was the five mile walk to go roller skating. Imagine walking five miles just to go roller skating, especially in company with a member of the fair sex.

And in spite of rumours to the contrary, it is not true that several of the boys tried to date Geoff. Ray after his performance in the Station concert party.

The peace and quiet, if any, of our beloved home were rudely disturbed the other morning by the stentorian voice of a certain senior N.C.O. We thought at first it must be the knell of doom, but no, it was only a couple of Orderly Room beauties being "shot down" for daring to miss the morning parade. Maybe they will arise a little earlier in the mornings now.

And speaking of rising early in the mornings it must indeed have been a considerable shock on a certain Friday morning for everyone to be rudely awakened, at what was more or less the crack of dawn, when a certain N.C.T. u.t. N.C.O. i.c. billet, exerting his authority, if any, dashed around extolling the lads to "rise and shine," or words to that effect. As if anyone could rise, let alone shine, at that ghastly hour.

Where, or what, is "Hells Kitchen." Perhaps a certain batman could enlighten me on this subject.

And to close this section, The Most Gracious Order of The Irremovable Finger is awarded to a certain gentleman in the hut who was heard complaining that the Field Service cap spoilt his nice wavy hair, and that he would much prefer the bus conductor effort. Well, well, well!

## "D.T.'s" or "Indianitis"?

### *The Rival Reporter Again*

Gentlemen:

This month we say 'bon voyage' to the remaining stooges of the great Flash, and I am sure even their victims wish them a safe journey. I have often wondered what became of Flash's last report, did one of the stooges let his master down by failing to post it, or shall we see it in this month's edition? The latter is more likely, in order to cover the identity of Flash and make us all think he is still in our midst. (Ed. Flash has indeed departed.)

Grainger, a victim of last month's issue, is out for revenge against the Rival (Bing, I am shaking in my shoes). He seriously intends to write and hope for publication an article entitled "The Bullet." Those who know him will agree with me, that on joining the service he had to sign with an X.

Bennett, just another fully fledged D.L. on arriving from the States off leave, was nearly in tears when informed he was on the Boat. Applications were flying in all directions to join the "League of Bomb Dodgers." Why not marry the girl, Benny?

Cpl. Russell en route to the Canteen one evening, thought the Canteen was en route to him. He must be suffering from a bad attack of "D.T.'s" or perhaps some would call it "Indianitis."

We hear talk of Service police having no friends, but right in our midst there is a Sheriff without any. Why doesn't he get wise to himself and remuster to an S.P., he may find one there.

Cpl. Coates on being detailed to work overtime, to change a block on a Battle, thought it was the picketing block which had to be changed.

Once again for this month, gentlemen, I leave you, with a word of warning to you who have just arrived. The tale about "The Battle of Britain" has been told so often that it will soon commence with "Once upon a time."

THE RIVAL REPORTER.

# Floodlit Fishing

## Fun and Gags With 10A Wags

We have a new and swell companion in the billet these days. "Arfer" of the old Kent Road fame. It was a pity his "china" George was posted the comedy pair certainly supplied us with some grand entertainment. Not only in the billet but in the **Milk Bars** as well. I wouldn't be at all surprised to see them both down the 'lane' with their barrows some Sunday morning. "Ripe tomatatoes lidy, get the baby arter the strawberries."

A new craze after "lights out" seems to be Salmon fishing with a flash lamp. From the billet to the ablutions, and the ablutions back to the billet. Reminds me of Winchell's programme. "Back in a flash with a flash."

Who was the erk who quite seriously thought that Tony Pasteur was the man who invented milk. Never let it be said. We will be hearing next I suppose, that our room orderly is a Baker. Fair enough?

First Erk: I see so and so has his wings up.

Second Erk: Well, what do you think I have on my arms, clay pigeons?

Who was the wag who had no need to answer the orderly sergeant's call "any sick" the other morning? The answer had already been supplied, and did the N.C.O. properly put his foot in it.

Being rather loose in its socket, the bus stop sign post, situated outside the Colonial Station, Kingston, has given a certain person ideas. Here's hoping he doesn't celebrate too often.

Those interested in a car ride to town any evening, please get in touch with "Charlie." A small fee of 35 cents for gas is all that is required. Better still enter for his car raffle, you can't lose either way, or is someone kiddin'?

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DIAL 3222

## Gestapo Gleanings

We learn that a certain police N.C.O. was seen walking up Princess Street a few nights ago loaded with parcels, and a very incriminating object; namely a case of beer. Apparently it was for some very private party extending into the early hours. Some time ago this same N.C.O. deplored the idea of parties and fast females. I wonder what has made him change so much lately?

What very senior officer received a rude awakening the other morning? It happened that the policeman, after trying to waken the officer in the usual manner, with no satisfactory result, administered the 'coup de grace' by douching the officer with cold water. We wonder what the officer was doing the previous night,—or don't senior officers do those things?

We have said good-bye to our colleague, the genial Geordie, since our last article. We wish him the best of everything and a happy reunion with his fiancee whom he intends to marry on his arrival in England.

There has been a number of very flattering remarks made about the rockery and lawns outside the Guardroom. Our own Mr. Middleton has more to talk about than ever. You may think that it is impossible for him to talk any more for after all he has only one tongue. Joking aside though, I think his efforts were well rewarded, he did a really good job. (Fire section please note.)

It did not take long for one of our new colleagues to get acquainted with a certain young lady. On being asked the usual 'gen' about the said young lady, he remarked that she was a nice girl.

Our sympathy goes out to 'Little Wag,' who, after having packed all his kit for departure to England, was told at the last moment that he'd 'had it.' However, when he gets weaving on his A.G.s course, his disappointment will soon be forgotten. We wish him luck and, Good shooting!

Things are beginning to hum in H.Q. these days. The speed laid down for prisoners, escorts, and witnesses is now 1,500 paces per minute. We hope that the command to halt is not given too late, otherwise H.Q. may be air conditioned in the queerest of places. We've seen various ways of marching in, though,—we wonder how long it will be before they are marched in backwards, and are 'about turned.'

THE SNOOP

# SKUNK STINK SHAKES METS

## By SURFACE WIND

We hear that our Yorkshire representative is contemplating a trip to Miami, Florida—Could it be that he made some "Contacts" while on aircrew training there last summer? Hold that bridge, Horatio!!!

We also regret to report that our Welsh sprog has passed a trade test. . . . This was rather a shaker to us as Meteorologist-Schoolmaster, Mr. Lees, had to first teach him to read and write, he being as dim as the proverbial "Toc H. Lamp." This was to be expected as he came to us from Station Headquarters.—Mr. Mercury please note!!!

We wonder why a certain Wing Commander who was supervising the laying out of the flare path had cause to shake his fist at three civilians one night last month? The above mentioned civilians were, in common with other inmates of the Sergeants Mess, engaged on the wild idea of a "Run 'round the 'Drome'". . . . Now it could be that the surface wind was at right angles to their forecast wind on that particular night.

We don't think much of a corporal who says "Don't marry in Canada," but runs off to Montreal every week-end. ("The Pioneer" dated May, page 7 para. 4 refers).

Rumour has it that a certain N.C.O. Meteorologist is to join the Station Orchestra: if he makes a noise anything like his wireless set does we extend our sympathies to any audiences. . . . You have been warned.

Talking of smells, we weren't, but it doesn't matter, we are told of an amusing incident that occurred one night last month; a civilian and an airman were on duty at that time, when suddenly a terrific smell grew up out of the blue. A period of violent accusation followed between the two men on duty, but the smell persisted. It was finally traced to that objectionable little animal, the skunk, which had apparently parked itself near one of the open windows.

We also have in our midst a civilian who supposedly shuns the fair sex . . . however where he goes, and what he carries in his ruc-sack on his so called "Canoeing Trips" is nobody's business.

Who was the coon who proceeded to Kingston to a dinner invite, only to find on his arrival at the "Colonial" that he had forgotten the name and address of the sweet young thing, and had to ring up his pal at the Camp to find out where he was going. Incidentally, Kingston is not his only haunt, he being a well known figure in Social Circles

at St. Catharines, Ont.

We hear unconfirmed reports that a special tennis court is being reserved for the Met. Office, owing to the fact that some of its members always seem to be present on the Station Courts.

It is even possible that some of them may be able to play the game by the end of the summer. However, don't infer from all this that they do no work, otherwise you are liable to revise your opinion when the Meteorologists on night duty turf you out of bed at 3 o'clock in the morning.

We sincerely hope this column does not become a "Thorn" in anybody's side. We have deliberately omitted reference to "Scotch Mist" but never mind Jock, you're in the future outlook. (Future Outlook, very dull.)

Well, that is all for this month apart from our forecast for those of you who hope to go on leave in September, prepared by our expert long range forecaster, Mr. I. Donov.

First half of month—Fair, fine or cloudy, unless it rains.

Second half of month—Wet if it rains, otherwise generally fair or cloudy.

Visibility—Depends on how many you've had, but probably hazy.

Lighting up time—After dark.

## "GAN" Continued

we observe that Wally Rider is still keeping up the Kingston tryst with unabated ardour. Can I hear distant wedding bells, or is it the fire engine out of control? Time alone will tell. . . . Still another day off the Golden Eagle's flight, and Dowley continues to do a roaring trade. Maybe he'll buy some blacking so that we can see evidence of the hiresute improvement on the upper lip. . . . Blonde Bombshell Cleave is back with us again for a while, but no sign, as yet of the apple green pyjamas. Maybe that last visit to Brockville cured him of his desire for sartorial splendour, or did it? I shall continue to keep a close watch. . . . By the way did you hear about the pupil who on landing with his undercart up was asked if he heard the klaxon. "Oh yes," was his cheery rejoinder, "but I shut the darned thing off, it was so darned annoying." Good idea, what?

Sgt. Ross and his assistant have now arrived and the Link Trainer is operating at full capacity. Pupils please remember the notice at Kingston which ends with the following: ". . . Penalty, Link Trainer on your day off," and don't go about saying "it can't happen here." Alec assures me that it can:

And so back to my teppee and . . .



# SPORT

FO. D. G. SKEGG, Sports Editor

## Kingston 2nd XI 0 v Barriefield 0 Played at Kingston

After a hard struggle the game ended in a scoreless tie. The result of this game was most certainly a disappointment for the home spectators as they expected to see their team show the Canadians how football should be played. The visitors, however, were determined that they were not going to be outplayed and defended their goal successfully. It was an interesting game throughout and everybody played well.

## Kingston 2nd XI 2 v Trenton 3 Played at Trenton

Despite the very hot weather both teams set a fast pace, with the visiting forwards showing good understanding, being cleverly led by their centre-forward, who was a continual source of danger to the home defence.

The home team soon settled down and opened the score by a well placed shot from Cpl. Machin, but it was not long before the visitors equalised. The game then developed into a ding-dong struggle and both teams battled hard for victory. It was a creditable performance on the part of Trenton to run out the victors by the odd goal in five.

## Kingston 1st XI 3 v Mountain View 2 Played at Mountain View

Considering how hot the weather was, both teams played good football.

The View opened up with clever play from their forwards which resulted in a goal; their second goal came from the right wing and it took Davis by surprise.

It wasn't very long before the Kingston boys found their feet and Morris (inside left) scored a good goal. The second goal for the visitors came from a corner kick which Flt. Lt. Wood headed into the net, and the same player scored the deciding goal by beating the goalie on a penalty kick.

Morris, making his first appearance as a 1st XI member, played good football.

## Trenton 0 v Kingston 1 At Trenton

Kingston won the toss and decided to kick with the wind, which was very high and made good football impossible.

Trenton kicked off and did a great deal of pressing in the opening stages of the game. It took the Kingston boys about 15 minutes to settle down and in the 23rd minute Cpl. Thomas scored the only goal of the match, which was a lovely effort from about 40 yards.

After half-time it was Trenton's turn to do all the pressing, but try as they could they were unable to penetrate the dour Kingston defence. Cpl. Mutton played another outstanding game between the sticks. Cpl. Thomas, Davis, Alford and Fleming were the other outstanding players.

## Sergeants Mess 1 v Barriefield 2 At Barriefield

The game opened with our team pressing; they kept up the pressure and should have scored several times but bad finishing was again at fault.

Midway through the second-half Barriefield scored from a breakway, the ball going into the net off the post. Half-time arrived with the score 1-0 in favour of Barriefield.

The second half was hotly contested with Barriefield more in the picture but still our team had several good tries go astray. At last the Sergeants were rewarded with a good goal by WO. Wadley. This inspired Barriefield who attacked and forced a corner from which they scored, thus a very good game ended 2-1 in the favor of Barriefield. The outstanding players for the Sergeants were Sgt. Joyce, Sgt. Haslam and Flt. Sgt. Thompson.

# Soccer League Winners - Hut 20A



Back row: LAC. Godfrey, Cpl. Thomas, Cpl. Day, Cpl. Stafford, LAC. Milner, LAC. Saton.  
 Front row: LAC. Delbow, Cpl. Stone, Cpl. Stewart, LAC. Gillespie, LAC. Smith.  
 (Footnote: LAC. Truelove was unfortunately absent when the above photograph was taken.)



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**KINGSTON 31 S.F.T.S.  
vs.**

**TRENTON**

The Canadian Summer was in a fractious mood on the 7th July when we were entertained on the Trenton track. A wind of gale force handicapped the runners and it was cold enough to keep down the field event performances.

For all that, three records for the track were broken—220 yds. in 24 secs. by LAC. Sandey, and the pole vault and putting the shot by members of the Trenton team.

The 100 yds. was run first and we expected a close finish as Trenton had a 10 seconds man. He got away well ahead of the other runners and although Sgt. Barnsby, our first string, was lying third in the last 25 yards. Sandey produced a spectacular burst to give us a clear win. Sandey also won the 220 and 440, the first time he has won three events for us. The sprints were the only events where we produced first man, although we had several seconds and thirds.

The most exciting event was the medley relay which we felt we might win. Bennett (110 yds.) and Walton (110 yds.) gave us a good start and Barnsby (220) handed over to Sandey with 12 feet lead for his final quarter. Running against Sandey was Sgt. Wilburn, a remarkably long striding runner who had previously won the half and the one mile. On the back straight Sandey made the mistake of easing off too much and having allowed Wilburn to pass was too tired from previous races to catch him.

The final score of 38 points to 24 in favor of Trenton is quite satisfactory when taking into account their larger personnel and excellent training facilities.

**Kingston (31 S.F.T.S.) v No. 1 Relief  
Landing Ground, Gananoque**

On Wednesday, 15th July, two soccer teams representing Kingston and Gananoque met on the Station field.

The result of 3-1 in favour of Kingston was not a truly representative score in that Gananoque were handicapped by boots in deplorable condition, and this drawback manifested itself throughout the game owing to the baked condition of the ground—and to a lesser extent by a necessarily untried combination.

The strongest part of both sides was the forward line, although in both cases their finishing was poor, also co-operation between half-backs and forwards needed improvement. The two outstanding performances were given by Cpl. Stone, playing at right inside for Kingston, and by LAC. Bennett, the Gananoque goalkeeper.

Kingston scored two goals in the first half (Cpls. Stewart and Stone), but Gananoque retaliated in the second half through AC. Diggers, and for quite some time Kingston were hard pressed, their defence scrambling away successive attacks; however, a break away by Cpl. Stewart secured their third goal.

It was a fairly even game, and with decent boots Gananoque could quite easily have reversed the decision. (Ed.: Says you!)

**GANANOQUE SOFTBALL LEAGUE**

**No. 1 Relief Landing Ground v The Aces**

Having lost their first match in the League, the Flyers went all out to avenge defeat in the match against our friends from the Link Trainer Co. At the opening of the seventh, the Flyers were leading by 7-0 but eased up and ran out comfortable winners 7-3.

---

## The Retort Courteous

A ragged urchin, no more than knee high to a grasshopper was told by his father to go for the noonday beer. He arrived at the pub with a jug in his hand and the money clutched in his grubby fist. By dint of stretching he was just able to push the jug over the counter and he asked for his beer. The bartender, hearing a voice coming apparently from nowhere, leaned over the counter and espied the urchin down below. The barman, very much astounded at the effrontery of such a child asking for beer, cried: "I can't serve you." "O.K." said the urchin, "don't stand gawping like a twirp, bring someone who can!"

---

## OPPORTUNISM

Did you hear of the two men who died and arrived at the Golden Gates?

They were met by St. Peter who said, "Who are you and what do you want?" They replied, "We are two Salvage Collectors who have died and would like to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." "Salvage Collectors," said St. Peter. "I have never heard of such a trade; just a moment whilst I make enquiries." St. Peter went away to make enquiries, but when he came back in a few moments the two men had gone—and so had the golden gate!

## Some Catch!

We are well aware that this subject can sometimes be the cause of acrimony, and accepted this print for publication with no little trepidation, but as the camera cannot lie, (we hope) it was decided to take the risk of our office being bombarded with letters of doubt, denial, or even abuse, thinking that the picture would give our anglers a standard for which they might aim. The story of the trip when this catch was made, the details of the struggle that was fought out before the fish were landed, and the jubilant return of the fisherman to camp that night we can leave to your imagination. However, if you can do better we shall be pleased to reproduce the photograph in the 'Pioneer.'

When interviewed, the Duty Pilot, FO. Carnie, who is an experienced angler in this part of Canada, said that since the opening of the Bass fishing season several other members of the Station have met with fair success, apart from the catch shown in the photograph. The heaviest Bass to date weighs around five pounds and a Pike of over twelve pounds has been caught.

The most popular fishing grounds have been Kingston Mills, Brewers Mills, Lakeside, Gananoque and district, Brothers Islands, Elbow Lake and Jones Falls.

Most fish have been caught on the 'live minnow,' but 'spoons' have also brought good results. When fishing anywhere near the 'lily pads' it is advisable to use 'live frog.'

Now that the weather is warmer and more



1 Pike, weight 11 lbs.; 4 L.M. Bass, 22 lbs. Caught by LAC's Land and Mansfield, on Sunday 5th July.

settled, fishing in the shallows, especially at morning or evening, should not be forgotten.

FO. Carnie has a fair knowledge of 'what's what' in fishing, and will be happy to help anyone interested in this pastime.

## Your Glasses have "Gone Modern" too!

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# Games Night Popular

By L. A. MOYSE, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor

Before reviewing past and future programmes I would like to give a word of welcome to the new u.t. Y.M.C.A. Supervisor, Mr. John Arnett.

Most of you have probably seen him around the station by now, for, being a Scotchman from Edinburgh, it hasn't taken him long to make friends. For the past 15 years, though, Mr. Arnett has been down in South America, mostly in Bolivia and Paraguay, and if you want to hear some interesting things about those countries just corner him and he'll tell you a lot.

After a couple of months spent at Kingston Mr. Arnett will be given charge of a station as the Y.M.C.A. Supervisor. We hope his time with us will be very pleasant and profitable.

## GAMES NIGHTS.

As predicted last month the new Friday night programme has turned out a great success, and these evenings will be continued every other week until the quiz programmes start in September; from then on we will have the usual Girls' Night with games once a month.

Mr. Had. Herrington, that popular master of ceremonies and genius of the quiz programmes is ready to start them going again shortly, so look out for announcements regarding the date of their re-commencement.

## MENDING AND DARNING.

Good news for airmen who are troubled with holes in their socks or buttons that are missing, etc., is that Mrs. Jemmett and her ladies committee are coming along to the Games Nights, and of course they'll be along every Friday for the Quizzes. The only thing they ask is that socks be washed clean and dried before being brought along; also, that they cannot do heavy clothing repairs, as e.g. patching under armholes, which ordinarily requires a tailor's equipment.

## VISIT TO NYLON PLANT.

About 40 officers and men went along to the C.I.L. plant at Portsmouth on July 29th and as this goes to press another visit is being planned for A.T.S. personnel on Saturday, August 8th. As the interest in trips of this nature appears to be so high it is planned to have more in the future. If there is any place which any airman would particularly like to visit, the Y.M.C.A. supervisor will be only too pleased to try and arrange a date. The aluminum Company and the Hemlock Park Dairy have been suggested so far.



## CONCERT PARTY VISITS VIMY.

On July 10th our Station Concert Party was invited to give a show at Vimy Barracks and about 1,200 soldiers turned out to enjoy the entertainment. This was the first performance given by the R.A.F. men and in many ways it was a full-dress rehearsal for the big show given at this station on July 22nd. We hope to take a concert group to Picton shortly.

Performers are still wanted for the Concert Party and anyone with ability to entertain in any way whatsoever is asked to communicate with PO. Edwards in the Drogue Towing Flight or with Mr. Moyses at the Y.M.C.A. Office.

## COMING EVENTS.

Wednesday August 19th, will see a visit by a group of talented performers brought together by Mr. Plunkett of the Canadian Legion War Services. It promises to be one of the best groups of Kingston artists brought to the airport. Watch for further announcements.

On Wednesday, Aug. 26th, the Station Concert Party is planning to give its second show in the Recreation Hall. Bigger and better schemes are being thought out by the producers, and it's anything like the last show there won't even be standing room in the hall.

## SUNDAY EVENING MUSIC HOUR.

The Sunday evening music hour will continue each week and we are finding more and more music lovers coming along to enjoy the fine programmes. Dr. Frost, from Kingston, has promised to come along with some of his private records, and before very long we can expect to hear the Station Orchestra perform under the direction of PO. Ellis.

Early in September we are promised a concert by the well-known and extremely talented Kingstonettes, a group of musicians all of the fairer sex. Their singing is of an exceptionally high order and they can be sure of a great reception.

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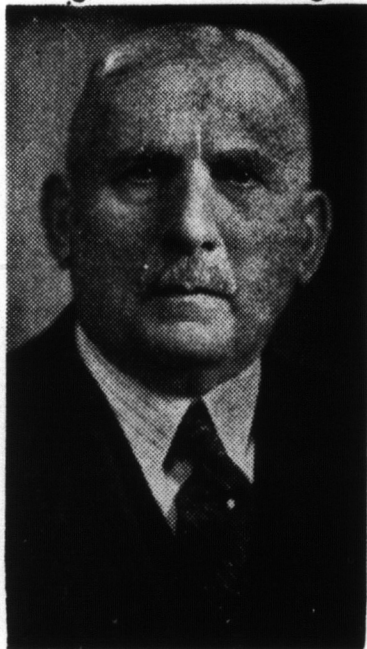
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Laughton, Robert Cummings  
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Aug. 25—"His Girl Fri-  
day": Carey Grant, Rosalind  
Russell and Ralph Bellamy.

Sept. 1—"U-Boat 29": Con-  
rad Veidt, Valerie Hobson.

Sept. 8—"Give Us Wings":  
Dead End Kids, Little Tough  
Guys and Wallace Ford.

Sept. 15—"In the Navy":  
Bud Abbott, Lou Costello,  
Dick Powell and the An-  
drews Sisters.

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