

SEPTEMBER, 1942

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PIIONEER

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No. 31 SFTS CANADA

ROYAL AIR FORCE

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LAC. WOOD

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MR. L. MOYSE

Vol 2.

SEPTEMBER, 1942

NO. 14

EDITORIAL



LAC. S. W. WOOD
Editor:

The boys on a boat bound for Blighty knew that they would be leaving here just about the time that the last issue of the magazine was due for publication, and as so many of them wanted to buy a copy before they departed we decided to make special arrangements to meet their wishes.

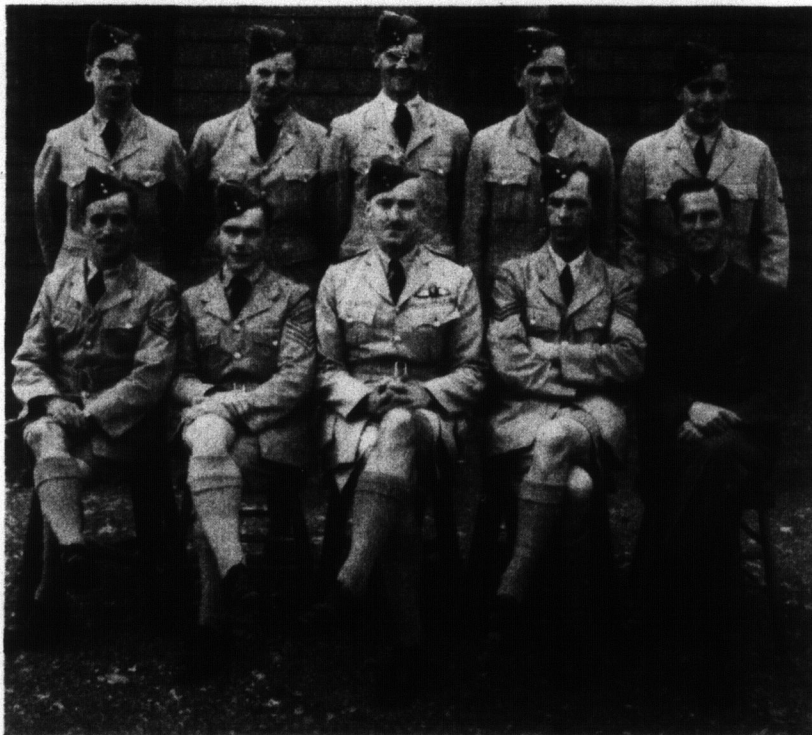
On the day of their departure we went to the printers early in the morning, and brought up an advance issue, hot from the press and sold it to them as they assembled by the Guardroom.

This group of pioneers was a representative section of the men who started and established the Station. These were some of the men who helped to convert a piece of wilderness into the Station we know; who made a camp into a home and laid the foundation of our social life. They had played for our football team, represented us at athletic meetings and gained for us a reputation in the realm of sport, started our Station magazine, sung in the choir, and entertained us with the concert party.

As the picture on our front cover shows they were very eager to read our number which covered their last month on the Station. It was the last time they would be able to read with interest and enjoyment of all the doings of their oppos. In the Gen Sections they would read farewells from their companions in the hut and section, and from the particular groups with which they spent their leisure time. They knew that "The Pioneer" sets on permanent record all events of general interest and importance, and that is why ninety-seven pioneers booking out for the last time, took ninety-five copies with them.

S. W. Wood

B.V.F. ACHIEVES AIM



Standing—L.A.C. Strouhair. L.A.C. O'Brien. Cpl. Phillipson. Cpl. Stephens. L.A.C. Slade.
Sitting—Mr. L. A. Movse. Cpl. Jennison. Group Captain D. D.A. A. Greig. Sat. Kerr,
Cpl. Bonney.

On the original transfer of personnel from Great Britain to Canada under the auspices of the B.C.A.T.P., many Officers and airmen on this Unit expressed a keen desire to give to their people at home some concrete evidence of their continued interest in the struggle for democracy. The result: The R.A.F. Kingston Bombed Victims Fund was inaugurated and has been continually functioning for over a period of fifteen months; **the original objective of £1,000.00 (\$4,430.00) has been recently attained**, thus leaving the path clear for further effort towards our new goal of \$10,000.00 by the end of this present year.

A great many of the present personnel on this Unit have not been acquainted with the objects of the Fund, and perhaps do not realise the true significance of this small, but whole-hearted demonstration of loyalty to the Mother Country.

It is proposed to open a Voluntary Subscription List for those who feel that they would like to make a regular contribution to the Fund, and it is the sincere hope of the Committee that every Officer and airman on the Unit will become a member, however small or great the subscription may be.

To the many Canadians, New Zealanders and personnel from parts other than Great Britain, may I point out that donations are also made to the Empire Air Raid Fund, in addition to the National Air Raid Fund, and thus, by contributing to the Unit B.V.F. you are also directly helping to ensure the safety of your own kith and kin.

In conclusion, quoting the words of the Prime Minister, "We shall not flag or fail. . ." The "Pioneers" raised their quota; they returned home secure in the knowledge that they had made a gentlemanly effort to discharge their moral obligations whilst in Canada. **Will you do the same?** Perhaps you may do even better! The Commanding Officer joins me in earnestly appealing to you to support your own Fund; the first to be formed in Canada, and I hope, the one to show the greatest percentage effort per head of any Unit in Canada.

C. G. JENNISON, Treasurer.

Wing Comdr. Keddie Greets Wing Comdr. Irens

As the next senior Officer in the Maintenance Wing, I take it upon myself to welcome our new C.T.O., Wing Comdr. H. J. Irens on behalf of the personnel in the Wing.

We can assure him of our co-operation to maintain the high standards and fine records of the Maintenance Sections in the Wing, and it will be our aim to serve him as we have our late C.T.O. To you, Sir, we say "Welcome, we are with you."

To Wing Comdr. Keddie we say goodbye or rather "Au revoir" as we hope to see more of him. It has been a pleasure for us to serve under him.

As Wing Comdr. Keddie has had the whole Station under his command, I purposely left my reference to him until last to enable me to hand over to the Station Commander for the issue of bouquets, which are so richly deserved. J.T.

Another milestone in the history of No. 31 S. F. T. S. has been passed in the departure of W. Comdr. W. M. Keddie from Kingston. I do not think that it will be a bold assertion when I state most emphatically that his loss will be keenly felt by all ranks in this unit. Seldom has it been my privilege in nearly 25 years service to meet and serve on the same Station with one who so outstandingly combines most excellent qualities of consistent cheerfulness, ability and enthusiasm.

On more than one occasion during the past two years has Wing Comdr. Keddie been saddled with the responsibility of commanding this School, and as an indication of the efficient manner in which the school functioned when under his control, I was informed by:

(a) A senior Officer at Air Force Headquarters, Ottawa.

(b) The Senior Personnel Staff Officer, No. 1 Training Command, Toronto, when I submitted an application for leave prior to reporting at Kingston to assume command:

"That there was really no hurry at all for me to turn up at Kingston, as Keddie was



running the show and things were going like clockwork."— Who could ask for a greater compliment?

However our loss will be Trenton's gain and we all join in wishing W. Comdr. Keddie the best of good fortune (and immediate promotion) when he assumes command of No. 6 Repair Depot.

Having disposed of W. Comdr. Keddie we now welcome his successor, Wing Comdr. H. J. Irens to Kingston. Barring a passing acquaintanceship a few years ago, I know nothing about this officer. I knew nothing about W. Cdr.

Keddies until four months ago, so that evens things out! However, from first impressions I am sure we have little to worry about, as the new C.T.O. looks a most capable person—capable of handing out a good "Founpenny one" if the occasion arose, I would imagine!

Anyway, I think we will be quite safe in warning Picton to look to their laurels in the Rugger world this coming season!

Well, if I continue this eulogy for much longer, someone will think that there is a catch in it, so—

Au revoir, Keddie; welcome, Irens— and the best of luck to you both. D. D.A. A. G.

C. O. TO LEAVE US!

It is with great regret that we learn we are to lose our Commanding Officer, Group Captain D'Arcy Greig, D.F.C., A.F.C. It seems only a very little while ago, actually four months, that I wrote in the magazine a few words about him on his arrival.

In those remarks I stated that I had been impressed in a former meeting by his charm and courteous manner. I am sure everybody on the Station will agree that remark was at least, an understatement. His personality is such, that it has endeared him to all of us, and his going will be a big loss to the Unit.

The personal interest he has taken in individuals is really astounding. It is not generally known and I do not think it is a breach of confidence to say that he has, on more than one occasion, gone to Air Force Headquarters to have an individual matter put right on behalf of a member of the Unit.

To those who have had the misfortune to fall by the wayside and find themselves "wheeled" up before him, I ask: "Could you have wished to go before a better judge?" No, I think not. One in such a position felt that the other side was being investigated and not his.

The Station has benefitted greatly through the Commanding Officer's energy and knowledge coupled with his personality, so, although his stay with us has been so brief, we can assure him that we are, as a Station, better than ever.

I am sure everyone wishes him good luck and fortune in the future and will agree that it has been a privilege to serve under him in our various capacities.

Our wishes also go with his wife and family.

J.T.



Wing Comdr. Keddie and S. Ldr. Sloan 'go to town'

Stop Me If . . .

An American soldier in Northern Ireland wrote the following letter to his father.

"Dear Dad: Gue\$\$ what I need mo\$t of all. That\$ right, \$end it along. Be\$t wi\$he\$. Your \$on, Tom.

The reply was:

"Dear Tom: "NOthing ever happens here. Write us aNOther letter aNO. Jimmy was asking about you on Monday. NOW we have to say goodbye."

At a performance by a famous actor a married man remarked to his companion, who was a bachelor: "He's great, that love scene was very realistic."

"It ought to be," replied the bachelor. "He's been married to the leading lady for nearly eight years."

"Gosh! Really? What an actor!" murmured the married man.

As Joseph Hoffman, the celebrated pianist was taking his departure after an important dinner, a notorious wag called him back from the doorway. With an exaggerated air of secrecy the prangster whispered: "How far would you have been if I hadn't called you?" Hoffmann didn't move a muscle of his face but replied in a clear audible voice: "My dear sir, there's not a person in the world I would rather oblige than you. But to tell you the ruth I haven't got five dollars on me."

The propellor of the aircraft swung round and knocked the Erk into a heap on the tarmac. The Flight Sergeant ran up with a horrified look on his face. "Speak to me, man speak to me," he cried. "Why should I," replied the Erk. "I passed you six times just now and you didn't speak to me!"

The Scotsman had lost a pound note and handed the following notice in to the clerk of the local newspaper for inclusion in the "Lost and Found" column:

"Lost, a £1 note. Sentimental value."

He was being interviewed by a reporter on his hundredth birthday.

"And what do you attribute your long life to?" asked the reporter.

"I've never smoked, never drank, and I've been a strict vegetarian," was the reply.

"Well," replied the reporter, I had an uncle who followed those rules exactly and he died when he was only eighty. How do you account for that?"

"All I can say," replied the old man, "is that he didn't keep it up long enough!"

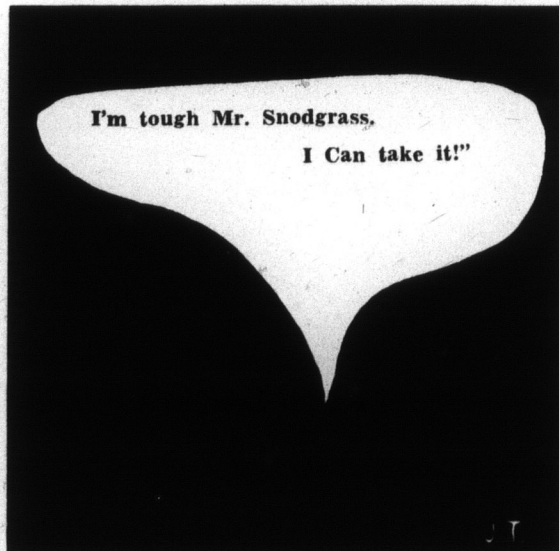
Dumb Dora Thinks:

A chiffonier is a lady chauffeur!

A mail-plane is a father aeroplane!

A cow is an animal with a leg at each corner and gives milk if its not a bull!

But she was definitely right when she said that the elderly erk with a nice figure wouldn't like his wife to catch him with it!



BLACKOUT BUNGLINGS

The plumber had come to do a job and met the master and mistress of the house on the porch.

"Before we go upstairs," said the master, "I want to acquaint you with the trouble."

"I'm very pleased to meet you, ma'am," said the plumber.

The Erk had just got married and the young bride said to him: "Let's make people think we have been married for a long time."

"O. K.," replied the Erk, "but do you think you can manage to carry both the suitcases?"

What We Would Like to Know

Who was the Corporal who found himself in the lake one night and did he show his thanks to those who helped him out in the appropriate manner?

Who was the Corporal, when on a 48 to Syracuse had three drinks and found himself in Philadelphia the next afternoon?

If the Service Typewriter competition was a success?

Why not a Telephone Operator's competition to help improve the Station's telephone system?

Or is it possible to put loud bells on the telephone exchange to wake up the operator when one wants a number?

Why did the airman ask for grinding compound on the Trade Test Board when he wanted to find a crack in a cylinder?

Is it right that the photographs taken at the Yacht Club on the night of the senior officers' farewell party, came out well?

And did "George" nearly fill a complete picture?

Why does a certain Flt. Sgt. love "Lantern jaw" so much?

—Who said "Sailor beware and watch your head?"

When is the senior N.C.O. going to spill the last few grains of Margate sand from his kitbag?

What is the game of 'Mumps' introduced by our late sports officer?

Is it true that the Sergeants' Mess cook has discovered some noiseless celery?

Did the Erk find out where the ?X!!+?@? Wing Commander got to?

If the tall WO. EVER will catch any fish?

Why a certain Erk volunteers to go to Genanoque so much, is the farm the real attraction or is it something else?

If the personnel of the Link Section are a little more settled now?

Who is the Sergeant that likes the Commando course so well that he kisses it?

Who is the "La Salle Lover"?

Which newly made senior N.C.O. can't take it after 10 o'clock?

If it is really true that the Orderly Officer has at last found a place to sleep?

Whether the three Naval Officers enjoyed the Hawaiian strip tease act at the Fair?

Who were the three airmen singing "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road" in the heart of Kingston?

And how much they made in their collections if anything at all?

Which Flt. Lieut. does not believe that we ought to enjoy our morning parade anymore and if seven days C.C. is a fair award for one smile?

Does our "Foreign Section" like Kingston, and would a posting be welcome—or would it?

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"Crazy Knights," Comedy, Singing, Musifest Outstanding Success

OUR first, of what we hope will be many visits, from the "Crazy Knights," our parent Station Concert Party, was a conspicuous success.

Well supported by the Station Orchestra and the Male Voice Choir, they gave us a show that will long be remembered amongst those who were fortunate enough to gain admission to our diminutive Canteen cum Recreation Hall. The outstanding personality, one might almost say the motivator of the show, was PO. Edwards, whose wit was at times on par with the best music hall traditions. Ably assisted by AC. Newrock he presented many humorous sketches and at times had the packed hall in stitches with his variegated costumes, ranging from the semi-classic gown to a fully rigged flying instructor.

Songs and humorous anecdotes by Flt.-Sgt. Thraves also caused much amusement, whilst the singing of the Male Voice Choir and the well blended renderings of classical and popular numbers by the Station Orchestra, under the direction of PO. Ellis, added a healthy variety to the nonsense of the "Crazy Knights."

Altogether a "smashing" show, to use "Broadwayese."

"New York Out. Big Time Given the Go-By In Favour of the Hayseed Life by Our Two 'Sarth' Londoners."

The night, and day life of the big city is still a closed book to two of our number. We regret that our information of last month regarding their coming visit to New York proved inaccurate. Instead they went "Down on the Farm", as Wilkie explained, to get closer to Mother Nature. Managed quite well too, to the tune of a busted thumb, plus a sprained wrist. In fact Wilkie extended himself to such an extent, that the climb up a steep bank, (we presume there was some reason for such a display of energy) rendered him his old self once more, and returned him to our collective bosom, dog tired. Which is just the way it should be.

The gyrations of our Lincoln City professional, coupled with the antics of our one time fair ground, or should I say, Midway, goalkeeper, provided the huge crowd, three in number, with plenty of topic for jest. Still, we may be able to get a team together to give you Kingstonians a shellacking sometime. What say?

Around and About—The Camp and Other Places

We hate to contemplate the position of a certain visiting Flt.-Sgt., who failed to turn up for a date. His "oppo," Tiny, was on the receiving end of a veritable stream of invective from the proposed "date", who closed the conversation somewhat dramatically, by handing the "small one" a deck of fags for transmission to the missing half of the two-some, expressing the hope that the d— things poisoned him. Wouldn't you, after parading the main street for some four hours?

Our stalwart former tractor driver will not easily forget the instructions of his N.C.O. in future. After all, when a fellow gets orders to collect tools, timber, post and POST HOLES, it all comes so rapidly he kind of forgets that he might be having his leg pulled. Anyway, the W&B at Kingston informed him that POST HOLES were not to be got for love or money.

More on the Boat

News of the forthcoming exodus has created quite a stir among our small fraternity. And a few of us are thankful to our padre for the effort he has made on our behalf to right a few small wrongs that have arisen due to the perplexities caused by the overstay of some of our number.

Soft Ball Fracas Not Our Fault

I should like to point out on behalf of our soft ball team, that the recent, much publicised fracas at the game between Lansdowne and the Flyers was not caused by either team, but was the result of over enthusiasm on the part of one of the spectators.

Beauty and The ——?

Best explanation of the charms of young womanhood comes from the of the raucous laugh, LAC. Walters, who, in a recent conversation upon the usual subject remarked the following: "Oh, her profile wasn't bad, but my —— you should have seen her face." Well, tell us, Walt, "what's the diff"?

Jimmiey "Ju Ju" Moorhouse has forsaken the creche for the home for aged spinsters. We hear that the latest heart throb is about eighty-two. Sort of going from the sublime to the Gawd Blimy.

Bits and Pieces

So they went back to Ottawa, and weren't our two midgets glad. Saved a lot of trouble, didn't it, Harry? We can't mention the other bloke's name, it wouldn't be good taste since he's doing so well on the home front.

Continued on Next Page

WHAT DOES GANANOQUE MEAN

At last we have discovered, through the researches of Mr. Frank Eames, the origin of our nearby town's name. Such publicity does not make us blush.

Frank Eames, to whom we are indebted for so much information concerning the Indian culture of Gananoque and the Thousand Islands and for so many remains of that culture which he has recovered from the shores of the islands and elsewhere, has now produced an interesting monograph on the subject, which reviews no fewer than 42 spellings of the name, starting with "Onondakoun," as it is rendered in Frontenac's diary of 1673. After examining all of them, he reaches the conclusion that the name actually means "the door to the flint at the mountain." He finds that "Gananoque" is in reality "a form of spelling based on primitive words and dialect compounds, originating from the Onondaga tribal tongue of the Iroquoian nations, reproduced through the medium of French expression to its present form with an English suffix." In other words, we presume, it is a mixture of Indian, French and English.

Mr. Eames goes to considerable pains to support his contention and he draws attention to the fact, which may not be recognized at this period by some people, that the name was applied to the Gananoque River, once renamed the "Thames," generations before there was a settlement at its mouth. Lest it be thought most improbable that flint should be found in this area, he points out that as long ago as the year 1899 the late Dr. Beeman, of Perth, made known to the Ontario Provincial Museum his discovery of a primitive quarry on Rideau Lake where a substance resembling flint and undoubtedly employed for that purpose by the Indians, had been obtained. He also found the "shop" where a native flint-worker had plied his trade. As for the mountain, he mentions the fact that the Gananoque waters lead to what we now call "Blue Mountain," overlooking Charleston Lake, and that this has been from the time of the earliest explorers a prominent feature of Leeds County topography. Since the same waters lead to the place where flint, a substance richly prized by the Indians, was obtained, what more natural than that "Gananoque" should mean just what Mr. Eames is convinced it does mean?

Almost a Case of iKdnapping

Cpl. Harry Elliot was almost not with us after the other night. Standing on the corner of the street, he was intently doing nothing, when a tap on the shoulder caused

him to turn around. The ensuing conversation between him and the interrupter of his peaceful meditations was short and sharp. "You're coming down to the Inn with us," and the reply is simply unprintable. No form of persuasion would induce our prospective Lothario to vacate his stand. We wonder what was wrong. The technique or the person applying it?

Next time we write, we hope to give you the latest gen from New York. You remember, the place where our two "Sarth Londoners" didn't go. Farming must have its compensations. However, you can rely on us to give you the low down. If we can remember it. You see, folks, we have been there before.

—MATO.

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GANANOQUE

R.A.F. W.A. BUNDLES OFF GIFTS TO BRITAIN

STATION MUSIC

The Station Dance Band under its new name and leader has grown into a most satisfactory combination and the "New Sky Riders" have well lived up to the name and standard set by the original "Sky Riders."

This is due to the hard work of Corporal May, who spends most of his time interviewing musicians and prospective engagements.

During the last month the Band has been strengthened by a most versatile musician, Corporal Freeborn, who seems to perform equally well on tenor sax., bass, or piano.

The Station Orchestra spent the whole of last month practising, some really excellent practices were held and quite a good standard reached, a feature of the practices being the excellent attendance, practically 100 per cent throughout the month. Most of the members have made great progress since inauguration, particularly Corporal Mercer, trombone; and LAC. Bleakley, trumpet.

LAC. Pilgrim has joined the trumpet section and his tone and excellent reading are a great help to the orchestra.

After such hard work it was disappointing that the orchestra did not play its best at the Station Concert, Wednesday, 26th August. However, they did play very well at the Gananoque Concert the following Friday.

The Stringed Section, too, gave an excellent performance at the Golf Club on Saturday, 22nd August.

It is hoped that the practices will have the same support this coming month and that some of the instruments now lying idle in the band room will find players. There are already rumors of future engagements.

H. S. E.

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"MEET ME AT THE UNITED"

A general meeting of the Royal Air Force Women's Auxiliary was held on Thursday 6th August. Owing to the resignations of Mrs. Greig and Mrs. Keddie an election of officers for executive committee positions was necessary, and the following were elected:

President—Mrs. G. E. Stuart.

Vice-president—Mrs. McCartney.

Cor. Secretary—Mrs. F. Powell.

A vote of thanks was moved and passed unanimously for the work done by Mrs. Keddie for the Women's Auxiliary. In Mrs. Keddie we have lost one who was largely responsible for its success. Our best wishes go with her for her happiness in her new environment.

The members of the R.A.F.W.A. are continuing their visits to the hospital every Monday, and parcels of cigarettes and magazines are left at the hospital for distribution to R.A.F. personnel and wives.

The work reports submitted at our last meeting do credit to our gradually increasing membership. These results were achieved only by hard work and enthusiasm, which among the members is strong, as our work reports show. There is, however, still heaps of work to be done and it would be appreciated if more wives would attend as this is the only means they have of assisting the war effort, in these critical days.

The catering for the Sports Dance held at Grant Hall on August 12th was carried out by the Women's Auxiliary, and was very successful for the Bombed Victims Fund.

Just recently a consignment of work consisting of fifteen sets of undergarments was sent to the Red Cross for distribution to the Bombed Victims. Also eighty-four woollen comforts have been sent to the padre for distribution to the Fleet Arm and R.A.F. personnel.

G. S. S.

ENQUIRIES UNLIMITED

Here are some more queries that we have received through the medium of the "Pioneer" box and by various other channels. Our Editorial Staff has done its best to answer them to the satisfaction of all concerned — meaning you.

Dear Editor: Where are the blue lights for the billets that were promised by the Welfare Committee?—Crippled.

We were asked to send them to Montreal.
—Ed.

Dear Editor: Why cannot we have a bevy of beauty in our concert party the same as the M.D. 3's? Surely there are girls in the town who would be willing to join the party and think, however poor the concert might be it would still be a success—Aesthetist.

May we disagree? We are of the opinion that we have sufficient glamour in the show with "Miss" Ray. Just think how monotonous it would be if all our concert crawled with glamour. Or would it?—Ed.

Dear Editor: How is it that our issue of khaki shirts lose so much of their colour when the yare washed? Could it not be arranged that we have an issue of "colour-fast" ones?—Washerman.

No, we have made enquiries and it cannot be arranged. You know our Vichy. You will have to learn to become a "daily dipper."
—Ed.

Dear Editor: What is the object of the line of loose gravel on the parade ground. When you stamp your foot you cannot make any noise if you happen to be standing on the loose gravel.—Militiaman.

You have answered your own question. When you do not make a noise as you stand at ease or spring to attention you are charged for failing to do so. The gravel is just to make it easier for the charge to be incurred.
—Ed.

Dear Editor: Who is the airman who shot such a horrible line in the States that he now has mail addressed to him as "Lieutenant"?— Pro Bono Publico.

We knew nothing of this, but on making enquiries from various people we found one man whose cheeks turned a violent shade of "pink."—Ed.

Dear Editor: We are told that "Christmas comes but once a year," and yet anyone walking into the Airmen's Mess on the 7th of this month would have found turkey on the table. He would have been even more puzzled if he had walked in again on the 9th because history seemed to be repeating itself. Have you discovered the reason for this seeming anachronism? —Flabbergasted.

We have made investigation and it appears that the dead seagulls lying along the southern shore of Wolfe Island are no longer to be seen. Further comment, we think, is unnecessary.—Ed.

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— Until the boat rolls on.

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Padre's Chat

SINCE the last number of "The Pioneer" the Hangar services in No. 5 Hangar at 09.45 hours each Sunday have been going strong, and we are sure that they are fulfilling a real need. The numbers attending depend, in no small measure, on flying weather; there have been as few as thirty, and there have been over seventy. But, whatever the number, I am sure they are appreciated, and have come to stay.

The time of the Sunday evening service has been fixed at 19.30 hours, and we are beginning to get quite a reasonable crowd. This is the first Station on which I have been where worship was quite voluntary, and I must admit, after two and a half months, that I am glad that it is so.

The service where I hope for the biggest improvement in attendance is Holy Communion, now held at 07.00 hours every Sunday. I appeal to members of the Church of England who have been confirmed, and to communicant members of other denominations, to make their communion at least once a month.

So often people ask whether, after the war, the state of affairs in the world can be anything but chaotic. They see the same inequalities as existed before the war, even greater unemployment, and many other things which are far from the kind of world for which we long. There will be tremendous problems to face—some of them even more tremendous than those which we have to face at present. These problems seem insuperable, and such as will lead to another war in the future. And so it will be unless the people who face them do so in the right way. In order that they may do this, it is essential that they shall be filled with a Christian spirit, and realise that Christ is always ready to guide and strengthen them. Once we are convinced of this, and invite Him to enter our hearts and be our constant guide we are on the right track which will lead to real-peace and understanding and fellowship. It was a century ago that Lord Shaftesbury and those that thought as he did, faced the industrial problems of their day with Christ as their leader. Realising how appalling it was that men, women and children—and particularly women and children should have to work under such terrible conditions for such long hours, they addressed meetings up and down the country, issued pamphlets, spoke in Parliament, and eventually, after many years and many disappointments and rebuffs, saw the Factory Act placed on the Statute Book. That did not bring in Utopia, but at least it was a beginning. Ever since a part of the Christian Church has agitated for a far fuller application of Christian principles to everyday life. Today, thank God, we

have in Britain as leaders of the Christian Churches, men who have this vision. The new Archbishop of Canterbury, William Temple, is well known for his views on social problems; the new Archbishop of York, while Bishop of Southwark, made a name for himself by his fearless dealing with the housing problem in South London; the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster and the leaders of the Free Churches are known also to be, not merely sympathetic, but desperately keen that our faith shall be applied to all the problems of life, political, social, national and international. It is up to us to fit ourselves now to follow their lead, a lead which will be essential when victory has been won, and many of us begin to return to civilian life.

"Our faith is in the Christ who walks
With men today in street and mart;
The constant Friend, who thinks and talks
With those who seek Him with the heart."

DONALD A. FOSTER.

Harvest Festival

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 27th.

07.00 hrs. Holy Communion

(Station Church)

08.30 hrs. Morning Service

(Recreation Hall)

(flying will not begin till after this service).

19.30 hrs. Evening Service

(Recreation Hall)

Be sure you are there—bring your wife, family and friends.

Roman Catholic Mass at 08.00 hrs
(Station Church)

The PIONEER

is printed

by the



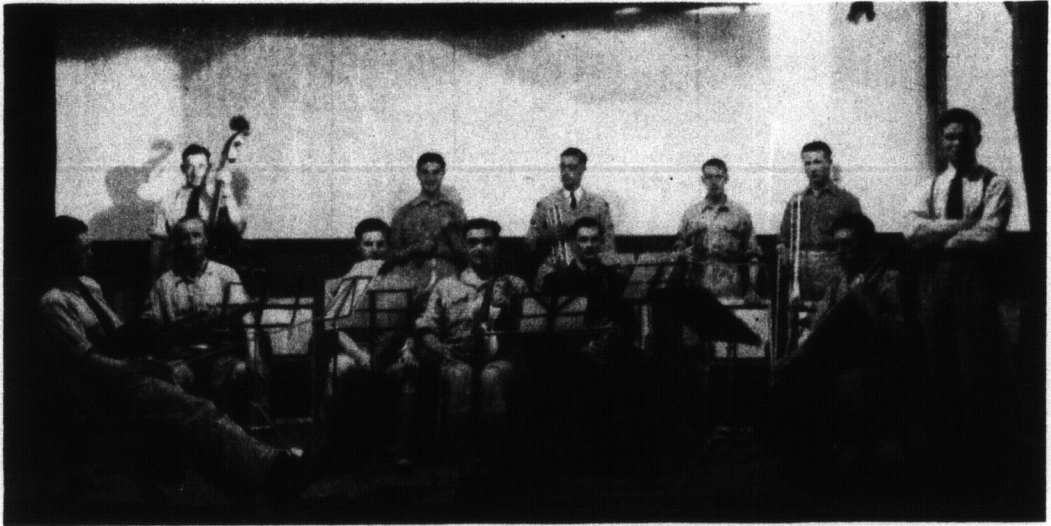
The Salsbury Press

PHONE 7295

132 Clarence St.

Kingston

Station Orchestra



Standing— Cpl. Freeburn, bass; L.A.C. Stevens, drums; L.A.C. Pilgrim, trumpet; L.A.C. Bleakley, trumpet; Cpl. Mercer, trombone; P. O. Ellis, conductor.

Sitting— L.A.C. Levies, violin; Cpl. Cullen, sax; L.A.C. Boddy, sax; L.A.C. Godley, violin; Cpl. May, clarinet; Lieut. Smith, cello.

Unfortunately the band leader, Cpl. Brine, first violin, and Sgt. Barnes, pianist, were absent when this photograph was taken.

Crazy Knights Not So Hot

Franky, we were disappointed. The C.P.'s first Revue, end of July, had set a fairly high standard, and on Wednesday night, August 26th, we expected as good, if not a better show. And truth compels us to report the fact that "Crazy Knights" was not so very hot.

This is not to say that, in the words of Queen Victoria, "we were not amused." We laughed immoderately at Flight Sergeant Thrave's stories; at PO. Edwards' disappointment when he was not allowed to play his trombone; and at the same gentleman's life-like impersonation of himself in the delightful Towing Flight dialogue with Vic Newrock. And there was a heck of a lot of fun in the melodrama "It's Love That Counts", followed by the hilarious "I want to be an Actor."

But these bright spots were needed to enliven some pretty dull patches; and a lack of slickness of the part of the Stage Management did not help to 'put the show over.' If brevity is the soul of wit, speed is the essential factor in Revue. 'Don't give 'em time to think' is a good motto—and we had bags o' time!

But to return to pleasanter thoughts, the Station Orchestra is coming along well

(though we would prefer musical comedy selections to the pseudo-classics) and ALA's. Mohan and Brine contributed attractive solos on the piano and violin respectively, and Mrs. Lacey made a welcome debut with three popular songs. One of our favourites from the previous show, Lovey Soutter, was suffering from a cold and consequently was not on top form, but we look forward to her next appearance at the Rec. Vic Newrock, assured as ever, cracked some good jokes (and a few not so good) but was at times inaudible, a common failing with all but PO. Edwards and, strangely enough, for at times he almost whispered, Flight Sergeant Thraves.

The Finale was a boisterous affair which helped considerably to collect good applause on what should have been the Curtain—if it hadn't stuck! In spite of an uneven show, there is no doubt that the boys want the C.P. to carry on, and at the moment there is a danger of it folding up. PO. Edwards, a really talented comedian, is probably leaving the Station shortly and it is to be hoped that someone else — perhaps Flight Sergeant Thraves?—will carry on the good work. We sincerely hope so.

—THESPIAN.

MOUSTACHES

-WEARING OF-



It recently came to notice through official channels that the Air Ministry was seriously worried by the large number of instances of fainting at high altitudes which had occurred as the result of improperly fitting oxygen masks. In a number of these cases the leakage of oxygen was attributed to the fact that the pilots were the proud owners of "Browser" moustaches, these appendages being of such proportions as to constitute a serious obstruction between the face and the mask.

It is considered to be a matter for regret that the whole of this important subject was dealt with in an Air Ministry Order comprising three short paragraphs. Moreover, it is obvious that the authorities who issued this order are completely unaware of the significance, both moral and psychological, which should be attached to the question of moustaches, and to cover the subject of this particular masculine appendage under the broad classification of "Browser Type" is considered to be misleading in the extreme. According to the Oxford dictionary the verb "to browse" means "to feed on pasture or on the shoots and leaves of trees." Surely Higher Authority are not under the impression that **Air Force Officers are in the habit of eating their moustaches**, but it must be admitted that such a conclusion appears to be quite logical in view of the above definition. Perhaps agitated fighter boys have been using their moustaches as a supplementary ration whilst waiting at Dispersal?

However, it is assumed that the broad classification "Browser Type" must be accepted as laid down, but for the guidance of very senior officers in the assessment of their subordinates and their moustaches, the following descriptive sub-classifications (a) to (h) are suggested.

"Moustaches—Browser Type"

Sub-Classification:

(a) "The Dundreary"—A profuse growth, untwisted and projecting outward and downward. A type calculated to give an air of distinction to the wearer. Much favoured by elderly Administrative Officers.

(b) "The Plantagenet"—Similar to type

(a) but of somewhat weedy texture. Significance—aristocracy, denoting generally that the wearer is the "last of a long line." Usually favored by youthful Pilot Officers of doubtful intelligence.

(c) "The Sir Jasper" or "Wicked Squire"—A profuse growth, generally dark, twisting outwards and downwards through ninety degrees of arc and terminating in an upward twist through a further hundred and ninety-five degrees. This type usually denotes a cunning, crafty and unscrupulous individual of low moral fibre, but, strange to relate is much favoured by fighter pilots, possibly the slight element of "dash" might be responsible for this. However, a grave word of warning—this type, if associated with a sparkling eye, frequently indicates a predilection for unnatural practices.



(d) "The Naughty Ninety"—A moderately profuse growth sweeping outward in a smooth curve, definitely lacking the sinister twist of type (c). Much favoured during the latter part of the last century, and amongst senior Army Officers of the Edwardian era. Denotes an air of mischief combined with dash, also a passion for voluptuous blondes. Generally speaking, worn by a jolly, harmless type of individual, who likes the good things of life. The wearer being of a benevolent disposition may be regarded as potential flying instructor material. A further word of warning must, however, be given here—If the growth is ultra spruce and slightly elongated, the air of benevolence is at once su-



MOUSTACHES—Wearing Cf (Cont'd)

perceded by one of pomposity, and the sub-classification should be amended to read "Old School Tie." Frequently associated with the time honoured phrase "Carry on, Sergeant-major."

(e) "The Sergeant Major"—A stiff growth, extending directly outwards at right angles to the nose, and heavily waxed at the extremities. Denotes an irascible, bullying and intolerant disposition, frequently entirely lacking in intelligence. Thrived fairly well until about the twentieth year of the present century—is now rapidly becoming extinct.

(f) "The Walrus" or "Old Bill"—This type can be divided into further sub-classifications depending on the strength of the growth, but for present purposes can best be dealt with broadly under the one heading—A shaggy, and frequently unkempt growth, curving directly over both upper and lower



lips. This type, in addition to serving as a filter for the removal of stray hops from beer in transit from tankard to oesophagus, also denotes an extremely benevolent disposition, and is the "Hall Mark" of the British working man—the salt of the earth. It is not possible to associate this type with flying men owing to the dangers of ice accretion.

(g) "The Colman-Gable"—A closely clipped narrow growth located immediately above the upper lip, a considerable area between the growth and the nose being kept clean shaven. The growth is invariably dark in colour. This sub-classification can be applied to two diametrically opposed types:

(i) A sturdy, tough, out of doors individual possessing a predilection for "wide open spaces."

(ii) A low crafty snake-in-the-grass of nocturnal habits. This type can readily be distinguished from type (i) by his marked ability to "Rhumba." It is considered worthy of note that this type of

face fungus has the astonishing effect of arousing the ire of a one time Editor of "The Aeroplane."

(h) "The Toothbrush" — No description required. Much favoured by comedians and dictators.

Having disposed of the "Browser" and bearing in mind the activities of this Unit, one feels constrained in concluding this enlightening article to tarry awhile on the subject of "Beards—Naval Pattern." In life on the ocean wave this very masculine appendage provides valuable protection against the elements. In the air however, it is submitted that the beard is not only an entirely unnecessary adjunct, but it must constitute a greater anoxaemia hazard than the "Browser."

Apart from the foregoing comments the beard in its application denotes types and functions of a somewhat complex and paradoxical nature. For example:

(i) It can impart an air of distinction, sanctity, slovenliness, uncleanness, parsimony and extreme bestiality; also an air of maturity to the very young.

(ii) It saves one the bother of shaving, thus giving the wearer an extra ten minutes in bed each morning.

(iii) It provides warmth and protection for small domestic animals.

(iv) It saves one from dribbling soup on to the table cloth.

(v) It masks physical imperfections, for example—a man who is unfortunately afflicted with one of those faces particularly well adapted for the sucking of lemonade through a straw, can through the addition of beard **transform his countenance** to that of a worthy representative of the Bulldog breed.



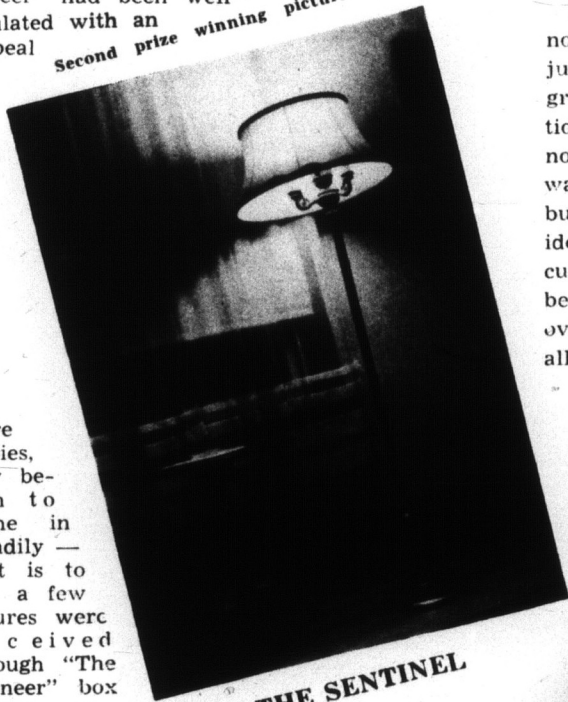
In closing I wish to state that the above comments are made in a spirit of levity and that no direct connection with any individual on this Station is intended.

D. D'A. A. G.

Photographic Competition Results

At the time of going to press last month it seemed as if our Photographic Competition was likely to be a failure from lack of support, but a pleasant surprise awaited us. After "The Pioneer" had been well circulated with an appeal

Second prize winning picture



THE SENTINEL

for more entries, they began to come in steadily — that is to say a few pictures were received through "The Pioneer" box in the entrance hall to

the wet canteen each day, until the closing date. When the closing day arrived there was a final count which revealed that we had sixty-three pictures entered, and each one a worthy effort. What had promised a failure had delivered a grand success.

As Mr. Schrag of Meyers Studios had kindly consented to act as adjudicator the photographs were taken along to his studio and spread on his table. They were of all shapes and sizes, square, oblong, and from vest pocket size to postcard size, and a few even large enough to cover a page of "The Pioneer." They presented variously trains, ships, bridges, waterfalls, clouds, landscapes and buildings. In fact, spread out on

the table they formed a fine array of photographic art.

Although we had not attended the judging of a photographic competition before, we did not suppose that it was an easy matter, but still we had no idea what a difficult job it would be until we saw over sixty pictures, all quite good ones.

The Winning Picture



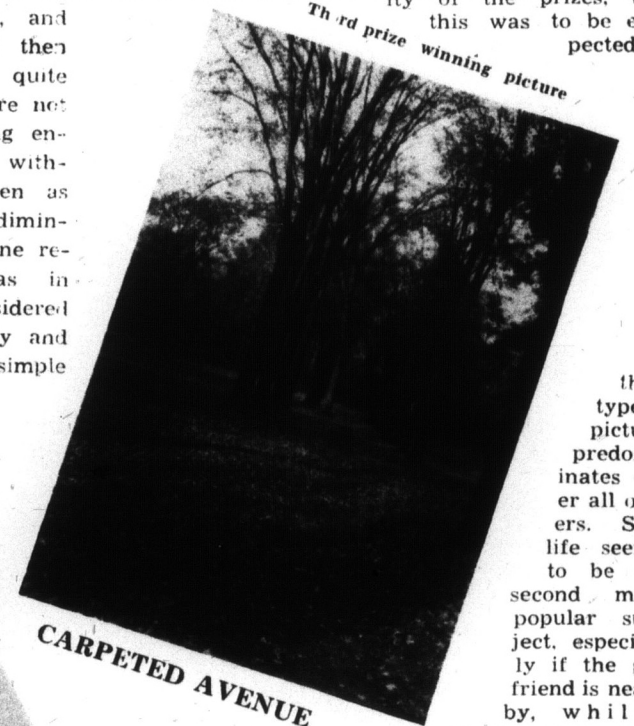
DOMED ELEGANCE

spread before us. First the pictures were graded into landscapes, buildings, still life, and interiors, and then those which quite obviously were not prize winning entries were withdrawn. Then as the number diminished each one remaining was in turn considered very carefully and by this simple

process of going round and round, the number was whittled down, until only eight remained.

It will be noticed that landscapes take the majority of the prizes, but this was to be expected as

Third prize winning picture



CARPETED AVENUE

this type of picture predominates over all others. Still life seems to be the second most popular subject, especially if the girl friend is nearby, whilst

there were very few of buildings

or interiors although they provide such an excellent opportunity to demonstrate skill in the use of the camera.

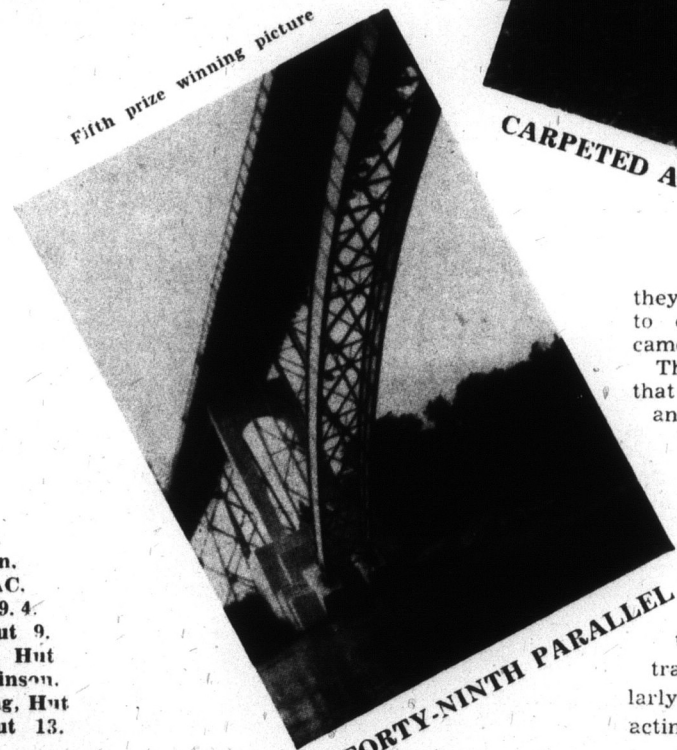
The judging was by the simple standards that everyone should be able to recognize and those most pleasing to the eye took the most points. We extend our sincere congratulations to the winners of prizes, who are listed in the centre of the page, below. The splendid response to this contest, after a slow start, holds out great hopes for future competitions of this nature. We would like also to take this opportunity of thanking the traders who contributed, and particularly Mr. Allan Schrag for his kindness in acting as judge of entries.

Fourth prize winning picture



TRANSATLANTIC WINTER

Fifth prize winning picture



FORTY-NINTH PARALLEL

THE WINNERS

1. LAC. Whomack, Hut 20A.
2. Cpl. Jennison, Hut 13.
3. LAC. Wintenden, Hut 9.
4. LAC. Spring, Hut 9.
5. LAC. Maskell, Hut 20A.
6. Cpl. Robinson, Hut 20A.
7. AC. King, Hut 12.
8. AC. Mills, Hut 13.

News and Views

By Geoff Ray

THE face of the Station still seems to be continually changing, or at least the faces of the personnel do; perhaps soon we will reach stabilisation. There is another boat on the way and then after that, one more boat should take the remainder of our home-sick friends back to "England, home and no butter, sugar, tea, coffee, cigarettes or matches," not that we won't be in a similar position ourselves pretty soon. We will be sorry to see them go, but we do not suppose that they will be quite as sorry to leave us.

There is much consternation in the camp lately—and the reason? The building of the complicated looking obstacles in that area that lies between Works and Buildings department and the Station Headquarters building. At first sight it looks rather like the paraphernalia that one usually associates with an obstacle race in the School Sports. But, it is much more deadly than that. Certain Very Senior N.C.O.'s, and others have been going around hinting darkly that, "We'll soon know what it is all about." It looks positively frightening at first glance, but we can take it. Can't we? Mr. W. B. (Is that an abbreviation for "Works and Buildings"?) Wilson must certainly have worked overtime on the plans for this latest of his projects, but he has one consolation for the time and effort that he has put into it, he will at least have a grand-stand view of the fun and games when they start.

Our station concert party struggled manfully through another performance, by no means comparable with the previous effort, but for all that it seemed to be favourably received. But, we ask you, after an effort like the M.D. 3's how can a bunch of fellows and two women possibly compete with eight luscious glamour girls absolutely vibrant with S.A.? Believe us, it just cannot be done. We know, we tried it!

Our Photographic Competition was much more successful than we imagined it would be. Perhaps that extra time made all the difference. Some people need a devil of a lot of persuasion! The entries received were really an excellent collection of the photographic art and the judges had no easy task in picking the winners. All credit is due to the entrants for helping to make the competition a success and we hope that we will receive equal support for any further competitions that may be held.

By the time this issue reaches you, summer will probably be on the way out and

the tennis courts will be facing their last days for this year. Harking back to last month's issue, we too wonder if it will take all Winter to convert the tennis courts back to a skating rink. We hardly think that anyone will be surprised if it does.

The sports meeting last month brought back to us memories of our earlier days spent at school sports. The only thing that seemed to be missing was the mothers, fathers and sisters, our own and other fellow's, particularly the other fellow's sisters, wandering around the sports ground. The weather was favourable and it was a pleasant way of spending a summer afternoon. It is surprising the amount of pleasure that can be derived from sitting down watching other people chase madly around getting even hotter than you are. The dance in the evening completed an enjoyable day away from work and at the same time was instrumental in bringing the total proceeds for the Bombed Victims Fund up to the requisite \$4,430. That was a pretty good effort, B.V.F. Committee—now for that \$10,000.

In our last issue we appealed for more Section 'Gen.' Our appeal did not fall entirely upon stoney ground as you will see if you thumb through this issue—but we are still not satisfied. There are many sections on the camp not represented in this magazine, and they should be. Who's fault is that? It is certainly not ours. If you want the views of your section voiced, this is the medium, and if you want to make sly digs at your 'oppes' and others this is still the medium, so why not write down that crack that tickled your risibilities and drop it in to the "Pioneer" box. We will fit it in if it is fit for general consumption.

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WHO IS IVY LEA?

NEWS IN REVIEW FROM S.H.Q.

By MERCURY

THE staff of the Orderly Room and Central Registry have been augmented lately, we now have five new members to take the place of those that have left for distant and different spheres of activity. We think that the doings—of—our newcomers and the way that they have adapted themselves to the Canadian way of life are worthy of mention.

Mac. Macquillin teamed up with "Albat" Ross and they hied themselves to Ottawa for a week-end. Mac having only been here for a week or so has not yet accustomed himself to the Canadian beer, at least that is what we presume, otherwise how can one possibly account for the fact that his "Chambre a coucher" on the Saturday night was the pavement of Bank Street and that his pillow was an empty beer bottle. We know that our beds in camp are not the most comfortable couches for repose—they would never bring inspiration to an advertiser for sleeping equipment—but we hardly think that the pavement would be a suitable substitute.

One of our "Lone Star Rangers" has forsaken his solitude and taken unto himself a companion. Willie Willcocks has been leading "Coggy" Coggins down to Ivy Lea most week-ends; whether he has done any more leading once he has got him there we do not know. When we first heard of Ivy Lea, we thought that it was just another dame, but we were definitely wrong—the impression we get is that it means about a dozen girls. Now do you need any more reason why they make Ivy Lea a regular visit each week-end.

Two of our new Sergeants: "What's cooking, Cooky," and Paddy seem to have spent most of their spare time at the fair, just looking of course, but that is all that one has to do at the fair down town, if the reports we hear are true. Paddy has been going around singing a song about a carburetor—definitely not for the drawing room. It appears that he learnt that down at the fairground so perhaps he thinks that his time there was well spent.

Hank went down to New York for seven days' leave and when he returned we had a peculiar ringing noise in our ears. Could it be wedding bells, Hank? Of course he had been down to New York once before, about a month or so ago, and you know what they say about the American girls—after you have met them twice they either marry you, or else they do not wish to see you again. Seems that she must want to

see Hank some more. Isn't love glorious, Hank? Heinrich also went to New York, but as far as we can see he was just an "also ran."

Ron. Pollard seems to have got cold feet since our crack in last month's issue about his "one track mind" and always going to Toronto for his week-ends—he has not been there again. We do not know whether it has been done just to spite your reporter and try to prove him wrong, or whether there is some other reason behind it. His latest field of conquest is Cornwall, but he is very reticent about his exploits there. Perhaps he is afraid of his activities being publicised.

"Bugsy" has not been away from Kingston since he went to Alexandria Bay for a week-end on the 4th. July, but the reason for that is not hard to find. You see, Bugsy is saving hard to go away for seven days leave and he has vowed that he will not go until he has saved \$100. He really is making a terrific effort to save this amount and up to date he has saved **minus** \$25, so with a bit of luck he should manage to get away by some time last April.

You have all heard about the submarines in the St. Lawrence (that is not giving any military secret away now); so has 'Flight' and not to be outdone he decided to have a submarine of his own. He went away on leave and left his boat, as he thought, nicely ballasted in the event of heavy winds, but he forgot the rain that we sometimes have around here. When he returned from leave he found that the "Marie Celeste" was no longer "water-borne," it took hours of work and buckets and buckets of water to get it afloat once more. We think that it might have been better to leave it as an underseas craft, it would have had the privilege of originality at any rate. To the best of our knowledge none of the other senior N.C.O.'s boast of a submarine.

We are rather puzzled about "Farmer" Giles, he seems to spend a good deal of his time away from camp, but we do not hear a thing about where he goes, what he does or with whom he goes. We always have our suspicions about these secretive people—they usually have something to hide. I think that we had better send our snoops to work in order to get the lowdown.

Did you hear the story about Jack Mills whilst he was in Montreal? He was with a girl friend and he said to her, "Darling, when I squeeze you in my arms like this, something within me seems to snap." "Yes," she replied, "pardon me a moment whilst I fasten it again!"

Dishing the Dirt

Was LAC. Michie burned up over something that appeared in last month's issue. Yours truly was threatened with the most horrible forms of death. Still I can take it. I've had them gunning for me before.

AC. Godley, our maestro of the violin, used to get to bed early at one time. Now I am fast asleep before he even thinks of getting in. What's the attraction, Harold?

Cpl. Mercer and Cpl. Jones of I.T.S. and A.T.S. respectively, are downtown five nights out of seven. Take my tip and slow up, boys. You'll soon be on your knees at this rate.

That was a lovely bracelet you bought the other day, LAC. Thorne. By the way, you've been quite "friendly" with the girl friend from Montreal for 18 months now. How about naming the day. Or is it purely "platonic"?

Cpl. Harrabin's face was red as well as his hair recently when he pulled four men up for walking along with their hands in their pockets. Imagine his surprise when our S.P. Friend discovered they were Flight Sergeants.

That's quite a nice girl you're going about with, AC.2 Lloyd. By the way, Lloyd, have you met her husband? He's quite nice, too!!!

Have you met the four "Nap" boys of 14A? They always seem to be playing cards in between working hours. Or do they work in between playing hours?

Our storebasher friend Cpl. Powell seems to be getting more like Rip Van Winkle lately. Walk through the hut anytime up to 11 o'clock every morning and he is still sleeping. I guess the three or four hours work he does every day tires him out.

It's about time that our friend Jordon of "Old Kent Road" fame learned some new songs to sing at the nightly gathering at the canteen. One gets fed up of hearing the same few numbers every night. And does our maestro hand out some punishment to our poor piano?

Sgt. Lovell seems to be getting quite serious these days with our charming songstress, Miss "Lovey" Soutar. You won't forget me when you're handing out the wedding invitations?

The general opinion is that AC. Duff is getting to look more like Gandhi every day. Every spare moment he gets he is out sunbathing. Ghandi has that dim look about him too.

Blackie On Two Lists

I sing of Sick Quarters, that important but seldom mentioned section of the station, to which come all manner of cases—serious, moderate or slight, and ever so rarely, a thoroughly spurious one. The scroungers are always with us!

Most of us are fairly familiar with the hospital lay-out and general routine, so we shall concentrate on describing the personalities who go to make up the staff.

Cpl. Davis is the N.C.O. in charge and goes about his work with an air of gloom. Wherefore comes that dark look no one knows; perhaps the ingenuity needed to finance that very presentable Chrysler of his proves too much for him. There is LAC. Liles, who is nostalgic about his home town of Grimsby and a girl in Toronto. AC. Dickeson from Fulham, LAC. Parfitt, quiet and efficient, and AC. Dale, a comparatively new arrival, who enjoys a loud argument on the war but whose theories on the subject are nothing if not fantastic. The aforementioned airmen make up the establishment of nursing orderlies at Station Sick Quarters.

We lost several old members of the staff recently when they returned to England. Hamilton, the good sergeant and a noted drinker, and LAC. Nobbs, a very competent clerk. The other was Crasher Woodhouse, an orderly, who was never so alive as when proceeding to the scene of a crack-up. LAC. Hiley, "Blackie" to everyone, is on the latest boat list. This is the chap who has proved a very efficient link between Sick Quarters and various Kingston hospitals. Just now he is a patient at the General himself, having just undergone an operation, and our best wishes go to him for a happy recovery.

The orderly room and kitchen are manned by Canadian personnel. Cpl. Sutcliffe i.e. of the latter was reduced to a nervous wreck lately while awaiting news of an expected baby daughter. We offer our warm congratulations, despite the fact that she turned out to be a boy. His efficient assistant in the kitchen is LAC "Pop" Free.

LAC. Clarke and Barnard comprise the clerical staff, the former being well known for his all round sporting ability. The latter, author of this unhappy piece, is noted for nothing in particular except a harassed, "much married" look, but who is still a lone wolf. Thank you very much.

H. B.

PROMOTION SPEEDED UP

Last month's issue of the magazine unfairly and openly insulted the war effort of maintenance. Was this the work of an ineffectual and inexperienced "grease monkey"? It's about time we had some collaboration from you sun bathers, and also time you learned how indispensable we are.

The "grease monkeys" war effort accusation has undoubtedly been taken to heart. The motto is now "an empty hanger." A line worth remembering by all is "Blood cannot be got from a stone." Overtime is enforced for cleanliness of the hangar. One very amusing remark overheard was: "It would be more hygienic to have our meals on the hangar floor than on the cookhouse plates.

My first report for this month comes from none other than the man who is always hiding behind a pole, Cpl. Maxwell. His idea of the two best things at a wedding are: 1. The pealing of the organ; 2. The coming of the bride.

Since the departure of the King of Duff gen (i.e.) Cpl. Mather it has been ingeniously taken over by our late Flash's friend, Cpl. Pindar. Is this duff gen spreading a disease among the fat man?

Our very brilliant N.C.O. i.e. stores, when asked by a rigger for a 20 cwt. roller looks vacantly around the stores hoping to find a roller weighing 20 cwt. How they manage to be rated in the highest paid group is beyond a tradesman's imagination.

A word of warning to all who visit the U.S.A.: When demonstrating to the rookie

Yanks the correct way to salute, do it whilst you are sober. Bowman finished up with about eight stitches in his fingers.

The great problem in the hangar today is "Can Wright ever be wrong?" He reminds me of a typical barrack room lawyer (Fletcher take note) shunned by his friends, and despised by his listeners, but too much of an omniscient to see through it.

A certain airman, again owing to circumstances, I am unable to reveal his identity, was heard to say whilst entering the hangar: "You know every time I enter this place I feel ten years younger. Why? Because it reminds me of school days."

The record for speed of promotion goes to LAC. Pullen:

Thursday:

15.00 hours. Reads orders, promoted.

15.02—Metal tapes on arm.

15.05—Calls at main stores for cloth tapes.

17.30—Corporal Pullen walks out.

Friday:

15.00 hours. Reads orders, dipped.

17.30—LAC. Pullen books out.

Saturday:

15.00 hours. Reads orders, promoted.

15.02—Metal tapes on arm.

Congratulations, Arthur.

This, gentlemen, ends the highlights of the news for the month, with a word of warning to those who are trying to track me down. Others have tried and were rewarded fully by being a victim in the following issue of the magazine.

THE RIVAL REPORTER.

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?

PETER AND PAUL CUT OUT MIRACLES

St. Peter and St. Paul were playing golf on a heavenly golf course. St. Peter teed off and made a hole in one. St. Paul then teed off and he made a hole in one too. They both jotted down their score and started for the green. "Look here, Paul," said St. Peter, "what do you say we cut out the miracles and get down to business."

AC. Duff during his climb up the ladder of "fame" was once given a small part in a London play. He merely had to walk on, seat himself and say, "Well here I am." At rehearsal he did not give satisfaction. "No," bellowed the director. "Try it again. Now come on like a man." "My goodness," said Duff, "for three pounds a week he wants me to play character parts!"

At our recent concert, an airman was heard to say: "Doesn't that soprano have a large repertoire?" "Yes," was his chum's reply, "and that dress she has on makes it look worse."

Stenographer (after half an hour with the boss): "Now, Mr. Jones, what did you say between "Dear sir" and "Yours sincerely"?"

Teacher: "If a shirt costs a dollar what would you pay me for 10 shirts?"

Jewish boy: "\$9.50, teacher."

Teacher: "No, Abe, you would pay me \$10."

Jewish boy: "No teacher, I would pay you \$9.50. That's my best offer. Take it or leave it."

Airman (arrested for speeding): "But, Your Honour, I'm an airman."

Judge: "Ignorance doesn't excuse anybody."

McTavish: "Sandy, I've lost my wallet."

Sandy: "Have you looked in all your pockets?"

McTavish: "I've looked in all my pockets except my hip pocket."

Sandy: "Well, why don't you look there?"

McTavish: "I'm scared to, because if it's not there I shall drop dead."

Do you know what the brassiere said to the top hat?

"You go on ahead. I'll give these two a lift."

Have you seen PO. Edward's new model de luxe car. At 20 miles an hour the mudguards rattle. At 30 miles an hour the hood falls off. At 40 miles an hour a record plays "Nearer My God to Thee."

Cpl. Dolan was sitting in the moonlight with his young lady the other night. No word broke the stillness for half an hour until. . . . "Suppose you had money," she

said, "what would you do?"

He threw out his chest in all the glory of young manhood. "I'd travel," he said.

He felt her warm, young hand slide into his. When he looked up she was gone. In his hand was a nickel.

AC. Ross, (to his girl): "Oh darling, I love you so. Please say you'll be mine. I'm not good looking like Flt. Sgt. Blackburn. I haven't got a boat, or lots of money but darling I love you, and I cannot live without you."

Two soft arms stole around his neck, and two ruby lips whispered in his ear: "And I love you too, darling; but where is this guy Blackburn?"

Geoff. Ray is certainly a mischief maker. He told me that he went by my house last night and saw me kissing my wife. The guy's nuts, I wasn't even home last night What am I saying?

Yours jokingly,

VIC NEWROCK.

Areostration No. 2



"TAKE OFF"

Mets Banish Skunk

By SURFACE WIND

FIRST of all, we would like to convey the thanks of the Met. Office Staff to the person or persons unknown who favoured us by killing the unpleasant little animal which had so impolitely made its home near the Watch Tower. We shall now be able to relax and enjoy the smell of the flowers from Mr. Carme's excellent flower garden once more.

As this article takes shape the news that one of our N.C.O.'s is due for repatriation to U.K. shortly, comes to hand. We wish him the best of luck, but still think he is going home in order to avoid the embarrassment of getting married in Canada, having previously publicly stated that such a step was unwise in his opinion. Of late he has been very keen on farming, and as there are no 'land girls' over here, as far as we are aware, we suspect that the farmer might have a daughter.

Brother Horatio has wisely kept very quiet about his week-end in Toronto; we say wisely to give him the benefit of the doubt—he was probably too "tight" to remember anything about it.

Unconfirmed reports reaching our ears tell of a civilian who takes his flannels to be cleaned every two days. We've been told that there are some nice young ladies employed at the cleaners, so it looks as if we were not so far out about those "canoeing trips" after all.

Taffy's education has been further improved by a visit to Syracuse, where he was apparently the guest of a professor of English language. He should be able to speak enough English to be understood shortly. This month Taffy is out at Gananoque with the "Injuns" and all this good work will have been wasted effort.

You have probably heard of the numerous "Dude Ranches" scattered about this continent where some people (most of whom can't ride) go for their vacation. Anyway, the drinks and other attractions must be very good, because we can't imagine one of our forecasters going there just for the riding. And talking of riding, we hear that somebody does not know how to handle a car—even a two-seater has a heart.

People learn from their experiences so they say; in future Jock will not pay \$1.50 for a taxi when he winds up an all night session at 6.30, but will finish up the night at 6.45 a.m. and catch the morning bus.

Now chaps, what do you think of a man who buys an expensive birthday present

Relations with Vichy Friendly

"AROUND ACCOUNTS"

Charley's tapes and Gripper's third have come through and Nobby's G.C. is now due. . . . TIME MARCHES ON.

Dickie went on leave last month (sick leave in New York seems fair enough) and if anyone wants to know how to do the trip on the least amount of cash, he's a mine of information. But he says he can only entertain queries during working hours.

Our relations with Vichy continue to be friendly, but Laval's successor is inclined to take an aggressive tone. However, we've put in our own Fifth Column under the supervision of that live wire F for Freddy and we get all the Gen if not all the exchanges we require.

Nobby took a forty-eight a couple of weeks ago and as it was his first since April we were all eager to know where he was going to spend it. We should have remembered the story of the Scotsman who, when asked where he had spent Xmas replied, "I didn't spend it, I kept it quietly at home."

Now that Basher is leaving us, there seems to be no point in that electric fan we were thinking of having installed.

IT IS AUTHORITATIVELY DENIED

that Charley has applied to be detailed as permanent marker for No. 1 Sqdn.

that Dickie is buying a radio.

that Grim is quite a chatter-box in the Mess.

that Cyril has signed the pledge.

for a lady friend in Montreal and then finds he has not enough money left to travel down there and deliver it in person. Never mind Jack, she may have kissed the postman.

Our friend the corporal tells us that he is contemplating buying a trumpet; he's been blowing his own for such a long time that we should not have thought this was necessary.

If a stranger had walked into the Met. Office on Saturday, Aug. 29th at about 5.00 p.m. he would probably have thought that it was either a bank, a stock exchange, or a card school; actually, it was just the end of the month scramble for dollars for Saturday night's sortie to town.

Jack Benny Shoots Down 18?

It was very interesting to see Scanes, Polard and Mills, niftily clad in running attire, proceeding out of the hut at a high rate of speed, accompanied by friend and trainer Ross, ostensibly with the intention of doing some training for the Sports Day. I didn't see any of them amongst the prize winners, and what is more, I didn't even see them running. The Sports Day being such a marvellous "success" for Headquarters, I'm wondering whether it could be that it was so much bluff.

Friend Scanes also in the news, showing off his ability, if any, in the subtle art of putting webbing on Tubby Collison. His ability couldn't have been so good, as it didn't seem to fit right after all.

A certain amount of consternation was caused the other Sunday, when a face with a large amount of beard showed itself in the hut. It was at first thought that one of the pupils had strayed in by mistake, but no, it was only Taff, Marshall, who had omitted to shave for approximately a week.

And talking of Taff, I wonder whose alarm clock it is which persists in making such a racket at all sorts of ghastly hours of the night.

If anyone encounters any difficulty in finding Hut 13 any time, which I very much doubt, all he need do is to listen carefully, and having discovered from whence the sound of three radios, all on different stations, is coming, lo and behold that will be 13. I should have thought that one would have been quite sufficient; even that can be a mixed blessing, but three, and all on different stations, wow! Unless one listens very carefully one is apt to get the impression that Jack Benny has shot down 18 enemy planes, or something.

Who is the ghost of No. 13, who walks about bellowing "Pioneer" in loud tones, and why won't he let Bert New get any sleep.

And why must a certain batman, on returning from the weekly dance, always wake up everyone in the hut.

And to close, this month The Most Gracious Order of The Irremovable Finger is awarded to a certain Accounts wallah, who, on arriving back in the hut, in a mild state of intoxication, was heard binding at great length on the fact that his bed had not been made for him. Would someone gently remind him that he is in the Air Force now.

What's Cooking In Hut 13A

(Not to be outdone by Hut 13, Hut 13A now has its own "gen." How about the rest of you huts?—Ed.)

* * *

A large balloon like object has come to rest on an upper berth, clad in blue pyjamas. He shakes the building when descending.

* * *

Fishing activity is rife, but as no one knows how to cook all catches are passed back. (You're telling us!—Ed.)

* * *

Where did "Dickey" acquire his seaweed swimming shorts . . . and why?

* * *

Why does the early shift always bind the night man?

Does the night shift sleep in the daytime ONLY?

* * *

Help the room orderly and stop him binding. He has a hard job to keep awake . . . and he might remember the mail if you do.

* * *

Old Joe is happy. The 15th room list for this month has just been made out.

* * *

Did K, and W, enjoy the company of the females of New York, and do they think they'll have a breach of promise action following them.

* * *

"T" is sore. He thing G—g slayed him for a sucker, making him permanent late man.

* * *

When is a Duke not a Duke?

* * *

Who had someone's fishing rod, and what were his thoughts when he dropped it in the lake?

* * *

Our "Errol" (ERROL) failed his screen test on concert night. Better luck next time, "Errol."

—SMOKEY.

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DIAL 3222

Fire Section Mud

You may not believe it, but Johnny plus seven days leave plus New York add up to a hangover and "Cockles and Mussels."

Mrs. West and Mrs. Edwards have upset Alec's equilibrium by inadvertently mentioning a shinstrap. He wants to know just what it is. Should we tell him, Mary Lou, or is he too young to know yet? Shades of five in a bed, Alec.

Ken's going around with a beautiful cold which he calls hay fever. Personally I think the grass was wet. Or is it the cold feet of little wifie Lois?

We once had a team down here called the Lifebuoy twins . . . even their best friends told them. Now they have been replaced by a nastier combination. . . . The Constant Clampers and can they grip.

Remember our tough guy Arthur? He's so tough that when he fights undertakers jump up and start bidding for the body . . . the other guy's.

Johnny made a pass at my mate slim recently. He retired hurriedly cussingly, nursing his wrist. The moral, Jack, the bigger the feet the harder they fall.

And on last crack. . . . She's only a street cleaner's daughter, but she jilted me so I think I'll sewer.

—NOD.

S. Ps. To Purchase Bike

Since our last article the post of Guard-room landscape gardener has fallen vacant. No appointment has yet been made but our Charlie has volunteered for the job. His Highness the Gestapo chief is very dubious about this, after all, geraniums would look sillier upside down than did the ensign.

It has been decided by the police, that it would be a very good idea to purchase a tandem bicycle. Perhaps then, the escort and accused would attain the desired speed during their daily journey to headquarters.

Have you heard that our Charlie has decided to take lessons on the piano. You must admit he has a very large field of activity. He's done about every thing in his time, from cook to car dealer. Now his musical instincts have come to the fore. Don't be surprised to see him sitting by the gate, piano and all, welcoming the living out officers and visitors with a chorus of "Come Into the Garden, Maud," or maybe a rousing loud march. We would have him play the "Post Horn Gallop" in headquarters every morning.

It's a very changeable world nowadays. People alter their views quickly. A few weeks ago a certain Police N.C.O. had the doubtful reputation of being a regular "bird". Recently, however, the N.C.O. concerned has developed very human characteristics and has even been known to smile at an airman when he came in a few minutes late. I think the cause of this remarkable change is the owner of the female voice heard very often on the guardroom phone asking "Is Reggie there?" It's amazing what a female companion can do to a fellow, especially when he comes in at night walking on his eyebrows. Ho Ho, happy days.

SNOOP.

Your Glasses have "Gone Modern" too!

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PHONE 9461



SPORT

FO. D. G. SKEGG, Sports Editor

No. 5 Hangar Wins Station Sports

The committees in charge of the Sports Day and Dance must have felt very pleased when Wednesday, August 12th, turned out to be a perfect day for weather conditions.

Although the crowd at the University Stadium wasn't anything to boast about, the display given by the athletes was certainly something of which to be proud.

Throughout the day I.T.S., A.T.S., and No. 5 Hangar battled for the leading position and it wasn't until the very end that the Servicing Squadron finally clinched the decision. At the completion of events the points stood as follows: No. 5 Hangar 56, A.T.S. 49, I.T.S. 48, and Headquarters 10.

The winning section had several outstanding athletes competing for them, those scoring most points being LAC. Truelove, Sgt. Barnsby and Cpl. Suckling. For A.T.S. LAC. Sandy, WO. Rowell and ALA. Honeybun were in the limelight throughout the afternoon. I.T.S. were best served by LAC. Wal-

ton, LAC. Land, LAC. Dockley, ALA. Lucas, Cpl. Talbot and ALA. O'Connor. LAC. Grundy was the best points scorer for Headquarters.



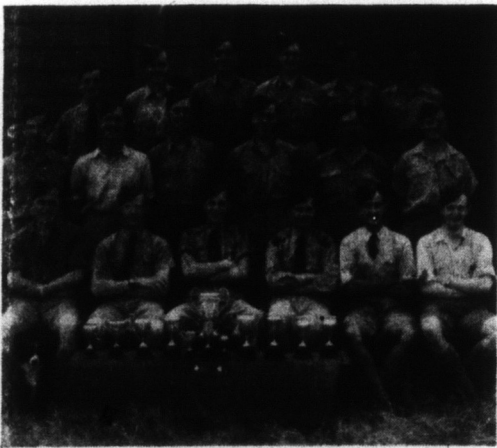
The last change in the relay

Once again the inimitable FO. Matthews kept the crowd amused with his witty remarks at the microphone, and the music supplied by the R.C.C.S. Band from Vimy was very much appreciated. Due to the courtesy of the Commanding Officer at Vimy we also had a sound track supplied for the public address system.

The obstacle race caused plenty of amusement for the spectators, particularly as the starters included Group Captain Greig, Sqdn. Ldr. Sloan, Sqdn. Ldr. Marshall and Wing Cmdr. Keddie. WO. Haywood is to be complimented for the excellent obstacle course which was laid out.

The tug-of-war competition was also very popular with the crowd and the inter-section rivalry reached its peak in these tussles. A.T.S. turned out a well drilled team, looking very smart and business-like in their uniform shirts, and they out-pulled all-comers against them. The Officers' team, led by

Continued on Next Page



Back Row—Cpt. Bonney, Cpl. Williams, L.A.C. Hall, Cpl. Geldard, L.A.C. Heaton, L.A.C. Tomlin.
Middle Row—L.A.C. Freeburn, Cpl. Cretham, L.A.C. Jameson, L.A.C. Truelove, L.A.C. Smith, Cpl. Suckling.
Front Row—L.A.C. Sgt. Bolam, W. O. Otterway, F. Lt. Rochester, P. O. Ellis, F. Sgt. Causon, Sgt. Barnsby.

the Commanding Officer, proved too strong for the Sergeants' representatives; as PO. Matthews said when announcing the results, "they train on milk, so how could they lose"?

The final event of the day was the intersection relay, and this time I.T.S. had their revenge. Their team, comprising LAC. Walton, LAC. Land, LAC. Dockley and ALA. Lucas was well-balanced and seemed to have more in reserve than their opponents.

Special events were held for families of R.A.F. personnel; the ladies' race was won by WO. Ottaway's daughter, and the children's race winner was the son of the Commanding Officer.

During the afternoon members of the Bombed Victims Committee aided by several members of the Women's Auxiliary were very busy raising money for the B.V.F. They ran a soft-drink stand, a lucky-programme prize, and took up a collection.

All those who attended agreed that it was a great day's sport, and congratulations are due to the following for the smooth way in which the events proceeded: the Sports Day committee, comprising WO. Rowell, Sgt. Barnsby, LAC's Sandy and Truelove, Cpls. Bonney and Talbot; the Sports Day officials; the officer i.e. sports; Queen's University ground staff.

Following is a complete list of results:

- 100 yards—1 Sgt. Barnsby, 2 LAC. Sandy, 3 LAC. Walton. Time 10 seconds.
- 350 Yards—1 ALA. Honeybun, 2 Cpl. Suckling, 3 WO. Rowell. Time 2 mins. 14 sec.
- 220 Yards—1 Sgt. Barnsby, 2 LAC. Sandy, 3 LAC. Wood. Time 24 2-5 sec.
- Cricket Ball—1 Cpl. Greatham, 2 LAC. Bowater, 3 Cpl. Talbot. Distance 248 ft. 10 in.
- High Jump—1 W. O. Rowell, 2 Cpl. Talbot, 3 LAC. Truelove. Height 5 ft. 3 in.
- 1 Mile—1 Cpl. Suckling, 2 LAC. Dockley, 3 Cpl. Talbot. Time 5 min. 33 sec.
- Discus—1 LAC. Truelove, 2 WO. Rowell, 3 Cpl. Johnson. Distance 97 ft. 10 in.



The winning Officers' tug-of-war team coached by Sqd. Ldr. Sloan: G. C. D'Arcy Greig, Lieut. Smith, Sqd. Ldr. Foster, P.O. Paterson, Sqd. Ldr. Grant, Sqd. Ldr. Marshall, P.O. Edwards, P.O. Stephenson.



Mrs. D'Army Greig presents the Squadron Championship Cup to Maintenance.

220 Yards Hurdles—1 LAC. Truelove, 2 Sgt. Barnsby, 3 Flt.-Sgt. Cawson. Time 29 1-5 sec.

Putting the Shot—1 ALA. O'Connor, 2 LAC. Truelove, 3 LAC. Grundy. Distance 40 ft. 86 in.

440 Yards—1 LAC. Sandy, 2 LAC. Land, 3 WO. Rowell. Time 58 sec.

Javelin—1 LAC. Truelove, 2 Cpl. Talbot, 3 ALA. McKenzie. Distance 120 ft. 6 in.

3 Miles—1 ALA. Honeybun, 2 Cpl. Suckling, 3 LAC. Hadrill.

Obstacle Race—1 PO. Ellis, 2 Mr. Moyses; 3 PO. Edwards.

Long Jump—1 Sgt. Barnsby, 2 LAC. Sandy, 3 Flt.-Sgt. Cawson. Distance 19 ft. 1 1/2 in.

Tug-of-War—1 A.T.S., 2 I.T.S. Officers defeated Sergeants.

Inter-Section Relay—1 I.T.S., 2 A.T.S., 3 No. 5 Hangar.

Sports Dance at Grant Hall

On the night of the Sports Meeting a big Sports Dance was held at Queen's University Grant Hall and many thanks are due to the combined efforts of the Station Dance Committee and the Bombed Victims Committee for their work in planning and putting on this event.

Another much appreciated service was the work of the R.A.F. Women's Auxiliary, who went to a lot of trouble in providing some wonderful refreshments.

Prizes won at the Sports Meeting in the afternoon were presented during the evening by Mrs. D'Arcy Greig, wife of the Commanding Officer.

FO. Skegg's Successor

This is the last month that FO. Skegg will serve us as Sports Officer, and we are taking this opportunity, of thanking him for



the work he has done to set up and maintain our sports reputation. In saying farewell we wish him bon voyage, and good luck at his next station.

Commencing in the October issue our new Sports Officer will take care of the sports

for the magazine, and we think this is the right time and place to introduce to you FO. Walker, who has already taken up his duties.

Until his posting to this station took place FO. Walker was at 38 E.F.T.S., Neepawa, Manitoba, where he played up to the final for the station soccer team, which was the Manitoba Service Soccer Championship Team. Apart from this his experience in all branches of sport goes back for many years, during which time he has represented the R.A.F. at boxing, and fencing and whilst at Uxbridge played in the Football Team. He also fenced for the R.A.F. College at Loughborough. During the years 1937-39 he was managing two local boxing clubs, one at Shirley Hall Sidcup, Kent, and the other nearby at Nottingham.

FO. Walker has seen service at several stations in England including Biggin Hill, Hornchurch, and Kidbrooke, and would be pleased to see anybody who remembers him whilst at these stations, or anyone seeking information or advice in any sports subject.

CRICKET

Cpl. Phillipson Stars in Toronto Game

No. 31 S.F.T.S. was well represented in the combined R.A.F. team which played a representative Toronto team on Saturday, August 29th. Lt. Smith, Cpl. Phillipson and Cpl. Greatham all did their share in contributing to the victory of the R.A.F. team.

The next morning's newspaper heading was "Player from Kingston Station Leads Batters and Bowlers." The player was Cpl. Phillipson, who was well known as a Lancashire County bowler before joining the R.A.F. His record for the above game was top scorer with 43 runs, and the best bowling with 6 wickets for 22.

The R.A.F. team scored 126 to the Toronto Selects' 74. Lt. Smith scored 16 and Cpl. Greatham was out for 12.

SOFTBALL

One of the keenest groups of players on the station is the softballers and a week rarely passes without one or two games being played.

Recently several games have been played against the Aluminum Company, with the R.A.F. coming out winners on every occasion. Games have also been played against R.C.A.F. Queen's, but there the story has been different. Our team has never been able to get the upper hand against this group, but every game has been closely fought.

Good news for the softball team is that another City Services League is being promoted by the Y.M.C.A. Downtown.

It's interesting to notice that softball is being taken up by quite a few of the pupils. In addition to the games they have in P.T. periods some of them come in and get the equipment for their own games.

The station team is captained by PO. McCallum and other members who play include PO. Stephenson, Sgt. Scott, Sqdn. Ldr. Grant, Sqdn. Ldr. Marshall, Capt. McCartney, Capt. Gibson, Cpl. Shugart, AC. Clark, PO. Clark, Flt. Lt. Ritchie, Sgt. Hammill and Flt. Lt. Brown.

Station League Under Way Once Again

As the result of a meeting held in the Recreation Hall on Tuesday, Sept. 1st, the following committee, was elected to manage the sport for the coming months: Officer i.e. football, FO. Walker; secretary, Cpl. Johnson; WO. Haywood, LAC. Pickford, Cpl. Machin, LAC. Davis (First XI Captain).

It was decided to form a station league at once and the teams competing were made up as follows:

Hut 20A, Officers and Service Police, Hut 20, Hut 11, Hut 31, Hut 31A, Hut 10 and 10A, Sergeants, Pupils, Hut 13 and 13A, M.T. and Fire Section.

The first match was scheduled for Wednesday, Sept. 9th, and all fixtures, results and league tables will be posted on the notice boards.

LAC. Kendall was appointed trainer for the station XI and Tuesdays and Thursdays will be training periods from 18.30 hours to 19.30 hours.

SOCCER

STELCO CO. vs. 31 S.F.T.S. (Kingston) At McGill Stadium, Montreal

When we visited the McGill Stadium, Montreal, on Saturday, August 29th, to play Stelco (Montreal) in the final of the Red Cross Cup, conditions were ideal and it is unfortunate we have to record a 6-1 defeat in our opening game.

Most of the old players are 'on the boat' so new talent had to be found and several trial games were held, and there is promise of a quite satisfactory team when we get properly organized.

Stelco won the toss and Kingston kicked off into the sun. There were a few swift changes and after five minutes David pulled the Stelco centre down inside the penalty area and Stelco scored from the spot kick. Stelco continued to play lovely football and kept at full pressure until half time, during which Rose, the Stelco centre, counted twice, thus completing his hat trick before half time. Truelove played a very fine game for Kingston and it was only his efforts that kept the score down. Shortly before the interval Monk made a breakaway, lost the ball and regained it again to give Kingston its only score.

During the interval the 100 yards dash was run, and was won by Rose; our entrants, Truelove and Cloke, were third and fifth respectively.

On resuming, one of Truelove's clearances was blocked and the ball rolled to the Stelco centre, who made no mistake about it.

Kingston were really trying but they were up against a smart side who were at the peak of their form.

Stelco's fifth goal came from Sutherland, their inside right, and Rose scored his fifth and Stelco's sixth.

Truelove and Dewall played well for Kingston while Rose and Sutherland were outstanding for the home team.

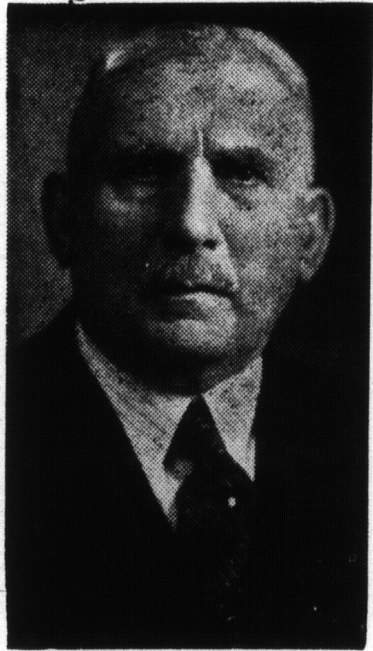
About 800 paid admission and the Red Cross were about \$1,000 to the good.

Teams:

Stelco—Gill, Sammy Davies, Duguid, Sutherland, Cunningham, Nolan, Williams, Melville, Rose, Alan and Charlie Fitz. Subs.: McIntosh, Goldner and Gearey.

Kingston—Truelove, Davies, Morley, Phillips, Stone, Dewall, McDougal, Cloke, Monk, Robertson, Stewart. Subs.: Gillespie, Grundy and Walton.

The game was sponsored by the "Old Guards of Soccer" and in a letter of appreciation received from them the following was included: "Please accept our congratulations for the manner in which the members of the team conducted themselves while here in Montreal, and especially during the playing period, which without exception was played with a spirit worthy of the game . . ."



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Quiz Programs Resumed



By L. A. MOYSE

On Friday night, Sept. 11th, Mr. Herrington resumed the popular Quiz programmes and they will be continued every Friday night throughout the winter, except for the first Friday in each month, when the Sergeant's Dance is held in the Recreation Hall.

Probably there are many new men on the station who haven't seen how the Quiz programme works. If so, we can assure you that it's a good evening's entertainment. Once a month the Quiz takes the form of a Girl's Night, when there is the added attraction of games and dancing.

Keep your Friday nights free, then, and match your wits with the Quiz man. You may win some cigarettes, but you'll certainly get a lot of fun out of it. Don't forget, too, that the ladies are always present to serve refreshments and to do your darning and mending.

"Em-Dee-Threes" Present First Class Show

Everybody agreed that the concert given by this group on Wednesday, August 19th, was really tops in entertainment. It brightens up the Recreation Hall to have a group of such talented and attractive performers, and we'll all be looking forward to their return to the Airport.

Another Talent Night To Be Held

Once more we are out to discover what talent we have in the entertainment field here on the station, and once more all prospective performers will be given the opportunity of selection on a concert party going to Watertown, N.Y. The trip to Watertown is planned for September 19th-20th, so watch the notice board for further announcements.

MOVIES

Coming Attractions

Sept. 15—"In the Navy," with Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, Dick Powell and the Andrews Sisters.

Sept. 17—"Carefree," with Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Ralph Bellamy.

Sept. 22—"Flame of New Orleans," with Marlene Dietrich, Bruce Cabot, Roland Young, Mischa Auer.

Sept. 24—"The Hunchback of Notre Dame," with Charles Laughton, Sir Cedric Hard-

wicke, Maureen O'Hara.

Sept. 29—"La Conga Nights," with Hugh Herbert, Constance Moore, Dennis O'Keefe.

Oct. 1—"Pacific Liner," with Victor McLaglen, Chester Morris, Wendy Barrie and Alan Hale.

Oct. 8—"Topper Takes a Trip," with Roland Young and Constance Bennett.

Oct. 15—"Zenobia," with Oliver Hardy, Billie Burke, Alice Brady, James Ellison.

COMMITTEES MERGE FOR B.V. FUND

At a recent meeting the Bombed Victims and Dance Committees decided to work together on dances for the coming season, so that any proceeds from the Monday night station dances will now be turned over to the Bombed Victims Fund.

Of course, the special B.V.F. dances will continue to be a feature of the winter months and they will be held in addition to the regular station dances.

The new committee wishes to point out for the benefit of newcomers to the station, that when dances are held in the Recreation Hall it is necessary to limit the number of tickets available to airmen to 150. The reason of course, is that if too many tickets are sold the crowd is too large for the dance to be enjoyed. It will be appreciated if airmen co-operate by recognizing the reasons for limiting tickets and do not ask for special favors from members of the committee.

All In A Days Work

"The Girl from Mexico" has not turned up yet and I have a crowd assembled, waiting." Thus the day started. The film we showed the night before had got hung up somewhere between our Rec. Hall and the 'Y' downtown. The finding of The Girl took time. While trying to find her we had a visit from the padre, who refused to say what he should have said about the fellows who scrounged the chairs from the church in order to see The Girl and did not return them. Meanwhile, D.R.O.'s could not wait for any Girl, even one with a train of tragedies, and soccer notices and a final headline about the 'M.D. 3' Concert had to be

(Continued on Next Page)

All in a Days Work (Cont'd.).


rushed to H.Q. Miles of telephone wire and yards of typewriter ribbon had already been burned (not to mention the eye-fulls of publicity exposed in the messes) in order to boost this concert, and now arrangements for food and entertainment for the 'Pretty Girls like Melodies' had to be forcibly squeezed between finding a letter addressed to us for X and finding a farm for airmen who wanted to make hay on days off. In between phone calls and callers we wrote passes for girls for our Monday Dances. Then: "Could I speak to P., the F.A.A. boy with the fair hair and the blue eyes?" the telephone whispers, just before we remember we have forgotten to see about the rope we borrowed for the tug-of-war at the Field Day. "Yes, we are planning a visit to the Aluminum Plant soon." That was the second visitor that morning with an interest in aluminum—reminding us of that letter of thanks which should go to the Nylon Plant for their kindness to our boys. (They even gave us 'cokes' on our second visit!) Crumbs! It's already time for the meeting of 'The Pioneer' committee in No. 3 hangar. Hold everything! Even the 'Y' weekly report which should have been typed days before. Transport for the Concert Party? That's O.K.—we hope. After lunch Mrs. Robertson phones to say that Mrs. Jemmett has asked her to get girls for Friday's Games Night. Future dates are arranged (while inwardly we applaud Mrs. Jemmett, Mrs. Herrington and others for their grand work in bringing such nice girls to our Monday and Friday entertainments). But they are waiting at the Barriefield end of our phone to ask about a softball game here tomorrow. "May I play at tomorrow's softball game?" asks a very English voice. "Sure!" A married airman to soothe, then we tell him he cannot come on the three buses from town which bring the girls to our Monday dances. Re-

minding us that we have not made up the cash for P.S.I. for last Monday's dance. Whew! "Who bought the ice for the dance?" "Yes, we'll see right away about some more writing paper for the reading room." "Shut-tlecocks?" "You want to go to New York? Six of you?" It's easy. "Buffalo? Montreal? Quebec? Anywhere you say." Just time for a bath before the Concert Party arrives. "Yes, thank you. We'll call tomorrow for the lamps for the projector." "No, sorry, we cannot change the price of milk in the canteen." "Boy! we'll be late." The Concert. The Hall packed. Groans! We forgot about transport for the cast from here to the Yacht Club! Cars to the rescue. One-thirty hours and all is well. Another day's 'Y' work done. Tomorrow is another day.

M.O. "You are suffering from indigestion, my boy. Drink a glass of hot water every morning."

Airman: "I've been doing that for months, but the cookhouse call it coffee."

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Sept. 14 - 15 - 16 Edw. G. Robinson in "LARCENCY INC."

—Extra—

"RED ARMY" and Bob Hope in "CALLING ALL TARS"

Sept. 17 - 18 - 19 Betty Grable - Victor Mature - Carole Landis
Laird Cregar in

"I WAKE UP SCREAMING"

—Also—

Roy Rogers - John Wayne - Walter Pidgeau in
"DARK COMMAND"

Sept. 21 - 22 - 23 Joan Fontaine - Laurence Olivier in
in "REBECCA" with George Sanders

—and—

"BOMBAY CLIPPER" with Wm. Gargan

Sept. 24 - 25 - 26 Wallace Beery in "BAD MAN OF BRIMSTONE"

—Plus—

Rita Hayworth in "MUSIC IN MY HEART"



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