

*The*  
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FREE

The logo features the letters 'RAF' in a bold, stylized font, enclosed within a circular border. From the top and bottom of the circle, two sets of wings extend outwards, each with a distinct feathered texture. The entire logo is centered on the page.

**RAF**

**MAGAZINE**

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

**CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER**



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OCTOBER, 1942

NO. 15



LAC. S. W. WOOD  
Editor:

## EDITORIAL

Although the fall weather has been generally fine and enjoyable we have had several indications recently that winter, the first on this side of the Atlantic for many of us, is approaching. Whilst we know that severe weather attended by some discomfort may be expected, many of us are looking forward to the new experience to be enjoyed, such as for instance the prospect of revelling in real winter

sport. Already skates are appearing and we can anticipate more skating hours in a month than would occur in a lifetime in England.

The Station orchestra and choir still need new members and the concert party can make use of your talent. Our latest innovation is the Engineering Society with a programme to interest the technical and non-technical personnel alike. Further information concerning this will be found on Page 22.

During the last four or five months several hundred airmen have left the Station and been replaced by others mostly fresh from England. Many of these, who have become known as the three year men, have not yet made any contact in the town, and will be pleased to read of the scheme to introduce airmen to Kingston people who are willing to entertain them in their homes. For organising these arrangements we have to thank our padres, the Rev. Donald Foster, and Mr. Gilmour, as well as our Y.M.C.A. representative, Mr. Moyse, and also the people of Kingston for their hospitality.

Once again our Station magazine is in need of an Editor as the November issue will be my last. Whilst I have enjoyed the work of producing the magazine and the company of those I have met in connection with it, it is necessary for me to resign as my wife will soon be joining me and "living out" will make it impossible for me to carry on.

*S. W. Wood*

## Would you like a 'Homey' Arranged?

**P**ADRE Donald A. Foster usually writes the material for this page, but for the month of October he has offered me the privilege, subject to the editor's blue pencil, and I'm happy to avail myself of it.

While my appointment on the Station is for part-time duty as Chaplain for Protestant denominations other than the Church of England, both Padre Foster and I are determined that our work will not be bedeviled by any sectarianism. We are working together as colleagues and are trying to present a solid "Christian Front." We consult each other on all major undertakings so far as our work is concerned, and on many minor ones. Ordinarily we alternate in conducting the Sunday evening services at 19.30 hours, and one service is likely to conform to Church of England practice, while the other follows more traditional Free Church customs. But each service is meant for members and adherents of all denominations, and we purposely avoid advertising any service of worship as "Church of England" or "Other Denominations."

What is true of the Sunday evening service of worship is true also of the Sunday morning celebration of Holy Communion at 07.00 hours. It is the Table of the Lord, and is open to members of all Christian Churches. But we have felt that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is such an intimate act of worship that there might be some who would prefer to celebrate the rite in accordance with practices other than that of the Church of England. So, beginning with this month, two evening services of Holy Communion will be held each month after the regular worship service, in addition to the early Sunday morning rites.

For some time your chaplains have felt that one real contribution they could make to your life while you are on the Station would be to arrange more opportunities for you to meet townfolk as guests in their homes. On the side of sheer entertainment we feel that the various war service organizations and, in particular, our own Y.M.C.A., are already doing a thoroughly good job. But we know there are many of you who would appreciate meeting "ordinary" folk around their fireplaces, or at a cup of whatever now passes for tea, in some place other than a military encampment. There are times when you tire of the anonymity bestowed by the uniform and would like to spend a couple of hours with pleasant folks on "civvy street."

Padre Foster and I now have a working arrangement with an enthusiastic committee of Kingston women which is hard at work trying to solve this problem for us. If you

feel the need of an evening in what Canadians would call a "homey" atmosphere, and what you must never refer to as a "homely" one, get in touch with one of us, or with Mr. Moyses, and probably we will be able to arrange it for you. Only remember that acceptance of an invitation on your part involves distinct obligations. Some difficulties in the past have been due to airmen accepting a friendly bid and then disappointing their hosts by failing to turn up.

Your padres are trying to represent the Church of Christ on the Station. They are anxious to "spend and be spent" for the sake of the Lord. Whatever their own efforts and abilities, they will count for little unless you are ready to meet them at least half-way in friendliness and co-operation. They are thankful for the evidence of such Christian virtues already manifest, and are confident that still more will be forthcoming.

S. MacLEAN GILMOUR.

### PADRE'S NOTES

On Sunday, 27th September, our second Harvest Festival took place in the recreation hall. The excellent display of fruit and flowers was collected by the members of the R.A.F. Women's Auxiliary under the direction of Mrs. Stuart. In order to give the necessary publicity to this function invitations to attend were sent to all the wives of the airmen living out of camp. Afterwards the fruit and flowers were divided and sent to sick members in the Station Hospital and the Kingston hospitals, and some were sent to the Children's Orphanage. It will have been noticed that we have a new Altar in the Station Church, and for this we are indebted to no small extent to LAC. Howard and AC. Blackburn, who have done an excellent job of work. The new altar was dedicated at the services on Sunday, 20th September.

#### Holy Communion

To enable those desirous of attending Communion services to do so more easily these services are to be held several times weekly as follows. In addition to the present times you may now attend after the evening service on the first and fourth Sundays of the month, and at 12.00 hours on the third Sunday.

#### Visit of R.A.F. Staff Chaplain

The R.A.F. Staff Chaplain in Canada for Other Denominations hopes to visit this station from October 15th to 19th. He will make an address at the Hangar Service on October 18th and preach in the evening service in the church at 19.00 hours. He will also celebrate Holy Communion at 1.00 hours on the same day.

## What a Life!



Seen from afar he pleased  
her eye,  
At closer quarters . . .  
MY, OH, MY!  
You can avoid his fate,  
my friend.  
You must *perspire*,  
but don't *offend*!

**Bath tonight with LIFEBOUY**  
**FROM HEAD TO TOE**  
**- IT STOPS B.O.**

## Are You On The 'Board'?

Results from the Trade test Boards for re-mustering and re-classification continue to show that the main cause of failure is a weakness in 'basic' and again your attention is drawn to the available facilities for technical education, should you care to make use of them.

To meet the needs of those 'jenning up' for a board The Technical Adjutant has compiled a Basic Notebook, and a number of copies have been printed so that they can be borrowed on application to Maintenance Wing Headquarters. This deals with the subject in the most thorough manner with particular attention to Metal, its properties, heat treatment, corrosion, etc. and after using this book as a primer no difficulty should arise in answering questions in this subject.

The Publications kept in the Technical Library of the Maintenance Wing Headquarters are always available on loan and the range of books there covers a wide range of subjects from Airframes and Engines to Electric Motors Instruments and Armament.

## B.V.F. Receives Big Donations

As a result of the "B.V.F." appeal appearing in the September issue of the "Pioneer," the Committee has pleasure in announcing to the Station and the many willing supporters of the Fund that they have recently received three donations of \$200 each: one from the Officers' Mess, one from the Sergeants' Mess and one from the P.S.I.

The sixth donation of \$1,000 is now winging its way across the Atlantic: the Committee want you to see to it that another \$4,000 reaches the Mother Country before the New Year. Your Unit was the instigator of the various Bombed Victims Funds throughout Canada, and it is up to every man to see that we retain our rightful position as the first and greatest B.V.F. in Canada.

To the many who have and are supporting the various raffles organized by the B.V.F. we say "Thank you." Even though you may not be a lucky winner the first time, there is always another chance, and to those whom fortune may not favor, then you still have the consolation that your "dime" is creating some slight measure of comfort for sufferers from air raid distress at home.

Due to the recent transitional period, a new B.V.F. Committee has been formed, but prior to the registration of this new Committee at Ottawa, it is hoped that some interested airman will volunteer to undertake the duties of a secretary to the Fund.

Dancing News The B.V.F. Dances will open commencing the end of October, and it is hoped that old faces and new will gather for fun and frolic at these ever popular gatherings. Approximately \$100 is deposited with the B.V.F. as a result of each dance, so watch D.R.O.'s and the notice boards for further announcements concerning the opening B.V.F. Grand Dance.

In conclusion it is observed that Cpl. Jenkinson has written to the Lord Mayor of London requesting audited accounts of the National Air Raid Distress Fund, and as soon as these are to hand, they will be reproduced in the "Pioneer" for the benefit of all concerned.

—C. G. J.

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## Sport and Sportsmen in Wartime England

When the war started in Sept. 1939, I was stationed at a balloon centre in London, and had the opportunity of meeting many outstanding sportsmen who had volunteered for active service. Many of these were professional boxers, footballers and track athletes, mostly from the London district, who were already in the Auxiliary Air Force or the Territorial Army, and were mobilised for service. Many of them were selected for training as P.T. instructors.

The first article is about football and footballers:

Well known players from Arsenal, Tottenham, Chelsea, Millwall, Charlton, and many of the well known amateur clubs, were in uniform, and the wartime league games were being played under great difficulties, owing to the players being stationed at Depots far from their home grounds.

My centre was fortunate in many respects owing to its position in London, and the wealth of talent stationed there. The first international I had the pleasure of working with was Ted Drake of England and Arsenal, and naturally his first big effort was to form a Station soccer team. In addition to this, he had so many friends in the sporting world that it was easy to visit the grounds and meet these well known sportsmen, who were providing entertainment for the civilian population, defence workers and factory employees. I realised what a grand type of men these were and what it meant to them to give up their employment at £10 or £12 a week for Service pay and 30s. a week for one match, plus the travelling from Notts or Wiltshire to London for a Saturday game. At my centre our big attraction was the Soccer team, which had a number of stars, including Johnson, Reading, Chaney, Wolves, Pennington, Millwall, Broadley, Kingstonians and many others. We played other units and found that they also had many fine players. Vic Buckingham of Tottenham was in charge at Stanmore and Bob Gregory of Fulham was managing a clever side at Hook. Some of the games were up to League standard, and it was a welcome break from training in drill, P.T. and balloon handling, for the trainees to see these games. I had the good fortune to meet Mr. George Allison, and the Arsenal personalities, like Tom Whittaker, Billy Milne and many other, who were keen to give our lads many opportunities of seeing matches and visiting the grounds at Arsenal and Tottenham.

In this first article on "Sport and Sportsmen in Wartime England," I would like to relate one experience I had with Ted Drake during the early daylight raids on London.

It was a Saturday and Arsenal were playing Fulham at Craven Cottage. At 11 a.m., with no warning, a German aeroplane appeared and dropped bombs on the district. We went to see some friends whose house had been badly hit, and then set out for Fulham. No buses or tramcars were able to make their journeys, and we got a lift to New Cross, then another to Peckham, so far so good. The only driver to offer a lift in the right direction was driving a gravel lorry to Vauxhall, so Ted and I sat on our respirators on the floor of the lorry. When we arrived at Vauxhall Bridge, the driver, who had recognized Ted Drake, told us he would take us all the way. You can imagine the remarks by Les Compton on police duty) and the others, when we arrived "in style" at the ground! The game was started and about half-time the raiders were over again. The referee called the teams off when things got hot, but after a time the crowd got very angry, and wanted the game to go on. After about 20 minutes we went out to see how things were, and the pitch was a mass of people, all trying to kick one ball, even the dogs were "mucking-in." I'm afraid the referee was "shamed" into re-starting the match, and after the pitch was cleared it was played to a finish. The Arsenal team was: G. Marks (R.A.F.), E. Hapgood and L. Scott (R.A.F.), J. Crayston (R.A.F.), B. Joy (R.A.F.), E. Collett (R.A.F.), A. Kirchen (R.A.F.), D. Nelson (Army), E. Drake (R.A.F.), C. Bastin (A.R.P.), D. Compton (Army).

The next article is about the boxers who did, and still are, doing so much for the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund, Lord Mayor's Fund, and many other causes.

R. W.

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## Stop Me If . . .

A fellow went to a mental specialist and when asked what his trouble was said "Oh! I'm not well, they are worrying me terribly." "What are?" asked the specialist. "Well, look at all these dragons on my sleeve." "Alright," said the specialist, "don't brush them off on me."

An Irish woman wrote to her husband, who was on active service, and told him that she couldn't get any help to dig the garden. He wrote back telling her to mind all the guns he'd buried in the garden. The letter was opened by censors and action immediately taken, so his wife wrote and told him that the military had been round and dug up all the garden. His reply was "Put in the spuds."

"How much are your rooms?" enquired a young man of a Kingston landlady. "\$5 up," was the reply. "But I'm a student," he said. "Oh! Then \$5 down," was the reply.

Mother: "Do you know what happens to little girls who tell lies?"

Betty: "Yes, they grow up and tell their little girls they will get curly hair if they eat their spinach!"

"I'd like to have you see my wife," said the husband. "I'm afraid she is suffering with mental trouble. She wants to keep a goat."

"Well, replied the doctor. "That's quite natural, why shouldn't she?"

"She wants to keep it in the house."

"That's alright, why not?"

"But goats smell."

"Well, open the windows."

"What! and let all my pigeons out?"

Erk to another Erk who was just about to get married: "Banns up yet, chum?"

"Yes, I should say so. No smoking, no betting and no drinking!"

An Erk was walking down the street with a cigarette in his mouth when his Commanding Officer passed him. The Erk just smiled and passed on. "What do you mean by not saluting me?" said the C.O. "Well," replied the Erk, "the S.W.O. instructed me not to salute with a cigarette in my mouth."

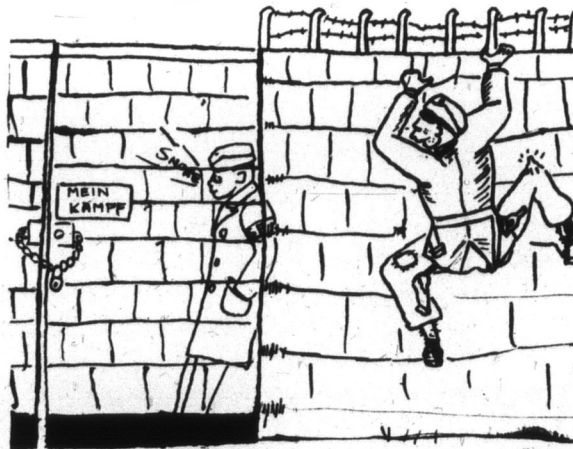
### Dumb Dora Thinks:

A bass-horn is a pint tankard.  
A Naval surgeon is essentially a specialist.

That her father is an archaeologist because he told her the card bearing 'Sphinx 10-1' was the relic of a lost race.

But she was right when she said that a fern was a cryptogamic plant with its sporangia or reproductive organs on the back or margin of its fronds, because she'd seen it in the dictionary.

### Areostration No. 3



"CLIMB"

His partner was on his death bed and had sent for him. "I want to make a confession so that I might die peacefully," the partner said. "I robbed our firm of \$50,000, I sold the blueprints of our secret formula for \$2,500. I stole the letter from your desk that got your wife her divorce and I'm—"

"Don't worry, old chap, I poisoned you!"

## What We Would Like to Know

Did someone pull the strings in the Vichy Section or was it just providence?

What is all this talk about an electric fan?

Surely it is not needed now that the "warm spell" has gone?

Is it true that someone got a mackintosh issued to him from the Main Stores recently?

If a certain Officer liked his trip to New York and did he enjoy his visit to the museum?

Who pinched the Duty Pilot's best tomato?

Which newly promoted Sergeant came back from a prop. course at Montreal completely on his knees?

Did he tell his missus it was a cold and does he want some more (ton)?

Who was the nautical gentleman that stayed out half the night and 'lost' all his money and are we SOPposed to believe it?

Which newly made Corporal failed to answer his name on parade because his name was prefixed by LAC. instead of Corporal?

If the WO. who was going to do so much for Mac. that he drove him to Toronto while it was being done—or was it to OTTAWA(y)?

Did the American Sergeants enjoy their little sojourn with us?

How many buttons, badges, or what have you, were on their tunics when they returned to Watertown?

Which dark handsome (?) Flt. Sgt. acted as Cupid to the point of raising a collec-

tion for his protege to feed candy to the girl friend?

And was the liquor she put away enough to drown all the 'Bugs' in creation?

Will the Flt. Sgt. BEE inconsolable for long because his romance was broken so suddenly by the appearance of the girl friend's husband?

Who really plays the best darts, the Officers or the Sergeants?

And did the Sergeants have a whale of a time in the Officers' mess a few nights ago?

And did the S.W.O. really have a drink there?

Could arrangements be made with the Canadian Government to bring some of the bigger towns nearer to Kingston—Hamilton, for instance?

Isn't it a pity that the snow will hide the new road when (?) it is done?

If instead of going to Jordan he goes to Detroit, will he learn some new American songs for the canteen to replace "The Old Kent Road"?

When a certain Erk's name appears on the boat list, will he jump for joy inSTEAD of singing for joy as he does now?

Won't our Recreation Hall look 'posh' when it is finished?

If the inventors of chewing gum could invent a use for 'Used' gum, salvage operations might solve the problem of where to put gum (used) in the Recreation Hall?

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## More Farm Talk

### CPL. RIDER MARRIED AT ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL—FRANKIE DOWNWARD BEST MAN

**T**HINGS are beginning to happen around the wigwams lately. Saturday, September 26th saw Wally Rider married to charming Miss Phyllis Viner Hemsworth at St. George's Cathedral, Kingston. Frankie Downward, Wally's teammate in the Watch Office, was best man and carried out his duties in his usual capable fashion. Messrs. Walters and Saunders acted as ushers and the following were guests at both the ceremony and the reception which followed: Cpl. C. S. Ryan, LAC's Purcell and Sutton. The wedding was quite a military affair as, although the bride's father, Lieut. Hemsworth, was unable to attend, she was given away by Sgt. Major \_\_\_\_\_, a close friend of the family. The wedding ceremony was conducted by Sqd. Ldr. the Rev. Foster, popular padre of our parent Station. Bridesmaidens were Miss Doris Hemsworth, sister of the bride, and Mrs. E. MacDonald, a friend of the bride.

The bride and her sister will be remembered by many of us as being consistent and brilliant entertainers at our winter concerts, and it is hoped that Wally won't mind sparing his wife occasionally, so that this excellent dance team should not disappear from our midst. The honeymoon is being spent in Montreal. The happy couple were recipients of many beautiful and useful gifts, including a silver coffee service as a memento of the occasion, from friends of the bridegroom at the "Farm."

### JIMMINY CRICKET SEES THE SIGHTS—OUR BIG LITTLE CHEF AMONGST THE SKY SCRAPERS

Like his venturesome namesake, Jimmy Ward, our jolly kitchen craftsman, betook himself to the place of many delights, and thoroughly enjoyed himself therein. New York's first glimpse of Jimmy's rotund figure must have been quite a shock to the average American's impression of the lean and arrogant Englishman typified by the Hollywood scribes. He came back to us recently, with nothing more than a cold and a rather bewildered impression of the immensity of New York, overshadowing even, his own London. We're glad to have him back. Things never seemed quite the same without his jolly features beaming over the tops of the horn rims, which rather give him the appearance of a benevolent monk.

### WE LIKE TO REMEMBER THE FOLLOWING

..... That Cpl. Chubby Elliott is the only bloke we know of who can turn a car round at eighty miles per, without putting the other hand on the steering wheel. That Cpl. Ryan, Cyril to us, promised to stay in so often during the last month, and never accomplished it, that we feel there must be a good reason for his lack of integrity. That although AC. Wilkins, of the Stratham Sideswipers, is always "dog-tired" at commencement of work, he can also be found to have surplus energy when the transport is about to leave for Gananoque. That something must have happened to Jackie Saunders, foreman at the bar, when all we can hear now is a succession of terse sentences describing the doings of the moment viz: "We drink, see; we smoke, see; we eat, see. Wonder who put him up to these brevities? That Spiffington had a VERY happy birthday. I don't think he'll soon forget how old he was this year; neither will the "Slipper," or others. That Wilkie also spends a great deal of time in front of the mirror, squeezing, who knows what? That since his return from leave, our monster W. & B. king, Sgt. Everett, has grown to even more prodigious proportions, turning the old scale right round to 268 lbs of the best, at least that's what certain friends tell us. That Wilkie has gotten a passion for other big things besides feet. Seems to me that noses are in the running now. They even write letters to him about it. That the breach between "The Angel" and his friend seems to be healing rapidly, we hope so; we rather like the combination. Unless, of course, certain items of clothing left at Kingston, sever relations again. But we won't tell Frankie. That Ju Ju seems to be leading a most respectable life lately. We rather wonder when the bubble will burst. And last but not least, we'd all like to go back to school again—with Frankie, Barnum and Bailey, Suddaby.

### ..... AND THE THINGS WE'D RATHER FORGET

The flight wallahs who had to sign seven copies of a form 10" x 8" for articles to the value of five cents. Seems to be carrying the "Paper Saving Campaign" a bit too far. That one Sherwood has become designated as seven dollars Sherwood, due to his predilection for expense forms of travel. The rigger who came into the Stores with a U's tail wheel, remarking that the bloke who

(Continued on Next Page)

## More Form Talk (Cont'd.)

took wheels apart had gone to his dinner. Hope the lads who bomb Germany don't want to put on the nose bag all the time . . . that Pat Patterson, "Danny" O'Donnell, Freddie Boswell and numerous other grand fellows are no longer with us. That various people unknown persist in painting on the sides of our uninstalled gasoline installation such witticisms as "H.M.S. Unsinkable, the Government wants scrap"; and other tasty bits of repartee. . . . That the advent of any more spares will cause us to utilise the canteen for storage space, as our little two by four is beginning to resemble an overflowing granary at harvest time. . . . that Stanley Brading, Molson, O'Keefe, imagines everybody to be full of something or other every pay day . . . . that it is not necessary to confine the expression "dope" to something in cans. Several airmen please note . . . . the expression on a certain cook's face when the ALA. late for dinner as usual, told him in superb Oxford accents, to: "Hurry it up, old thing, I'm flying, don't you know." . . . . That it's time I got ready to go on leave . . . . So long soaks. . . .

SPIKE.

U.T. PILOTS' TEN  
COMMANDMENTS

1. You only jump once.
2. If you stutter, don't count, just pull.
3. Thou shalt not argue with the packer.
4. Fear God and the packer.
5. Pray that the packer also has a mother.
6. Love thy packer.
7. Tip thy packer.
8. Treat thy packer with due respect.
9. Thy packer is thy steady let-down. (you hope).
10. Thou shalt not covet thy packers girl or anything that is hers.

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# Orchestra Shows Improvement

Candid Observations by Spectator

Well, the orchestra did it, even if they didn't sort of whip up Stokowsky. And anyway, two and two still make five even though Alice in Wonderland (of A.P. 1234 fame) would have us believe differently, if you see what I mean.

If there is a Welshman in the congregation will he kindly oblige us with a rendering of "Saspan Fach". Just to keep the spirits up, look 'ew now.

Did you go to the concert? There was the conductor, still looking alternately ferocious and passionately loving. And that mad-eyed, long-haired violinist with his characteristic chewing gum, leading the guts and looking like a veritable maestrow, only the solo he played was a bid sordid for the boys. The orchestra eliminated any doubts on their ability to produce music, and incidentally proved the old adage "Music hath charms to soothe a savage," "To rend a rock and split a cabbage" (From "Midsummer Night's Dream" by Goebbels).

I have made the usual discreet inquiries, and ascertained that the number of Welshmen on this Station is really extraordinary, amongst them being instructors, instrumentalists and equivocators. I wonder whether any of these are affected by the Welsh ghost. At least one of them says "Sospan Fach" with a lusty roar that smacks of sheep-skins and wild mountain calls. 'Tis said that he has been heard singing this sorrowful melody "sotto voice" on nights when the moon is full and little gremlins are about; night-flying is swinging into being and the lake looks like a vast rippled mirror within whose depths are fathomed mysteries and sorrows more profound than the mirror of the Lady of Shallot. Only this mirror does not crack; it combines with the twinkling splashes of lights to give a sense of ethereal distance from the babblings of a world beneath, a

calm supremacy that needs no more than imagination and fantasy.

Having lowered my under-cart, I now encumber you with my little drip. They haven't yet grown any of the afore-suggested cabbages ("Let us talk awhile of cabbages and kings"), and whilst I worry my little head with social reform in a scientific light, may I put forth another ingenious theory designed to exterminate the disease which constantly holds so many in its deathly thrall—I refer, ladies and gentlemen, and others, to our old enemy "Financial Embarrassment."

The telephone company does a rattling good trade at the Canteen, and at any time between 12.00 hours and 13.30 you may see love-sick swains writhing in agony of suspense as they wait for the beautiful Bryce to finish his daily oration in the cubicle. (It usually lasts about 45 minutes).

I'm going to impose a tax on the phone boxes (big follower of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, you see). With the taxes collected we will engage Scotsmen to make national whiskey and sell it at a slightly cheaper rate than the bootleg stuff we sold last time. The Scots will work hard for a small sum, if paid cash on the nail, the Welsh will sing "Sospan Fach" just to keep the spirits up (look 'ew now), and the English, with typical good humor and geniality, will drink the stuff. Pardon my innuendo—that's not an after dinner BELCH, in case anyone has a misappropriated sense of humour.

The profits (we have commissioned a strong man to hold the man who holds the money) will go to the S.P.'s, who will promptly buy cabbage-plants and thus satisfy the artistic cravings of the majority (90% and all that for more beautiful surroundings to that home of generosity and happy fraternity known as the "Gestapo Agency."

Actually, I'm not a social reformer by profession at all. I'm just another menace, on a par with the Yellow Peril, if you see what I mean.

Read our next issue for the revelation of the character of the Yellow Peril. Do not Miss this thrilling instalment.

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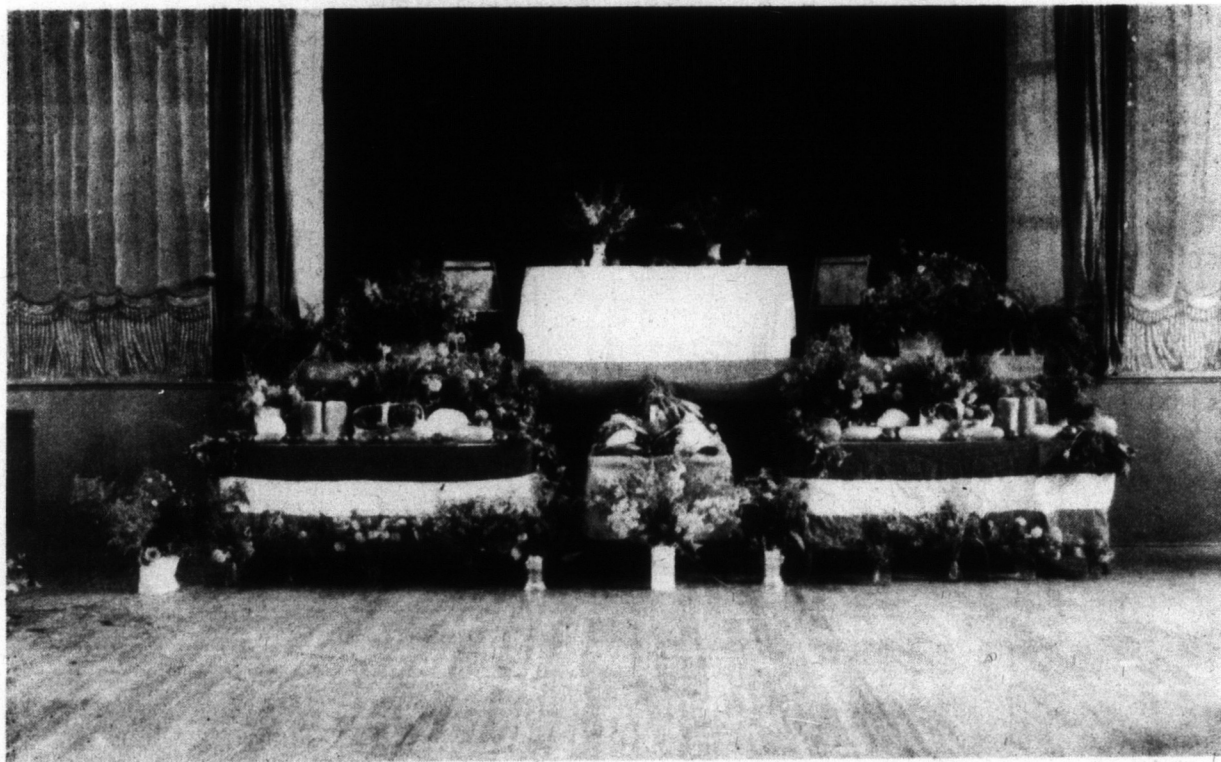
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# Enquiries Unlimited

Answered by  
"THE BRAINLESS TRUST"

Like the waves on the lake shore, still they come flowing in, the enquiries we mean, and our staff of experts continue to toil late into the night to answer them for you. These questions should be taken in the spirit of levity intended, and in any case *The Pioneer* is not a medium of service decisions.

Our first one comes from "Crippled," who last month was so anxious to know what had happened to the "blue lights" promised us by the Welfare Committee. He writes:

Dear Editor— The "Brains Trust" has boomed. In last month's "Pioneer" they stated that the "blue lights" had been sent to Montreal and yet a few days later we found them installed in the billet. What went wrong? Crippled.

The "Trust" has not boomed. The lights were sent to Montreal but they were returned with a polite note to the effect that they were perfectly satisfied with the colour of lights that they had always had and saw no necessity to change them. —Ed.

Dear Editor— What a welcome change! No parades for a whole week. Would it not be possible to have the "kites" started up at 7.30 every morning and cut out parades altogether? Half an hour later in bed each morning would do us all the world of good, particularly after a thick night in Kingston. Anti-parader.

Now you are being selfish. There are

some of us who like rising at 6.30 in the morning and who, in spite of injunctions to the contrary, enjoy our parade though we are careful not to show our appreciation as we have no wish to incur seven days C.C.—Ed.

Dear Editor— The airmen made a good showing at the last Friday evening Quiz, they took all the prizes. What has happened to the matelots? They were nowhere in the running.

Triumphant.

Do not crow too loudly yet. The quiz to which you refer was not a "gals night" and therefore there were no matelots present. We guarantee that at the next quiz, if it happens to be a "mixed" evening, they will be well in the running. —Ed.

Dear Editor— When is the Concert Party going to produce its next show? I thought that they were supposed to give a show every month and it is over a month since their last performance. Have they got cold feet after seeing "Stars Without Garters," and the "Kingstonettes"?

Ardent Fan.

Not only have they got cold feet, they seem to have atrophied altogether. They are to produce a play in the near future, if all goes well, presuming that they will not have to contend with very much competition in that particular sphere of the arts. If more volunteers with talent came forward they would be welcome. —Ed.

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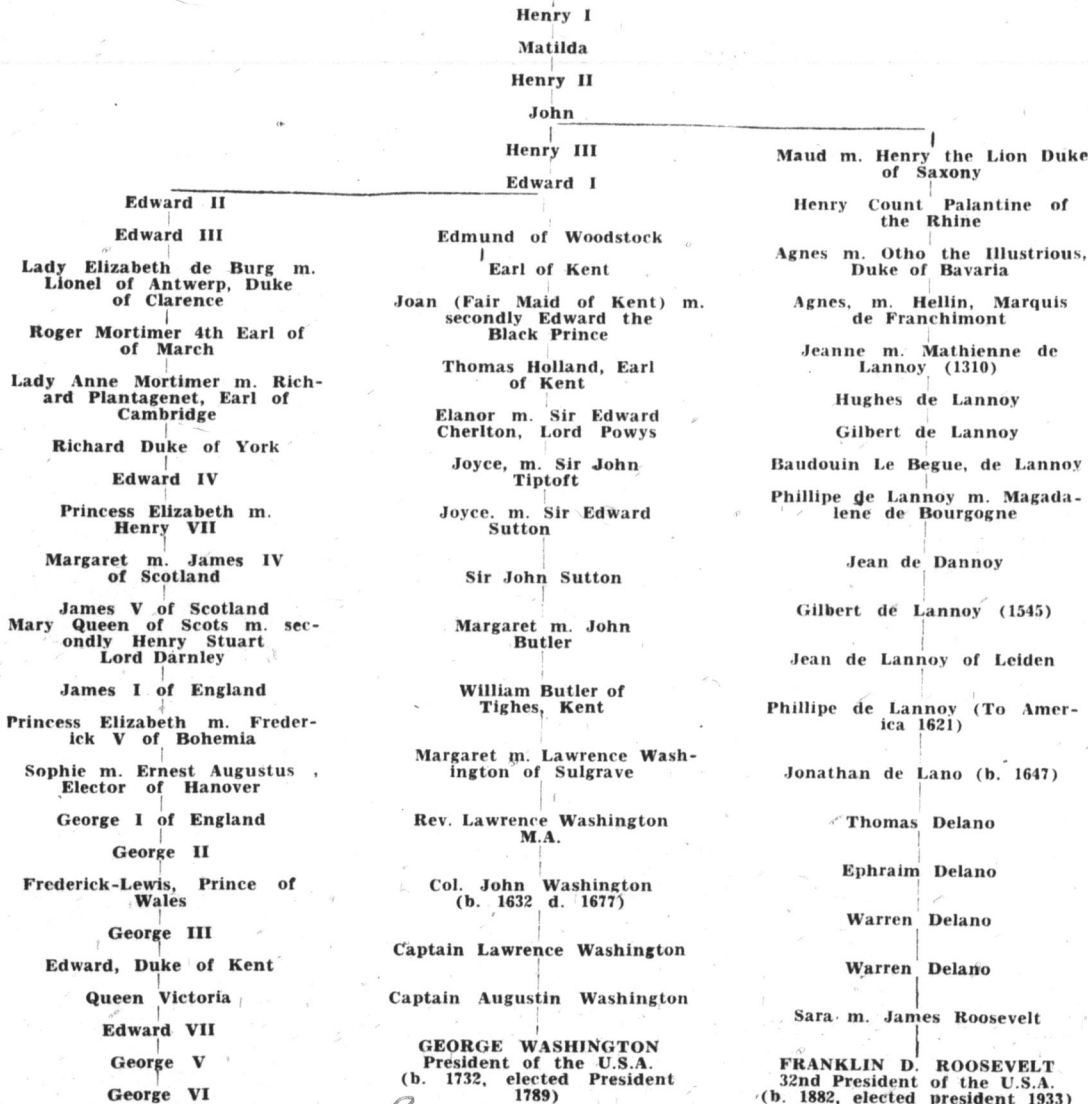
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# BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

By "PILREY"

A study of the geneological trees of George VI of England, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, President of the United States of America and George Washington reveals that they are all direct descendants of William the Conqueror. You may not believe it and so we publish, for your benefit, the geneology of each of them. If you doubt our word you may check the truth of the statement for yourselves.—Ed.

## WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR



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## MALE VOICE CHOIR

The new Choir made its first appearance before a civilian audience on Monday, the 28th of September at Conway near Bath. Our transport took the form of a truck, and although we were sheltered from the wind, we were nearly beaten to death by a flopping tarpaulin, which acted like something alive when the vehicle gathered speed, still it added to the fun. The concert was a great success and we immediately received three invitations to give concerts at neighboring towns, one of the invitations being to Napanee. The solos which were rendered between the Choir numbers cannot be allowed to pass unnoticed. AC. Godley's violin solos caused a hush to fall on the audience which would have made the smallest pin audible had it been dropped, and the same may be said for our Conductor Glyn Lewis, whose viola solo was received with great enthusiasm. I should also like to mention the excellent way in which LAC. French and AC. Alford rendered their vocal solos. After the concert, the Choir was given a fine spread which we all enjoyed. On summing up, we the members of the Choir enjoyed that outing equally as much as the audience, and it gave me great pleasure the following day to hand over to the secretary of the Bombed Victims Fund the sum of five dollars which was presented to us after the show. Not a great amount of money, you may say, but we are hoping to see it grow as the proficiency of the Choir increases, as it undoubtedly is doing.

H.S.

\* \* \*

The vicar's wife had just died and he wanted a few days off so he sent the following message to his Bishop. "Regret to say my wife has just passed away. I should be obliged if you will send me a substitute for a few days."

**T. S. Ramsay**

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## ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE

One of the lads went down to New York for his leave which he spent with a Brooklyn family who were also swing fans; this meant that their language was almost completely unintelligible to him, but after seven days he began to get "hep." On his return he had the job of telling a bedtime story to his youngest before the kid would go to sleep. The story that he told was Cinderella. We happened to be present at the telling and to us it sounded something like this:

"Once upon a time there was a snazzy squab named Cinderella, she's oomphatively a cute cutie and definitely A.1 with the gander getters, but her cruel stepmother chauffeur and dresses her in droop drapes, keeps her on K.P., makes her a mop and pail. She has two cruel stepsisters, a couple of real warthogs from Goonville, they are always giving Cinders the heel and making her their muscle monkey and she certainly gets the runaround from them. A Prince squats in their borough, he's an alligator and one night he tosses a rug-cutting for the local hep-cats; the stepsisters get the nod from Princy, but Cindy is left roosting in the coop. But, Cindy has a fairy god-mother, a wiz with a stick, and she waggles her wonder stick and makes Cindy a screen tester. The wiz woman waggles the candy bar again and remodels a pumpkin into a super-doooper streamlined limousine. Cindy goes to the rassel and is the bang of the ball, but she has to ease at midnight or be turned into a scarecrow. Well, when the cuckoo quacks a dozen she takes a fast powder but loses a slipper and leaves old Princy on the out. Princy ganders the clog, sends out the F.B.I. to find the squab that it fits, the bloodhounds give Cindy the sniff and then send for Princy when they have got her treed. When he sees her he says "Hi-ya, sugar," and she says, "What's cook-in'?" He says, "How's about we rice and ring it?" She says, "But definitely." And she was cooking on gas for ever after."

After the tale the kid still refused to go to sleep; he merely said, "Aw, that's the nerts, tell me a bedtime story about a couple o' big shot gangsters."

G. R.

\* \* \*

A cockney woman in London saw a long queue and immediately tacked herself on behind. "What are they selling?" she asked the person next to her. "Tales of Hoffman," was the reply. "Well," she said, "it'll be a change for supper."

# WE WANTED WINGS

The following was written especially for "The Pioneer" by H. W. Baylis, our late news editor, who is now a u.t. pilot:

**I**T WAS early in July that the three of us—Ginger Hamley and Dick Munro of 5 Hangar and myself, a mere pay clerk—left this haven of rest—for so it now seems in retrospect—for the hectic life of an aircrew course.

We got to Toronto, and we were bundled up to the I.T.S. in company with R.A.F. blokes from schools all over eastern Canada. There were all ranks from Sergeants down, and quite a few G.C.B.'s to boot. At least, we thought, we were not alone.

Came the usual routine of booking in, with the addition that we were issued with the coveted hite flash, which we soon discovered is a device to enable S.P.'s to spot us at long range.

And the next day we started. We were now in a flight of about 40, the bulk of whom were sprog Cannucks, with a frightening passion for drill. It was years since we'd done any—and besides it wasn't that kind of drill. But we had to do it the R.C.A.F. way, "with a stamp-stamp here, and a stamp-stamp there." We've been here eight weeks now and we're never really got used to that.

Then there are the parades. You parade between each lesson, you parade for meals, you parade in the morning, you parade in the evening, you even parade for—no, come to think of it you don't, not yet anyway. And you are inspected on the least provocation. Sometimes without provocation.

Then there is P.T. We thought we were fit when we left Kingston, but P.T. soon banished that idea. It rather shook us at first to have to perform gymnastics in a public park before the gaze of countless children, old men and dogs. The dogs were a nuisance sometimes. But we got used to it. We've got used to a lot in the last eight weeks.

Really tho', the most difficult thing to get used to is the R.C.A.F. way of doing everything. Apart from the drill, there's a different way of laying out your bed, there's that tiepin you have to wear, there's their habit of calling their S.W.O. 'Sergeant-Majer', o' fcalling the billet 'barracks', calling C.C. 'C.B.' saying 'settle down' when they mean 'wrap-up', there's duty watch (that'll shake you) and last but not least there's the C.O.'s parade, when every man-jack on the station parades, and is personally inspected by the C.O.

Of course, being R.A.F. covers a multitude

of sins. You constantly hear "We don't do that in the R.A.F." (The Canadians are getting a leetle tired of this). There is the story of the R.A.F. Sergeant who sailed out the guardroom ('guardhouse' they call it) wearing a non-issue shirt. Asked the S.P. suspiciously, "Is that an issue shirt you're wearing?" "Why, yes," replied the R.A.F. "It's an R.A.F. issue to officers and senior N.C.O.'s." The S.P. let him out.

Then of course we do lessons too. There's Navigation, which is great fun—we've been over Germany dozens of time son imaginary raids—only today we devastated Lubeck; armament—we can do practically anything with a Browning—except fire it; administration—ugh!; aircraft recognition—this is easy for the R.A.F. boys tho' the R.C.A.F. find it tricky at first; meteorology, mathematics and engines—this last is a piece of cake for the fitters and flight mechs; theory of flight, and last, but by no means least, signals. A good tip to those contemplating aircrew courses is to get the Morse code off pat before coming to I.T.S. It'll save you an awful lot of trouble and time that you can devote to other subjects when you do finally get here. For there is plenty of work to do—those who leave their swotting to the last week find that out.

At the end of six weeks you start your final exams on all subjects which takes a week. In the eighth week comes the selection board, when, largely on the basis of your performance in these exams, you are selected for the category of aircrew for which you are most suited, and every possible effort is made while you are here to ensure that you do get the job which you will do best, be it pilot, navigator, observer, bombardier or air gunner.

And tho' I still prefer the R.A.F. to the R.C.A.F. I'd say that you won't get a better initial training course for aircrew than at an I.T.S. of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

H.W.B.

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# MUSIC HATH CHARMMS ? ?

After attending the Sunday evening Music Hour a discussion arose among some of the boys as to the respective merits of "swing" and good music. We cannot say which side won but the convenor of the Music Hour must be given some credit for stimulating two of our number to put their opinions on paper and submit them to "The Pioneer." If you wish to make a further contribution to this argument we shall be pleased to include it in the next month's issue.

(Ed.)

Against my natural inclination I was persuaded to attend one of the Sunday evening classical concerts. I was told it would improve my mind, although I was a little doubtful of this. However, as the hour of 8:30 p.m. approached, and while the majority of you were imbibing your ale in the Canteen or taking out the current 'heart throb' in Kingston, I made my way to the Recreation Hall with the intention, for the first time in my life, of really listening to a programme of classical music.

On arrival at the Recreation Hall I was amazed in a mild sort of way at the number of people present. There must be a larger following of this type of music than I at first thought, or probably a portion of the audience consisted of those sort of people who listen to classical music because it is the proper thing to do.

Unfortunately, on this occasion, the normal amplifier had become smitten with that age-old excuse of wireless announcers and the like, to wit "a technical hitch," and therefore it became necessary to resort to a stand-by amplifier and consequently the purity of tone so normally marked in classical music was lost.

The first piece played, purely as a means of testing the apparatus, was "One Fine Day" from Madame Butterfly by Puccini. This piece of music, I will admit, is usually very pleasant to listen to, or at least would be if it were not usually rendered (to rend—tear or wrench, split or divide—Oxford Dictionary) by sopranos with extremely high pitched voices, who sing in such a manner as to make every word unintelligible, or of course it may be that this piece of music is written in a foreign language.

The second piece, the name of which I have already forgotten, was by Beethoven, and this, as did "One Fine Day," suffered from a certain amount of distortion which probably detracted, to a certain extent, from the enjoyment normally derived by the aforesaid audience from this overture. That is, if it was an overture. On the subject of overtures, I must confess, I am abysmally ignorant.

We then came to the piece de resistance (French for "cat's pyjamas") of the evening, i.e., Beethoven's Eighth Symphony. The most amazing thing about this symphony was its very marked tendency to send one to sleep. I frequently found myself nodding throughout the performance, although I don't think I actually went to sleep. Another peculiarity was the remarkable monotony about the whole thing. I must confess that I was totally unable to distinguish between any one part of it from another, and altogether it seemed to me rather incredible that a person should be able to spend so much time on, and put so much effort into a piece of music and yet make it sound so similar all the way through. I am told that Beethoven only wrote eight symphonies. After hearing this one I am not a bit surprised, as the strain of writing eight symphonies like this (that is, if they were all the same,—the only other one I have heard is the Fifth with its well known "V" for victory commencement) should be quite sufficient for any one man.

Unfortunately, it was impossible to listen to the rest of the advertised programme owing to the fact that the amplifier was unable to put over the remainder. I was rather disappointed at this as probably my present opinions of classical music may have been somewhat revised.

Altogether it seems to me that the beauty and emotional character of this type of music are greatly over-rated, although I agree it may be rather unfair to pass an opinion based on hearing one piece of music, even though it was written by Beethoven. I don't know, maybe I'm wrong.

However, to conclude, in spite of the above, I really think that the Sunday night concert is quite a good idea, and well worth any one's time, who has the ability to listen to and enjoy this sort of thing.

SWING FAN

Before I begin this reply to "Swing Fan's" impressions of Ludwig van Beethoven's Eighth Symphony and Puccini's "Madame Butterfly," I wish to impress upon the readers of this magazine that I am a lover of all kinds and moods of music, and therefore am trying to refrain from writing a biased opinion of this particular facet of harmonious sounds.

It has been said that Classical Music is the Universal Language, and from the basis of all popular classical music, emerges the symphony to reign supreme in its unapproachable throne of public taste. A symphony has also been described as an elaborate orchestral composition of several contrasted but related movements. The idea that a symphony gets monotonous, as stated in "Impressions," is because the beginner has first to understand what a symphony really is. I rather like to think of it as a collection of one varied theme, which is weaved into the background of the music right throughout the piece, but always finds its way to the fore despite the tendency of the orchestrations to overcome the original subject.

Before Swing Fan embarks upon a visit to a concert, I would suggest that first he try to find out what the composer had in mind when he compiled his particular piece of music. As in the case of Beethoven's popular Fifth Symphony, also admitted to be the most sublime noise that ever penetrated the ear of man, the composer was trying to give his impressions of a man that overcame fate which threatened to prevail. If he gets this idea fixed in his mind, he should then proceed and find some corner away from the noisy latecomers, and place two chairs in front of one another, and then relax, placing his feet upon the chair in front. When the music starts he should try to visualize what is happening to the music by following the theme, once he gets hold of it. You will be surprised at the number of moods and characters the theme assumes during its journey.

Another interesting way of listening to this particular kind of music, is to follow the background of the symphony and try to imagine when the theme will appear and disappear. This is recommended to a person

who has heard a particular piece two or three times and wants to find another way of discovering the plot, though it is generally admitted that the more one listens to a symphony the more one wants to hear.

Upon the subject of "Madame Butterfly," I will also class that in the same mood upon which one listens to a symphony. The only difference is that there is a definite story attached to the opera, which after its first performance is generally made known to the unfortunate lovers of operatic music, who had the misfortune of missing the first performance. The newcomer to opera should also try to find out what the story is about rather than to translate the language in which it is being sung. I prefer to listen to the music or the voice of the singer rendering it, rather than to dismember the words of the particular song.

It will also be appreciated that the themes of many classical pieces have been extracted to form the subject of many popular dance tunes of today. I can see no objection to this procedure, because it makes an interesting subject and also it has a tendency to bring to the notice of modern swing fans, that there really is something in Beethoven, Tchaikowsky and many other famous composers. However, the amazing result is that the majority of 'jive jiggers' rather like the theme, and despite the efforts of the classical devotee to bring to their notice that it is an extract from Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," or whatever the case may be, they do not relish the idea of listening to the particular piece in its original form.

However, I am not attacking swing music, because of the reason that I consider the modern music field has many outstanding instrumentalists, who deserve full praise for their rendering of that kind of music, but I do ask for appreciation of the fact that music in classical form really is something worthy of consideration, and if the newcomers to classical concerts take some of the tips outlined above, I assure them that at last their minds may rest in peace, as to the delicate question of the respective merits of 'classical' and 'swing.'

HANK



# News and Views

by

*Geoff. Ray*

"The old order changeth, giving place to new": khaki uniforms are pushed down at the bottom of the old kit bag and packed away out of sight, swimming trunks are no longer left outside to dry, the "Uniform, Blue, Airmen, one for the use of" is taken out of its paper shroud, skates are wiped over and their blades cleaned free from grease—thus does summer end and approaching winter is heralded in. For many of us it will be our first winter in the Dominion, for others the novelty will have worn off and they will be able to show the newcomers how they should ice skate on ski. Winter, in Canada, is not like winter at home, there are no half measures about it at all. When it is cold we'll know about it and though at first we may object to wearing those incredible garments of underwear, known as winter woolies—more like christening robes than anything else that we have seen—we will probably be very glad of them before the winter ends.

Officially, of course, summer, as far as the Service is concerned, does not end until the 30th September and no matter how cold you might think it is, prior to that date, you are wrong. It is not cold at all. All that we can say is that our own imagination must be extremely vivid. But, one person must have had sufficient courage to dare the authorities because on the 28th September, the heat went on, not in the billets of course, but even to have it in some sections of the camp before October must break some record of some kind.

The Welfare Committee, which has done some trojan work even in its very short existence, has proposed that we have a new type of system of heating installed in the billets. We are afraid that however hard the Welfare Committee push the matter they are too late for this, winter. A change in the heating arrangements would be most welcome, as anyone who sleeps near old "Wheez-ianna" will agree, and apart from that the dry heat generated by the Iron-Firemen is

not, we venture to state, conducive to freedom from chestiness and catarh. Still, we suppose that we will have to wait until next winter before there is any improvement.

Our remarks about the "Obstacle Race Equipment" in our last issue of the magazine seem to have been uncalled for. What is going to happen to the brain-child of the Works and Buildings Section? Is it to lie there and rot throughout the winter months only to break into activity when the snows have disappeared? Like our much vaunted Second Front it seems to be a case of wait and see. By the way, we understand that if there are any volunteers wishing to make use of this equipment they can forward their names through their sections in the usual way.

Co-operation amongst the personnel of the camp is sadly lacking. We hear complaints that the magazine is "not as good as it used to be," but for all the destructive criticism that we get there is not one iota of constructive criticism, nor is there an offer of assistance. If the magazine is not to your liking then the remedy is in your own hands. The Concert Party have a difficult time trying to obtain sufficient members to keep the show going, the projected Talent Competition, organized by Mr. Moyse, fell through due to lack of support, (surely there is some talent on the Station), and the Bombed Victims Fund Committee have been pleading for a secretary for months. The general complaint is that it is Headquarters Staff that run everything; that is quite true, but it is only because the remainder of the camp do not show sufficient interest to participate in these activities themselves. If the various social activities on the camp are to continue (and we would hate to see them fade into oblivion), then it is up to the rest of the camp to co-operate. Please, do not let this appeal be in vain, be social and do your share.

# IVY LEA DESERTED

News In Review from S.H.Q.

By **MERCURY**

**T**HE major news item this month would appear to be the recent vitsit of "Albat" Ross and Bert New to New York. From what we are told it would see that Jack Dempsey's Bar is very well known to these two "hoppo," although what the reactions of the other habitués were is not known, except that, although the young lady didn't like English cigarettes, she did like the boys. In the same vein we wonder whether they will say "Hello Ginge" to anyone in an elevator again. And surely the lads' sleeping place for the last night is one of the most peculiar on record, particularly since they say they were sober at the time.

Geoff. Ray hied himself away to Montreal for a week-end, and although nothing much has come to light of this, it would seem that the Mount Royal Hotel is a very pleasant place, particularly when accompanied by a fair English damsel. And what does the management of a certain Toronto hotel think of Geoffrey and his buddy, whose merriment in the dim dark hours before the dawn, appeared to be a trifle too exuberant for said management. Talking of Geoff. Ray, congratulations on those two tapes appearing; may they soon give birth to a third.

The same remark applies to latest arrival, friend Hale, who hails (alright, we know it's a bad pun) from Neepawa in Manitoba. He appears to be hiding his light under the proverbial bushel at the moment, but unless we're very wrong he should be doing something soon to put himself in the news.

It was never quite clear who Ivy Lea was, but whoever this mysterious lady is, she seems to have been forsaken of late by "Willkie" Willcocks and the Bristol Basher, Jackie Coggins. We wonder whether it could be that the last issue hit where it hurts, or whether it is that the mythical Ivy Lea has lost much of her charms. Anyway, at the time of writing, New York, which appears to draw the lads like a magnet, has the great honour of having as its guest the aforesaid "Willkie," whose doings in the great city should make interesting reading next month.

Jackie Coggins and the "Ex Lone Star Ranger," Jack Mills, appear to have been looking over the delights of Montreal and finding them very pleasant, although what they can see of Montreal from an apartment is not altogether clear, and leads us to wonder if it is the town or the inhabitants (two to be exact) which is the current attraction for them.

"Bugsy" is still saving up but now for a

dual purpose. The wedding bells which have been ringing are apparently becoming infectious. An application form, it is rumoured, has been received from Buggy duly countersigned and approved by Flight Sergeant Blackburn, who it is presumed will be best man. This urge to save has now resulted in the accumulation of the enormous sum of minus \$50. At this rate if he is going on leave last April he should be married by about 12 months last March.

The exact whereabouts of the submarine quoted last month appear to be a definite military secret, but wherever it is the Flight must have heard that a sweet running engine is something to be desired and therefore he decided that he could do without sugar in his tea and instead use it to sweeten his engine.

Hank has been keeping himself very quiet of late, and his recent visit to Montreal would appear to have been his only outburst of energy lately, but we are inclined to think that it is only a lull before the storm and he will hit the headlines with a vengeance in the near future. Perhaps the wedding bells alleged to be ringing in our ears has been the reason for the lull in his activities.

Ron Pollard paid a flying visit to Hamilton, seeming to prove once and for all that his "one track mind" is non-existent, the one track we mean, not the mind, although certain indications seem to suggest that Toronto appears likely to have another visit shortly.

"Farmer" Giles, in answer to the query as to where he spends his week-ends, states that if we stayed in camp a bit more at week-ends we might find out, but we are a little sceptical, as the town of Port Hope has been heard to be mentioned.

Mac asks us if we know what his rather stout girl friend does after running up a flight of stairs, and, since we do not, he tells us she takes off her hat and pants.

Select line of . . . .

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# Peter Ross in New York

Across the Footlights by Vic Newrock

Peter Ross on his recent visit to New York was awakened one morning by the hotel maid, who asked him if he would like a cup of coffee and a roll in bed with honey. He was thrown out of the hotel for getting the wrong idea.

1st Sculptor: I can't help but admire your wife's blue eyes.

2nd Sculptor: Yes, I must make a bust of them one day.

Did you hear about the dumb taxi driver who thought that No. 31 S.F.T.S. was an extension of the State Penitentiary?

When a man tells the people that he is Napoleon and they disbelieve him, they put him in a lunatic asylum. On the other hand when a fellow tells the masses he's Napoleon, and they believe him, why he becomes a dictator. It's crazy, but it's true.

1st Officer: "You're not looking too smart today."

2nd Officer: "I know, old boy. My batman is on leave, and the chap I have now doesn't know the first thing about the job."

1st Officer: "I see, a case of 'How green was my valet'."

Heard in Kingston: "Don't look now, Mary, but I have a terrible feeling that we're not being followed."

According to specialists 19 out of every 20 airmen need glasses. The 20th fellow drinks out of the bottle.

At a recent fair in Kingston a girl asked a man who was quite drunk whether he would like to buy some balloons she was selling. He said "Yes hic give me all six of them. The funny thing was that she only had four balloons in her hand. I don't get it, do you?"

Did you hear about the absent minded musician who blew his nose and wiped his piccolo.

New Arrival: "Hallo George, old man, where are you working?"

2nd Newcomer: "I'm working in S.H.Q. And you?"

New Arrival: "I'm loafing too."

It's fun going on a picnic these days, providing you find a shady spot where the grass is green and the girl isn't.

Sergeant: "Do you know that sap of an officer standing over there? He's the meanest egg I have ever seen."

She: "Do you know who I am? I am that officer's daughter."

Sergeant: "Do you know who I am?"

She: "No."

Sergeant: "Thank goodness."

My very good friend AC. Duff tells me that he once refused to tour South Africa in a play. You see, a friend told him that the ostrich eggs weighed anything from two to four pounds.

Officer (on parade): "What the dickens is the idea of putting all the tall men at the back and the short men in front?"

S.W.O.: "Oh, that's our new sergeant. He used to own a fruit shop."

Men are like kerosene lamps. They are not very bright. They often smoke. They are sometimes turned down, and occasionally go out at night.

FOR LADIES ONLY

Out of 10,000 men, 9,999 will turn this magazine upside down to read this item. The other guy will be paralyzed and blind. Caught again, suckers!

## Skating Outfits

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Third Row—Cpl. Oakden, Cpl. Blackburn, Cpl. Simpson, LAC. McIntosh, LAC. Smith, AC. Payne, AC. Bristow, AC. Styles, AC. Bradshaw, LAC. Wilkin, AC. Bagnall.

Second Row— AC. Dickenson, Cpl. Milne, LAC. Fenn, Cpl. Currey, LAC. Dixon, AC. Moore, AC. Bullock, AC. Cope, AC. Buttress, Cpl. Sibley.

First Row—AC. Leitch, AC. Herman, AC. Barton, W.O. Rowe, F. Sgt. Pearson, Sgt. Burgess, LAC. Lamond, AC. Taylor, A.C. Howland.

## Your Glasses have "Gone Modern" too!

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# 'WILKIE' GIVES HIMSELF UP

## 3 ANGER REPORT



On Wednesday, August 19th, our friend, LAC. J. J. Wilkin was married to Miss Eileen Nagle, at the Church of the Good Thief, Portsmouth. The bride was given away by her father, the best man was LAC. Keene and the bridesmaid was Miss Miss B. McQue, and Mrs. Keene was the matron of honour, and the reception took place at the home of the bride's parents. The honeymoon was spent at Niagara Falls. Some small amount of intrigue was necessary to get this photograph as "Wilkie" was inclined to be a bit shy on this subject, but we know that all the boys who have worked with him will wish him and Eileen many long years of happiness.

The other week our fair headed time keeper from Sutton paid a visit to Syracuse and according to all accounts, including the local papers, he was received in a big way. We

all know about the reception he received when he walked into a floor show and we have heard about the eggs lined up as if on parade, for breakfast in the morning, and of the number of times that he went round with that revolving door, but what no one has yet told us is why he was 'shaken' so badly when approached by a friendly and helpful member of the local police.

When young Briss and his 'oppo' Styles vacationed in New York they seemed to have no difficulty in meeting the celebrities. Nothing our friend Briss could say would convince his friends that he was not a Flying Engineer on the Ferry Service. But the story has yet to be told how they came to possess two fur collars taken from ladies' coats. We hope they have not been letting the side down.

On the occasion of the last flight grant young Briss hied himself to Hamilton and called upon a lady friend and borrowed the family motor boat to take her for a trip up river. After a halt for refreshments he found to his disgust that the engine of that boat would not co-operate on any conditions. This is not a matter for any surprise as he is not the first engine fitter to be foxed by one of these small engines, but it must have been vexing to have to row the boat five miles and probably accounts for him taking about a week to recover from the grant.

Several people have been heard asking who claimed the two cents on the milk bottle, but with a Scotsman running the 'swindle' we think these enquiries are unnecessary.

Phantom Fitter



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# Technical and Non-Technical

PERSONNEL

ARE INVITED TO JOIN

THE

R. A. F. KINGSTON

## Engineering Society

An inaugural meeting of the above society was held in the Recreation Hall on Monday, 5th October, attended by nearly sixty people.

The chair was taken by Wing Commander Irens who explained the objects of the society which are the organization of visits to the factories of various manufacturers and the provision of lectures on the camp to be given by special lecturers from outside sources.

After each visit or lecture an ordinary meeting of the society will take place to discuss any points of special interest that should arise.

To cover the cost of stationery and membership cards an entrance fee of 25 cents was decided upon.

President:—Wing Commander Irens.

Secretary:—F/Lt. Rochester.

Committee:—P/O. Ellis.

F/Sgt. Thraves.

Corporal Bradburn.

LAC. Foster.

LAC. Roberts.

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## AUTUMN REVERIE

It was a mild September evening, one of those which stirs the trees to incessant rustling in the woods and the sea to dash itself against the shore as if it had been rudely disturbed from its idle slumbers and was displaying its white teeth in ugly temper. In spite of this the twinkling lights were many and varied. I could hear the merry peal of gay laughter and the clatter of a hundred different voices outside. The show I was witnessing reminded one of the variety shows that are part of the English holiday resort which always dons its finest mantle for the ever curious tourist.

The season was getting late, the dresses of the actresses were fading, the songs which were hits at the outset of the show were melodies of yesterday. The so-called topical jokes were whiskered beyond recognition and even the most casual visitor could see that the orchestra didn't care whether it was playing 'Bach's Prelude in G' or 'Sleepy Lagoon.' The audiences were big every night however and applauded every act. They appealed for more and when they got it could not be satisfied.

The show finished and I could feel my mouth watering for the snack I was to have at the Spa restaurant before retiring for the night. But I could hardly believe my ears when the Y.M.C.A. representative asked us kindly to replace our chairs.

Yes, I had come to a show, the wind was rustling in the woods in the border of the camp, only it was they who were shedding their summer mantle. I could hear the rush of the turbulent waters, but it was the angry Lake Ontario and not the North Sea of which I had so vividly dreamed. I heard the drone of a passing plane which I had mistaken for the siren of an industrious fishing smack. It was that which would waken me in the morning and instead of the cry of a hungry seagull I had hoped for, I knew it would be the harsh and bitter whine of the orderly sergeant to herald the new born day. As for the snack in the Spa Restaurant, I should indeed be fortunate, unless I could sneak down to the cookhouse by evading the eagle eye of the Orderly Officer whether I could get a supper at all.

No my dear reader, the only cure for my broken heart was to resume this dream where it was so abruptly broken off and if

## WHERE MEN ARE MEN

### GESTAPO GLEANINGS

We suspect that quite a few erks heard a remark passed on the bus the other night, made by one of our alleged 'he men' arrivals from the far west, the place where men are men and women are glad of it! He proudly stated that on his station he and his fellow tough guys used to eat a couple of the Gestapo every morning. Personally we think it must be the Vancouver beer!! However, we think they'll find the atmosphere around the Gestapo Headquarters rather subdued; and, we might add, at the moment our accommodation is unlimited.

We think a certain Flt. Sgt. was good and mad the other Saturday evening. He was so upset at having an erk's elbow poked in his ribs in the stampede for the five o'clock bus that he demanded police protection. S'fact! Don't be surprised if you see a policeman dressed as a nursemaid leading the said Flt. Sgt. by the hand and depositing him safely on the bus. Or perhaps we should get the bus to call at the Mess first. What say, you chaps?

Our friends Bob and Butch are certainly getting around lately. We are inclined to think that the fellow who wrote the rude remark on their car must have known something.

You'd be surprised if you knew how often during the evening a female rings up to enquire if Cpl. Smith or LAC. Sourpuss has booked out. We don't mind answering all questions but please chaps, don't all be pilots or air gunners—we might make a slip, you know.

Our colleague the 'Horror' was most upset when he was taken to the Kingston Utility Hospital instead of the General. The M.O. must know more than we give him credit for. The presence of a certain little nurse might have caused things to happen which would have delayed his recovery. His trouble by the way, was appendicitis, and we are glad to state that he has recovered nicely. Pupils, please note.

In closing, let us state for the benefit of misguided erks, that, contrary to their belief, we do not go around looking for trouble. But when they beg and pray for it, why moan when they find it? After all, we don't make the rules.

—SNOOP.

that is God's Will, I shall rest contented.

D. R. J.

The following was written by L.A.C. D. R. Johnson whilst he was waiting at Moncton.

Ed.

# 'DOC' WATSON CLEARED!

## What Cooking in Hot 13A

Our column caused much interest in 13A last month, and we hope to maintain this interest as time goes on. The would be sleuths who think Doc. 'Tradesman' Watson is the author of this section have another think coming. The Editor was heavy with the blue pencil last month; what's he frightened of? There has been a lot of 'jankers' going on around our billet recently and we hope this disastrous state of affairs will soon be cleared up. By the way, what stooge borrowed Useless's 'janker' kit just before 6 o'clock?

There are still some things we all want to know, such as what bait did Morgan the Magnificent use to catch his 1½ inch midget monster rock bass last month, and what was the attraction when AC. Jones went to Toronto on a 24 and returned on his knees? Why do the 'tin room men' call themselves metal workers? It seems that Ol' Joe has been fairly driven to drink lately and feels that hut orderly and trouble are one and the same thing, and so are peace and beer. But we are still puzzled to know why 13A was christened the 'Nuthouse' when the intelligentsia so called, next door, insist on receiving three different stations on their three radios all at the same time. Only one radio in our billet is all we require.

Marriage is in the news these days. LAC. Cowles travelled to Swift Current to get 'hitched', taking best man LAC. Ward with him, who had the avowed intention of 'giving away' the bride, Cowles having been best man at Ward's marriage several months ago. May all their troubles be little ones. We also have to congratulate AC. Hughes on his marriage.

Tubby (High Tension) Goddard's recent display of fireworks makes one wonder who told him that he knows something about electricity.

We think it was very ungrateful of Tilby not to thank his 'oppos for the help they gave him but hope all the same that he found a shelf suitable for his locker.

Our congratulations go to the 'Mighty Morgan', who has discovered a long lost uncle in the U.S.A. It seems that nothing that he can say will convince his uncle that he is not a 'young English flyer'!

We are sorry to part company with Cpl. Thompson, and AC's Shepherd and Morris, who have been posted to the 'camp on an island.' We wish them good luck and success in their new jobs at Picton.

## 'Pioneers' to Elect New King of 'Duff Gen'

Last month's issue brought many comments from authoritative critics regarding our war-effort. If these so called critics put their suggestions into practice instead of ceaseless arguments, something could be done to save the wear of the brooms. We all know that cleanliness is next to Godliness, but we realize as well that there is a war on. A Cpl. now has been detailed to maintain cleanliness discipline, soon one will be detailed to report to the cook house to stuff the turkeys.

My first report for the month comes from a recent arrival from England, not a very popular one I must say. Still a very old but true saying is "A new broom sweeps clean" (i.e., result of hangar floor). We have heard he is a great comedian; well, if he can flannel his way on the stage as he does in the hangar the shows should continue.

Congratulations to Cpl. Dresser and LAC. Russel on their recent marriages. Wedding bells should soon be ringing for Cpl. Williams. Congratulations Bill on your recent engagement to Miss Marie Gannon, an American beauty from Cleveland. What next will a man do under the alcoholic influence?

Cpl. Joe Jarvis is the name received on an anonymous postcard marked Kingston. (Beware the suspected mutinous gang, he is after your blood.) The card I must say is very appropriate regarding Joe.

The rapid promotion Cpl., a victim of last month's issue, is out for revenge, his tapes are now weighing heavy, and if he catches the 'rival' a week's W.C. fatigue awaits him. Little does he realise that he will never receive vindication.

Too bad, Fletcher, you did not take last month's report more to heart, but remember your attitude will not last for ever.

The greatest problem in the hangar this month is who can the remaining 'pioneers' waiting for the boat elect, to be King of Duff Gen, now all the fat men have returned home. At the moment evens are on Cpl. McMillan with Cpl. Coates a good second.

This, gentlemen, winds up yet another addition from your 'Rival' with a word of warning to those who suspect Cpl. Russel as being me. They are not only wrong but are making themselves easy victims.

RIVAL

# Answers Awaited

By Scandalmonger

Who was the dope with the face like the back of a bus, who sat reading a magazine, during the recent concert given by the "Kingstonettes"? If you want to read, there's a Station Library. Or didn't you know?

Is that a permanent deformity that Corporal Dolan has, or does he walk with his head on one side to stop his hat from falling off?

FLASH . . . . There were only a dozen or so lads who witnessed the fight to a finish between the two fire section merchants, AC's Johnston and Greengrass. It appears that G. called J. a . . . . Anyway J. had no birth papers to prove it so a scrap was arranged. Greengrass looked very tough when he was stripped, but alas he gave up in the second round, must to the disappointment of the spectators. Good for you, Johnston.

Are the boys here losing their will power? AC. Lloyd goes to New York for seven days leave, but he gets no further than Syracuse, where he spent the week. AC. McGregor heads for Syracuse and winds up in Watertown. What goes on?

Who's Two Ton Tessie from Portsmouth, and why is Cpl. "Paddy" Fox scared to bring her up to the Station dances?

What would AC. Duff do if they stopped paying two cents on the empty bottles at the canteen? And after all the hours he has patiently spent waiting for someone to leave a bottle lying about.

Stars in the making. Batman Tommy Smith, who is Paddy Brown's protege. These two keep the boys entertained for hours on end, at the canteen, trying to make themselves heard above the noise.

Bouquets this month to the eight members of the Male Voice Choir who turned up for the recent Sunday Night Concert, and a good show it was too. Incidentally, where were the other 14 or so members of the Choir?

Another fellow who deserves bouquets but never gets them is AC. Douglas, our "Rec" electrician and stage decorator. He puts in many hours "overtime" for dances and concert parties. Here's thank you, Doug. Keep up the good work!

A request for Stores gen this month can be met, for all the staff feel pleased with themselves, and work runs smoothly again. The genial smiles of the staff, in our usually bright Section, have once more returned, and we have even issued raincoats and winter wear.

There is a general complaint by the store-bashers that promotion seems to be NIL on this side of the world, although one old timer can now run the Clothing Group with a little more confidence in himself. There is one thing they should be proud of, however, and it is that being in "A" Group is compensation financially. No one seems able to answer the question as to WHY this concession???

Stores have lost quite a number of the staff in repatriation to the U.K. We hear rumors of Taffy Ray having spent a leave in Wales; of the Emperor (Frank Kenyon) enjoying his "second honeymoon" in Morecombe, and of Hazel and Trundle getting "brassed off" waiting at Halifax!!

A congratulatory letter is expected from the Treasury, "D.A.P.S." which share a part of the credit in the cost of an electric fan for the Accounts Section, and rat poison for the Equipment Section would have proved an additional burden on the already soaring War Budget. The Equipment Section's theme song for the past few weeks—"Praise God from whom all blessings flow"!!!!

QUERIES:

Was H. H. pleased when he met all her family on the same night? Why was a certain senior Warrant Officer so friendly with our late Pierre—was it because he is a (Plumb-er)? Can it be logically explained why we are called "The Vichy Section"???

—OFFICE.

"We Aim to Please"

*A. R. Timothy*

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TABLE TENNIS

# GLASGOW MEN DECENT CHAPS

By Surface Wind

Of late, the Met. Office does not seem the same; with Albert departed, our "ace" fore-caster on a course at Toronto, and Public Binder No. 1 at Gananoque, the place has assumed a fresh complexion. The relative calm of the last few weeks, following as it did the rousing farewell party was rather like the ashcart after the Lord Mayor's Show. The celebration was the outstanding event of the month, and although our most expert beer drinker managed to miss it (no names mentioned—we don't like casting reflections on Glasgow men, they are such decent chaps), as far as can be remembered, a good time was enjoyed by all present. Two of the party on getting out of bed and walking downstairs the next morning found that much to their surprise they were in the "Frontenac" whereas the room they had booked the previous afternoon was in the "B.A."

We would very much like to know if one of our airman assistants enjoyed his leave at St. Catharines, and if congratulations will soon be in order? He has been reluctant to discuss matters up to the time of going to press, but this silence might be an effort to confuse the enemy, in accord with the best traditions of modern warfare.

Horace has become a regular customer at the "Y" pool in town; he says he prefers washing in a "King-size" bath than in the showers at the camp.

Wee Jock says he wouldn't miss a Saturday night in town for all the milk in Canada; his Saturday night usually includes the first half dozen hours of Sunday morning.

He still won't tell us the address of the boot-leggers he supports.

The civilian staff might well be called "Capitalists" these days, Ottawa and Wash-ington having been visited. However, New York still has its attractions, even for an Air Ministry Meteorologist Grade I; Taffy plans going to the big city too, probably attracted by the prospect of free drinks.

The civilian staff seem to be more apt at making friends with the ladies than the uni-formed personnel of late. Is it because of their charming personality, superior intelli-gence, or their larger payroll at the end of the month?

J.H.A. obviously thought it was worth the train fare to Ottawa to see a certain young lady for a few hours. Incidentally, this same individual always develops a thirst when passing the "Hub" in town, especially when the female staff are on duty.

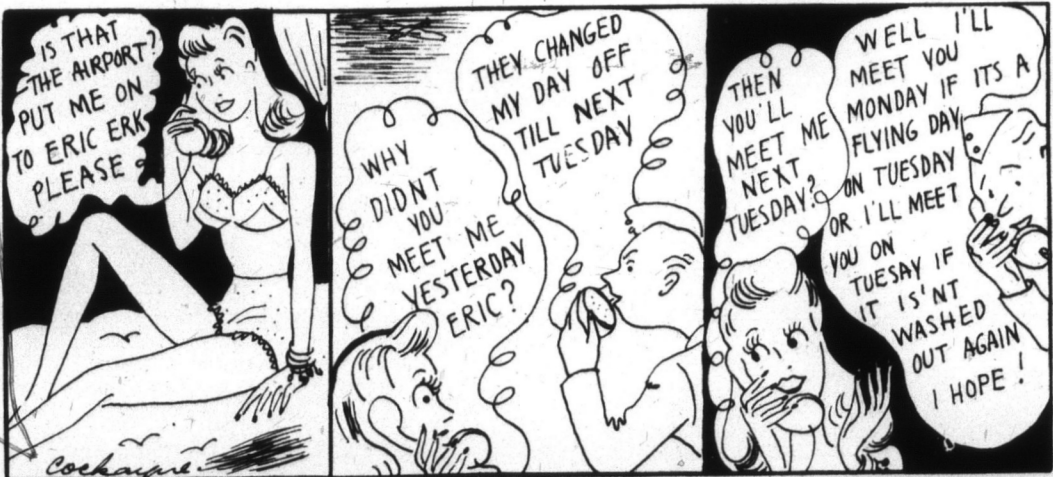
One would have thought that a weather forecaster would have picked a better day than he did for changing the wheel of his car; still, the experience gained might be to his advantage. Anyway, he will know what rain is in future, and will not drive with one over the traditional eight . . . or was it the other driver's fault again?

Thus we include another "Page" in the history of the Met. Office, which, by the way, seems to become more like a home for air-crew eliminees every day; still, they are not all illiterate.

(What's your opinion against thousands of other, Surface Wind?—Ed.)

## 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?



# SPORT

FO. R. WALKER Sports Editor

## Grand Display at Command Championships

### Kingston Wins Three Titles at Toronto

Our athletics team put up a magnificent display at Toronto on Saturday, September 19th. They were competing in the No. 1 Command Championships at the University Stadium, and in a field of approximately 500 athletes, Army, Navy and R.A.F., they were outstanding. In the qualifying heats which were run off in the morning, our team astonished the onlookers with wins in 100 yards, 220 yards, 440 yards, hurdles and the 440 yards relay. The afternoon program started with a march past of athletes, and the Kingston team were No. 1 of the R.A.F. stations in the parade. The first event was the final of the 120 yards hurdles, which was won by LAC. J. Truelove in splendid style in the fast time of 15.5 seconds. The next track event was the 440 yards which again fell to Kingston; the crowd were thrilled by a splendid run by LAC. Sandy, whose style pleased everyone, and it was a great moment to have a Kingston athlete again on the No. 1 rostrum to receive his prize. Our next success was in the 880 yards when ALA. Smith ran away from the other finalists to win this event in 2:05 mins. So far Kingston had scored a hat trick in the three track events decided.

We looked forward to the 440 yards relay but found the opposing teams very keen to beat us. LAC. Sandy was baulked and "shut in" on the first bend, and the yards lost were impossible to make up, despite a fine last "leg" by Sgt. Barnsby, and we were third in this event. Sgt. Barnsby was prominent in the 100 yards and 220 yards, being placed second in each event.

The Inter-services Relay race was the last track event of the day, and the R.A.F. team was LAC. Sandy, Sgt. Barnsby, LAC. Truelove and LAC. Archer of Mountain View. Much of the credit for our success is due to the efforts of WO. Rowell, and the team trainer, Cpl. Suckling, who worked as hard as any member of the team, in the dressing

room and on the track. By the time this news is published Sgt. Barnsby should be on his way to England, and his efforts as our star sprinter will be missed, but among the recent arrivals there are a number of athletes who should be outstanding in future competitions.

### SOCCER

The Station League matches are being played off, both pitches being used on four or five days each week. Hut 20A (last season's champions) are still playing good football and look like winners already. On Saturday, September 26th, our Station XI played D.D.M.D. 3 C.A.A., Lansdowne Park, from Ottawa, and after a rather hectic match Kingston won by 3 goals to 2. Our team played clever football all through and the attacking movements were quite dangerous, but the Army goalkeeper was in good form. Kingston scored first through Cpl. Stone, who finished off a good movement started by LAC. Taylor, who played a great game at left half.

The visitors equalised by a good goal scored by Pte. Cairns, who ran through to beat the Kingston defence, and the interval score was Kingston 1, C.A.A. 1. The second half started off with a lot of good football by Kingston, but we got a setback when Pte. Cairns again ran through to score a good goal. The visitors were relying on breakaways and the speed of their centre forward. The result was in doubt until ten minutes from time when LAC. Gillespie scored a goal from a pass from the left wing. LAC. Cloke, who had moved to outside left, scored the winning goal with a splendid shot just inside the far post. Result:—R.A.F., Kingston, 3, (Cpl. Stone, Gillespie, Cloke)—D.D.M.D. 3, C.A.A., Ottawa 2 (Cairns 2).

R.A.F., Picton, have been receiving a lot of publicity recently. Their soccer team has

Continued on Next Page

**Sport (Cont'd.)**

many outstanding personalities, and they defeated Ulster 30 at Picton recently. It is hoped that Kingston will be the first Service team to beat them.

**RUGGER**

Several trials have been played at the Stadium and the R.M.C. ground, and it is obvious that the Rugger side will be very strong. Several matches are arranged; the first is at Picton on Saturday, 3rd October, followed by a return match on 7th October. The team is fortunate in having Wing Cmdr. Irens, Sqdn. Ldr. Marshall and Flt. Lt. Holloway available, and a good number of Fleet Air Arm personnel. It is regretted that ALA. Dewar, the Scottish International, is not playing this season owing to an old injury.

**BOXING**

It is hoped that enough entries will be made to enable the Boxing Section to stage a novices tournament in November. Names should be handed in to FO. Walker at the Sports Office or to Sgt. Bonney.

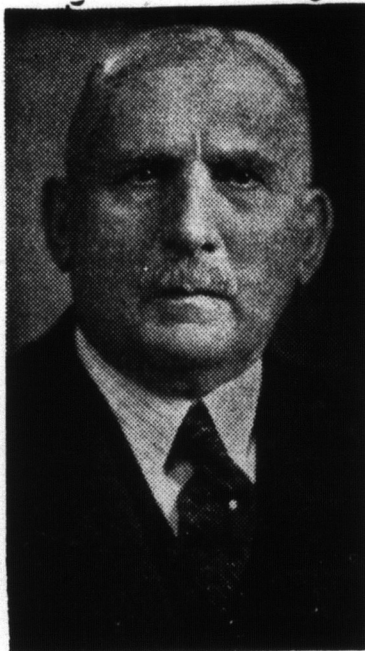
**BADMINTON AND TABLE TENNIS**

Plenty of equipment is available for these two sports, we are very fortunate to have a supply of badminton birds and rackets for many months to come. Tournaments will be staged in the Recreation Hall on Wednesday evenings. Notices will be posted on the notice boards, and in D.R.O.s.

A professor and farmer were travelling together on a long train journey. To pass the time, the professor suggested they should ask each other riddles and if the other couldn't answer he should pay \$1. The farmer said that it wouldn't be fair as the professor was more educated than he so it was agreed that the professor paid \$1 and the farmer 50c, the latter to ask the first riddle. "Right," said the farmer. "What is it that has two legs and three wings?" "You've got me there, here's your \$1," said the professor. "Well, here's your 50c," replied the farmer. "Because I don't know the answer myself!"

"Nature is a wonderful thing," said the priest to Pat Murphy. "If a man loses an eye, the other is strengthened to make up for it or if a man loses his hearing in one ear, the other becomes more sensitive."

"Begorra, Sor," said Pat. "Is that whoi a man who has a short leg, has the other one longer?"



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# American Army Artists Great Show



## "Stars Without Garters"

Recently the Watertown, N.Y., radio was advertising the "Stars Without Garters" show at \$1.00 a seat. Our opinion is that it was cheap at such a price, for everyone who saw this talented group from Pine Camp when they performed at the Airport on Sept. 13th, went away declaring it was really tops in entertainment.

Of course, our own concert party members were just a wee bit envious of the conditions that made possible the production of such a show. The American soldier artists were all professionals, and devoted their time exclusively to entertainment. No wonder their show was so snappy and full of stage tricks.

## Station Concert Party

One thing the Pine Camp show did do was to make our own producers all the more keen to stage future productions of higher quality. To do this they need all the talent that is available on the station, so that anyone who has had experience in the entertainment field is urged to get in touch with PO. Ellis at Maintenance Wing H.Q. or myself at the Y.M.C.A. office.

## "Even Stephen"

At the present time an enthusiastic group is busy rehearsing for the presentation of "Even Stephen," which is quite an hilarious three-act comedy. The ladies' parts are being played by Miss Evelyn Cairns and Misses Jean and "Lovey" Soutter. Watch for further announcements about the date of this production; we can assure you that some first-class acting and a good evening's entertainment will be given.

## "Kingstonettes"

Many thanks to Miss Lois Baker and her well-known Kingstonettes who gave a concert here on Sept. 9th. We enjoyed it all — the group singing, the dancing of Miss Evelyn McDonald and the Hemsworth Sisters, Danny Arnold's wisecracks, the artistry of Miss Bea' MacFarland, Miss Betty Pipe and Miss Margaret Davis' violin selections.

The Kingstonettes will provide the feminine charm of the concert party going from this station to Pine Camp on Sept. 17th.

## Comforts

The cold snap at the end of September came as a sharp reminder of the bitter winter weather ahead. Luckily for us, there are people who realise the value of extra woollen articles, and through the untiring efforts of our own R.A.F. Women's Auxiliary and on a large scale, the help of the Canadian Red Cross and Bundles for Britain Inc. a good stock of woollen comforts is on hand. At present there is a shortage of socks and pullovers, but more will be available shortly. Comforts are distributed daily from 15.00 to 16.00 hours by AC. Marlowe at the Station Library.

## Visit to Aluminum Co.

Approximately 50 men were fortunate enough to be shown over the Aluminum plant recently and we are grateful to Mr. Northey, the Works Manager, who realises how interested we are in seeing how this valuable aircraft material is produced.

These trips to places of interest are proving quite popular and very shortly we hope to include such places as the Radio Station and Telephone Exchange.

## Movies

Have you noticed the new movie screen in the Recreation Hall? It certainly has improved the shows tremendously and the P.S.I. Committee can consider the money for its purchase well spent. Another big improvement has been the addition of 150 much needed chairs.

## Dances

A group of hard-working airmen who rarely get recognition for what they do, is the Station Dance Committee. It takes a lot of work behind the scenes to get things in shape for the dance, and to clean up afterwards; because of this the committee asks for the co-operation of all airmen wishing to attend the dances.

Unfortunately the number of tickets has to be limited to 150, and when once this number has been sold it is useless telling a hard-luck story, for the committee members simply cannot make any exceptions.

## Table Tennis Section

Last winter the Station Table Tennis Team thoroughly disported themselves amongst the pick of players in the surrounding districts, and played matches against the R.C.O.C., R.C.C.S., R.C.A.F., Red Triangle Club and the R.A.F., Picton.

Only once was the station team beaten; a defeat at the hands of the runners-up in the Ontario championships was far from disgrace. This year the first team are once again practising regularly, and it is hoped that they will represent the Station in the Ontario championships to be held in Toronto later in the year.

Many new players are required; to those who haven't a great deal of experience an invitation is extended to come along and understudy more experienced players, whilst to those who can play, an earnest request is made for them to appear against members of the Team and thus form a second or even third Table Tennis Team on the camp.

It is the intention of interested Kingston and District players to form a league in and around the city, and we naturally want to enter at least one good representative team. Please contact either FO. Walker, our new sports officer, or Corporal Jennison, who will give you all the necessary details.

### COMING MOVIES

- Oct. 15—"Zenobia," with Oliver Hardy, Billie Burke, Alice Brady, James Ellison and Jean Parker.
- Oct. 20—"Keep 'Em Flying," with Bud Abbott and Lou Costello and Martha Raye.
- Oct. 22—"Love Affair," with Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer.
- Oct. 27—"Penny Serenade," with Irene Dunne and Cary Grant.
- Oct. 29—"Top Hat," with Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Edward Horton and Eric Blore.
- Nov. 3—"Invisible Woman," with Virginia Bruce and John Barrymore.
- Nov. 5—"Let's Make Music," with Bob Crosby's Orchestra, Elizabeth Risdon and Jean Rogers.
- Nov. 10—"Flying Cadets," with Wm. Gargan, P. Moran and Edmund Lowe.
- Nov. 12—"I'm Still Alive," with Kent Taylor and Linda Hayes.
- Nov. 17—"Sailors Three," with Tommy Trinder, Claude Hulbert and Michael Wilding.

Efforts have been made to obtain a second projector so as to be able to show a continuous film. It is hoped that one may be obtained in the near future, which with the new screen will make the cinema show really first class.

### Coming Events

Bill May, the hard-working leader of the "Sky Riders," has promised to put on another band show in the near future. Many of us have pleasant recollections of the last band show under Cpl. Amos, and if Cpl. May's efforts are as successful we can be sure of a grand show.

The Station choir often gives concerts in nearby towns and I think it would be a good idea if they put on their complete concert in the Recreation Hall one night. "Taffy" Lewis now has a good group of singers, and perhaps by the time this goes to press we will have arranged a definite date for a Station choir concert.

## News Service for English Newspapers

By special arrangement with the Air Ministry, London and the English newspapers, both National and local, a service has been arranged for you to supply the people at home with your activities and views of your various journeys around Canada and the U.S.A.

A Press Correspondent has been appointed and will be in the Station Administrative Office, Station Headquarters every Tuesday and Thursday evening between 1800 and 2000 hours to receive your news, photographs and articles.

This is your chance to let your people back home know of your activities, the English people are interested in the R.A.F. in Canada and realize you are doing a big job.

The Press Correspondent, Corporal E. Bradburn was connected with Fleet Street, London, before the war and will help you in the writing of your news or article.

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Oct. 15 - 16 - 17

EDW. G. ROBINSON in "BLACKMAIL"

Also - Zane Grey's "RANGLE RIVER" - Adventure in Australia

Oct. 19 - 20 - 21

"HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY" starring WALTER PIDGEON

and MAUREEN O'HARA with DONALD CRISP Plus "FIESTA,"  
in Technicolor with Anne Ayars, Armida and George Givot.

Oct. 22 - 23 - 24

HUMPHREY BOGART in "WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT"  
and - Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy in "BLOCK-HEADS"

Oct. 26 - 27 - 28

GEORGE RAFT - "EACH DAWN I DIE" - JAMES CAGNEY  
Also - Fred MacMurray in "HONEYMOON IN BALI" with  
Madeleine Carroll.

Oct. 29 - 30 - 31

"TWO YANKS IN TRINIDAD" starring PAT O'BRIEN  
Plus BOB HOPE in "THANKS FOR THE MEMORY"



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