

NOVEMBER, 1942

The
PIIONEER

PRICE 10c



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



Nº 1136

THE PIONEER

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Newcomer to Canada

OUR NEW C.O. TAKES OVER

WE welcome Group Captain F. C. Le Poer Trench, our new Commanding Officer, to the Station. We have been extremely lucky with C.O.'s, those in the past having been the type we would have wished for ourselves.

From what little we have seen of the new C.O. our luck seems to be holding out. He appears to be taking great interest in us, going around and finding everything out for himself first hand, asking questions and listening attentively to complaints or difficulties and personally suggesting remedies. He has a charming personality as many of us have discovered.

He came from a Unit on the east coast of England which he had been commanding for the last eighteen months. This Unit consisted of some 7,000 men, mostly on Initial Training. His service

goes back to the old R.F.C. in 1916 in the last war when he served with 23 Squadron, flying Spad Scouts, later into the R.A.F. and without break up to the present time, including service in India and Egypt.

The Group Captain is married and has three children, the eldest close on sixteen. As the children are at school he does not propose to bring them out here and his wife will remain to look after them.

Most "regulars" will remember him from Halton days. The C.O. expressed pleasure at seeing so many old friends on the Station from 11 Squadron in India. Flight Sergeant Causon went to India with the G.C. and was his Air Gunner out there.

He thinks Canada is magnificent and agrees that it is all it is cracked up to be by the very many Canadians he has come in contact with during his service.

The record flying times put up by this Unit last month brought praise from our new C.O. and he stated he was proud to be with us. Let us keep up the good work and give our Commanding Officer reason to remain proud of the Unit under his command!

J.T.



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Vol. 2.

NOVEMBER, 1942

NO. 16

EDITORIAL



LAC. S. W. WOOD
Editor:

A decision has been made by the authorities which forbids local Station Magazines to accept advertising matter after December 1st, and we are therefore faced with financial difficulty for the first time since August 1941. Without advertisements we CAN continue to produce "The Pioneer" ONLY if we have A HUNDRED PER CENT support of our personnel.

The Committee has decided that in order to stimulate our sales each copy of "The Pioneer" will be numbered, and the sum of \$5 awarded to the purchaser of the copy bearing the lucky number. The draw for the prize winning copy will take place at the Friday night "Quiz" held in the Recreation Hall on Friday, November 20th, Mr. Had. Herrington officiating. The prize winning copy will be one of those sold to the personnel of the camp ONLY and subscribers, advertisers and the "Pioneer" staffs' copies will not be included.

By this means it is hoped that the sales of the "Pioneer" will cover the cost of production (no small amount), and your co-operation is essential if the "Pioneer" is to continue. Buy many copies, you have numerous friends who would like to read the magazine, particularly our friends across the border. We are doing our share—it is now up to you.

Commencing with the December issue Corporal Johnson will be the Editor of the "Pioneer." An introduction to "Johnny" is unnecessary as the success of the magazine during the past year has been largely due to his efforts as Advertising Manager.

We hope that you will give the new Editor your wholehearted co-operation by submitting your contributions for publication as early as possible and in any case not later than the last day of the month. Also, if you have any suggestions for the improvement of the magazine or wish to make constructive criticism he will be pleased to see you any day at the Recreation Hall.

In handing over the custody of the Station Magazine to Corporal Johnson we are confident that he will repeat the success as Editor which he achieved as Advertising Manager, and that the future of the "Pioneer" is assured.

S. W. Wood

Engineering Society's Debut

The Engineering Society recently formed on this Unit has been a great success. In the first three days of its formation, 176 members were enrolled, and the P.S.I. very kindly came forward with a substantial financial grant to start the Society on its way.

The Committee hopes to be able to provide a lecture and a visit alternately each week, and in this way provide interesting functions for the members. It must be realised, however, that many reasons prevent the inclusion of all applicants for visits. Among these are the obvious ones of Service requirements and the limit of accommodation available at the various works. A roster is kept by the Secretary of all members on each visit, and future visits will be made up of members who were unable to get in on previous ones. This will give a rotation of members and all will have equal chances of participating in the visits.

With regard to lectures, the motto is "the more the merrier." It is hoped that the maximum number of members will turn up at the lectures, which will be given by persons from outside sources if available, and by any member who considers that he can give a lecture of technical interest.

It is stressed that all members of the Society have equal rights of opinion, proposition and discussion, and they may exercise these rights at the proper times during meet-

ings. Also, all personnel, technical or non-technical, may join the Society.

So far, the Society has had one lecture by Group Captain W. M. Keddie, R.A.F., on "Considerations in Aircraft Design." This took place in the G.I.S. Block on the 20th October. The lecture was very interesting, and no doubt many of the members present realised that there was a lot more to an aircraft than doing a D.I.! The Society extends its sincere thanks to Group Captain Keddie for making a special journey for our opening lecture.

The first visit was on 28th October when two parties of 20 members each visited the Canadian Locomotive Works in Kingston. All of those participating agreed that the visit was definitely an "eye-opener" and the only regret was that more time could not be spent there.

At the time of going to press, the two next functions will be:

(1) Lecture by Major Elliott, A.R.O.C., "Tank Recovery and Repair in the Field," on Wednesday, 4th November.

(2) Visit to the Kingston Shipbuilding Co., Ltd., on Thursday, 12th November.

Remember that the Engineering Society is YOUR society and the more interest that can be aroused among our members the more enlightening the discussions.

S.H.R.

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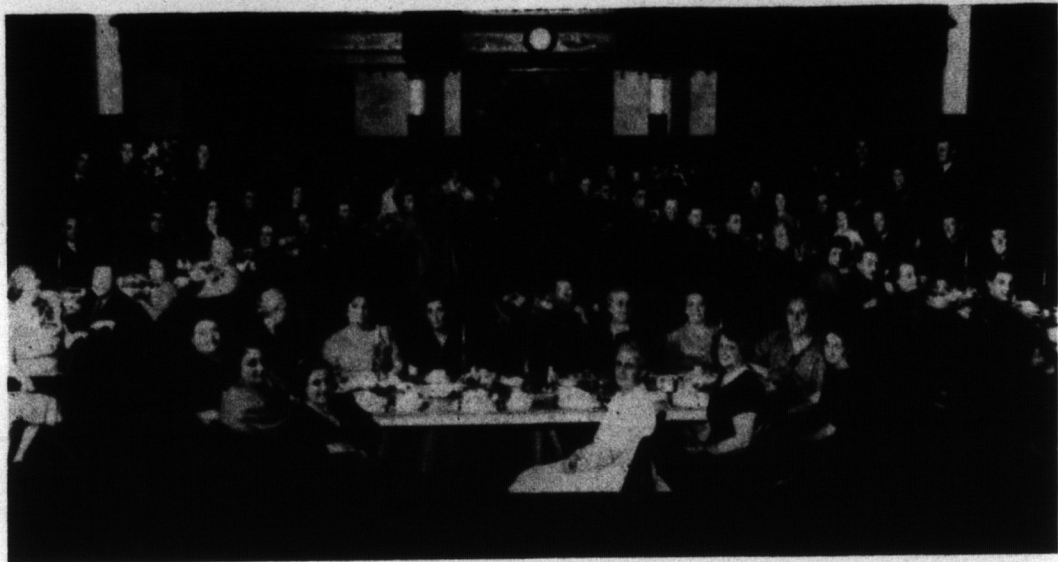
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The Station Concert Party, Male Voice Choir and Orchestra at the Dinner provided by the Mothers of America Association after the Pine Camp Visit.

On the morning of October 17th several worried looking people were gathered in the Y.M.C.A. office. They had a concert party all arranged to go to Watertown, but the only trouble was that the station bus had broken down the night before and another one couldn't be chartered in Kingston for love or money—hence the worried expressions.

Fortunately the situation was saved by the Admin. Officer, who called M.D. 3 H.Q. and secured an army bus. So, right on schedule, approximately 27 airmen, comprising the Male Voice Choir and concert performers set off for town where they called for the girls of the Kingstonettes, and were soon merrily rolling along towards the territory of Uncle Sam.

Those Americans really treated us royally, and we even forgave them the sign of welcome which read "Welcome Canadians"! On Saturday night the U.S.O. Service Mothers' Club started the ball rolling with a "bang-up" supper, after which everyone made a bee-line for the shops that sold nylon stockings, lingerie, cigarettes, etc. Then came the concert at the Washington Street U.S.O., where both our boys and the Kingstonettes drew loud applause. It was interesting to note how much the singing of both groups was appreciated, and our Choir made a definite hit, as did, of course, the Kingstonettes.

But that wasn't all, for the night was still a pup. We all piled into the bus and tumbled out again at the Stone Street U.S.O. where a dance was in progress. Then, for 30 minutes the ladies drew round after round of applause from the crowd, which stopped dancing to hear them sing. Next, it was time

to eat again, and the U.S.O. provided a huge buffet supper that disappeared in record time. Once more we boarded the bus, this time bound for Pine Camp where we were guests at the Officers' Club for dancing and refreshments. Finally, at about 3 a.m. we tumbled into bed at the Guest House, tired but happy, and still full of pep.

Sunday was spent sleeping in; breakfast at 11 a.m., lunch again at 12:30 p.m., then a look around Pine Camp, and finally the afternoon show at 3 p.m. in the Service Club.

This afternoon show was a great success; the producers made some changes in the sequence of items and the whole performance went like clockwork. The crowd of soldiers gave us a great reception.

The week-end finished with a party and dinner given in our honor by the O.C. of the camp, and once more the visitors enjoyed some wonderful hospitality. Now, all we want to know is when we'll go back again.

Those taking part included 17 members of the Choir, under the direction of AC. Lewis; Pilot Officers Ellis and Edwards, Flt. Sgt. Thraves, Cpl. Ray, AC's Newrock and Godley and Miss Evelyn Cairns. Sgt. Lovell and LAC. Howard took care of the electrical equipment and stage properties.

Many thanks are due to Miss Lois Baker and the Kingstonettes; they proved excellent company and contributed in no small measure to the success of the week-end.

Altogether it was a marvellous trip and we urge anyone interested in concert party work to hand in his name so that he may be included in the next trip.

—L. A. M.

What We Would Like to Know

If a certain Flight Sergeant is going to throw a party for the C.W.A.F.?

Was the rain coming down in "Torrence" during the night of the Ice Skating mishap?

Does a certain senior Instructor know it costs up to \$2,600 to change a mainplane?

And was his face red?

If a certain PO. is so proud of his hair that he never uses his hat?

Which Sergeant is known as "Benevolent Bill of Milwaukeee?"

Did the two senior officers enjoy their little sojourn in Halifax?

Who reported that they were taxiing the Walrus up from East through the main highways?

Which Sergeant Pilot said "The bigger the flames the better I like it"?

When the camp was invaded by the civilian population, which guide was telling all the "Sweet young things" he did his spins "This way, you know"?

Is it true that an injury to your leg gets you promotion to WO.?

The name of the Flight Sergeant who waved away the orderly when donating his blood recently, stating that he once gave a camel a transfusion?

When a certain AC1. really will sit a re-classification board?

If the WO. and his subordinate were shaken on a recent Trade Test Board?

How the experienced Flight Sergeant really managed to get Pine Camp on his trip East?

And did the Wing Commander enjoy his

first American visit through that brilliant piece of navigation?

When the WO. and Flight Sergeants combination are going to buck up at darts?

If it is true that a certain disciplinary Corporal, when it comes to the test, doesn't like discipline?

How a certain airman gets out of a 10 o'clock date when he makes a "pert" new date for 8 o'clock the same evening.

And whether he was surprised when he found the attitude of the 10 o'clock date a trifle Arctic the next day.

Who was the airman, employed in the Cookhouse, who borrowed someone else's uniform to wear at the camp dance? Was it to make his own slim shoulders look more like those of Gene Tunney?

Has his visit to the U.S.A. cured "Arfer" Jordan of his "Old Kent Road" complex, and is "Jiving" and "Jitterbugging" his new relaxation?

Why the Sergeants Mess, on Sunday evening, usually has its full complement of personnel? Could it be because the "B.A." is closed?

What did the airman think, who on going to the Sick Quarters for a couple of aspirin for a colleague, was detained due to the fact that he had a temperature?

Who was the Sergeant who was discovered by a Wing Commander giving an F.F.I. to his staff in the Section?

Who is the airman who meets every enquiry with the cry, "Call back again in a fortnight."

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 The goat and sheep at 20 die
 And never taste of "Scotch" and "Rye,"
 The cows drink water by the ton,
 And at 18 are mostly done,
 The dog at 15 cashes in
 Without the aid of rum or gin,
 The cat in milk and water soaks
 And then in 12 short years it croaks,
 The modest, sober, bone dry hen,
 Lays eggs for nogs, then dies at ten;
 All animals are strictly dry
 They sinless live and quickly die;
 But sinful, ginful, rum-soaked men,
 Survive for three score years and ten.

The barber had just finished shaving his customer and just whisked the towel away when the sirens sounded. Almost at once the gunfire began and the shop shook.

"Glad you had not got the razor round me when they started banging off like that," the customer remarked.

"Oh, it's quite all right, sir. You'd be surprised how we finish off a shave in an air raid. Everything's all right so long as you and the customer jump the same way."

Film Director: — Don't forget now, you look around, discover that someone is chasing you, and then dive off this 200 foot cliff.

Stunt Man: But there's only two feet of water at the bottom.

Director: Certainly. Do you think we want you to drown?

Gatekeeper (to the manager): "The umpire for today's game is at the gate with two friends. Shall I pass them in?"

Manager (gasping): "An umpire with two friends? Sure!"

Mrs. Modern (calling to husband): "Will you bring down my bag, dear?"

Husband: "Well I don't know the difference between your hat and your handbag. Which is which."

Mrs. Modern: The one without any money in it, is my hat, darling."

Dumb Dora Thinks:

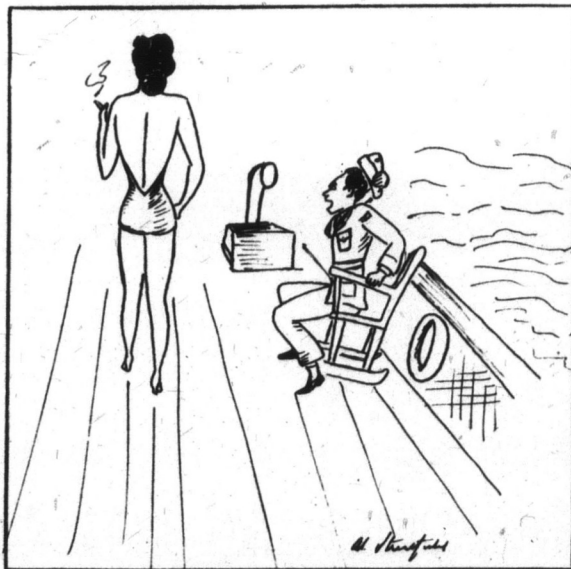
That eight bells are girl friends of the Navy!

That a Xyster is a Nazi nurse!

That Zootaxy is a camel or elephant!

But she was definitely right when she said that **NOTHING MATTERS NOW BUT VICTORY.**

Areostratation No. 4



"CRUISING"

"Mister," said the ragged man, "will you give me a loaf of bread for my wife and little one?"

The stranger looked at him kindly: "I won't take advantage of your destitution. Keep your wife and children. I don't want them."

* *

Said the Cowboy: "My pardner and I are taking a trip through the desert next week. He's taking along a gallon of whiskey for rattlesnake bites."

"And what are you taking?"

"Two rattlesnakes."

Grim Unbends

The greatest event this month is unquestionably the departure of 'Dicky' for the U.K. A pall of gloom hangs over Accounts Equip., and a certain corporal was heard to remark that the days seemed awfully long now that he had nobody to laugh at! Opinions of our departed AC2. seemed to differ considerably, but personally we enjoyed his caustic comments and keen sense of humor, and wish him all the best.

There have been low mutterings all over the section lately. The reason?—absence of mail from home. Cyril, in particular, was very perturbed, and was talking darkly of cabling home to see if everything was alright; but he's quite happy now, having received three letters at once! He will now be able to concentrate on his favorite indoor sport of baiting Copp, who, however, usually manages to get his own back with interest.

Grim unbent to a remarkable degree the other day, when, without any provocation, he addressed our newly promoted (or should we say 'reclassified?') LAC. as 'Jock.' What has Jock done to deserve this familiarity? Incidentally, we offer our heartiest congratulations to the said Jock, but we also wonder whether he will know what to do with the increase in pay.

Gray's face was a study when he drew for the first week-end duty, but we think that he showed great cunning when he decided that the rest of the staff should follow him in rank order. What would have happened if somebody else had drawn that unlucky piece of paper? We have a very shrewd idea!

It is authoritatively denied:

That Casanova has nothing more to do with the weaker sex;

That Copp is buying a \$500 Victory Bond on the instalment plan;

That Cyril stayed in camp one night this month;

And that Nobby's tray is empty at last!

—A. in U.

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Counts, Dukes & Barons

What's Cooking in 13A?

Our tale this month is of tragic loss. Our brethren, the so-called cooks, have had some of their number posted. Lofty Coker, Ward and Cowles of Swift Current fame, Grey and Davies. The remainder actually have to work for their living at last, which is perhaps a good thing. As for our friend the "Duke", he lost his friend months ago. Which brings us to the question, What is the Duke expecting? Could it be a baby?

Our apologies to Baron Hynes and Tubby Goddard, who were described as Hughes and Tilby respectively in last month's Pioneer. Either the Editor is shortsighted or my writing is lousy. (The latter is correct.—Ed.) Brother Hynes has, we fear, now to be entitled Baron Hynes. We already have one Count in the billet, to wit, Count Schiano, and two counts in one billet is two too many.

Talking of American tours, we hear that our local Colossus, Tubby Preus, may his shadow never grow less, removed his service cap in one of New York's Museums, whereupon three separate groups of people approached him to ask the way to various exhibits. What on earth was he doing in a museum? We could understand it if he said Zoo. Comrade "Doc." Watson has also been to New York, inspecting the low life section, we believe, which brings us to ask, who wanted to know, "When is the Junior Flight Sergeant coming back?"

We hear that our old and rusty comrades, Head Executor and Chief Meat Torturer, Wellbelove and his apprentice Dutch Joe, to whom the word sausage is an abomination, have to take turns on the ration waggon these days. Long and loud will be their moans as they leave their sheltered existence in "the Morgue" and have to venture in the cold, cold world every other day. Having put about the rumor that he was posted home, changing it to Swift Current and later to Moose Jaw, Brother "Duke" Hedges has been pronounced "the biggest liar in the Nut-house." On hearing this, Duke threw several severe, fake, heart attacks and after lying on his bed sobbing violently for some hours, he proceeded to town where he spent some \$40 or his \$100 monthly allowance (?) on a life of revelry, so he claims. What a boy! He once told us that he was dropped on his head when a child, which may account for it all.

—SMOKEY.

Padre's Chat

I HAVE already referred to two excellent pieces of furniture made in Station workshops—the font and the altar. This month there is a third, for Pilot Officer Ellis has made a fine looking and most serviceable prayer-desk, and this has now found its way into our little sanctuary. Sometime, we hope to have a new church; but material is obtained much more slowly, and labour is scarce, so we must remain content with our present one for the time being. Come along and use it; come and crowd it out; then we shall put in a special plea for more room. We always have an evening service on Sundays at 19.30 hours, and you are always welcome. And don't forget the short service in No. 5 Hangar at 09.45 hours each Sunday.

Holy Communion

A new altar cloth has been worked for us and presented by Miss Burns of Kingston, and we are very grateful for this lovely gift which was dedicated at the 07.00 hours Holy Communion on Nov. 8th. We have purchased some new communion linen, and beautiful red and white burses and veils have been bought from the Sisters of St. John in Toronto who made them specially for us. Those of you who have been confirmed in the Church of England, or who are communicant members of some other church, come along to your Communions more regularly. There is Holy Communion each Sunday at 07.00 hours; also on the first and third Sundays of the month after the evening service, and on the second Sunday of the month at 12.00 hours.

Staff Chaplain

We were pleased to welcome Wing Commander the Rev. W. J. Rossie Brown, R.A.F., Staff Chaplain, when he visited the Station for a few days recently. He gave us messages on the Sunday which will long be remembered by those who heard them.

Confirmation

On October 30th, two pupils of No. 60 Course, ALA. Robins and ALA. Rollins, were confirmed by the Rt. Rev. J. Lyons, D.D., Bishop of Ontario, in St. George's Cathedral, Kingston. If you would like to prepare for confirmation come and talk to me about it.

The Fellowship

This is a meeting for any who like to come, and is held on Wednesdays in my office. The time has now been changed to 19.30 hours. It is a time when we can make any arrangements concerning the future, such as servers and sidemen for the next Sunday; we also try to have a talk followed by discussion. Recently we have had as subjects "The Inspiration of the Bible" and "The Power of Prayer."

Station Library

Additions are frequently made to the Library, and we always welcome any suggestions as to new books. The Library is open from 12.00 hours to 13.30 hours each weekday, and is for the use of everyone on the Station, officers and men. And when you are fined because you return your book late, don't grumble—this is our main source of income for the purchase of books.

Blood Donors

Arrangements have been made for the Kingston Blood Donors Clinic to transfer itself to Station Sick Quarters on alternate Thursday mornings. I wonder whether we realise the crying need for this service? YOUR donation of blood may be the means of saving the life of a bombed victim in your own town in Great Britain. So don't let's hear any more talk of people wanting the day off before they are prepared to volunteer. We require hundreds more names on our Station. Give in your name at once, without the selfish thought of what you're going to get out of it in time off. Your blood is needed—surely that is sufficient. Your Section N.C.O. will tell you the time at which you are to report at Sick Quarters and you will be let off a few minutes early so that you can get a wash on your way. Afterwards, you will normally have the rest of the morning off, and report for duty in the usual way after dinner. Occasionally, though I don't think often, the blood donation may so affect a man that he has to have the rest of the day off. I can assure you that if this honestly, genuinely happens in your case, and you let your Section N.C.O. know, you will be able to have time off after dinner. At the moment I cannot make any specific suggestions as to the best arrangements for those in No. 4 (Servicing) Squadron, as modifications of the present shift system may be made. In any case, in whatever section you work, give in your name if you have not already done so. It's good to put the odd cent, nickel or dime into the bottle or box for Bombed Victims; it's even more urgent that we give our blood to save their lives. Give in your name as follows—Servicing Squadron (I.T.S.) Flt. Sgt. Thompson, No. 1 Hangar; Servicing Squadron (A.T.S.), Flt. Sgt. Causon, No. 4 Hangar; Maintenance Wing, Workshops, Motor Transport and Link Trainer, Flt. Sgt. Thraves, No. 5 Hangar; Station Headquarters and all other sections, Flt. Sgt. Blackburn, S.H.Q.

Plan for Hospital Care

Those of you who are married and whose wife is on this side of the Atlantic, would

Continued on Next Page

Idiosyncrasies and Eating Habits of the Common Erk

ON looking over the servery one can but wonder at the habits of the common erk when eating. It is almost inconceivable that so many varieties of habit should pertain to *Homo Sapiens*. At a casual glance it is obvious that eaters fall into three main categories.

The Nibbler, who eats only with his front teeth and resembles a somewhat grotesque rabbit or squirrel.

The Champer or Back Teeth Chewer, who seems to look upon food as so much hay.

And the **Normal or Ordinary Eater**.

These are, of course, sub-divided. First, an obscure order of Erk, whose teeth tend to slip when swallowing and who suffers when consuming figs or raspberry jam. However, purely physical characteristics due chiefly to peculiarities of mouth construction are the cause of this.

The mental divisions are far more numerous.

We notice, for a start, the **Meat Eater**, who scorns vegetables of any kind, barring potatoes, and requires meat in large quantities. "Plenty of meat and no carrots, chum!" is the call peculiar to this kind. He may also be classed as the **Hearty Eater** or even, on occasion, as the **Uncouth Eater**. He requires plenty of food four or five times a day, with three or four helpings at every meal if possible, and plenty of beer in the Canteen in the evening. His eating habits include a desire to share his food with his neighbors and in order to facilitate the accomplishment of this desire, he scatters bread, butter, jam and as much liquid refreshments as possible on the table he eats upon, so that friends and enemies may stick their elbows in the mess when taking their ease at the conclusion of the meal, while the cigars and nuts are being handed round. In the billets he has a propensity for throwing orange peel on the floor, indulging in hearty horse play and making as much noise as possible until well after lights out. If he can get three stations at once on the radio he is in his element and for sport he occupies himself in a rough form of boxing, football and darts.

Next on our list is his opposite number.—**The Vegetarian**, usually a fussy eater and sometimes quite an epicure. The Vegetarian requires small portions and is unusually sensitive to irregularities in his fodder. He is,

of course, a nibbler and unlike the Meat Eater has been known to say "Please" and "Thank you" when asking for nourishment. He spends most of his spare moments in the other compartment of the Canteen to that of the Meat Eater, consuming large quantities of fruit and soft drinks. He is capable of noticing a worm's footprint on the edge of his plate, while a beetle, caterpillar or nicely developed earwig in his cabbage is a catastrophe which only the Orderly Officer can settle. He is quiet in the billet, spending his time in slipping on the orange peel thrown down by the Hearty Eater and suffering in silence. At night he snores with a shrill squeal after each snore and during the day he is conscientious and a trifle furtive and is an ardent chess, draught or halma player, when he has the time to indulge in these intelligent pastimes.

We will not touch on the habits of the **Shoveller, Hungry or Dirty Eaters**, as their habits when eating, sleeping or hunting in town are too vulgar for ordinary laymen to be expected to appreciate. We will mention in passing that this class of Erk is even more uncouth than the **Uncouth Eater**, and his usual call is "Gimme some of that, I'm hungry!" He has never, under any circumstances, been known to have acquired manners.

This leaves us with the Ordinary or Normal Eater, who is so ordinary that he nearly escapes the observer's notice. He takes whatever is provided for him in a manner that implies complete lack of interest, he is indistinguishable in a crowd and negative of habit. He takes boiled beef, tripe, haggis or chop suey as if all tasted exactly the same and after quietly finishing his meal he slinks out of the Mess Hall leaving his irons to be collected by a swearing Dining Hall wallah. In the billet he is only to be noticed by reason of the fact that he has pinched all the best places and when at rest one feels that instead of just sleeping he has died for the night, so quiet and unnoticeable is his form.

This covers almost all the varieties of Common or Garden Erk, and now to come to three specialised species of Erk, two of which have risen from the ranks and a third which can hardly be classed as an Erk at all, yet which resembles him to a marked degree.

(To Be Continued Next Month)

More Farm Talk

PERSONNEL REPRESENT R.A.F. IN MASS VICTORY PARADE AT BROCKVILLE. STATION SHELLS OUT \$2700 FOR VICTORY. SOCCER TEAM OUT FOR BLOOD.

This month's news is rather heavy with official successes. Saturday, 31st October, saw a complement of some thirty men, led by F.O. Matthews, in the grand Victory Parade held at Brockville in aid of the Dominion's Third Victory Loan. Though unable to be present on this auspicious occasion, I have been given to understand that our part in the parade was carried out with a smartness and efficiency which did great credit to all those who took part, even drawing effusive compliments from high army officials, whose own personnel specialise in such activities.

Further official recognition of our outpost is forthcoming from the recently noted figures of the Victory Bond subscription on this Sub Station. As I write, and this is some time before the date of publication, the total stands at over the 2700 dollar mark, an excellent figure for a Station of this size, and one which we have no doubt will exceed the 3000 dollar mark ere the campaign closes. The Mayor and other officials of the Gananoque Branch of the National Savings War Loan Committee in Gananoque are to be congratulated on the results of their "pep" talk to the men of this Sub Station.

The Soccer Team too are coming into their own at last. Due largely to the tireless energy of such stalwart committee members as Messrs. Ryan and Murdoch, whose persistence at getting games for the boys is at last being rewarded. Bouquet also to Eddy Patey, captain and left back of the team on his ability to keep the interests of the players at fever pitch in such difficult periods as have been experienced since the inception of the soccer team. Incidentally I mentioned the question of a soccer match with the Kingston Stalwarts in a previous issue of the magazine. I am given to understand that a long promised fixture will have taken place by the time that this appears in print. Irrespective of the result, our opponents will no doubt feel that they have deserved their success or merited their failure, whichever way the dice falls, and there can be no question about the part played by Lady Luck in any sporting event. Up to the time of writing we have played two fixtures; granted that they have both been with scratch teams from the Flights and the Pupils. However, the results have warranted a certain confidence in the team and we intend to carry on in the same spirit which has animated our severely handicapped

efforts from the start. Buying your own boots may not be the average serviceman's idea of a good start to a Station Soccer Team, but it at least shows that the spirit of co-operation is existent. A spirit so sadly lacking in many well nurtured teams.

We seem to be very deficient of social news this month. I wonder if it can be that little activity has been noticed on the Spiffington, Moorhouse, Elliott front. Financial considerations may have been at the bottom of the lack of activity on the part of the aforementioned troopers, and also, in Ju Ju's case, the fact that a visit to New York can quite easily curb one's interests in the less glamorous configurations of the local flora and fauna. Eddy doesn't seem to be quite able to make up his mind whether it is a good or a not so good thing for the star soccer man to pay too many visits to the village. Likewise it behoves Elgin of the copper coloured toupee to look to his laurels in this respect. After all Ginger—and beer don't mix very well as a perfume; do they? We still haven't seen any concrete evidence that you have been on that promised week-end you were going to spend, not so very far away. When is it coming off, or is it a secret?

Bouquet for the Bread Bashers

Since bouquets seem to be the order of the day, how about one for the lad who concocts the pea soup? This is no gag. If the O.M. got to know about him we should jolly soon find out how good he is. Congrats to former Cpl. Cooper. Two more stripes and he'd have been covered in them. Felicitations to newcomer Woolnough. Wedding bells have since clanged merrily over his curly pate. Don't know what it is but there's something in the air at Gan, which seems to set every bloke's feet to doing the wedding march, and here a timely word of warning to my old friend the Angel. If she doesn't nail you, Frankie, her Mama will. Seems to me that our little ray of sunshine Eddy will soon be walking the "primrose path to the everlasting—"; (Shakespeare), likewise his tele-ops, Bob and Mabel, who aren't quite so ostentatious about it. And last but by no means least Billie Bowring. Looks to me, harking back to the perennially fresh subject of soccer, that it will soon be a case of "marrieds" versus "singles".

Personnel's Fine Support of Blood Bank

A worthy cause, that of supplying blood for the Gananoque blood bank, is being well supported on this Sub Station. There is almost a hundred per cent enrolment. Officials of the Blood Clinic express themselves as well

(Continued on Next Page)

Welfare Committee Report

THE time has now come for a summary of the first eight meetings of this Committee. The results were very briefly set forth in D.R.O.s on August 13th and September 29th, and more fully in the August number of this publication. Meetings have been held fortnightly the eighth meeting having been on October 14th. The results of the October 23rd meeting are not known at the time of going to press.

Messing.

Though most of us eat to live, and not vice versa, food, nevertheless, plays an important part in our lives. It was natural, therefore, that at four of these eight meetings the question of messing, in some form or other, should have arisen. Recent developments should lead to an improvement in this direction. If this is so, the Welfare Committee can take a small amount of the credit for its continual prodding, but the Messing Committee will really do the job. The question of late suppers, and of the setting up of a supper bar, is still being pursued; it had arisen three times during these eight meetings, the Welfare Committee considering this to be an urgent matter.

Rations and Allowances, Living Out Personnel.

Soon after we mentioned this, 50 cents per day in lieu of rations was granted. The Committee are going further with another aspect of this question.

Pay.

Unmarried Group 1 Corporals are receiving less than they did as LAC's owing to Income Tax. Investigation showed that the solution would probably be in the direction of charging the LAC. with Income Tax, rather than bettering the lot of the Corporal, and we thought it better to go no further into the matter.

Allowances to Wife, If Airman Posted Overseas.

This question arises regarding both English and Canadian wives. Group Captain D'Arcy Greig, with his usual sense of humour, recommends us to read A.M.O. A.132.42 plus amendment in A.M.O. 743.42, then quickly take two aspirins! As this matter is pressing, it has been raised again.

Leave, Passes, and Days Off.

All night passes, the matter of which has been twice raised, are unnecessary and undesirable. The question of days off was raised twice, and presumably the present arrangement has resulted from our suggestions. A request to return to the previous method of booking out at the Guard Room was turned down as the present system is easier from the S.P. point of view. The authori-

ties are open to suggestions of an alternative scheme.

Clothing.

(a) Footwear—A speedier boot repair contract was requested; at present, it seems to take about a month. In view of this, the pair that is being worn is messed up, particularly on dirty jobs, and a request was made for the issue of an extra pair. It appears that the only possibility is an issue of gum boots, which is usually authorized on a percentage basis. A partial solution still appears to be a speeding up of boot repairs.

(b) Raincoats—Soon after our request for these, they were issued.

(c) Laundry—A laundry service was requested for the camp. Sqd. Ldr. "A" explained the difficulties and promised further endeavours.

(d) Civilian Clothes—The question of wearing civilian clothes has been pursued on three occasions, but cannot be granted except on leave and 48-hour passes.

Sport, Recreation, Entertainment.

A request for tuning the piano in the Canteen brought the answer that it is tuned monthly (perhaps some of the ingredients which have been known to find their way inside it have permanently upset its equilibrium). The Welfare Committee suggested the formation of a committee, under the Y.M.C.A. supervisor, to arrange plans for Christmas entertainment. A request was made for a second projector for the cinema. This will be met as soon as one can be obtained. Station football matches were preferred on the camp, rather than on the campus—anyway, the frost and the snow will clamp down on both very soon. A request for the Drill Hall to be open for games till 22.00 hours was met at once.

Other Amenities On Camp.

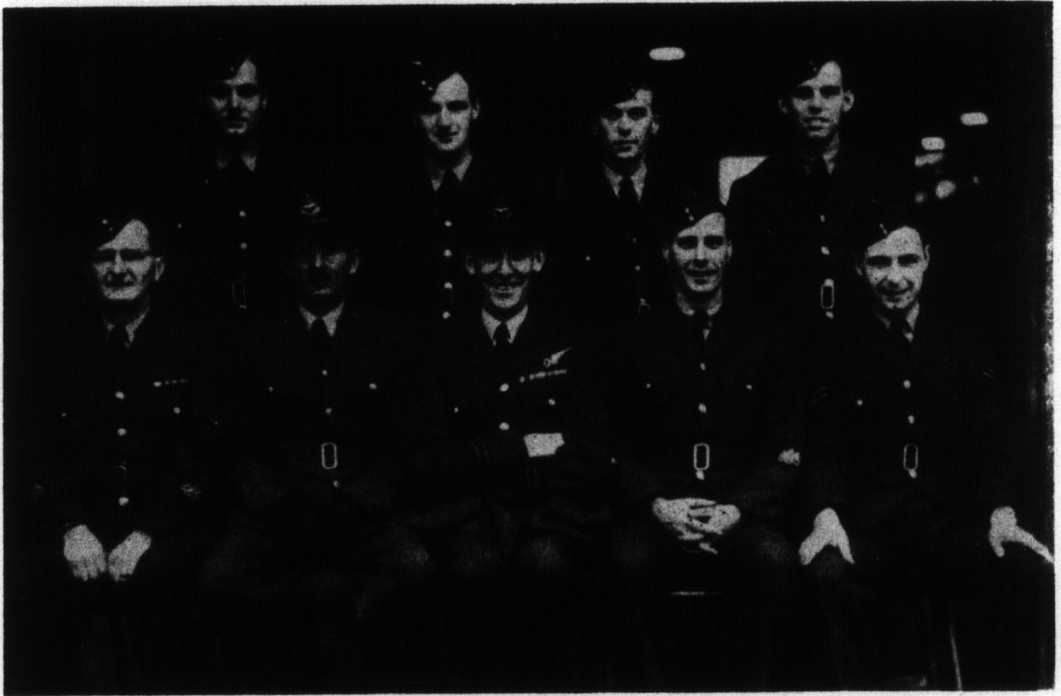
Hair cutting arrangements were inadequate and, on our request, a barber on full time duty was arranged. The Engineering Society, now flourishing, was the outcome of our Committee. We wanted a Camera Club, and were asked for further details, which we have not yet submitted. Request for a light at the corner of Hut 31A, near the Recreation Hall, is being met.

Huts.

Blue Pilot Lights have been placed in huts at our request, the only variation being that they are green! Lights out has been extended to 22.45 hours. Each hut is now provided with a radio from P.S.I. funds. A suggestion re the numbering of beds in huts was turned down as impracticable. Since then, however, the matter has been reopened verbally. Sometime, Iron Firemen are to

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Servicing Squadron H.Q. Personnel



Standing, left to right—LAC. Wren, LAC. Hamblett, LAC. Berry, LAC. Bowsher.

Sitting, left to right—Cpl. Burke, WO. Rowe, Flt. Lt. Tee, M.C., PO. White, WO. Wilson.

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Send a parcel home — to your relatives and friends — send through **COOKES OVERSEAS DEPARTMENT**. We have everything in **Foods** that are needed over there.

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SO

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MY LIFE'S BLOOD (Cont'd.)

I wouldn't mind giving my blood every morning if it were followed by tea and toast. There's absolutely nothing to this blood donating business, is there chaps? I expected to feel quite groggy after it."

"I say, do you see what I see? No, those buildings out there, through the window, they're coming towards me. Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane and all that sort of thing, you know. Look, now they're going away again. They're becoming blurred. It's getting very warm in here.

"Lie down on the form? Why? Oh, you think I'm liable to pass out. Who, me, nonsense, I'm perfectly alright." S'getting dark, tummy feels a bit queezy. "Gosh, that's pungent, brings tears to your eyes. What is it, sal volatile or something? Do you really think that I ought to lie down on the bed. Oh, well, you know better than I, must stabilize the blood flow I suppose.

"Now, this is very comfortable; windows open; fan blowing and you to hold my hand and cool my fevered brow. No, please don't go away. I like this." Ah! relaxation sublime, much better than pushing kites out of the hangar.

Half an hour later. "O.K. boys, this is where I came in, pour out the tea and chuck the toast over, and don't start crowing over me just because I couldn't take it. After all, there is nothing to it, is there? See you next month?"

Note:—From the foregoing do not jump to the conclusion that blood donating is a terrifying experience. It ain't. It is all summed up in the penultimate sentence "There is just nothing to it." So give your names to your section representatives, it means nothing to you and may mean life itself to the recipient of your donation.

—G. R.



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WELFARE COMMITTEE (Cont'd.)

be moved out of billets; approval has been obtained, but we await material and labour. Agreed that lockers should have side hinges instead of hinges at top. Clothes hooks are to be placed in all the shower rooms.

Transport.

Requests for extra buses were unable to be met other than a bus to catch the train on Friday afternoons. Since then, however, one or two extra buses have had to be run in view of the shift system. The request for a bus for living-out personnel could not be considered in view of gasoline and tire restrictions. The suggestion of a barrier for men waiting for the bus or that the S.P. should be asked to organise a queue, was made at the beginning of August, and repeated on September 16th. A barrier is coming, but lack of material and labour delays its arrival. Meanwhile, the S.P. are organising a queue.

Accommodation in Kingston.

This problem has been put forward. We are assured that the Government will authorize building if convinced of lack of accommodation. Presumably the report given to the Auxiliary Services Officer two or three months ago was for this purpose.

Various Sections.

Some airmen had been unable to appear before Reclassification Boards owing to the fact that they had been on night flying the previous night. They should have the initiative to see their Senior N.C.O. and request removal from night flying detail. Every opportunity is now given for A.C.H.-G.D.s to re-enter to a trade and obtain reclassification to LAC. Clerk G.D.s. desiring to reclassify to LAC. should apply to Flt. Sgt. Blackburn for notes, specimen papers, etc. At the time the request was made for the Fire Picquet to be excused cleaning duties, it was not possible to grant it; it is understood that different arrangements have been made. Nor was it deemed advisable for Fire Picquet to be a daily duty.

Miscellaneous.

A request as to what extent we come under R.C.A.F. regulations was answered in D.R.O. Serial 213 of August 14th, paragraph 675 (a copy may be read in S.H.Q. or the Chaplain's Office). Insufficient copies of A.M.O.'s and A.F.R.A.'s are supplied to allow distribution to reading room, but airmen can have access to them at any time on application to the Orderly Room. Resulting from suggestions made, a Blood Donors Clinic has now been established fortnightly on the Camp (see "Padre's Chat" for further particulars). A request as to the length of our tour of duty in Canada brought the reply "Impossible to give the answer."

My Life's Blood

A STORY IN MODERN MANNER

"What's that you say, my name on D.R.O.'s. What for? Oh! Report to S.S.Q. at 14.00 hours tomorrow for blood donation. Yes, of course, I expected that but I did not realize that it was Thursday already. It does not seem more than a couple of days ago that it was last week-end. Tempus certainly fugit."

It's tomorrow now. If I remember rightly I had something to do, now what was it? Ah, yes, I remember. Blood donation at 14.00 hours. "Yes, I know, I have heard all these yarns before, sweet nurses to hold one's hand, rum and coke if you pass out." Pass out! ye gods, I wonder if I will pass out! They do say that it is far worse the first time than on any subsequent occasions. But I shouldn't pass out, good-lor, I'll never live it down if I do. It will be a case of "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Askelon." There's no need to be scared, they are only trying to un-nerve me.

"Good afternoon, no, this is my first attempt, perhaps my last too, Ha-ha! My last wishes are that my body be cremated and the ashes sent to England. Oh, there never has been a case of anyone dying, well, that's gratifying at any rate. Always be prepared for the worst is my motto, then you are not disappointed. Oh, yes, of course, my number, rank and name. Please don't say population of China, it is getting to be a little monotonous to hear that every time I give my number. Sign on the dotted line, yes of course, I'm quite used to that after two years in the R.A.F. I've probably signed my life away at some time or another.

"What do you want me to do now? Remove my tunic, roll up my sleeves. Yes, thank you, I'm all ready. What's this, a bed? Do I have to lie down on it? Shouldn't I take my boots off first? Oh! I see, that is the idea of the paper cover. This is rather pleasant, you know, it is not often that one

has the opportunity of holding a pretty damsel's hand in working hours.

"I'm fine, doctor, no, not in the least nervous. what, er—what's that for? Local anaesthetic, ouch! No, it's quite alright, sir, didn't hurt a bit actually. Good heavens, that tube looks to be about a foot in diameter. Will it really go into that small pin-prick in my arm? Well, fan my brow, it does, and it has. Now what, drip drip, drip . . . gush . . . there goes my life's blood into a milk bottle.

"Notice the blue streaks in it, nurse? My illustrious ancestors are to blame for that." This is grand, just lying here, I knew the boys were shooting a line when they said it would knock me for six. "How much have you there now, nurse? Nearly finished, doesn't take long does it? Where am I from? Oh, you mean my home, when I'm there, Manchester. Yes, that's right. Positively amazing, most Canadian seem to think that it is a steel manufacturing town in the Midlands. I think the only towns that they have ever heard of are London, Coventry and Sheffield.

"Is it really all over? How much of my blood did you manage to squeeze out of my bloodless corpse? 420 ccs!!! Well, that is something. I hope it is satisfactory for you. By the way, what category is my blood in? Oh, 'O' category, just ordinary, that's disappointing, the least I expected was 'A.B.' I never seem to be out of the ordinary in anything, even my blood—the same as about 90 per cent of the world's population.

"Sit on the edge of the bed for a minute? But why? In case I feel a bit whoozy when I stand up? But that's silly, I'm perfectly alright, I'm not a child, you know. Now what? Tea and toast, lead me to it, I can do justice to that alright. Thank you Corporal, would you mind passing the sugar. This is a good deal better than cook house tea.

(Cont'd on Next Page)

T. S. Ramsay

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Opp. St. Andrew's Church

These Men Make 'Your "Pioneer"

WE have often been asked who are the people who produce the "Pioneer" and why so many hands should be required. In order to obviate further individual enquiries we publish below potted interviews with the people concerned and a brief glimpse into their various activities connected with the magazine. As you know we are always pleading for assistance in the production of our monthly periodical and by this means we hope to convince you that the jobs are by no means to be classed as sinecures.



"Johnnie" Johnson, formerly a bank clerk in Japan and a native of Streatham, is our Advertising Manager. Six nights each week you will find "Johnnie" down in the town and invariably he is not on pleasure bent. He, with his

persuasive personality, is the liaison between the camp and the shopkeepers of the town. He it is who, without any coercion, requests them to advertise in our magazine and you do not need us to tell you that he has done his job most efficiently. Soon, as a result of instructions from the "very much higher-ups," all outside advertising in the magazine will cease and with it will go a good deal of our revenue. Some of you may think that the sales of the magazine, both within the camp, to interested outsiders and by means of bi-annual subscription, are sufficient to keep the magazine going. Far from it. Our production figures are within the region of \$200 per month and without the help of our advertisers we are going to have a very tough job indeed to keep the magazine going. But, we will keep it going, or die in the attempt. With the cessation of advertising "Johnnie" will be jobless, but not for long; he is to take over the job of Editor when our present Editor's resignation becomes effective, and although he does not really know what he is letting himself in for we guarantee that he will not let you or the "Pioneer" down.

Don "Gripper" Kerr is Secretary to the magazine. You might not think that there is much for a secretary to do on a magazine like ours, but we manage to keep him fairly well occupied. He takes the minutes of all

our meetings, in rough note form, and then has the task of re-writing them in legible form so that they can be read out at the following meeting. Advices have to be sent to all members of the committee when a meeting is convened; he it is who sends them. Letters have to be written to correspondents who request our assistance in making a collection within the camp, who want to subscribe to the magazine, who want to know our advertising rates, or who want to know why their magazine has not been arriving as per schedule. "Gripper" is kept pretty busy and as he is also a member of the B.V.F. Committee we are grateful to him for devoting so much of his time to the mag.



Phil Hamblett, who hails from Chorltoncum - Hardy, Manchester, Lancs, is the Treasurer. He has not been treasurer very long and we do not believe that he asked for the job, it more or less gravitated towards him.

Our first treasurer, Cyril Woodbridge, who did invaluable work during the "Pioneer's" earlier days, resigned due to pressure of work with the P.S.I. Our next treasurer, Jack Wood, was posted and as Phil took his place in the office he also took over the treasurer's duties. To misquote Shakespeare, "Some are born to Treasuryships, some achieve Treasuryships, and some have Treasuryships thrust upon them." Phil, like the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has his budget to balance and we can assure you that it is no easy task. Before each committee meeting it is essential that we have a report on our financial position from the previous month's sales. Often at the last moment Phil is frantically ringing the various sales centres, "Hello, Sergeant's Mess? Can you let me know your sales figures for the past month?" and the reply comes back, "Sorry, the Mess Secretary is not in at the moment, I'll ask him to ring you when he gets back." Balancing revenue against sales often causes Phil to stay late at night burning the midnight oil, but somehow he gets the job done and has the figures ready to put before the meeting.



Everybody knows **Ft. Lt. "Jack" Tee**, our Advertising Director. He it is who plans the lay-out of advertisements, not an easy task even to one with experience, and he is also the contract with the national advertisers.

("It'll be no go if you've got B.O.") Not only does he deal in advertising he also contributes one of the most popular pages in the magazine, "Stop Me If" (including Mr. Snodgrass, which invariably is censored at least six times before he can get one that does not offend). Having an officer as a member of the committee is extremely useful, as our Editor will agree, otherwise who else could sign a "chit" to permit the said Editor to leave camp at almost any time of the day. Our Advertising Director is also our contact with the Officers' Mess and a collector of some very amusing "gen."



Ron. Pollard, of Peterborough is our Circulation Manager and "Maestro of the typewriter keyboard" without his invaluable assistance not only would our subscribers and advertisers not receive their copies but quite

probably the "Pioneer" would take twice as long to produce. A good deal of the copy that we receive from our contributors is either handwritten (you have no idea how badly some times), or is typewritten by a typist who apparently uses two left feet for the job. In either case it is necessary for it to be re-typewritten and double spaced. That is where Ron excels himself. He seems to type at the rate of somewhere in the region of 1,000 words per minute. Of course it is nowhere near that speed but in comparison with our two fingered exercises that is how it appears. We have at the moment over 150 subscribers, about 50 advertisers and approximately the same number of people to whom we send complimentary copies. Ron types envelopes for these, stamps them and posts them, (it all takes time). He then

has his books to balance, you know, "Stamps Purchased," "Stamps used and for purpose for which required," and all that sort of thing. Ron considers that his typing duties are quite sufficient for one man so would anyone like to become our Circulation Manager? No, I thought not.



Larry Moyse, Australian by birth and Cosmopolitan by choice, genial Y.M.C.A. organiser, is the person responsible for the review of the current Y.M.C.A. activities which are many and varied. His last page, and sometimes last two pages of the magazine, contain the "lowdown" on the social life of the camp. It is not an

easy task to give a complete and comprehensive report of all the "goings-on" of the camp after work has ceased for the day, but he manages to do it and at the same time make it interesting and readable. The Station Concert Party, Dramatic Society, outside visiting entertainments, visits to places of interest, movies, camp dances, the Station Dance Band and Orchestra, the Male Voice Choir and even the Comforts Fund and Home Hospitality, all come within the scope of his duty and his pen, and when we require salesmen to sell the "Pioneer" in the Messes on publication day he is the first to volunteer his services. In all a very full life.

There are others without whom the "Pioneer" could not function, many who wish to remain anonymous and others whom we ourselves do not even know. These people supply the section "gen" and we would be grateful if you would join their ranks, unless, of course, your section is already represented. How about it 1, 2 and 4 Hangars? Our Sports Officer is also a valued contributor, sport being a main interest of camp life, and the members of the Photographic Section who are always ready to devote their time to taking photographs of general interest for eventual publication are a particularly welcome asset.

The publication of a camp magazine is not a simple task, beset as it is with innumerable difficulties, and the "Pioneer" is no exception. That it is produced at all depends entirely upon your co-operation, both in contributions and sales, so if you want a camp magazine (and I think that we all do), the matter is entirely in your own hands.

NEWS AND VIEWS (Cont'd.)

roof will improve the acoustics of the hall, making sound intelligible rather than distorted whilst the new enlarged stage, when completed, should prove of inestimable value to our, at present, reluctant Concert Party and eventually, we hope, Dramatic Society (same bird, different plumage). Whilst on the subject of the Recreation Hall we might mention a matter that has been much discussed, namely, the purchasing of a second film projector to obviate the break between reels. We are informed that the P.S.I. is anxious to meet this request but that there are virtually no projectors available in Canada, to the best of their knowledge. If anyone knows where one may be procured will he please inform his P.S.I. representative immediately when the said P.S.I. will be only too pleased to take the necessary action. (Associated Screen News have great hopes of one in the very near future.)

The Concert Party and the Dramatic Society are at present both hiding their light under a bushel, (we do not know whether or not it is the same bushel), but the former's journey to Watertown, where it upheld the traditions of the R.A.F., both during and after the performance, is more fully reported elsewhere in this issue. The latter, still in its embryonic stage of development, plans to produce a play in approximately one month's time. Trials, tribulations and difficulties beset its path, but as one of its members said, "We shall not flag nor fail, we shall go on until the end, whenever and whatever it may be."

Our S.W.O. is now in his element. After the superb display of drill given by the R.C. A.F. (W.D.) this month he can now cry with impunity, "Ye gods, I've seen women do better" and he won't be wrong!

The last Reclassification Board was a record for the Station, we believe, 135 examinees taking the board—over 10 per cent of the whole Station.

We tender our apologies to a number of contributors who submitted material for publication in the magazine. It is regretted that most of this was unsuitable for publication, (there is still a law of libel, you know) and we think that we echo the opinion of the majority when we say that nobody wishes the "Pioneer" to deteriorate into a back-

biting, vindictive scandal sheet. The efforts, however, are much appreciated and if the writers will confine themselves to items of news, or articles of general interest, every effort will be made to incorporate the material in the magazine.

We are charged with the fact that last month's "News and Views" was sombre in tone, and made heavy reading. The News of the camp and our Views are not, as a rule, subjects for levity, (there is a preponderance of light airy chatter in the remainder of the magazine), but in order to satisfy a craving for 'earty lar'ter we conclude this month's "N and V" with a report received from an airman lately arrived from "Out West." We asked what he thought of the prairies and he replied as follows: "It's this way, mate. When you have been there a few weeks you find yourself talking to yourself. After that, you find yourself talking to the gophers. After another couple of weeks, you find the gophers talking to you. Then you find yourself listening!"

AN OPEN LETTER TO OUR ADVERTISERS

Dear Advertiser:

With this, the last complimentary copy that you will receive as an advertiser, we have something important to say. To start to thank you for your past support is a difficult, nay almost impossible, task. From its early embryonic stage to its present state the "Pioneer" has always had the full, whole-hearted, co-operative support of the people of Kingston. For this we are extremely grateful, but for you the "Pioneer" could never have continued. Now comes the bitter blow: the powers that be (against whom we, as a small entity, have no come-back) have decreed "no more advertising from outside sources." The reason? We do not know "ours not to reason why," ours but to carry on. How? We do not know. That, however, is our problem (quite a headache in fact), but overcome it we will—we hope. With the complete support of the station personnel and our outside subscribers, we believe that we will manage to keep the flag of the "Pioneer" flying. But the sufferer is going to be the Bombed Victims Fund to which our profits were devoted. All we can hope for now, is not profits, but that there be no loss.

Once again, advertisers, we thank you, and we know full well that should conditions alter again we can rely upon you once more.

Yours most sincerely,
The "Pioneer" Committee.

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News and Views

by

Geoff. Ray

THE writing of a review of the news of the camp during the past month is not easy to do without writing of items that have become either out-of-date or have lost their general interest. Our date of going to press is well in advance of publication date, necessitated by the fact that the printer requires the time in which to produce the magazine, but as far as possible we try to keep you "au fait" with current events.

We heard with regret that our Editor has tendered his resignation, not because he was tired of the work, or had lost interest, but because his wife was leaving England to join him out in Canada. It is not up to us to eulogise about the valuable work that he has done for the magazine but we cannot let the occasion pass without making some comment and at the same time thank him for his contributions and co-operation. Corporal Johnson, P.T.I., our former Advertising Manager, who will now lose the job that he has held for so long, due to the fact that we are compelled to cease publication of outside advertising, will step into the position vacated by Stan Wood, who will continue to assist in an advisory capacity.

The "Boat," at one time the most important topic of conversation on the camp, has lost all interest for the great majority of us (for another couple of years at least), but to those who were anticipating its early arrival the news that it had been cancelled must have come as something of a blow. There were a number of badly shaken men around that day. But, their consolation is that it **MUST** come some day and whilst there is life there is yet hope.

On the occasion of the Victory Loan Drive last month, when our camp was thrown open to the general public, we had an influx of visitors that was almost too great with which to cope. At 3.00 p.m. the Service Police were chasing around the camp trying to find volunteers to conduct the visitors around. That time of the day, on Saturday, is not the best time to find stray airmen in camp, but they managed to find quite a few, probably much to their surprise. There were many amusing incidents as a result of the public's

visit. We hear that game old ladies of 70, without any qualms, clambered into the cockpits of the Ansons on display in 5 Hangar; that a certain batman saluted all the civilian visitors he had been conducting around, as they passed through the main gate, and that an airman working in the Officers' Mess had his leg severely pulled when one of his mates rang up and asked him why he had not reported for conducting duties at the Guard Room, as instructed, and that if he did not report immediately he would be placed on a charge. The said airman dashed straight over to the Guard Room to report and apologised to Sgt. Futtitt for being late! But, the lady who thought that the Watch Tower was the Yachting Club from which tired airmen could obtain a boat for relaxation when the day's work was done, takes some beating. We wonder what our visitors thought of our beautifully polished billets; whether they really believed that we lived like that all the time, and did they enjoy watching the animals at feeding time.

The R.A.F., not to be outdone by the folk of Kingston, sent a select body of men to represent the Station at the "Victory Loan Campaign Parade." Sixty able bodied men marched around the town to the accompaniment of several brass bands and apart from the fact that some had been fortunate in their dealings with "Vichy" and therefore wore R.C.A.F. Blue; some less fortunate wearing half R.C.A.F. Blue and half R.A.F. Blue and the remainder most decidedly unfortunate wearing all R.A.F. Blue, we are given to understand that the parade was an impressive sight. The contingent, led by PO. Cruft, followed by Sammy, with his "Here is my head, my body follows" stance, was at times almost running (perhaps it was the C.W.A.C.'s ahead who were the cause of the quickened pace), and the old, "Left, Right, Left" of the "Change Step" command was heard on at least a dozen occasions.

There is much banging and clattering to be heard in the Recreation Hall of late and on investigation we discover that the hall is in process of renovation. The boarded-in

(Continued on Next Page)

Geoff Ray Dumb?

Across the Footlights with Vic Newrock

The following conversation occurred between two country hicks:

Hank: "Where are you going, Zeke?"

Zeke: "Town."

Hank: "What's the matter with the wheelbarrow?"

Zeke: "Broke."

Hank: "Who broke it?"

Zeke: "Hired man."

Hank: "Not the same hired man who got your daughter in trouble last year?"

Zeke: "Yup. Clumsy, ain't he?"

Little Freddie's mother was in the hospital and he was paying a visit to see the new baby brother. While there he wandered into an adjoining room which was occupied by a woman with a broken leg.

"Hallo," he said, "how long have you been in here?"

"Oh, about a month," she replied.

"Let me see your baby?" he then asked.

"Why, I haven't a baby," the woman replied.

"Gee, you're slow," said Freddie, "my mother's only been in here two days and she's got one."

Talking of babies reminds me of the time when I was born. Oh yes, I was born, didn't you know? Well, my father took one look at me and shouted "Mary, send for the doctor. He's made a terrible mistake. He's taken the baby and left the stork." But when he found out that I was real he said "Ah me,

it can't be helped . . . but I did so want a boy."

Pa: I think I'll go downstairs and send Nancy's young man home. These airmen seem to think that this is an all night joint.

Ma: Now Elmer, remember the way we used to court.

Pa: Gosh, I hadn't thought of that. Out he goes at once.

I hear that there is an island in the South Pacific where there are no taxes . . . no unemployment . . . no crime . . . no swing bands, radios, or noisy Harvard planes . . . but then again there are no inhabitants either.

If all the airmen who eat at the mess were put at one long table . . . they would still reach for the sauce instead of asking for it.

Detective: So you gave the prisoner the third degree?

Sergeant: Yes, we beat him . . . sweated him . . . and gave him the whole works?

Detective: Did he confess?

Sergeant: Hell, no. He just rolled over and muttered "Yes dear, have it your own way."

Cpl. Ray: Look here, LAC. Scanes, what the devil do you mean by telling my girl that I was deaf and dumb?

LAC. Scanes: Don't be silly, corporal, I never said anything about deaf.

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?

Secret Drinking In S.H.Q.

News In Review from S.H.Q.

By **MERCURY**

News this month from S.H.Q. is rather scarce. Don't think that the boys are staying in camp at week-ends; it seems that they are keeping rather quiet about what they do on week-ends for some reason best known to themselves. Maybe, they will want to send "The Pioneer" home without having any repercussions following. We do, however, hear that Geoff. Ray and Ron Pollard were making the night hideous, or should we say early morning, in New York by wandering down 7th Avenue and 34th Street gaily singing a ditty entitled "Strictly Instrumental." It is reliably reported that the cats in the vicinity all gave up trying. (Who says I can't sing? News Ed.) Jack Mills and Jackie Coggins went to Montreal again. For news of what happened we recommend reading this column in last month's "Pioneer." That is if you want to find out what they did, although, I mean to say, Montreal. Need I say more?

Mac. MacQuillin has been on leave. We've heard of "Murders on a G String" and "Fiddle Playing on One String," but we had never heard of "Travel on a Shoe-String," until Mac went to Detroit. Not only did Mac travel on a shoe string, but he apparently brought three quarters of it back with him. Anyway, Mac seems to have had a very pleasant time, all things considered, thanks once again to our hospitable friends in the U.S.A.

Hank Scanes and Peter Ross decided to go to Brockville, and having arrived at Brockville proceeded to paint the town a violent shade of red. They must be fairly rolling in money, as a telephone call from Brockville to Kingston is not exactly pin money to our way of thinking, and Hank apparently didn't think so either when the page boy at the hotel brought up the bill—one dollar! And in the same town Rossie, in pursuit of his craving for fruit, developed a sudden "yen" for apples.

As anticipated in last month's column, John Hale has made news. During this month he took time off and temporarily deserted his "young students" in Kingston to pay a visit to Ottawa for the Boy Scouts Conference. He told us that he arrived there late but as he appeared to get there in time for dinner, (the most important part of the proceedings from our point of view), we would hardly consider it was too late. Boy Scout Meeting at night, with dinner included, and rowing on the Rideau River on Sunday seems

to us a pleasant way of spending a week-end and makes quite a drastic change from the doings of the boys in S.H.Q. whose minds tend to run more towards "Wine, women and song," the latter often being conspicuous by its absence.

And now for news from the home front. Has Bill Skillington become a secret drinker? Tucked away on the corner of his desk is a bottle containing a liquid which looks like methylated spirits, (could be "Red Biddy"), or possibly neat alcohol, flavored with raspberry perhaps. At sundry times during the day Bill takes his little tin mug and pouring himself a generous "three fingers" proceeds to imbibe. Whether or not this is alcohol we can't say, but this much we do know, immediately after taking his draught Bill returns to work with renewed vigor. Bill tells us that Sick Quarters tell him that it's bismuth and pepsin for his tummy. What it does to Bill's tummy we don't know, but we tried a sip, and whooooo, we had to look around for the top of our head.

A form 167 was filled in for Bert New the other day. Bert has tired of being a runner and has decided that his abilities lie in another direction. Bert has become an Electrician I, II or even III. The result of Bert becoming an Electrician is that for a whole 24 hours we had no lights in Central Registry. Bert likes to be different. Where you or I would either screw or twist the bulb out of its holder, according to its particular type of fitting, Bert prefers to pull it out with a sharp wrench. Bert is getting tough. Is this what New York does to him?

Paddy McComisky has been re-christened. For some unknown reason our estimable S.W.O. addresses him as Monsieur Maisky—can it be that the S.W.O. is turning "red"? Paddy in retaliation is talking of growing a beard. Our Irish friend has lately been resplendent in a new tunic of blue. It would appear from this that there has been some re-arrangement of the political situation, "Russian" relations with "Vichy" appear to be on a very friendly footing.

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DIAL 3222

PADRE'S CHAT, (Cont'd.).

be well advised to see me about joining this plan if you have not already done so. The normal monthly subscription is \$1.50 (semi-private ward) or \$1.00 (Standard ward), payable by officers through Mess bills and by everyone else to me on pay day in the middle of the month. There is also a new scheme for service personnel, only of use to you if you have no children. By it, your wife joins our group through you and in your name. Only your wife is covered, not you—but, unless you are in the R.C.A.F. and would get Harvest leave without pay, you are always eligible for free treatment. The monthly subscription for this scheme is \$1.15 (semi-private ward) or 75c (standard ward). If there are any of you who are in the other scheme at present, who have no children, and who wish to transfer to this new scheme, let me know.

Christ the Leader

I will conclude this chat by copying something from an American publication "Forward Day by Day." The writer bases his remarks on St. Matthew, Chapter 4, verses 18 and 19, "Jesus, walking, by the sea of Galilee, saw two brethren, Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea; for they were fishers. And he saith unto them, 'Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men'."

"Never so much as today men demand a leader, someone they can follow, and to whom they can give their hearts. We see whole nations betrayed by false leaders who play upon this desire and exploit to wicked ends man's noble capacity for loyalty and devotion.

"We men want two things in our leader:

"1. He must ask of us, not just some small contribution, but ourselves. The real leader says, 'I do not want just your financial help, I want you. And I want all of you'.

"2. We want a leader whom we can trust. We may not see the road, but we can follow him. It is, of course, clear that if we saw all of the road we would not need a leader. We trust the leader and follow him, even when we cannot see around the next bend.

"Christ is the Everlasting Leader of men. He is the Eternal Leader. He demands every part of us, not merely a contribution on Sunday. Let us trust Him and follow Him. There is joy and fellowship in His ranks and victory beyond the grave."

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Mice Behind Piano**R.A.F. Male Voice Choir Notes**

The new choir has been successfully launched and has proved up to standard. A very enjoyable week-end was spent in Wattertown and Pine Camp on October 17th and 18th. The concert party was directed by PO. Ellis, who also lent his aid to the contra bass section of the choir. Sgt. Templeton has come out well on the pictures taken, and on one of them we have a fine view of Taff's back as he directed with much perspiration the choir of "Flyers" of the R.A.F. Taff agrees with the term "Flyers" but not in the same sense meant by the misguided announcer.

On the Tuesday evening following we went to a village near Napanee, to charm the hearts of the inhabitants thereof (we hope). We did some good anyway by discovering a nest of mice behind the concert grand piano and in obtaining five dollars for the B.V.F. and a good tuck in for ourselves. By the way, Taff Davies seemed well away (as usual). Fred Womack's face was a study when he played the first few notes on the piano. As was Fritz Godley's when he attempted to tune his fiddle. Taff was so discouraged that he refused to get out his precious viola (I wonder can he play it?); it doesn't seem to belong to him anyway.

On the whole it was a good concert; we have to thank Mrs. Lacey for her songs, also Peter Hunter and Frank Alford, not forgetting Harold Godley, our violinist. The progress of the choir seems assured, new members are continually coming in and useful chaps most of them are. Taff was actually seen to smile at one rehearsal last week, so things must be looking up. If there are any of you blokes reading this who have had experience in part singing in church, chapel or choral society, roll along on Monday and Thursday nights at 19.30 hours in the Station Church. Come and be gripped by the Welsh Wizard.

—T. W. W.

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Menagerie at Pine Camp

DISHING THE DIRT

Have we some scandal this month, or have we? Yours truly has been here, there and everywhere this last month. New York . . . Pine Camp . . . the Anniversary Dance . . . always on the spot at every big event. Well folks, here goes . . . While in New York I visited friends. On arrival at the house I found two Erks there telling the old fairy story of how many they had brought down over France. They left soon after I arrived, and were their faces red . . . Seen in New York: Vic Newrock dining at Waldorf Astoria, and the exclusive Stork Club. Mixing in social circles evidently . . . The concert party's visit to Pine Camp was the event of the season. Among those who went was Sgt. Lovell, who seems to have dropped Lovey Soutar these days. The current attraction, with Flt. Sgt. Thraves in the running, is Miss Evelyn Cairns. Miss Cairns is in the forthcoming play soon to be presented on this station. Watch out for her, boys, she's cute . . . Another romance of Pine Camp was Baritone ALA. Hunter with Kingstnette Miss Marg Davies . . . Sensation of the Pine Camp visit was Maestro Harold Godley drinking a Martini. He's the guy who professed never to have touched a drop. His "friend" for the weekend was Kingstnette Eve . . . Haro'd thought he saw a billiard table in the Officers Mess, but Geoff told him not to be so silly, it was a pink elephant. I guess they were both wrong. It was a couple of camels doing the rhumba . . . The bar at Pine Camp was well supported by the members of the Concert Party. Vic Newrock had so much champagne that he fell and twisted his ankle . . . two days later . . . Romance of the month: AC. Lennon in his first affair. Did it hit him hard? I'll say

it did. Three late passes per week, up in the morning early, happy as a lark. But alas, she jilted him. And he called her his "little mischief eyes." Love has left him forever . . . Is AC. Lloyd happy since a draft left Vimy recently. Nothing to worry about now, old boy . . . What Flt. Sgt. was gazing lovingly into his girl friend's eyes, oblivious to what was going on around him, at the Anniversary Dance? Ah! these pen pushers have certainly got talent . . . Believe it or not, but Peter Ross tells me that when he was in New York he went down to the Stage Door Canteen looking for a girl named Eileen . . . AC. Best is seriously thinking of getting married. Take my advice and stick to the R.A.F. You're getting paid for fighting there . . . You fellows who are on night flying duties might leave the mess hall in a better state after you have finished eating supper. It looks just like a battlefield when you fellows are through with it . . . For visitors day Hut 14a looked terrific. The floor looked like a mirror. The grandfather clock and radio combined made the place look swell. The boys say if they could have had a cocktail bar too, the Savoy-Plaza would have looked second rate in comparison . . . The day Cpl. Mercer was posted to Picton, his bosom friend, Cpl. Jones, was almost in tears. Not because he was getting posted, but because the former wouldn't give the latter the addresses he had in his diary . . . At our dances every Monday D. F. C. Ross (initials incidentally) disappears half way through the evening and appears towards the end of the dance. Surely he doesn't take his girl sightseeing in the dark, or maybe they . . . Well, till next month this is yours truly signing off.

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MORE FARM TALK (Cont'd.)

satisfied with the results. One of our number, LAC. Dockley, recently received his Red Cross pin, it being his third contribution.

Armed Forces Club Rooms

Since we form probably the largest body using the Armed Forces Club Rooms in Gananoque, I should like to take this opportunity of commending the Ladies' Committee, operating this rendezvous for servicemen, on the comfort and relaxation to be found therein. The club is comfortably furnished with writing tables, easy chairs, facilities for both darts and table tennis, and a comfortable library. In addition it is possible to obtain light refreshments and cigarettes, etc., at very modest charges. The Committee have also helped considerably by listing young ladies available as dancing partners.

Of This and That . . .

One or two of our more recent arrivals have already begun complaining of the cold weather. Wonder what they'll do when winter comes.

The gift of a Motor Coach by Messrs. Robert Simpson of Toronto is greatly appreciated. It will, no doubt, help to solve our many transport problems. Off the record it cannot, unfortunately, be used for the transport of AC. Wilkins to the Orderly Room daily, however dog-tired he may be.

Who originated the cry "Take us 'ome Joe?" Did she really have anything to do with it, Ginger?

The proverbial "Hot Water" was certainly climbed into very readily by a certain Corporal the other week at Brockville. Maybe he found her more interesting than the Victory Parade. There must, however, have been a hitch, because he didn't go and visit her as promised. Did that 'phone call shake him, though? We'll say it did.

How is it that some W.O.'s can't keep away from liquid, be it only paraffin — sorry coal oil.

Be it noted that the "Thin Man" Tiny is now reducing. Weight last recorded two hundred and sixty-eight pounds. Quite a lot of rations on that joint.

I wonder how our gear grinding friend

Continued on Next Column

E.H.S. Pope got into such a state as to think he could have left "Little" Harry in town the other night. Would have got back for him too, if sundry other gear grinders hadn't

The B. V. F. Needs You

During the past month, several subscriptions have been made to the B.V.F., notably one from Mrs. Edwards and friends (Portsmouth) and another two from the Station Choir. It is indeed a constant source of pleasure to know that we have so many active supporters both on and off the station, and that we have their assurances of continued interest in this worthy cause.

It is with regret that I have to announce the intended resignation through pressure of work of the two remaining founders of the Bombed Victims Fund. Corporals Stephens and Jennison have been active with the B.V.F. since the inception of the Fund and their absence will be felt by all concerned. During their tenure of offices as chairman and treasurer respectively, they have willingly given of their best, and now that we shall no longer have their direct support, an urgent appeal is made to the more recent members of the station to offer their services to the B.V.F. Committee.

In conclusion I would like to pay tribute to the present members of the Committee. They have and are doing a great job of work, but their numbers are insufficient. If you wish to devote your spare time to the furtherance of this great work, then please give your name to any member of the B.V.F. Committee. Sooner or later, the old must give way to the new, but the B.V.F. MUST reach that \$10,000 goal. Will you help?

—C. G. J.

MORE FARM TALK (Cont'd.)

delayed him.

To an old friend this doggerel:

We miss you Stanley Brading,
With your eyes more dull than bright,
And your undercart so wobbly,
As you sail forth in the night
To return with false teeth missing
And a still unsteadier gait,
To where the truck is waiting,
What? again too b—— late.

And so for the present we leave you to your scrounging, jankers and fears that the boat you have been waiting for has been gone for these many years.

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WHAT THE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

The Telephone Exchange, in reply to the epithets hurled at its head in our September issue, replies with no uncertain voice (Ed.).

(1). Are larger bells needed to make some people answer?—An alarum bell perhaps?

(2). Why some telephone users lift the telephone absently without knowing what to do with it? (We could tell them.)

(3). Why, when anything happens on the 'drome, does everybody, irrespective of rank, ask the operator (who can't see a thing, except the switchboard) what happened?

(4). When some "erks" are going to let their fair friends know their correct rank, and not have the operator ring every extension in camp for "PO. Prune" and then find the bloke in question is an AC. 2, who works in the cookhouse?

N.B. Will some one tell that civvy, who keeps ringing the camp for **Norman Rogers**, "he's been posted!"

—SUPERNA PETIMUS

FORMS OF GOVERNMENT

Socialism—You have two cows, you give one to the neighbor.

Communism—You have two cows, you give both cows to the Government which gives you part of the milk.

Fascism—You have two cows, you keep both cows and give the milk to the Government which lets you buy part of it back.

American New Deal—You have two cows, the Government shoots one cow, buys the milk from the other, and pours it down the sewer.

Nazism—You have two cows, the Government shoots you and takes the cows and sells the milk.

Capitalism—You have two cows, you sell one and buy a bull.

—G. M. M.

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The Hangar Doors

May a very minor scribe relinquish for a moment the whip for the pen to ruminate, and if permissible, to recriminate against those who, in our leisure moments, thrust the hard facts of our daily toil forever down our throats?

Many an intrepid "bird man" has had to be ruthlessly dealt with at lunch time, just as he was banking for a climbing turn for his particular pal's enlightenment, and brought spinning down to crash onto the mess table, by his long suffering listeners. Any dietitian will tell us that dyspepsia is caused by folks eating with baited breath, and it is an absolute wonder that more of our unenvied "grease-balls" have not expired with apoplexy caused through swallowing whole an already doubtful sausage, because of these exciting aerobatic feats in the Mess at tea-time.

In our magazine, much wit is expended on workaday subjects which might well be used with, instead of on, our much abused Concert Party, which seems to be in danger at times of expiring through lack of support. We are working upwards of 48 hours per week—or 1,048 hours per person per week on the shift system, according to statistics received from Moose Jaw. So let's forget work when we have a chance to relax. We know all the well worn argument for talking "shop"—being interested in one's job and all that—but chaps like the C.O.'s confidential clerk and Orderly Room staffs have to keep "mum," so why not the rest of us?

Let's keep "shop" out of the magazine, and use our wit, previously directed at subjects connected with our work, to embellish items of interest; in inculcating a feeling of friendliness towards our fellow "wits," and in endeavouring to assist in the Concert Party, where a witty sketch or playlet will be always welcome, especially if topical as most of our magazine articles are.

We all like to be facetious, usually at some other fellow's expense—this is good as it invites repartee and keeps us awake (boy! could I make a crack about work here), but if we have to be funny, let it be about sport, leave, or somebody else's girl friend, but for the love of mike and your fellow-men KEEP THE HANGAR DOORS CLOSED. R.T.

"We Aim to Please"

A. R. Timothy

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MORE RIVALS??

NO ACCOUNTING FOR THIS

If anyone would like to tear up his shirt and is not sure how to start, we know a Flight Lieutenant who could pass on some information gathered from past experience.

Rather surprising how our boy Sergeant could afford the train fare to spend his leave way out west, but of course with short trousers he could travel half fare on the railway. Or maybe he stowed away in the case he bought and went as someone's baggage.

A certain Corporal believes in close Army co-operation—the closer the better from what we have seen. Quack, CWAC.

With the coming of winter no doubt some LAC's who need more love to keep them warm will be only too pleased to pick up some Corporal's cast-offs.

One or two of the section seem to be taking a great interest in badminton lately. Just another poor excuse for playing about with the birds?

Our La Salle lover has been at it again. We suppose he has Personality with an extra big P.

If the B doesn't be where it ought to be, and you cannot see the C you ought to see, it probably adds up to N.B.G.

For Example: B.G.C. plus G.C.B. equals N.B.G.

Dicky the "Mad" AC2. has left for the old country after a short but hectic stay with us. But as you can see below his dog is still here, though probably in a worse mental state than his master ever was.

Answer to Correspondent:

No, Clamper, C.A.P. 16 is not the Canadian version of Grimm's Fairy Tales.

—PLUTO.

MET. OFFICE WANDERINGS

This month, we extend a hearty welcome to our new "Civvy" Met. Officer, Mr. Avery, and before I proceed, let me warn you, Mr. Avery. Be careful, because Surface Wind, to whom all scandal is as grist to the mill, is always on the lookout for news for this column.

At the time of going to press, our Yorkshireman, Horatio, is on leave in Vancouver, the young lady must be devastating to make this son of Yorkshire cough up all that train fare.

"Taffy" seems to have had quite a good time in New York, because he arrived back at work wailing "I lost my heart at the stage door canteen." (We didn't know he had one, but I suppose even a cabbage has a heart.) He must have had a shave that week.

The wee corporal is having his month's holiday down on the farm; I wonder if he misses his "Reveille Sweetheart." I know Mr. Albion gazes longingly in the direction of her portrait when he is on night duty.

I hear Mr. Armstrong is often to be seen leaving camp with his skates strung over his shoulder, and on several occasions he has been spotted limping back to camp at a late hour of the night. I suggest that he should buy a couple of cushions for that part where they are needed.

Well folks, I guess that is all; I have not been able to get anything on our chief yet, but who knows, some day he may let something slip, and then I pounce. Cheerio, old chaps.

"SURFACE WIND".

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Gestapo Gleanings

It's funny how these things happen. Our guide and mentor, Cpl. Hibbitt, ex 108 Party, wrote a few snappy lines last month about our friend "Horror" and his operation. Hardly had the issue appeared than the M.O. told him that he, too, would have to go into dock and be cut about. So off he went to the Kingston Military Hospital where he still resides. He has been operated upon and is now on the way to recovery. Hard cheddar old boy; may you be with us again soon to bind the troops; and may your shadow never grow less! (I hope I'm not next on the list!)

The Guardroom is at present undergoing "improvements." Whether it will be an improvement remains to be seen but workmen are now bashing the old home around something 'orrible. We expect we shall have to put up big signs to show you the way in now, or you will be visiting the "Professors" room before you leave camp as well as when you come in. (Between you and me, it's all for the postman's benefit.)

Our "grapevine" really works you know! According to the latest gen you erks are desirous of seeing an improved booking out system. Well, all we can say to that is in the words of our esteemed and venerable Big White Chief, "If you can think of a better one, don't hide your light under a bushel—let's have it—only don't forget it has to suit both sides and fulfil all requirements." Fair enough?

We have been honoured lately with visits from several of our old cronies. We think they deserve honourable mention, and you may be interested. Cpl. George Young and Alec Hall paid us a brief visit from St. Catharines where they have just finished their E.F.T.S. Quite successfully I hear. They now enter S.F.T.S. with joyful anticipation. Cpl. Charlie Harris paid us a fleeting visit soon after from Mont Joli. He is well on the way for his A.G. badge, happy and confident of now literally being "Tail end Charlie."

Our last visitor was Cpl. Asling (Ginger to you) from Yarmouth, N.S. He is apparently in charge there, (of course, Gestapo that is), but I think that he yearns to be back here. These happy smiling faces have brought on a severe attack of nostalgia.

How do you like our new barrier? Personally, we think the idea was sound, and if it had been erected properly it would have been quite useful. As it is . . . well . . . the police always were tough.

Query: Could the powers that be see about appointing a Welfare Committee to look after the welfare of the Welfare Committee?

Yours hopefully,
SNOOP.

Coppers and Robbers

By THE RIVAL REPORTER

This month I would like to impress upon you and would like you to realize owing to censorship all that I send in for print cannot possibly be published. Although democracy allows freedom of speech amongst ourselves, freedom of the press would be very embarrassing for many of the noted victims.

My first report for this month comes from Cpl. Jarvis and mutinous gang. They very cunningly set a trap to catch me but to no avail. I cannot be caught so easily, even if the catch was directed towards me instead of my suspected rival. Anyway, Joe, it was a corny joke and would never have been printed. Too bad though, the censor had to spoil your little piece in last month's issue. Your neck would have been burning yet.

Again Joe makes the news with the aid of his oppo, Tommy Shorten. Whilst on week-end in Ottawa under the influence of drink they were seen playing at Coppers and Robbers, the Robbers being rookie victims of the R.C.A.F. Aren't these Fitter IIA's degrading.

Too bad you junior N.C.O.'s do not pick your lady friends. One made a horrible blunder during a supper engagement. Having a bare dime, the means of transport back to camp, he brazenly handed the young lady the bill. Screwing the bill into a ball she politely said, "I'll wash the dishes."

The greatest problem for this month has us all guessing. In last month's issue I congratulated Cpl. Williams on his engagement to the American beauty. This month he was seen walking down Princess Street with a live bundle in his arms and a lady by his side. Congratulations, Bill, things certainly move fast in this country.

So Duff, the comic partner to Vic Newrock, has departed for U.K. on mental grounds. Too bad the M.O. doesn't walk around the hangar occasionally—many would soon be joining him, especially those pioneers waiting for the boat and with them would depart the imaginary zoo and invisible objects.

A certain N.C.O. spending a week-end in the city, on arrival found the young lady out, in more ways than one. Making enquiries as to her whereabouts he was interrupted by the ringing of the phone. On lifting the receiver and hearing an aristocratic old school tie voice, jealousy at once seized him. Thinking quickly he answered, "Sorry she is not at home, this is her husband speaking." The F.A.A. on the other end answered, "It's awfully odd, you sound very English." "Yes," said the N.C.O., "I have just returned from over there."

This ends the news for this month, gentlemen, with a word of warning to you would be wife-snatchers of grass widows, the first division will be snatching you when they return.

ATHLETICS (Cont'd.)

thrilled in the next event which was the 440 yards, in which LAC. Sandy ran away from the rest of the field to win in very fast time, 20 yards in front of the Queen's man. We received a setback in the half-mile, our Command champion, ALA. Smith was beaten into second place in the run-in. One of our Rugger players, Petty Officer Dearnley, ran a fine race in the mile, but was up against a really good Queen's man, and had to take second place. During the interval, our relay team was much too good for Queen's, and ALA. Smith finished off with a well-run half-mile, to give our team this event. During the afternoon, the pole-vault had been going on and our team captain, PO. Rowell, was placed in this, but Queen's were winners on points.

On Tuesday, Oct. 27th our track team competed at a triangular meet in Toronto, against Toronto University, and Ontario Agricultural College. The events were run off in bitterly cold weather, but in spite of this, our individual winners put up great performances. In the long jump, Sub. Lieut. Thornhill made a leap of 22 feet, 11 inches, easily the best performance of the meeting, and in the 120 hurdles, LAC. Truelove was second in the fast time of 14.6 secs. ALA. Smith won the half-mile in 2.6 minutes, and was placed fourth in the mile. PO. Rowell had a field day and was placed in the pole-vault, discus, shot-put and even the two miles. He told me that he was colder in this event than any of the others. ALA. Cartwright was placed fourth in the javelin and LAC. Truelove was third in the shot put. Our team was PO. Rowell, Sub. Lieut. Thornhill, LAC. Sandy, LAC. Truelove, ALA.'s Smith, Cartwright, Owen, Chadwick and Sgt. Talbot.

Our distance runners were competing in Toronto on Saturday, 31st of October. The

teams competing were R.A.F., Trinity College, University, and Emmanuel. R.A.F., Kingston, were winners with 36 points.

The placings were ALA. Smith, second; UAC. Titterington, 9th; PO. Rowell, 11th, and LAC. Tomlin, 14th. LAC. Titterington, who is one of our Station boxing team, did very well to gain the points for us.

TABLE TENNIS

A triangular tournament was held at Barrielfield; the teams competing were R.A.F. Kingston, Barrielfield and Vimy. The final score was R.A.F. 32 points, Barrielfield 23 points and Vimy 9 points. We now meet Queen's University on November 4th, and in addition a basketball match will be played.

BOXING

We have three boxers competing at the Royal Canadian Naval Tournament on November 15th, in Kingston. LAC. Titterington, LAC. Hepple and AC. Griffiths will be fighting selected opponents, and the tournament will be staged at the Kingston Badminton Club, commencing at 8 p.m.

Classes for novices will be started on November 18th, in the Recreation Hall, and will be held every Wednesday and Friday at 18.30 hours. It is hoped by this means to get enough entries to stage a Novices Tournament in the near future.



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RUGGER

Our undefeated rugger XV journeyed to Montreal on Saturday, October 24th, to meet R.A.F. Ferry Command in a game which was played at Westmount Park before a large crowd, which included Sir Frederick Bowhill, A.O.C. Ferry Command. It was the finest display our lads have put up so far, and the spectators had a feast of good rugby and saw a display of "fireworks" which left some scars on both teams. After half-time, our team took the lead with a well-deserved try which was converted by our skipper, Wing Cmdr. Irens. Just before the final whistle, Cpl. Miskelly went over the line to score again, and Kingston were winners by 11 points to 3. It was great to hear the crowd shouting for Kingston and to meet so many enthusiasts from England, Scotland and Wales, and to hear the Canadians comparing our game with their own.

On Sturday, October 31st, our XV were in Toronto, to play Port Albert. The proceeds were donated to the Bombed Victims Fund of Great Britain, and the game was sponsored by the "Toronto Evening Telegram." The match was played under very

bad weather conditions, and the ball was difficult to handle. Once again the Kingston team-work was apparent, and occasionally the brilliant individual efforts, which have upset so many good sides this season, were made by our backs, and the forwards were as usual, all pulling their weight, well led by the team captain, Wing Cmdr. Irens. ALA. Simpson at fullback was in good form, and LAC. Walton was always prominent among the threes.



Sgt. Bonney Cpl. Kendal, LAC. Walton, Flt. Lt. Holloway and W. C. Irens discuss a plan for the game.



LAC. Palmer makes a break-away

ATHLETICS

On Saturday, Oct. 27th, our track team was at Queen's Stadium competing with the University. The first event was the 100 yards, which was won by LAC. Sandy, by two yards. Queen's won the 220; we were placed second in this event. The crowd was

(Continued on Next Page)

Recreation Hall Alterations

By L. A. MOYSE (Y.M.C.A. Supervisor)



Table Tennis

They're at it again, those airmen who swat the little celluloid ball; in other words, we look like having a good station table tennis team again this year. Last year the combination of Jennison, Heath, Phillipson, Lloyd and Wren proved too good for the best that Barriefield and Vimy could produce.

The Hut Table Tennis League will shortly get under way, after having been delayed by the secretary's illness and introduction of the shift system. There should be at least 12 to 15 teams taking part. Entries can be made with Cpl. Jennison.

Anniversary Dance

Congratulations to all those who worked so hard to make this dance such an unqualified success; people are still remarking what a good show it was. Credit, of course, goes to the members of the Dance and Bombed Victims Committees, who felt that their work was rewarded when approximately \$150.00 was turned over to the B.V.F.

Hospitality

The reason why we've been able to arrange more home visits lately is largely because of the efforts of a Kingston woman. This lady's name is Mrs. Huggard, or, as she prefers to be called, "Mother Mac," and she works indefatigably to secure hostesses for our airmen. So, if you'd like to visit a Kingston home and make friends with some grand Canadian people, come along to the Y.M.C.A. office and we'll arrange it for you.

So Long, No. 31 S.F.T.S.!

Your Y.M.C.A. Supervisor has been posted overseas and will be leaving Kingston shortly, so that this will be my last "Pioneer" assignment.

If the editor permits it, I should like to say "Cheerio" and wish you all manner of success for your future at this station. My six months here have been all too short and every moment has been well worth while. If there's a better bunch of airmen anywhere, I've yet to find them, and it's been a real pleasure working with you all.

By now the "face-lifting" in the recreation hall should be completed and I must say the result is very pleasing. New stage, new lighting, new curtains, new ceiling—well, it's enough to delight the heart of anyone interested in camp entertainment.

Outside contractors are making the major alterations but our own men are doing a complete re-wiring of the stage lighting. The carpentry is in the capable hands of LAC. Howard, whilst LAC. Peck and AC. Douglas are doing the electrician's work.

Already the effect of the alterations is noticeable in the movie shows; the acoustics of the hall have made a big improvement in the sound, and the width of the stage makes it possible for greater seating accommodation.

With the enlarged stage available the Y.M.C.A. can now ask first-class concert parties to visit the camp, and we hope to provide "bigger and better" shows during the coming winter. At present, negotiations are being made with the "Thumbs Up" Revue from Montreal and all being well they will show here on October 24th.

Improved Movie Shows

Good news for picture-goers is that shortly we shall be showing first release films in the Rec. Hall. The National Y.M.C.A. War Services have just completed arrangements with all the principal movie firms, so that before very long we'll be able to enjoy the very latest movies right here on the camp each Tuesday and Thursday.

Another innovation is that two complete showings are being given for Thursday's movie, the first at 18.30 hours and the second at 21.15 hours. The reason for this extra show is to enable those men coming off and going on the 9 o'clock shift to attend.

Airmen's Dances

Have you noticed the ingenious backcloth effects which have been appearing each Monday night? Many complimentary remarks have been passed about them, and in case you didn't know it, the designer is none other than my Y.M.C.A. colleague, Mr. Arnott, who is assisted by AC. Douglas.

Sport and Sportsmen in Wartime England - No 2

Early in the war almost all Britain's foremost boxers enlisted in the armed forces, many of them in the R.A.F. The list is a formidable one, Len Harvey (now a Flying Officer), Tommy Farr, Eddie Phillips, Eric Boon, Dave Crowley, Nel Tarleton, Ernie Roderick, Harry Mizler, Jack London, Tom Reddington, and Jack Kid Berg, to be followed later by Freddie Mills, who has since defeated Len Harvey for the light-heavy-weight title. At the many depots and stations, these champions were training recruits as air-crew trainees, and besides giving valuable instruction, were taking part in contests and exhibitions for the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund, and many other deserving causes. One of the greatest meetings held in recent years was staged at the Odeon Theatre in Leicester Square, and all the proceeds went to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund; the boxers, all champions, gave their services free, and the fights were worthy of British championships. Arthur Danaher, Boon's rival for the lightweight title, was serving in the Irish Guards, and the meeting of these two will be remembered for a very long time. Many of those who went through the I.T.W.s in England will remember Len Harvey, and will most likely have sparred with him at some time, or have seen the results of his teaching. Len can impart

his boxing craft very well. Many great boxing programmes were staged at various R.A.F. and Army centres, giving thousands the opportunity of seeing these champions in action, and at the same time providing huge sums of money for relief funds. It was a fact, that at one fight for a British title, the boxers, the referee, and the promoter were all serving in the R.A.F. News from England tells of boxers serving in the Commandos, the Merchant Navy, and in the Defence Services; even the Bomb Disposal Squad had Glyn Moody, a well-known Welsh boxer, who was often seen working in parts of London during the "Blitz." A personal friend of mine, Seaman Jim Lawlor, a well-known welter-weight, who had trained such men as Tommy Farr, Max Baer, Pete Sarron and many others at the famous "Green Man" at Blackheath, was at the outbreak of war sent on convoy duties on the Atlantic routes, and on board the ships in these convoys were men like Tommy Martin, Jackie Brown, and many others of the boxing profession; who were serving in the Merchant Navy. One other well-known ex-champion, Jack Peterson, was often to be seen officiating at service meetings; he is a captain in the Army. The next article will be on the many famous cricketers who are serving their country.

R. W.

THE BUSINESS MEN— THE KINGSTON HOCKEY ASSOCIATION— THE LIONS CLUB—

are co-operating in this civic effort.

Kingston's community spirit will have a real chance to show itself during the winter, as the hockey season progresses. The Kingston Hockey Association is publishing a "Hockey Year Book" which has been generously supported by local firms, stores and businessmen by purchase of advertising space.

The Kingston Hockey Association has now placed the complete sale of this interesting book in the hands of the KINGSTON LIONS CLUB. Copies will be available at 10c each, and it is hoped to sell at least 20,000. They will be on sale at all games and also at many other convenient places throughout the city. Every cent of profit will go to the Lions Club British Bomb Victims' Fund. There will be given away during the hockey season War Savings Certificates to the value of \$100 to the purchasers of lucky numbered Hockey Year Books.

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