

DECEMBER, 1942

31 S.F.T.S.

The PIONEER

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



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EDITORIAL



CPL. J. F. JOHNSON
Editor:

The old year is rapidly drawing to a close and with it comes the news, to the readers of "The Pioneer" that this is to be our final number. The committee were extremely reluctant to take this step, but unfortunately had no other alternative, with the cessation of advertising. Perhaps, but whisper it quietly, we may recommence to operate sometime in the New Year.

Once again we are offering a \$5 prize for the lucky number on the cover. The lucky number will be published in D.R.O.'s. For once D.R.O.'s will be read carefully!

Many of you will be going away for your Christmas or New Year Grant. I have no doubt you will have a rip-snorting time whether it be in Montreal, Toronto, New York, Kingston, or some other far-flung field.

As the new editor, I would like to thank all the personnel who have made contributions or in any way assisted with the publication of the magazine. LAC. Wood has done a fine job as editor for the past four months, and it would only have remained to be seen what sort of a hash I made of it; fortunately or unfortunately (I am not sure which) I am spared that notoriety.

Since the birth of our initial number, in March, 1941, the Pioneer has gradually grown from an adventurous baby into something far greater. So much has been heard of the grimmer side of the war from all sources that it has been the policy of the magazine to supply some light reading and an amusing and interesting record of the events associated with daily life in and around our Station. Possibly some of our friends, both here in Canada and those back in the Old Country, might have received a wrong impression of our activities. One day the true story may be told—until then—"Carry On."

In conclusion here's wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Very Happy New Year Cheerio!

J. F. Johnson

Holder of B.E.M. at Kingston

An unexpected award of the British Empire Medal is a shaker in itself; but to be informed of the award by one's own parents in a letter from home is more than just a shock!

That's what happened to LAC. Fred Hartle of this Station, proud wearer of the small pale blue and crimson ribbon denoting gallantry on active service.

Fred, a Fitter 2E, arrived at 31 from Pearce, Alberta, but the scene of his valiant deeds is laid at a Naval Air Station in Southern England, sometime in May, 1941. But let him tell his story in his own words — without any garnishing or glorifying of the facts:

"I was on attachment to 116 Squadron at the time," he began, in his interview with our correspondent, "and was standing on the 'deck' after a dinner in the cook-house. A Proctor took off and I was horrified to see it strike a Lysander as it was leaving the ground. Half the mainplane of the Proctor was torn away and fluttered to the ground; the Proctor rose to about 150 feet and then nosed into the deck. It blazed up furiously.

"The wreckage was not far from me so I rushed over the ground and managed to pull the occupants out—a Wing Commander and an LAC. One of the petrol tanks exploded while I was dragging them clear. The Wing Commander was badly injured and died the following day; the LAC. was badly burnt. I escaped with burns to the upper parts of my body and hands.

"I suppose a report about it all must have gone to the usual authorities. I had forgotten all about it and was on a Fitter's course at Gloucester when a letter came from my people to say that I had been awarded the British Empire Medal (Military Division). You can imagine my surprise. Apparently the news and a story had been on the radio and in the newspapers the previous day. Shortly afterwards an A.M.O. was issued giving the official citation."

Fred is now 22 years old and awaiting air-crew training as a pilot. Before enlisting he was an apprentice fitter at an engineering works in Manchester. He is one of the "three year" chaps, having arrived in Canada on March 7th, travelling in the same convoy as the writer. His stocky, cheery figure and the brightly colored ribbon are already familiar assets at 31— and we extend to him our heartiest congratulations on his superb action and the richly deserved award.

J.R.I.



LAC. HARTLE, B.E.M.

I HEARD THE BELLS OF BRITAIN RINGING

I heard the bells of Britain ringing,
Ringing out in victory,
Ringing out with sweetness bringing,
To the peoples of the world still free;
And now I have courage to borrow
Visions of our great tomorrow.

I heard the bells of Britain ringing,
Ringing sweetly through the air,
And I knew the free were praying
For noble hearts now sleeping there
For those who fell, as Britain stood
A Magna Charta drenched in blood.

I heard the bells of Britain ringing
From a church of yesterday,
And I saw the ivy clinging
As free men gathered there to pray,
Mighty then, now mightier still
Symbolizing Britain's will.

J.M.

Savages As Research Workers

DURING the 400 years in which white man has wandered in S. America he has not discovered any plant or tree of any value, the initial properties of which were not already known to the aborigines. The Indians had experimented with most of their vegetable kingdom long before Columbus mistook his destination.

Quinine—that priceless blessing in fever-infested lands—cocaine, ipecacuanha, potatoes, beans, maize and cocoa were being used in this so-called unknown continent centuries ago. The Aymara Indians, for instance, had 240 words in their dialect for the different kinds of potatoes they cultivated before the Irishman had dreamed there were such things. At that time, too, cocoa, sweetened with honey, was used by the Indians for ceremonial purposes.

Doubtless, many of these discoveries were made by the aborigines by accident; yet there must have been many painstaking, copper-skinned heroes of research who were the first to test these plants. Think of manioc—that succulent tuber from which we get tapioca. One kind of this root is poisonous unless it is prepared before being eaten. Yet this manioc formed the staple diet of many tribes in Brazil. Who, then, were the pre-Columbian experimenters who first discovered how to remove the poison (prussic acid) from this root? Or which diligent pagan first produced, and proved to his sceptical, conservative tribesmen the existence of a non-poisonous manioc? Was it a housewife among these Indians who experimented, and then brought to light the fact that manioc juice preserves meat from the quick putrefaction known in the tropics? It was some deep-thinking brave, surely, who first chewed cocoa leaves with ashes or lime in order to obtain from them the maximum of stimulation in the form of cocaine. Some other Indian discovered that cocaine will dull pain.

The use of cotton, to take another example, the Carib Indians discovered, independently, making with it tapestry, and weaving strange designs in an expert way. A number of fast dyes are originally S. American, and garments, dyed in pre-Inca times, and found today, still have most of their original colour.

Primitive S. Americans used rubber before Columbus was born. With it they made balls, rings, gong-sticks and even syringes (believe it or not!). It was no dull Indian, surely, who first made a ball of clay, covered it with raw rubber, smoked the whole over a fire to harden the rubber, and then washed away the clay mould—the *cire-perdu* method used today in moulding! From this rubber ball they no doubt got the idea of making an enema syringe, an invention which, like the others, was entirely their own.

From time immemorial S. American Indians

have used tobacco. It was from these Indians that Sir Walter got the idea. As cigars, as cigarettes, in pipes (one tribe has pipes with filters for the tobacco juice!), as snuff—in every known way they were the first to experiment with “sublime tobacco.”

Do you know that long before white men set foot in Latin America the chief of a big tribe had passed a Dangerous Drug Act? Civilized folks are still wondering what plant the Jivaro Indians use when they shrink human heads to the size of an orange (the head still retaining all the characteristic features it had in life). Nobody knows how long ago the Indians first used the now well-known cochineal bug for pigment.

It is the same with the “poisonous gas” some of these Indians used in warfare. They made it from cayenne pepper (the therapeutic use of which they also discovered themselves) to drive out those of their enemies who fought behind palisades. Poisonous gas and primitives! Dangerous Drug Acts and redskins!

Which savage Indian was the first to experiment with *curare* poison, now being used by “modern” medicos, or with the cardiac poison *pacaru*? Most of us have heard of the wourali poison which Waterton discovered being used by Indians of the Amazon, a drug which brings death within thirty minutes to anyone unfortunate enough to be wounded by a minute dart smeared with this ingredient. The marvellous properties of this drug, brought to light by some tawny research worker, show that, while it effectively kills game, the meat is in no way affected and is eaten by the hunters. In the 16th century the invading Spaniards were panic-stricken to see the effect on their men of poisoned arrows used by the Chiquito Indians. Still another tribe uses a potent poison—thanks to the painstaking work of some obscure redskin—made from the secretions of a frog.

These, and many other discoveries made by primitives, make us realize that there are fertile brains among these copper-skinned peoples, and we cannot but admire those who (like the unknown Indian who, ages ago, persisted that quinine bark did alleviate fever) were pioneers in research, and especially so when we remember the superstitious fear all Indians have for things new. Plants are being used today by Indians as medicines which, in the future, will be hailed by the wise as great, “new” discoveries. The Indian experiments and designs with little aid from the “joint work of generations of his predecessors,” bringing to light discoveries which, today, would made headline news, yet dies unknown, his genius unrecognized.

J. A.

Padre's Chat

THE prayer-desk to which I referred last month, has now been followed by a very fine lectern, which, like the prayer-desk, is the work of Pilot Officer Ellis. We are most grateful for these useful and beautiful furnishings.

As we think of the four pieces of furniture, the font, the altar, the prayer-desk and the lectern, all of which have been made for us by Station workshops personnel, we are reminded of some important things in the Christian life.

The Font

At the font we are baptised, made members of the Christian family. We are born into the world as members of some family or other; we become members of the greatest family the world has ever known—the Christian Church. The Church has often fallen far short of her ideals—that is partly because everyone is invited to become a member, and she is not a museum for saints. But those ideals are there; it is up to each one of us to try to live up to them; and, by doing so, to help to create in the world a firm foundation on which understanding, fellowship and peace can be built.

The Altar

After the font had been made, workshops turned their attention to the altar. That reminds me of the family meal, the Holy Communion, to which Christ invites us. The early Christians met together every Sunday for this and we should try to do so as well. If we remember that that is our greatest service of worship, that there we remember the passion and death of Christ and all that Christ means and teaches, that there we receive the power of Christ Himself to help us in our daily lives we shall want to come more frequently. I am very disappointed at the lack of response so far—come, for Christ said: "Do this in remembrance of Me." Now that Holy Communion is celebrated at 9 o'clock each Sunday morning, and also after the evening service on the first and third Sundays of the month, you should be able to come along fairly regularly.

The Prayer-Desk

The prayer-desk is a reminder to us all that prayer is the vital thing in a Christian's life. We can only maintain a friendship if we are in touch with our friend. God is our greatest Friend, and we must be ready to spend as much time and take as much trouble as possible in establishing and deepening that friendship. As Tennyson said:

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let
thy voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep and

goats

That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them
friend?

For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

The Lectern

The lectern has been our most recent addition—particularly valuable because on it is placed the Word of Life, the Holy Bible. The Bible shows us how people gradually discovered what God is like, it tells of the love and care of God for us, of his provision for our sin and our need, and testifies to Christ as the Lord and Saviour of men.

Christmas

About this last truth we think in a special way at Christmas time. We have our parties and make merry because it is Christ-mass, the feast of Christ. So, in the midst of our festivities, let us not leave out Him, without whom there would be no occasion for such joy. I was reminding some of you, a few Sundays ago, of the story of the man who, by taking a certain drug becomes invisible. People sense his presence, hear a sound, but they do not see him. They are fascinated, they guess about him or fear him, but only when he takes shape before their eyes do they know him. That is a good illustration of what God did for us on the first Christmas Day. Men had felt God's presence before Christ came; they had seen the majesty of the starry heavens and knew that He was coming; they had learnt something of Him through the Old Testament prophets; they had heard His voice in the sharp commands of conscience. But they had never seen Him. At last, on the first Christmas Day, God became Man in the person of Jesus Christ. No longer was He an invisible Being whom men could never touch, see or handle. Now God became visible, and in Jesus, showed the world His love for all mankind. "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son." Let us, like the shepherds and the wise men, show our love by coming this Christmas to Worship Him, and by showing the Christmas spirit of helpfulness and generosity not only at Christmas time, but throughout the coming year.

Christmas Services

The services on Sundays December 20 and 27 will be really "Christmassy." We are also going to have a carol service on Monday, Dec. 21st, at 7 o'clock, in the evening in the Station Church. At this the Male Voice Choir will act as the choir. Be sure to come. Finally, and most important of all, on Christmas Day there will be Holy Communion at 9 o'clock and a short Christmas service at 10 o'clock.

Third Victory Loan

How about you?

It is usually believed, by all who are indirectly concerned, that the Accounts Section of any R.A.F. Unit can do the most amazing things with figures. But when voluntary contributions are called for, the results have to stand on their own. Consequently the writer is very glad to have the opportunity of writing for the Station magazine a few words of thanks to all those who have generously offered to lend their money to Canada.

It was very noticeable throughout the three weeks of the campaign how quickly and effectively the Prairie Provinces reached their objectives, and the results were an expression of gratitude for one of the most prolific harvests of the last ten years, and a will to revenge the Dieppe casualties. Here, at No. 31 S.F.T.S. many of the personnel, both Service and civilians, have likewise shown their "will to win" by buying and investing in Victory Bonds. A magnificent total of \$12,500, was subscribed and the following facts explain the figure.

- 1—Of the total subscribed \$6,400 was in cash.
- 2—A total of 102 persons subscribed to the Loan.
- 3—Thirty civilians employed on the Unit made subscriptions.
- 4—Service personnel invested \$10,750.

No. 1 Training Command personnel subscribed over one million dollars to the Loan, and it is justifiably put on record that this Unit excelled all previous efforts, for which Canada and No. 1 T.C. express their thanks to all concerned.

J.F.W.

If a girl doesn't watch her figure the boys won't.

* * *

It isn't what a girl does that fascinates a man—it's what she won't do.

* * *

Woman generally speaking, is generally speaking.

* * *

Mrs. MacPherson was busy at the wash-tub when there came a timid knock at the door. Angry at the interruption, she flung open the door to show a little pedlar. "Did you want to see me?" she demanded. The little pedlar took a step backwards. "Well if I did," he said meekly, "I've got my wish, thank you!"

TETE-A-TETE

The 10.30 bus was wending its way back from town, packed as usual, but surprisingly quiet. The thoughtful silence was suddenly broken by the following:

"I say, old boy, don't you think it would be a perfectly **marvellous** idea, when this is all over, to get an Austin 7 or . . . something, and tour the Sahara, or . . . one of those deserts?"

"I think it would be perfectly **lovely**, and **frightfully** interesting! You know, I've heard that nobody ever gets ill in the desert. Absolutely **amazing**, isn't it? Must be the heat, or the sand, or something!"

"Who was that explorer chappie who did the same sort of thing in Northern China? Perfectly amazing fellow. His only companion was a woman; some French girl or other. Seems a **frightfully** queer thing to do, what!"

"Oh, you mean Peter Fleming and Freya Stark. Why shouldn't he take a woman, anyway? She was remarkably clever, I believe. Wrote a book, or something. The whole thing was reported in *Wide World Magazine*."

"I'm **frightfully** sorry, old chap, but I could never bring myself to read that thing. It always seemed to me to be rather . . . er . . . Well, you know what I mean."

"What do you think of the war?"

"Oh, I've had a perfectly **marvellous** time so far! I think wars are a **frightfully** good idea. They clean up a lot of things that need cleaning up, don't you think, and they certainly reduce the surplus population! (Shades of Scrooge? Ed.)

"I don't know, old boy. Don't you think the price is rather high?"

"I say, did you ever go to that new night club in Dover Street? You wouldn't find it unless you knew where it was. They had a perfectly **lovely** garden. I had some **wonderful** lunch parties there.

"You know, old chap, when this is all over we must have a really **marvellous** party."

"That's a **frightfully** good idea!"

"Women?"

"I don't know. Perhaps it would be better stag. Oh, no. I think we'll have women. Wives excepted, of course, what!"

"Yes, old boy, but for heaven's sake keep it dark. Mine would cut my throat!"

"Your wife's rather sweet, isn't she?"

"Oh, yes! I caught her when she was **absolutely** unspoiled. She'd hardly been "out". Of course, she'd been presented at Court, but hadn't done the whole season, if you know what I mean."

"How **frightfully** lucky, old boy. Well, here's the camp."

"Yes. What a **frightful** bore!"

The whole conversation reminded one of two elderly dowagers over the tea cups. But surely they don't usually wear the uniform of the F.A.A.!

Male Voice Choir

The month has been a quiet one as far as concerts are concerned but rehearsals have been held twice a week and have reached quite a good standard. Attendance has also been good despite the calls of duty. On November 12th we made a good impression at the First Baptist Church, Johnson Street, Kingston. This was the first visit of the new choir to the city and anxious to uphold the reputation of the old choir, we did our best. Our conductor, Taff Lewis, grudgingly admitted he was pleased. This is a unique event and we were more pleased with that, than we were with the evident appreciation of our audiences. During the concert we sang P. O. Ellis' arrangement of the well-known tune, "Ton-y-botel," which was the hit of the evening. We were honoured by the presence of a few members of the "Kingstonettes" concert party, who regard themselves as honorary members of the choir. They were Margaret and Barbara Davis and Betty Pipe. Margaret played some pleasing violin solos and accompanied Betty on the piano. Barbara ably played the piano accompaniment for her sister Margaret. Bett's voice and execution were well up to standard and as usual made a hit.

The light refreshments supplied by the ladies of the church were much enjoyed by all. Mr. J. Arnott, the Y.M.C.A. organizer at the camp, was with the choir and his lecture on his experiences in South America was very much appreciated.

May I take this opportunity to appeal to men on the station who can sing to come along and swell our ranks and share in the enjoyment we all get from our singing. Part singing is a very satisfying method of enjoying good music, and the result well justifies the work we do in rehearsals. Taff is sending for some new music soon and promises us some good numbers and plenty of "binding," which is nothing new. Rehearsals are held every Monday and Thursday in the Station Church.

T. W. W.

A newly married doctor was out walking one afternoon with his young wife when an attractive young woman nodded to him.

Scenting an earlier love affair, the wife asked: "Who's the lady, dear?"

"Oh, only a woman I've met once or twice professionally," replied the doctor.

"Whose profession, yours or her?" asked the wife.

Santa Claus is the only one who can run around with a bag all night and not get talked about.

Believe It Or Not

(With Apologies to Ripley)

This is how I heard it:—

The fact is there had been some trouble in the States with a kite, and they had been to put it right; how successfully only posterity will show, but now they were back, and to their surprise were told to report to the Accounts in connection with their visit to the States. With visions of financial reward, (estimated at a modest ten dollars), and a grateful country's thanks, they almost doubled to the Accounts Section. They were received with usual courtesy at the Accounts Office, and after rigid interrogation were asked to sign a form.

This form was then taken to be authorised, and was signed, they presume, by most of the senior officers of the station. Again they were asked to sign it, and again it was whisked away for signature by the Orderly Sergeant and Duty Clerk—or so they supposed. Once more they signed, and again the form, like a will-of-the-wisp, disappeared from view, to have the size of caps and boots and presumably their photographs and fingerprints (the latter by this time well spread over it), added.

Then came the great moment! Springing smartly to attention, they marched into the Accounts sanctum sanctorum, each singing out his full regimental number, and received with all service solemnity—ONE CENT!

I'm not sure if all these facts are true, some of them I doubt very much, but the salient one—of having a pay parade for one cent—IS definitely true. Of course, the accounts have to be correct even to a cent—I have found out since that it was the balance of the expenses account—but you'll admit it was probably the smallest pay parade in the world. Anyway, I'm keeping it for the "Is this a Record" series.—Any competitors?

ARTY.

An intelligent girl is one who knows how to refuse a kiss without being deprived of it.

That I spent, I had
That I kept, I lost.
That I gave, I have,

Six stages of drunkenness: Dry and decent; Delighted and devilish; delinquent and disgusting; dizzy and delirious; dazed and dejected; dead drunk.

Do you know what the female bullet said to the male bullet?—I think we're going to have a B.B.

What We Would Like to Know

If the winner of the 'lucky number' last month is the only one who will miss the Pioneer?

If the Officers' Mess was brightened up by the members of the 'Thumbs Up Revue' after the show?

Who was the officer who received the kisses of goodbye from the charming girls of the Revue?

If the visits to Barrielfield proved to be very popular?

If the Professor who lectured members of the Engineering Society gave them the 'low down' on 'Ions'?

How the new Commandant is getting on at Gananoque?

Where did all the parcels come from that were in the Drogue Section just after a certain Flt. Sgt. arrived in an Anson?

Was a certain Sgt. "sore" where the door slammed?

If a certain Flt. Sgt. has "spring" in his legs?

Is it true a certain Flt. Sgt. now "talks back to cab drivers?"

Is a certain Flt. Sgt. giving Tango lessons?

Did a certain Sgt. enjoy his walk back from Kingston on a cold and frosty morning?

If a Sgt. Pilot with two top buttons undone was on a fighter squadron once?

If a W.O. is applying for a Lilo bed in the mess?

Who is the Sgt. that prefers a new chesterfield to his bed?

When is the next session for the 'Purity Pilots'?

Will the Sgts. Mess barman get a new stock in?

Which W.O. had three speeds forward and one reverse?

Who was the airman selling lighter fuel at a cent a time?

And did his nose give him away?

Have you met Timoshenko?

Are the Cossacks learning to fly?

Areostration No. 5



Stop Me If . . .

"Who made these doughnuts?" asked the husband.

"I did," replied his wife. "Are they good?"

"Good!" was the reply. "Our fortune is made if you have got the recipe. This is the answer to the rubber shortage!"

1st Naval pupil: "How did you do at the exams, Bill?"

2nd Naval pupil: "Am afraid my marks were well under the water."

1st Naval pupil: "Under the water, what do you mean?"

2nd Naval pupil: "They were all below 'C' level!"

Wife: "Do you expect me to wear this old squirrel coat all my life?"

Husband: "Well, squirrels do darling, don't they?"

The small boy had just started school and after a week he said, "Mummy, the teacher asked me all about you and daddy and if I had any brothers and sisters."

"I'm glad to see that she is taking so much interest in you, dear, what did you tell her," replied Mummy.

"I said I was an only child. "And what did teacher say to that?" asked mother. "Oh! just 'thank heaven'."

"It is up to everyone to minimize his troubles during these times," declares a novelist. One method is to view one's Flight Sergeant through the wrong end of a telescope!

"I'm proud to say that I am a self-made man!"

"You're lucky. I'm the revised work of a wife and two daughters!"

"For years I used to find it hard to live within my income."

"And now?"

"I'm managing to rub along without it!"

After writing a prescription for his patient the doctor said: "The druggist will make that up for you for about 60 cents." The patient then asked the doctor to lend him the 60 cents whereupon the doctor took back the prescription, scratched out part of it and returned it to his patient with a dime. "The druggist will make that up for ten cents. What I scratched out was for your nerves!"

Erk to Cook: "What's the idea, only two prunes?"

Cook: "Well it's like this. You save the stones twice a week and when you get a thousand you'll know the war has been on for five years all but ten weeks!"

A brand new battalion of Home Guards had been lectured by an instructor for an hour. At the end the instructor shot a quick question to one of the men who didn't appear to be paying much attention. "Tell me, what is the best way to immobilize a car?"

"Oh, just give it to my wife to drive!" was the reply.

"Your daughter has many admirers, Mrs. Wilkins?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Wilkins. "She puts nearly all her window curtains on the rods with her old engagement rings!"

A staff officer on the western desert was given a roving commission with a camel as transport. The whole regiment was agog with excitement when they received a signal "Rommel captured, am returning in two days." Everything was got ready to give the hero a real welcome back and whispers of "Victoria Crosses" went the rounds. The next day another signal was received. "Re signal 29 x 65, for 'Rommel captured' read 'Camel ruptured!'"

There must be a dozen sergeant-majors on this camp, roughly speaking, said a military man.

But who ever heard of a sergeant-major without a rasp in his voice?

While dressing, a man staying at a north England hotel, wished to summon the chambermaid. The only bell he could discover was in the bathroom attached to the bedroom. He rang this several times without result. When he had dressed and was on his way down to breakfast, he encountered the chambermaid on the stairs, and reproached her for having failed to answer his call on the bell.

"Which bell did you ring?" asked the chambermaid.

"The one in the bathroom."

"Oh, sir, you shouldn't have used that one. That's only in case you faint or drown in the bath!"

"BEST THOUGHT FOR XMAS, MEN"



"But you know Auntie, I could
entertain those two Airmen
much better than you"

Au Revoir

With effect from this issue, "The Pioneer" ceases to function. I sincerely hope it is only a temporary measure and that it will rise again soon in another form.

As Chairman of the Committee, I have enjoyed my association with the magazine and regret the decision to discontinue its publication. Although I have been Chairman of the Committee, I have only had a small voice in the policy of "The Pioneer," my position being mainly that of a mild censor and adviser. The magazine, I have maintained, belongs to the airmen and should be run by them.

However, I do know the amount of work put into the journal and I feel that those who have done all the work have not had the backing they deserve. I am sure that, given whole-hearted support by the personnel of the station, the magazine could have continued in one form or another.

Various suggestions were considered, which might lead to the continuation of the magazine, such as, the increasing of the price, reduction or cessation of drawings, photographs etc., and reduction of the contents. It was decided that an increase in price would be very unpopular and as far as the other suggestions were concerned, the Committee was of the opinion that "The Pioneer" stripped of its features would be "The Pioneer" no longer! Frequent appeals by the Editor for readers to submit suggestions for the improvement of the magazine were without response.

The main reason, as is generally known, for the cessation of publication of "The Pioneer" is the ban on advertising matter of any description in our magazine and loss of our main source of revenue as a consequence. Without the support of our advertisers the revenue from sales alone is insufficient to provide sufficient funds to cover our cost of production.

As Advertising Director I would like to thank our advertisers for their support in the past and to say how much we appreciate the kind letters we have received offering us unsolicited advertising. It is against the present regulations to accept these offers but we certainly do appreciate the thought behind them. Thank you!

If at any time in the near future a new and increased demand for the magazine is felt, and any enthusiastic individuals are sufficiently interested to recommence its production, the present Committee will be only too pleased to assist in any way possible.

J.T.

A Message to Our Subscribers

"The Pioneer" ceases with this issue. The whys and wherefores and the reasons for this decision are explained elsewhere.

The problem immediately arises, however, as to what is to happen to any subscriptions not yet expired.

Owing to the present currency regulations in force in Canada it is impossible to refund any balance of subscriptions outstanding to subscribers who are now no longer in Canada. Such balance will be given to The Bombed Victims Fund and we feel sure that this will meet with your approval inasmuch as the unfortunate bombed victims in England will be the ultimate recipients of anything outstanding in this respect.

To subscribers outside the camp a letter is being sent requesting your decision as to whether you desire your money to be refunded or whether you wish any balance to go to the worthy cause to which all profits of "The Pioneer" have hitherto been donated.

To subscribers on the camp whose subscriptions have not yet expired two courses are open:

- (1) You can just sit tight and do nothing and your money will be disposed of as set out above, in which case you may well feel that you too are taking some small part in helping those whose homes have been wrecked as a result of aerial attack, or
- (2) You can have anything due to you refunded. Should this be your wish you should hand in your name and the address to which you had "The Pioneer" sent to LAC. Hamblett, in No. 4 Squadron Headquarters (in No. 3 Hangar) any time between eleven and twelve mid-day, any day up to and including the 22nd December, 1942.

To all of you who decide not to ask for refundment, on behalf of The Bombed Victims Fund we say "Thank you," and to you who wish to be reimbursed we may say that, that to which you are entitled will be distributed as soon as possible.

Anyway, to one and all of you who have had sufficient interest to subscribe to our magazine, we would like to express our most heartfelt thanks for your support in the past, and should it be possible for "The Pioneer" to rise again at any time in the future we feel sure that we can rely upon you to rally round once again.

"RUNNER" (Cont'd)

what flights of fancy his imagination takes him during this time, it is hard to say. He will also manage to acquire during the process, smudges of thick ink on various parts of his person, usually a liberal does on his cheek and on the back of his neck. These smudges, needless to say, are the honourable badges of his calling.

Having produced what he thinks is sufficient copies, he prepares them for delivery and, removing the stencils from the machine, screws them up and throws them into the waste paper basket. It is usually at this juncture that he remembers a new section or a section requiring additional copies and there is much fevered searching of the waste paper basket to find the precious stencil.

The tea swindle then calls for attention and after producing his own special brand of this delectable liquid, he proceeds round the Station with precious D.R.Os. These are sought for eagerly by all sections. There is much hurried scanning by various personnel as they look for their name in the guard or duties columns. It is often here that the runner can use his self-assumed superiority and authority in denying various sections, with whom he is at variance early perusal of the broadsheet by forgetting to deliver their copy until the very last.

Afterwards, back again to his table, usually to bump into a packet of trouble and "strip-tearing-offs" on account of files mislaid or forgotten, or messages he hasn't delivered. His cast-iron alibis usually save him and peace reigns again.

He then goes off for tea. He returns afterwards and generally lets everyone know how patriotic and unselfish he is by coming back in his own time.

He sorts out his desk, hiding the important "gen" he doesn't feel like delivering that evening, and after attending to blackouts and other perquisites attendant to his job, he packs up and goes to his billet.

So we leave him, in Block seated on his bed, surrounded usually by sprogs, shooting a hot one that "Groupie said this to me" or "The Adge said that" or giving his listeners shocks of various kinds by repeating imaginary overseas draft notes he is supposed to have seen and also condescending to let them into secrets of station orders in advance, etc., etc. . . . And so to bed.

To parody an old song "If you want to know the 'gen' ask a runner."

Mud thrown is ground lost.

"Say why did the foreman sack you yesterday?"

"Well a foreman is one who stands around and watches his men work, and then he got jealous of me because people thought I was the foreman."

Fooling with the Phone

The other day, whilst business was slack, I took a walk into the Telephone Exchange, (don't try it yourself, it is out of bounds), but there was no cup of tea—my excuse for visiting—and neither was there any telephone operator at the switch-board, so I decided to have fun and games with resultant consternation to all concerned. The first number that I rang was Maintenance Headquarters:

Me:- Maintenance Headquarters?

Reply:- Irens here.

Me:- They shouldn't be, you are supposed to hand them in to the cookhouse.

* * *

I then rang No. 5 Hangar:

Me:- 5 Hangar?

Reply:- Rochester here.

Me:- Well hush ma mouff, could ah speak to Jack Benny please?

* * *

The next call was to the Central Registry

Me:- May I speak to the Sergeant in Charge?

Reply:- Keatings here.

Me:- I'm not surprised, it is a pretty lousy dump.

* * *

The Squadron Leader Admin. was the next call.

Me:- Who is speaking?

Reply:- Stuart here.

Me:- Ye gods, I thought that he went out with Cromwell.

* * *

I asked for the C.O., but of course had to speak through the Adjutant.

Me:- Is that the C.O.?

Reply:- No, Morris speaking.

Me:- That is the first time that I have heard a talking automobile. Could you put me through to the Group Captain please?

After a slight pause whilst the contact was made we heard:- Trench here.

Me:- For defense purposes, I suppose, in case of invasion.

* * *

I then tried the cookhouse.

Me:- N.C.O. i.c. please.

Reply:- This is Carlile.

Me:- Good heavens, this 'phone is only supposed to be used for local calls. The R.A.F. will have a fit when the account is rendered.

* * *

My last call was to Servicing Flight.

Me:- Officer Commanding Servicing Flight, please.

Reply:- Tee here.

Me:- Good, that is what I came in here for in the first place. I'll ring off and be right over for a cup.

—G. R.

RUNNER

(The following is an article sent by Cpl. Blaxley, a former Editor of the Pioneer, and at the present time still residing in England.—Ed.)

AN occupation which is not often brought to general notice in the R.A.F. is that of Orderly Room Runner. This is usually assigned to ACHs who, after taking over duties, appear to acquire a new dignity amongst themselves. They work in the pulsating centre of the station or squadron, from whence emanates all the "hot gen." They know all the station's secrets, or at least, think so, and even appear to do so when off duty having a quiet drink in the NAFFI or the "local". Many suggestive nods and winks are passed to their especial cronies and many mysterious phrases, calculated to impress and mystify their audience, drop from their lips during the course of their conversation.

Let us look in at a day in the life of one of such of these runners.

He is at a Bomber Station and works in S.H.Q., Orderly Room and is under the supervision of the Sergeant Clerk who really has enough to do in coping with his own job and supervising his clerks to worry too much about the runner, so that the latter usually works in his own time, resulting in a speed which is anything but fast and efficient.

The runner's day starts about eight o'clock in the morning and he usually dashes in about five minutes past the hour, minus breakfast, trying to look as though he had been about some time. His breakfast he usually manages to scrounge from the cook-house later on in the day. He then proceeds to dust the desks of the mighty; Station Commander, Adjutant and Assistant Adjutant, Sqd. Ldr. "A" etc. This job in itself is almost an honour, as he can imagine himself on familiar terms with the "old man" by virtue of looking over his desk every morning. It also gives him a chance of perusing various documents, signals, etc., which are lying about, which are the main source of his "hot gen". He sometimes sits in the C'O.'s chair when he has time and imagines himself with gold braid round his hat, giving orders into the "mike" etc. He occasionally rings the bell and brings a clerk scurrying in with a notebook and pencil handy. Needless to say, the clerk tells him, in no uncertain terms, his opinion of runners in general. However, there isn't really much time to indulge in flights of fancy of this kind. "There's serious work to be done," he thinks to himself, as he sharpens pencils and arranges clean blotting paper carefully round the various

objects on the desk and tables with almost reverent awe.

After these duties he goes back to the Orderly Room and sits down at his table, covered with once brown paper, now splashed with ink of varying hues, smudges of thick, black fluid from the duplicator, and various drawings and designs, drawn by himself and countless predecessors as they have sat waiting for instructions. It is an unwritten law that the runner's table should never be recovered with clean paper; it would amount to almost sacrilege.

He then looks into his "In" basket and sorts out the various papers, documents, signals, etc., which he has to deliver, then takes from their hiding places the ones that he didn't take round the previous day, and spreads them out all over the table with a furious effort, preparatory to putting them in order for his "delivery round".

The runners have set "rounds" which are of long standing, and buildings and sections are visited in certain definite order and nothing will make the runner deviate from his round. This conservative spirit is passed on to consecutive runners in some way or other. Even if a message were of the utmost importance, the runner would never dream of visiting the Station Armoury before the Main Stores, although a nearer building, if it meant altering the procedure of his route.

Thus burdened with signals, letters, A.M.Os. etc. etc., he starts off on his rounds. He has a service "bike" to help him and for some unfathomable reason this is nearly always punctured or unserviceable in some way. Of course it often means an hour or so extra scrounging.

"Taking the bike to the M.T." he will say some time, when he feels a little browned off and he disappears for an hour or so.

In spite of all these delays, however, he usually manages two deliveries before noon, including time for "break" and supervising the office tea swindle.

The afternoon is usually the busiest time though, for it is then that the mighty organ "D.R.Os." goes to press. He receives the signed stencil from the adjutant and approaches the duplicator with an air similar to that of a Matador approaching his first bull.

After about ten minutes of wrangling and subsequent mangling of several sheets of foolscap "absorbent", he manages to produce the first fair copy. Pleased with his efforts, he turns the handle furiously and to

Continued on Next Page

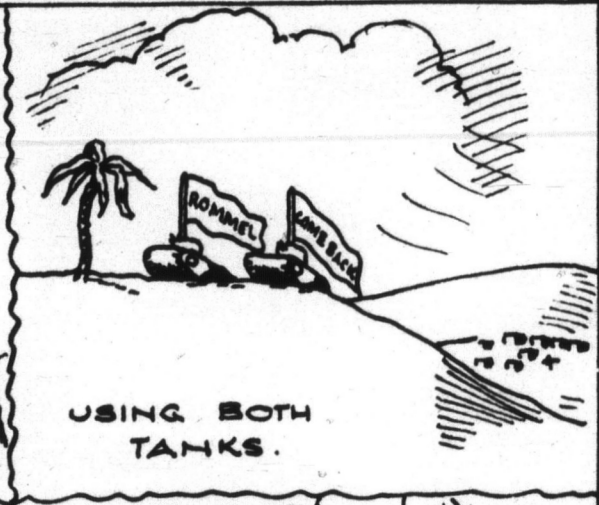
FLYING TERMS

(ILLUSTRATED)

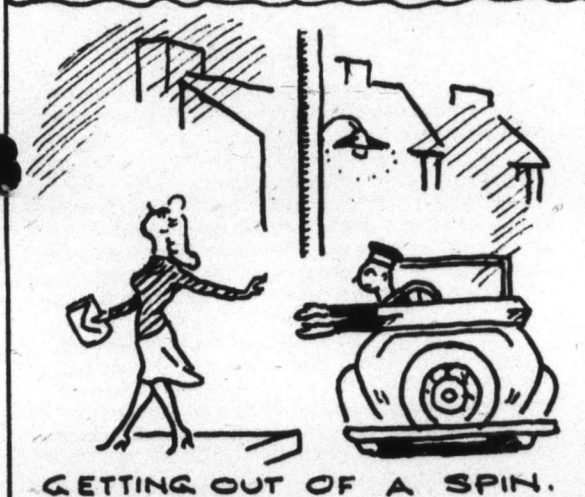
AS CONCEIVED BY J. BICE. A.L.A.



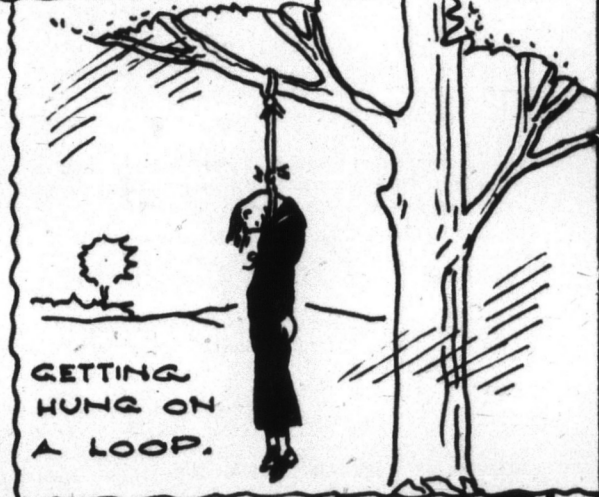
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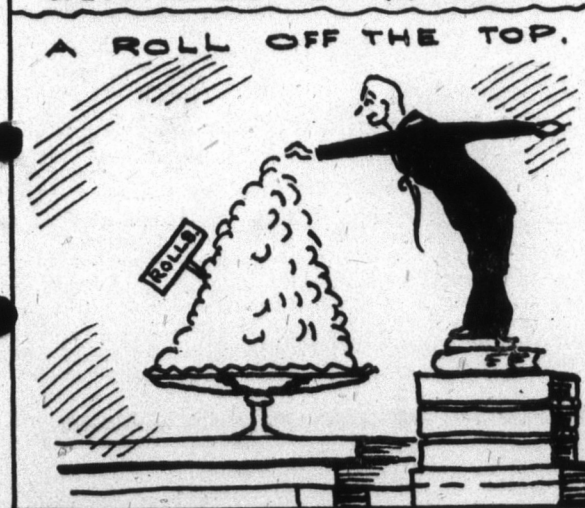
USING BOTH TANKS.



GETTING OUT OF A SPIN.



GETTING HUNG ON A LOOP.



A ROLL OFF THE TOP.



POWERED APPROACH
LANDING.

J.F.B.

Idiosyncrasies and Eating Habits of the Common Erk

(CONCLUSION)

We will take these in order, beginning with the **Lesser Striped Erk** or **Corporal Erk**. This specimen is a **Common** or **Garden Erk** that has by reason of enormous luck, plenty of noise, wire pulling or gentle blackmail been hoisted to a position where he, while not of the elite, is of sufficient social position to feel his responsibilities a trifle. He acquires a more gentle habit and therefore a more restrained eating manner. Although a **Shoveller**, **Hungry** or **Dirty Eater** can never be made **Corporal Erk**, by reason of his extreme uncouthness, a **Meat Eater**, **Hearty Eater**, or even an **Unsouth Eater** may be seen in the **Corporals' Mess**, but, be it noticed, he is now tidier, having lost his sharing habit and now keeps the major part of his meal to himself. Sometimes a **Vegetarian Corporal** is to be seen, while the **Fussy Eater** is also to be noticed in the company.

The **Normal** or **Ordinary Eater** is rarely a **Corporal Erk**, having too negative a habit to be noticed sufficiently to necessitate the giving of rank and thus get him out of the way. But if he should become a **Lesser Striped Erk** he is usually superior to the other types, the reason for this promotion being, of course, a reward for long service. Next is the **Greater Striped Erk**, or **Sergeant Erk**. This species of Erk considers himself as one apart from the **Common** or **Garden Erk**, and forms a society of his own, inhabiting the **Sergeants' Mess**, as their nest is called. He loses a certain amount of strength and requires waiting upon, while not a few try to "Put on the Ritz" and hire a simple **Common Erk** to make their beds for them, and shine their buttons and shoes as well. When newly appointed he is even more binding than the **Corporal Erk** and learns the entirely new habit peculiar to the second and third class of specialist Erk, of criticising all food he consumes. The food normal to the **Common Erk** is unsuited to this superior breed and he wastes large sums of money buying inferior goods down town in order to keep his standard up. He invariably knows far more about catering and food in general than the cook who has spent his life learning his job, and in consequence suffers, for the cook knows how to get his own back. This species of Erk is further complicated by having even more superior varieties of Erk in their ranks, namely the **Crown Striped** or **Flight Sergeant Erk**, and the **Crested** or **W.O. Erk**. However, all live in the same quarters and have the same main habits corresponding respectively to the variety of Eaters from which they originated. The only noteworthy habit they all have is their fondness for beer and of rolling in at all times of the night singing "Sweet Adeline."

One feels sorry to leave this superior species

but we must give a place to put down observations on a special class of Erk, if one can call them Erks, the **Cultivated** or **Officer Erk**.

The subject of our observations is akin to a **W.O. Erk** in having a similar plumage, and in eating and sleeping in similar manner, yet apart from this likeness, it is so high above the **Common Erk**, and even the **Crested Erk**, that it constitutes, as it were, a completely new species, totally unconnected with the various orders of Erks we have already described. However, notice! It is not unknown for a **Crested Erk** or even a **Common** or **Garden Erk** to ascend to the rank of **Cultivated Erk**. Therefore there must be a connection somewhere, however obscure. It is to be hoped that this obscure connection will one day be brought to light.

Most **Cultivated Erks** seem to be born **Normal Eaters** and after an intensive schooling at rather different schools from those patronized by the **Common Erk**, they become **Cultivated Erks**, in all their glory of full plumage, the highest **Cultivated Erk** being known as a "Brass Hat Erk."

Having been trained in these special schools, each in similar manner, they somewhat naturally have similar characteristics. The **Nibbler** and **Normal Eaters** predominate with very very few champers. Also the **Meat Eater** or **Vegetarians** are few indeed; one might say that all **Cultivated Erks**, with few exceptions, are **Normal Eaters**. But like the **Greater Striped Erks** they despise the common, or Erk, food and go down town to eat extra luxuries. They also wish to be waited on and insist on having a simple **Common Erk** to clean their belongings. They are indeed so very similar to **Sergeant Erks** in their social habits that the conclusion must be arrived at that **Cultivated Erks** are the model on which **Sergeant Erks** build themselves, for it cannot be the other way round, by reason of the difference of species and the fact that **Sergeant Erks** rise from the **Common** or **Garden Erks** while **Cultivated Erks** are invariably of a different genus. To finish these observations let us remark that as a whole they are very decent Erks on a par with the best type of **Common Erk**, apart from their high position.

We have now covered all orders and varieties of **Common Erk** and the three **Special Orders**, **Lesser Striped Erk**, **Greater Striped Erk** and **Cultivated Erk**. There is an order of Erk not mentioned, but although a deep study of this subject has been made, it is preferred not to divulge the observations. This reference, of course, is to the **Werk**, the female of the species, much more deadly than the male.

F. M. W. P.

Brilliantine On Scale Of Issue?

NEWS IN REVIEW FROM S.H.Q.

By **MERCURY**

THIS month "The Pioneer" ceases to be. This to me is a sorrow, and at the same time a joy, for while I would like to see "The Pioneer" continue, by its demise I am ipso facto absolved from expounding energy in fruitlessly trying to find gen about which to write. It's rather amazing, the boys just don't do anything exciting, not even a couple of murders or a neat bit of safe-cracking.

It is true, however, that Jackie Coggins and Jack Mills have again visited Montreal. Jack Mills at one time was a man who used to travel far and wide, but now his mind has verily developed into a one track, which leads straight to the heart of Montreal. Friend Coggie is now following in the footsteps of the other lads, and taking in the sights of New York, although from what news we have it would seem that most of them have been taken in over the edge of a glass.

Bill Skillington still seems to be amassing a quantity of stuff to take home when the long awaited boat finally arrives, and when it does arrive we feel sure that no longer will he continue his long search for "just two more for the boat, just to keep it balanced, you know."

More news about the Flight's long lost submarine. It would seem that after careful observation the said boat was lying at the bottom of the lake in a fairly accessible part, and encouraged, no doubt by the news that the Americans have managed to salvage most of what was lost at Pearl Harbour, decided to do a bit of salvaging on his own. We are informed, however, that the effort was not a success, as the wind and waves had done rather more damage than was anticipated, and apparently Flight was not very keen on doing a bit of swimming in a wild winter gale to get the boat.

Hank and Rossie have been sampling the delights of Ottawa. According to their version there was nothing much there in the way of entertainment. To us, however, it seems very amusing that Rossie, having purchased a bottle of gin, places same under his pillow in the morning and goes out for a wash or something, and on returning to his room finds the bed made and the bottle of gin gone. At the moment he is rather worried, as he feels that maybe he has started some poor unfortunate charwoman on the downward road to ruin. Of course, as Rossie say, what a way to ruin!

Most of the folks took an extremely poor view of the recent wintry weather, but Bert New thought it rather pleasant, or at any

rate found the effects rather pleasant. Bert had been to New York visiting friends and on returning found himself stranded in Watertown as the bus, according to him, wouldn't make the trip over the Thousand Islands Bridge, and consequently he was compelled to spend the night in Watertown. Bert said he would rather not have stayed there, but would have travelled straight back to camp if he could. That, however, is his story.

Consternation suddenly swept through the Orderly Room like a house on fire, a few days ago. Flight marched in and announced to all and sundry that they were to have a kit inspection. Apparently, on the actual kit inspection several of the boys laid out a few peculiar items of equipment, but surely Hank takes the cake with a half empty bottle of Brilliantine. Never did we know that Brilliantine was on issue, maybe Vichy Section can enlighten us on the subject.

And so "Mercury" must fade from sight, but if it should happen that in the future "The Pioneer" can arise again in all its former glory, you may be sure that it will not be without its "Mercury."

Correspondence

Dear Editor:

Could you inform me who elects the P.S.I. Committee? Having been on the station for twelve months and not heard of any vote having been taken during this time, I am now beginning to wonder if this committee is self-electing.

INTERESTED.

INTERESTED:

As this matter is outside our scope, it was referred to the Sqn. Ldr. Admin., who replies as follows:—

The P.S.I. Committee is representative of the Station as a whole and each section is granted authority to elect one member through whom all views and opinions may be expressed. It is admitted that representation by election would be a fairer method, but on an R.A.F. unit this means of electing officials of committees would not be workable. However, if any particular section feels that it is not represented by any of the present members of the committee, it is requested to contact Sqdn. Ldr. C. E. Stuart, Senior Administrative Officer, who is most anxious that all sections of the camp have representation.

THE EDITOR.



News and Views

by

Geoff. Ray

WITHOUT any preamble we will immediately broach, what we consider to be the main topic of interest for the month, namely the sudden, and to most of you, the unexpected demise of the "Pioneer." We, naturally being so intimately connected with its production, are sorry to see it go, but although we made every endeavour to "keep the flag flying," as we promised we would in last month's issue, the combination of circumstances, all of which were beyond our control, have compelled us to cease production. Like the Phoenix born from the ashes, a new magazine arises to take the place of the old. This production, the brain child of Air Force Headquarters, is to be produced by A.F.H.Q. at Ottawa and is to be, as far as is possible, a combination of all magazines throughout the Dominion, without, of course, each ones individuality. The new monthly periodical, "Wings," is to be sold at all units in Canada, both R.A.F. and R.C.A.F., at 5c per copy and each unit is requested to appoint a representative to act as reporter for the "Wings" magazine. This position is at present vacant and anyone who is interested is to make application to the Senior Administrative Officer, through the usual channels.

Something for nothing is always welcome (when there are no strings attached), and for that reason, if for no other, most of us

are looking forward to our Christmas or New Year grant. We who were in Canada last winter have already experienced the delights of a five day break, but to many it will be something new to have almost a complete week away from work. Passes are beginning to pour into the Orderly Room thick and fast and it would seem that there are very few who have nowhere to go for their holiday leave, but there are probably one or two, particularly our new arrivals, who are complete strangers to Kingston and for that matter Ontario; to them we bring to notice the fact that the Y.M.C.A. (through Mr. J. Arnett) has available almost unlimited hospitality in homes throughout Kingston and district. If you are at a loose end and "all dressed up with no place to go," call in and see Mr. Arnett, we can assure you that you

will be guaranteed a "Merry Xmas" or a "Happy New Year."

The "Fall," (Canadian word meaning Autumn) has departed and left behind the first taste of Winter. Not that it has been cold as yet, not by any means, but we have at least had a foretaste of what to expect in the coming months. At our vantage point in S.H.Q. we have seen some wonderful efforts and had a grand stand view of the skating ability of the personnel of 31 skating minus skates. We humbly suggest that the best footwear for this kind of weather would be running shoes fitted with spikes!

Talking of skating reminds us that there is some talk of charging entertainment tax at the skating rink in town, not for Servicemen but for civilians only! It would appear that the civilian skaters are obtaining more amusement from watching the antics of embryonic R.A.F. skaters than from their own enjoyment of the gentle art of floating over ice. There is one story current, the truth of which we will not vouch, that a certain LAC. making his first attempt at skating placed his two feet on the ice and promptly descended to a lower level. He turned to his friend and remarked, "I did not realise that it would be so slippery!" Still, nothing daunted we are hoping to make an attempt ourselves some day.

The unit branched out in a new direction last month with the C.W.A.C. dance. It was a terrific success and we anticipate that the dance will be repeated in the near future. We are all for this fraternisation of the troops (can one fraternize with a member of the opposite sex or should we call it sororising?), it tends toward a better understanding!

We hope that the "Pioneer" during its period of existence has interested and amused you and that it will one day have a rebirth, bigger and better than ever. And so, (with due apologies to James Fitzpatrick) it is with this thought that we say farewell, farewell to the "Pioneer," the "Pioneer," the first magazine of the first R.A.F. Unit in Canada.

Peter Ross Again!

Across the Footlights with Vic Newrock

I am starting off this month's column by publishing some letters I have received from four of my fans. . . . I don't know why the other two haven't written.

Dear Vic: The other day I was given a lift by an old gentleman with horn-rimmed glasses and a shiny collar. He was the village rector no doubt. He said that he wanted to be a father to me. Should I have believed him or is it too late?—"Perplexed."

Answer: It's immaterial now, sister. . . . Time alone will tell.

Dear Vic: My boy friend is a very keen runner. He takes me out three nights running and then skips a night. What shall I do?—"On My Knees."

Answer: Stop skipping and teach him some parlour tricks.

Dear Vic: I have been going out with my young man for six months now. My mother says he is a nice boy and I am quite safe with him. He always kisses me on the forehead. What shall I do?—"Hedy Lamarr."

Answer: Wear high heels.

A young girl in court recently swore that she had never been kissed. I guess that's enough to make any girl swear.

Mr. Jones son was in the outer office when the telegram arrived, and the stenographer called out to Mr. Jones Sr.: "A wire from the salesman, Mr. Jones."

"Read it out aloud to me," the boss called from the inner office, so she started: "Was in New York Monday stop Be in Chicago Tuesday stop. Be in Detroit Wednesday stop. . . ."

Here the boss interrupted: "Hey, Joe, will you leave that girl alone and let her read that telegram."

A Jewish man exclaimed to his partner at the club: "Good heavens, I came away and left the safe door open."

"What does it matter," said his partner: "ain't we both here?"

A girl's stocking is like a rainy day. We like to see it clear up.

Lady," said the conductor, "you'll have to pay half fare for that boy."

"But conductor, he is only four years old."

"Well," said the conductor, "he looks more like six years old."

"Sir," she said, "I've only been married five years."

"Lady, I'm not asking for a confession. All I'm asking for is half fare."

Burglar breaks into store and steals \$2,000 worth of lingerie. They are looking for a man with a cigar box under his arm.

Stranger: "Lost, my boy? Why didn't you hang on to your mother's skirt?"

Boy (crying): "I tried to, but I couldn't reach."

Flt. Sgt. Thraves tried to kid me that he was a beautiful baby. He said he was so beautiful that his parents had him kidnapped twice a week so that they could see his pictures in the papers. He had long curls as a baby, and it wasn't until he got his first haircut that he started to wear a skirt. At the age of ten a wonderful thing happened to him. . . . He learned to talk.

Confucious he say that boy and girl who go up mountain together are not on level.

Telling a modern bride what a wife should know is like giving a fish a bath.

An old lady kept a parrot which was always swearing. Every Sunday she kept a cover over the cage, removing it every Monday morning, thus preventing the parrot from swearing on the Sabbath.

One Monday morning she saw her minister coming towards the house. So she again replaced the cover over the cage. As the reverend gentleman was about to step into the parlour, the parrot remarked from under the cover, "Blimey, this has been a damned short week."

Peter Ross thinks that a definition of a shoulder strap is "something which keeps an attraction from becoming a sensation."

Peter Ross (why can't that guy keep out of my column?) took a girl from Woolworth's store home the other night, and when he kissed her good-night she remarked, "Will that be all, sir?" It happened that her father caught them in the act, and said to Peter, "I'll teach you to kiss my daughter, you young rascal." To which Peter replied, "I'm afraid that you're too late, I've already learned."

Yours jokingly,

VIC NEWROCK.

Gestapo Issue Challenge

We welcome to our midst our friend and partner in crime, Cpl. Hibbitt, who returns to us after his stay in the K.M.H. and subsequent convalescence. He once more takes up his job of binding the troops and if we may venture a prophecy, there will be quite a bit of binding to do in the very near future!

Which reminds me, Cpl. Charlie Harris has now finally left us for "Home Establishment", that happy haven of all overseas erks. He travels incognito as Sergeant Charlie Harris, Air Gunner. Yes, it finally happened, he got his wings at Mont Joli, and we shall see him no more in Canada. It's a pity, he was a good lad.

Whilst on the subject of personalities we may mention that Tony Brown, our very nice and very shy and retiring young cop, noted for his antipathy towards women, is the object of quite a bit of feminine attention lately. But why does he not pluck up his failing courage to go through with it? Every time the 'phone rings he lifts the receiver as though it were charged with electricity, and he simply cannot be persuaded to answer "she". Bad show chaps, isn't it?

Doubtless one and all have seen the "Horror" dashing to and fro from Kingston loaded to the running board with Naval Pupils but in that connection we have a very real problem. How on earth does the driver distinguish the accelerator from the clutch with those feet of his? They are at least size 19. Its really the eighth wonder of the world, or is it that he just puts his foot down on everything at once and hopes for the best. That may explain why he travels along in kangaroo-like leaps. To date, our best detectives have failed to find a solution.

Our final subject is an important one. Our sleuths have been putting in what little time they have on the dart board and in consequence the Gestapo can field quite a formidable dart team. If you doubt this, contact the Sports Officer, or any of the P.T.I.'s. They can tell you that we fling a pretty nifty dart—they know. Our star turns are, as you may expect, the inimitable Charlies, and friend Ogey. The former, though a trifle erratic, has the uncanny knack of putting an "arrer" just where it is needed and usually when it is needed, too. Anyhow, if any of you Huts fancy your chances, contact Cpl. Hodey or Cpl. Gray who will be more than pleased to arrange a test of skill. Peculiarly enough you can sometimes find the aforementioned gathered at the Guardroom.

And now, as this is, most regrettably, the last issue of "The Pioneer," it is time for the unmasking and so, except for one or two stand-ins, your "Snoop" has been none other than that perfect bind.

R. BISHOP.

MACISMS

Glass Diamonds of Truth

Sarcasm is wit on crutches.

To write well, cross out half the words.

Efficiency is a matter more of temperament than of training.

There are two kinds of people in the R.A.F.—those who are something and those who do something.

We could all do the other fellow's job much better than he does.

Our own mistakes seem natural, in fact understandable; in fact, they are not really mistakes.

Virtue of young men is largely a matter of luck.

Do not praise a girl's friend; let them remain friends.

Rumour is the traitor who surrenders Truth to Fear.

Englishmen are idealists, with a difference; they want an angel for a wife but an angel with a shapely figure.

Women lie more cleverly than men; they put in more practice.

Efficiency in women varies inversely with their sex appeal.

We invented heaven to get a square deal.

Writers are blessed with two gifts; the gift of writing and the gift of doing things wrong.

The more you think the less you blame, (Reversed it's true, tho' not the same).

In "Civvy Street" we yearned for a job from which we couldn't be sacked. We've got it!

DUMB DORA THINKS—

A tenor is what playboys give their girl friends!

That Algebra is the place where a lot of fighting is taking place!

A Brassie is a Group Captain or above!

But she was definitely right when she said that Joan of Arc was Maid of Orleans but Noah's Ark was made of wood!

Fabric Bashers Beery Glide

Workshops Gen

Many an uninformed but inquisitive bloke—particularly sailor, must have passed that little isolated hut on the other side of the road between 5 Hangar and the machine-gun butt where such weird roars and shrieks emanate from, and wondered what modern place of torture it was. I would like to assure the timorous ones that if they boldly marched in, flashing in their hand an official looking piece of paper, or even looking businesslike, they wouldn't be molested, and would be greeted only by the lathe, saw-machine, grind-stone etc., which constitute the roar; and the Chippy chaps singing—led by that notorious contralto Cpl. Syd. Ward—which supply the Shrieks. At first, I admit, everybody will stop their activities and glare but when they find you haven't brought a job, or come with a crash-guard list, all will be friendly—the chippy chaps will resume their perpetual chorus, the flight sergeant (affectionately, but discreetly referred to as Tubby) will retire back to his den, and all will take up their peaceful pose as before.

You will no doubt, be met half way up the Shop by an important looking floor-walker wearing two stripes, and who will greet you with that expression: "What can I do for you Sir? This is the Station Workshops?" If you casually mention the word sweep-stake (or according to the C.O.—act like a policeman), he will promptly beat it and then you will be at liberty to meet the Erks.

If you survive the afore-mentioned chippy-choir, the next gang you will meet are the "Fabric-bashers." There you must go canny lest they work their "special" on you: one generally endeavours to accidentally rip your tunic, in the hope that another will get a quarter for repairing it. Anyway, these lads are also very talented, and extremely versatile. Apparently Syd Suckling is chief 'duster-up' and keeps laws and order, and he is very technical in everything except fabric-work. Next in strength comes Jordie Bones: the man who stopped a car in Princess Street; this feat was followed by only two loops and a perfect landing. The Birmingham marvel, LAC. Shuttleworth, is also noted for being strong, but I don't think that entirely alludes to his muscles. Cpl. Joe. Cullen is the dancing wonder; he leads the "Fabric-workers' two-step." This is a kind of beery glide done to the tune of "Dapper Dan." By the way it is whispered that this man once had a kit-inspection in a taxi. Oh, that reminds me, we have an amateur taxi-driver who takes orders at the lathe—don't come at break-time though, he will be in

session then with the Workshop War Committee, deciding the fate of Hitler..

The next bench after the lathe is where they juggle with the plugs, take no chances here—keep your hands in your pockets—an outsider once dropped a plug on the floor right under the nose of Cpl. Dobbins, and all the staff fainted: it would have been a major disaster for a plug bloke to drop one, but an outsider—! I should advise the visitor to give the Store-basher next on the left, and that inaccessible General-fitter on the right, a very wide berth as they are a few cuts above the ordinary common-or-garden sight-see-er. Not so the blacksmith's shop though, they will greet you with open arms. They have everything to offer in there: phone numbers and dates for a quarter, and dance-partners at the Station Dance for ten cents. They also give instruction in every conceivable thing with expectant results.

One of these worthies took a pupil out for instruction in that noble art of "Sampling," and he trained the pupil so well that at the end of the first lesson he was able to bring his teacher home and put him to bed. I think they must also teach weight-lifting in there, as there is a good deal of lifting going on in the shop—especially with tools! Well by now you have seen the whole works, so go tell your pals, all are welcome—but remember—bring no jobs. In conclusion the workshop's quintette that has performed in town so often, must not escape mention. It seems they have sung to Royalty—or at least they have often been heard saying that they serenaded the "Old Queen." Or is she out of the same stable as their much advertised "Wicked Aunt?" Time will tell.

U. S.

MORE FARM TALK [Cont'd]

"That Boat." . . . Wonder what's the matter with "Uncle Joe" lately, he hasn't been down to Gan for a long while, maybe "Take us 'ome Joe" wasn't such a good idea after all. There's a three striper in the Orderly Room who keeps telling us she's a nice girl, alright goodlooking, we believe you. . . . Does anybody know if it's permissible to chop the hangar up for firewood someone wants to know something of the sort, even with all the timber there is in Canada? . . . and so for the present we leave you with the best of wishes for the usual Air Force Christmas, not forgetting to mention that we held a very successful dance at the Lyceum a couple of weeks back. Thanks to the kind co-operation of the Sky Riders, those who attended and the hard working committee I turned over some fifty dollars to the Armed Forces Club, a very deserving cause.

Yours for Christmas and the New Year,
SPIKE.

More Farm Talk

Departure of Flt. Lt. Matthews Recalls Early Days at Gananoque

With the departure of Flt. Lt. Matthews, our former Camp Commandant, The Farm has relinquished its last association with the original administrative staff. For those of us who have been with him almost from the beginning, his departure has been keenly felt. A tactful and sympathetic chief, Flt. Lt. Matthews was ever ready to assist in improving the conditions and comfort of the men under his command. Practical evidence of his interest can be seen in the improved facilities for sport and in the recently inaugurated bus service which is filling a long felt want in the transport field. We wish him the best of luck in his new sphere and trust that he will always receive the co-operation in his new sphere which we endeavored to give him during his stay amongst us. His successor, FO. Biggers, has only been with us a short while, but already his fairmindedness and interest in the welfare of those under his command is making itself evident. We extend to him our heaviest wishes for a successful sojourn with us and assure him of our complete co-operation.

Soccer Team Fades Before Kingston's Onslaught—Recoup Themselves at the Expense of Barriefield

It was fortunate that my forecast of our match with Kingston team was not made too definite in our favor as, after a match which all thoroughly enjoyed, we came off the field a defeated though by no means a beaten team; at least not in spirit. The score of six-one suggests an overwhelming superiority on their part, and to a certain degree this was so. Unfortunately, misunderstandings in our own defence, and the almost brilliant play of the Kingston wing men were principally to blame for our downfall. We never expected to meet such strong opposition, but we are glad that we did so, for it showed us our own weaknesses; a tendency to hold the ball and a lack of understanding in defence. Our second match of the month, against Barriefield, was a much more successful affair from our point of view. The Barriefield team was unfortunate in being somewhat short of players and they enlisted the services of two of our own men, who gave a noble account of themselves. The score at the close of play was five-one in our favor. The visitors were afterwards entertained to supper in the canteen.

Permanent Flight Settles Itself Amongst Us. Flt. Sgt. Luscombe Heads Resident Ground Staff.

At last we have a permanent Ground Crew, and as could be expected Flt. Sgt. "Freddie" Luscombe brought with him some of his old

associates. For the first week things were rather quiet and then came the flight of the Golden Eagle, and the boys decided to go and see what they could make of our village, or what it could make of them. As far as at present can be ascertained Gananoque did the making. Young Smudge returned from a toboggan ride down the main street looking somewhat the worse for wear, like wise friend Sherwood, who will always rally to the tribal call of "Shake Yourself Sherwood," which often shatters the early morning quiet. Our razorless friend, Cpl. Jones, is also numbered amongst us and we are glad to see that "Tiny" has at last been reunited with his long lost "Freddie"; what they did on that first night out, remains at present a mystery, but it must have been something pretty drastic.

It appears that "Ju Ju" has been leading "Streatham's Strong Man" off the good old straight and narrow once again. After all you can have a good time without carting bottles of sauce back to camp with you, or perhaps he didn't know he had it. You can bet "Dog Tired" would have an excuse of some sort ready.

It looks as though the "coming?" winter will carry with it a definition of what a true isolationist is—a resident of No. 1 Relief Landing Ground. Our blue eyed boy "Young Dudley" has already been inquiring as to the whereabouts of his Parka,—"These Store Bashers are a miserable lot of you know whats." "I say, old man, my Pater is the head man in this outfit you know, and I can't even have a birthday without the Mater hopping the China Clipper and popping over to wish me all the best." It won't, old fella, not even in Lux. Stubby Orange has foresaken his nationally famous beverage for the sake of crying "Here's a nickel, go buy yourself a Dad's Cookie." We have at last had our new heating system installed in the Canteen and very nice too. The first day it was started up everybody thought that we were at the rear of Rommel's fleeing panzer divisions, the smoke was so thick that one of the firemen almost emptied a fire extinguisher into an irk's beer . . . oh tragedy.

. . . . Have you ever had a girl ask you if you remembered that kiss she gave you . . . in shorthand? By the way, just ask Jackie Saunders and Ernie Walter what happens on the old weir bridge most nights in the week . . . disgusting, ain't it? . . . Gladys is her name and she's only sixteen, but Bennie seems to think she's the goods. It's a long way from Broadway, you know, Bennie. Cyril has a bit of trouble displaying his locker on inspections, it resembles a chandler's shop more than anything else.

That's the worst of being optimistic about
(Continued on Next Page)

No Accounting For This

Which Squadron Leader sees red at the name Marie Theriese. Is it because she still has the sleeve of his shirt?
* * *

Hellzappin
Charlie Coppin
Do you skate
Just to meet little Kate?
* * *

Blotting paper is not yet rationed at the "La Salle."
* * *

Now that the married men are leaving us it will be possible to get a room at the La Salle Hotel on a Saturday night.
* * *

Wasn't the u-t N.C.O. i.c. shaken when "Mac" put in an appearance in the billet at 7.30 a.m.
* * *

Which Corporal prefers skating with his hands in his pockets?
* * *

Problem Corner

"A" held a mythical party in honour of "B" whose nimble hands encircled Madame X in the B.A. "C" (no connection with Rameses) was swept away with envy as the Skater's Waltz opened the Ball.

If A plus B equals "B & A", does C bear any relation to Rameses?
* * *

Who were the two Corporals who didn't want to sleep "head to feet"? Seemingly their idea of co-operation is face to face.
* * *

Did the bus driver keep the last bus waiting while "Jock" bought some potato chips?
* * *

Badminton is a game played with a shuttle-sock and no points are gained by restricting the flight of love towards beginners.
* * *

Pen Pictures of the Accounts Section

W.O. Clough, King of the Vouchers—Came to this station from No. 31 E.F.T.S., De Winton just about a year ago and was very quickly christened "Grim". Rumour has it that he once spoke a dozen words in one day but this is without confirmation. It was hoped that with the arrival of his wife and children he would come out of his shell but rather the reverse took place, which of course, is true to life. Can usually be found engrossed in one of his beloved publications and is a firm believer in close co-operation with Vichy, possibly with the idea of negotiating an alliance with Ireland. Out of working hours he spends most of his time in the B.A. giving the cry, "Any more beers

Continued on next column

Through the Keyhole

I hear that Cpl. Burke is suffering from writer's cramp. Could it be from writing out 252's? I bet he can write one of those with his eyes shut. . . . We must excuse the telephone exchange if they are slow in answering these days. But the fact is that Dave Lloyd is going steady with C.W.A.A.C. Eleanor. . . . Methinks I hear wedding bells in the distance or is it that darn rum and coke I had in Watertown? . . . They tell me that LAC. Wilcox and gang are not sending this month's Pioneer home to the folks, for fear that a certain misdeed about them might be in it. You baaaaaad boys. . . . Who was the blonde that rang up a certain corporal and was put through to the officer next door? You must be more careful Cpl. C. . . . There I nearly said it. . . . If there is one fellow who is always full of good cheer and always smiling it's Cpl. Harris, our S.P. friend. If the others were like him, it would be more of a pleasure to do "jankers." . . . I hope that by the time this is published, the Station Dramatic Society have at last presented their first play. After that it's all yours Vic Newrock for a new Revue. . . . Is AC. Skinner in love? He rode all the way down to the bus terminal the other night, and then walked back to the Odeon in the pouring rain. Incidentally he's the fellow that's always telling about his trips over Berlin. My, my, but these Link Trainers do get them down after a time. . . . Not mentioning any names but there is a prominent member of the station concert party who has started going to our dances every Monday. And can he pick them. What's that guy got that I haven't? . . . Two-Ton Tessie is still chasing Paddy Fox around. See them play hide and seek on dance nights. It's "Paddy" that does the hiding. . . . Well, I'll be seeing you around folks, so be careful.

A.C.W.

NO ACCOUNTING (Cont'd.)

please?"
* * *

Answer to Correspondent

No, Nobby, your claim for Sanitary Pay has been disallowed, but I would advise thorough use of a nail file before meals.
* * *

Thought for the Month

This column has little interest outside the Accounts Section, and it is probably corny anyway, but does anyone attempt to send in a "gen" column from your section?

PLUTO.

Monument Defines Momentum

5 HANGAR GEN by RIVAL

GENTLEMEN:

I have appealed with great earnestness to our new Editor for his utmost support in publishing everything possible that I send in. By so doing he will not only be giving me a break, by saving the column from so much criticism, but it would be an excellent help for the Bombed Victims Fund, because I am certain a good edition would result in a good sale from the largest section on the Station.

Please remember also that a good edition cannot be accomplished if you all continue to walk around like a lot of dumb idiots, so I ask you sincerely to loosen up those scandalous tongues and let me have the gen.

(Note:- Some of the "gen" is too scandalous and fails to pass the censor. Furthermore, although every effort is made, space is limited—as a result of lack of capital—and rather than have a column and a half, which leaves an awkward space to fill, the remainder in the past has been reduced to one column.—Ed.)

My first report for this month comes from our ever faithful friend, whose monotonous voice sends us to a dream of Elysium, better known to us all as Dicky, the great pioneer of Iraq and Iran. Who knows, the ingenuity of this intolerable individual might place him on a soap box in Hyde Park lecturing on his pioneer days in Canada?

Joe makes the Hat-trick. For three consecutive months he has been a victim of embarrassing circumstances. His latest nom de plume is "The Flying Rigger," won so contemptuously by depriving his gang of a meagerly seventy-five cents. Fair maidens from the city are anxiously enquiring as to what type of machine is Cpl. Jarvis testing.

Fletcher, your pachydermatous attitude carries on regardless of many wasted efforts to prove to you that you are wrong. A little adage by Lady Maude Warrender is worth while remembering:

"Everybody is able to give pleasure in some way. One person may do it by coming into a room, another by going out."

Stevens, the Rembrandt of the Hangar, is always kidding Green of being the Hunchback of Notre Dame. Who knows? This one time village bellringer might rise to such fame.

Cpl. Monument's moment of explaining Momentum arrived during a recent visit to the Hangar by Queen's students. A typical Freshman's question had Bill baffled; he required knowledge on the number of turns the airscrew needed before being fully wound.

The greatest problem this month, gentlemen, is "Can a bumblebee fly." Until this edition I have been baffled with my own

problems, but for the benefit of Cpl. Russell, York and many others who apparently are dim regarding the flight of an insect, I have taken great pains to seek the following information, hoping it will be appreciated.

According to the theory of aerodynamics, and as may be readily demonstrated through wind tunnel experiments, the bumblebee is unable to fly. This is because the size, weight and shape of its body in relation to the total wingspread make flying impossible. But the bumblebee, being ignorant of these scientific truths, goes ahead and flies anyway—and makes a little honey every day.

So far in my reports I have not dealt with our friendly Allies, the Scotsmen. Possibly because their lips are as tight as their name, but with this one my eyes did not deceive me.

"An airman's mind is very small,
To write such wit on the B.A. Wall
Omitting his surname to save him from
shame,
He will undoubtedly know from this of
his fame.

"Chick."

Scotland forever. Good old Ranger's, the boys with the educated feet.

Kipper Codd they call him, a more suitable name would be Juke Box. One evening at the Roy York dance, acting as a big shot in the eyes of his newly won maiden in such a flamboyant manner, he changes a wad of notes into nickels not knowing the tunes were supplied. Result: rest of the evening young lady and Kipper were dancing to "Jingle, Jangle, Jingle."

This winds up the highlights of the news for this month, with a word of warning for the pioneers who are anxiously waiting for the boat. An insane person always thinks that other people are mad.

Who was that lady I saw you outwit last night?

* * *

"Boy, Im scared! I just got a letter from a man telling me he'd shoot me if I didn't stay away from his wife."

"Well, all you have to do is stay away from his wife."

"Yeah, but he didn't sign his name."

* * *

Joe: Did you say your girl's legs were without equal?

Jack: No, I said they were without parallel.

Met Section Gusts

By SURFACE WIND

"A mirage or not a mirage, that is the question"; and it has kindled many a heated discussion, dividing the staff of the office into two opposing schools of thought. The question was not made any clearer when Wee Jock swore that he had definitely seen Pigeon Island in the beer parlour at the "B.A." on Saturday night, our theory for this being that the alcohol acted as a catalyst in producing the mirage.

Following last months' warning, your correspondent (a member of a scandal searching tribe of foreigners), brings you the low-down on our boss. We hear vague mumblings that on the night of the Montreal Concert Party's visit he was to be seen hitched to a blonde, in a mess. . . . How are the mighty fallen. And was his recent trip to Toronto Met. reconnaissance?

May I suggest to one of our civilians that he make enquiries re the price of a season ticket to Ottawa, as he may find this method considerably cheaper than buying returns each time.

This month we have been tormented by moanings from the staff occupying the observation room at the top of the watch tower, because of the draught created by a broken window. D.F.C. Ross complains that he has been unable to carry on his difficult and arduous studies, and for several days, whenever the word "Met." was mentioned, the Duty Pilots Office Staff spat with disgust, and the cry of "Taffy boobs again" rang out in the clear, crisp, polar, continental air.

Our congratulations to Mr. Avery on the happy event. Also to Corporal Wearmouth on his engagement. However, as our promised cake has not yet put in an appearance, we are beginning to wonder if the young lady can cook. As the proof of the pudding is in the eating, how about some proof, corporal?

We are unable to confirm rumours that our Scotch Forecaster has applied for a bed and private telephone line to be installed for his use when on evening and night duty.

Any young ladies who may be interested in Meteorology (we don't know what the word means, but who cares?), are advised to contact LAC. McCollum, who may be found at any of the Monday night dances. He is fully competent to answer any questions on this or any other subject. (Except married life, on which subject he says he is completely ignorant).

Why was Corporal Chandler so keen on ringing the secretary of the Flying Club when a flight plan arrived for a plane landing at our city airport. We appreciate, of course, that the fact that he knew the sec-

Continued on next column

Sport and Sportsmen In Wartime England

Among the other famous sportsmen who enlisted early in the war were many of the great cricketers who had made history in our greatest sport. Players like Wally Hammond, our Test captain, P.O. H. Fender, and Arthur Gilligan, both former England captains, were in the R.A.F. with such great players as Leslie Ames of Kent, Squires, Barling, Gregory and Whitfield of Surrey, were among many others on P.T. courses as airmen, and later as officers. The R.A.F. side to oppose Army was good enough to play for England in a Test match, and the opposition had almost as much talent to field, including Dennis Compton, Len Hutton, Herbert Sutcliffe, Hedley Verity and Howard Levett. Flt. Lt. R. W. V. Robins was well known as chief instructor at Uxbridge and St. Athan, with No. 1 School of P.T., and more recently in Canada at Charlottetown, and now is Adjutant at Port Albert. On one station in England, I had Woodhead, the Notts bowler, keeping goal for the soccer team, and one of our gunners was Pothecary, the Hampshire all-rounder, who also played in the soccer team. Here at Kingston, we have Eddie Philipson, the Lancashire bowler, who is a very popular instructor to our P.T. courses, and runs the station cricket side. There are of course many others whose names have not been mentioned and no doubt the personnel here have been fortunate enough to have served and taken part in sport with these fine sportsmen.

One very interesting match was being played in Kent during the summer of 1940, and some of the players who had been at Lords on the Saturday, were playing a day match on Sunday, when the usual raid alarm was sounded, and after a hold-up of two hours, the match was played to a finish. That evening, it was stated that 187 raiders had been brought down, and there was much to be seen on the journey back to London; many types of enemy aircraft littered the Kent countryside. Two others of these fine cricketers come to mind; they are Ken Farnes who was trained in Canada and was afterwards killed on his return to England, and Sqd. Ldr. Billy Edrich, a holder of the D.F.C.

MET SECTION GUSTS (Cont'd.)

retary's daughter was pure coincidence.

With this I leave you for the duration, so cheerio, keep smiling, and don't let it worry you—your wife will never find out.

Scandalously yours,
SURFACE WIND.



SPORT

FO. R. WALKER Sports Editor

SOCCER

Hut 20A Wins Football Shield

Owing to weather conditions, and late starts the competition was not played to a finish and after a meeting of the Station Soccer Committee, it was decided to award the Shield to the team having the highest percentage. This was Hut 20A who had been on top all the season, and the runners-up were the Pupils. Owing to the short evenings it was impossible to play matches at the Campus, and all games were played on the Station ground. The spectators had a big share in the entertainment, and they expressed their views in no uncertain fashion. The second half of the season will commence next Spring, as soon as the pitches are fit for play, and it is hoped to run a Cup competition on a knock-out basis.

COMPLETE STATION SOCCER LEAGUE

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	Pt.	%	Pos
20A	8	6	2	—	18	4	14	87½	1
Pupils	5	4	—	1	15	1	8	80	2
13 and 13A	7	5	1	1	10	7	11	78½	3
11	4	1	2	1	9	7	4	50	4
14 and 14A	8	4	—	4	11	10	8	50	5
11A	3	1	1	1	5	8	3	50	6
31A	8	3	1	4	10	15	7	43¾	7
Off. & Sgts	7	2	2	3	10	14	6	42¾	8
31	7	1	3	3	7	9	5	35½	9
20	7	1	—	6	1	15	2	14⅛	10
M.T. etc.	5	—	—	5	2	9	0	0	11

Station Matches

The game with Mountain View, was cancelled owing to a heavy fall of snow which made the pitch unplayable, and our last game of the season will be played against our crack rivals at Picton, on Saturday, Nov. 28th, on the Exhibition Grounds, Picton. Gananogue sent a team over to play us on Saturday, Nov. 7th, and although LAC. Truelove, our goalkeeper, was injured in attempting to save the visitors' goal, and took no further part in the match, the Station team were winners by 5 goals to 1. Our left half, LAC. Moorcroft, also had to retire with a damaged knee, and we finished the game with two half-backs,

one back, and the Sports Officer keeping goal.

Ruby Football

The final match of our very successful season was to have been the Station V Fleet Air Arm, and everything was ready for the battle at Queen's Stadium when the snow and frost made it impossible for play, and the match was cancelled. Our explanation to the Press was misunderstood and it read as if our lads were afraid of the cold! The final table for the season is: Played 5, won 4, drawn 1, points for, 66, against 16.

Ice Hockey

At a meeting of the executive committee in Kingston, it was decided to run an Inter-Service League in the area, each of the Service units entering a team. This Station was represented and provisionally we were entered. After much discussion it was decided that our hockey talent was not good enough for open competition with the top class teams which the Canadian units could turn out, and we withdrew our entry. Games are being played against teams from the Nylon plant, and our old friends the Royal Canadian Navy, and throughout the winter these "friendly" matches will be arranged.

GENERAL SKATING TIPS

Boots should be laced comparatively loose from toe to instep, tight across the instep, then knotted once, and fairly loose to the top, where they are knotted again.

The longer your stroke the more your knees should be bent; skating knee must be well bent when you are on edge or balance becomes precarious. At the start of the stroke have knees and feet together and see that they stay as close as possible throughout the movement. Always look ahead and never at the feet. When turning to the right get your head and legs around first and then the shoulders and arms. The heel of the skate should be placed on the ice first. Point the toe out. A three minute mile is a good pace with which to get into stride and build up general speed. When starting chop eight or ten strokes to get into stride—the arms should be kept close to the body.

STATION DANCE ORCHESTRA

Formed soon after the arrival of the first echelon in Canada, the Station Dance Band may well be proud of its past activities. Originally starting with four instrumentalists on the most antiquated instruments, with little music and no rehearsal facilities, the combination, through sheer hard work, grew into a nine piece sweet styled dance orchestra, complete with new instruments and up to the minute hits.

Squadron Leader Sloan (Officer in charge) and Corporal Amos (Leader), together spent hours in trying to improve the administration and performance, with the result that we were able to broadcast on four different occasions. Perhaps our greatest achievement was the raising of hundreds of dollars for the Bombed Victims Fund, by playing for the many dances which have been mainly responsible for the large funds built up.

Also due to the Band's efforts, the Red Cross, Women's Auxiliary, Navy League, etc., benefited considerably.

Camp Concerts, whenever the Band was featured, proved the American theory of "Music for Morale." Each number rendered would be greeted with eager applause and one would never find a vacant seat in the

hall, proving the value of music to the men miles away from home, especially during the winter months when the bad weather seems to lower the general morale.

Unfortunately, the repatriation of personnel to England claimed five of our members, of whom to date we have only been able to replace two. The actual strength of the Station Dance Band at the moment is four musicians.

As we do not possess on the Camp any key men, it is necessary to augment with outside musicians, until such time as we are fortunate enough to feature our own R.A.F. performers, namely trumpet and two saxes, which we are sincerely hoping may shortly be posted to this unit.

Under the leadership of Corporal May and assistance from Pilot Officer Ellis (Officer in charge) for which we are very grateful, the Band has continued to please the various camp functions and dances.

Appreciation is also to be extended to the members of "The Fort Frontenac Band" and "The Signals Orchestra" (Vimy Barracks), who are always willing to augment and help our efforts.



Dancing popular in remodelled Recreation Hall

First CWAC Dance

By JOHN ARNOTT (Y.M.C.A. Supervisor)

Before we start—here's wishing you all a very happy New Year.

Yes, the newly-decorated Recreation Hall is grand. We heard one of the girls of the "Thumbs Up" Revue say it was "the swellest" stage they had thumbed. This reminds us that we have a number of good shows booked to admire our stage. The Toronto "Masquers" for instance, another from Ottawa, and one from Queen's, "The Sky Ryder's Revue," will be staged in January, as will "Even Steven"—a really worth-while play of our own, now under the able direction of Captain Clarke. By the time you read this, most of you will have had good fun seeing "Gay Nineties" which Pine Camp produced. It has not happened (as we write this) but we know everyone who saw it would see it ninety times again.

You'll enjoy a number of the films which have been booked for your entertainment. In parenthesis: we hope we will be in on the first-release of films early in the year, and again it is only a whisper—there's a good chance that we'll have a second projector before the year is very old. We hope, then, that late-comers, who do disturb the other fellows often just because they wanted an extra beer or something, will be scarce as Hitler will soon be.

This month has witnessed a few innovations. We now have a dancing class for beginners, for one thing. There is no longer any reason for an airman to say "I don't dance but may I hold you for the next one?" Reminding us that we've had some really good dances this month, after some hard work often in the 'wee hours, put in by the much-maligned dance committee. The Bombed Victims dance was, according to the majority, a great success. There was the innovation of the C.W.A.C. dance too. It was fun. Half a pound of chewing gum scraped from the floor, showed how well our English lads have learned from the American Continent to "choo" as well as puff. How did you like the Christmas New Year dance? From now on, our dances will have to start and finish earlier—so the bus company tells us. No buses will run after midnight—till—well, till we'll all be home again in Home.

Ten of our lucky fellows had messages broadcast home this month by Mr. Tommy Reid—remember the fellow who entertained us one night before a movie show? We were certainly lucky in being able to see Mr. Bill Lang's films on Canada—"The King's Highway." A grand show and instructive. The unkind aspect of the evening's entertain-

ment was that it made many of us restless with longings to get out and see, and fish, and hunt over Canada. Oh Canada!

Mr. Herrington's Quizzes continue. We are grateful to him, and to the ladies who spend so much time to entertain us each Friday. There's an awful lot of back-bending work done by these good folks, before a programme is ready. We wish there was space to mention the painstaking cooks and girl-getters and menders of socks and correctors of papers and so on. Just take a look around at the next Quiz and ask yourself "Who sees to that?" Where does the milk come from (not to mention the quad-uped, of course)? There's a dairy downtown with a name the same as the headgear our King wears. (No prizes for the correct answer) They give it without charge.

Just as the local broadcasting company lends us free records for our Sunday Music Hour. We want suggestions, by the way, for these recorded concerts. The "Y" loves hearing suggestions. What about suggestions relating to the Canteen for instance? Or about smoking during cinema shows? How about a Talent Night on the stage? Anything if it's not too rude.

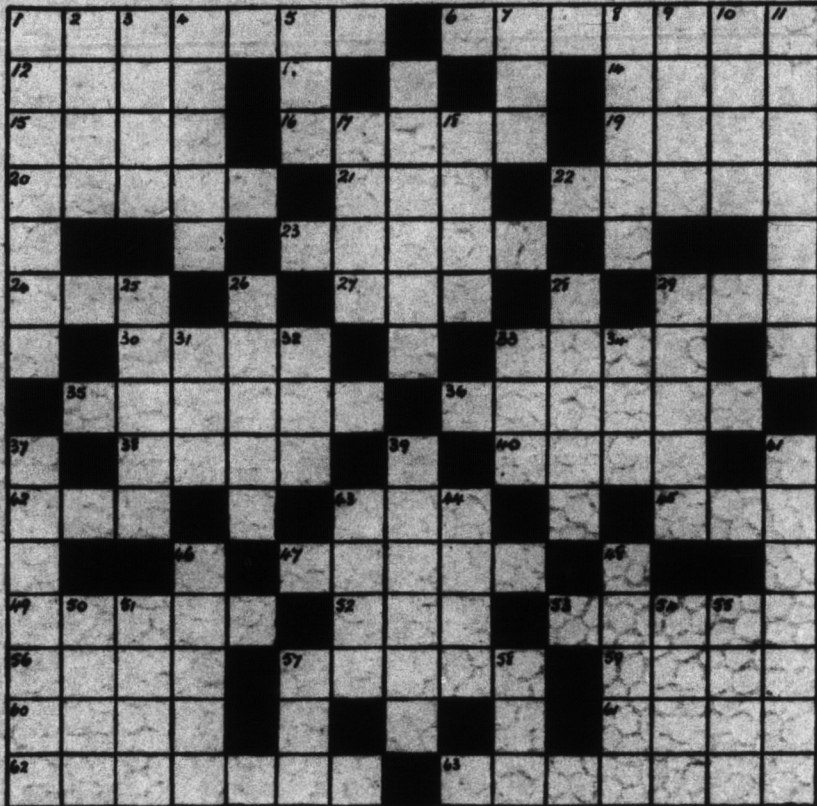
Anyway—as we don't expect to write to you in this way for a short while at least—come along and see us. We are here to help, if we can, and don't forget that we know all the best places if you want hospitality, or are planning a holiday. We'll be seeing you, we hope.

COMING MOVIES

- Dec. 15—"Trail of the Vigilantes, with Franchot Tone, Broderick Crawford, Andy Devine.
- Dec. 17—"Night of January 16," with Robert Preston, Ellen Drew.
- Dec. 22—"Appointment For Love," with Margaret Sullivan, Charles Boyer, Eugene Pallette.
- Dec. 24—"Sullivan's Travels," with Joel McCrea, Veronica Lake, Porter Hall.
- Dec. 29—"Queen of Hearts," with Gracie Fields, John Loder.
- Dec. 31—"Henry Aldrich for President," with Jimmy Lydon, June Preisser.
- Jan. 5—"Sandy Gets Her Man," with Baby Sandy, Stuart Erwin, Una Merkel.
- Jan. 7—"Lady Eve," with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda.
- Jan. 14—"Road to Zanzibar," with Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Bob Hope.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

I defy you to send me a correct solution before Tuesday, December 22. First correct answer opened will win a cash prize of \$1.00. Entries should be sent to Cpl. Johnson, Hut 14 or Sports Store.



CLUES

Across

- 1. Emblem
- 6. Dependents
- 12. Chinese dish
- 14. Revise
- 15. Eye
- 16. Land
- 19. Beverage
- 20. Waterside plants
- 21. Some
- 22. Sent
- 23. Alley
- 24. Piece of land
- 27. Before
- 29. Opponent
- 30. High
- 33. Youngster

- 35. Overflows
- 36. Ill will
- 38. Wind instrument
- 40. Matron
- 42. Bronze
- 43. Fabric
- 45. Hill top
- 47. Restrict
- 49. Headstrong
- 52. Spanish gentleman
- 53. Vegetable compound
- 56. Dry
- 57. Not once
- 59. Exposed
- 60. Summon
- 61. Presentment
- 62. Tufts of cord
- 63. Beg.

Down

- 1. Support
- 2. Busy place
- 3. Cooled
- 4. Material
- 5. Fuel
- 7. Dread
- 8. Drain
- 9. Entrance
- 10. Contour
- 11. Saturated
- 13. Core
- 17. Passage
- 18. Cowhouse
- 25. Claw
- 26. Endured
- 28. Entire

- 29. Swift
- 31. Tennis stroke
- 32. Poem
- 33. Craze
- 34. Branch
- 37. Draw
- 39. Dismiss
- 41. Spear
- 43. Oppress
- 44. Languish
- 46. Skins
- 48. Drum
- 50. Melody
- 51. Mouthpieces
- 54. Disable
- 55. Range
- 57. Nothing
- 58. Japanese coin