



R.C.A.F. STATION
MOUNTAIN VIEW
ONT

THE KNIGHT THAT FAILED

We were chatting in my office. He was one of the G.D.s on the Station. Name: Jim—seven months in the Service, a bit down in the mouth. He had joined the Air Force to do big things, decisive things, important things, and so far they hadn't materialized. What he had was a routine of odd jobs, nothing heroic or big about them, and he was grouching, as most of us do, blowing off steam about the apparent uselessness of it all.

And then I remembered a story I had heard, and Jim listened as I told it to him.

In the days of old when Knighthood was in flower, in a small chapel in Merrie England, a solitary knight kept the vigil of arms. Tomorrow Knighthood would be his, and as he kept his lonely watch the future opened before his eyes; his sword dedicated to the demands of chivalry, there would be womanhood to protect, (the face of his fair lady rose before him), there would be honour to be avenged. (He could see himself as the fiery hero of single combat against a renowned opponent.) there was injustice to be remedied, and he saw himself as the champion of right bowing to the applause of those who recognized his valour. There would be innocence to protect and frailty to strengthen, and a thousand other things, big things a hero could do. Thus he saw himself and dedicated himself to the heroic things life would bring him.

Well, the vigil ended and he became a Knight. Then the story goes that he set out on his journey through the years, always questing for and seeking the big, the noble, the heroic deed that was to immortalize his name. And the point of the tale was this: that while he kept his eyes always on the big things that were to come he forgot to do the countless little things that came his way, and then old age found him, a man who had done nothing because he missed the chance to do everything. It was the little things, the doing of his share of ordinary things, that would have eventually brought the chance he missed.

And perhaps Jim saw a little better, as we all need to see, that we're all doing a big job, made up

(Continued on page 2)



WING COMMANDER MURRAY D. LISTER

Wing Commander Murray D. Lister, who fills the important post of Chief Instructor, is a Westerner by birth and by upbringing. He was born in Edmonton, Alberta, in the year 1912, and grew up like most western people hale and hearty. He learned to ride and play hookey about the same time and indulged in both pastimes separately and together. Successfully struggling through high school in Calgary, he gained entrance to the Royal Military College at Kingston and for the next several years was exposed to Military Science, Engineering and Church Parades. All except the Church Parades took.

While attending R.M.C. the Wing Commander found time to do a certain amount of flying and got his private ticket from the Air Tec Flying Services in Toronto in 1933.

Graduating from R.M.C. in 1934 Wing Commander Lister entered the Royal Canadian Air Force at Camp Borden where he completed his pilot's training and also completed a course in navigation, following which he was posted to Trenton where he did a short period of service in the Siskin Flight.

From Trenton the Wing Commander was posted to Air Force Headquarters at Ottawa on his first tour of duty. This tour was of two years' duration and during it he was with the Personnel Branch from which he escaped in 1936 to return to Trenton as Instructor in Flying and Navigation.

Following two years as Flying and Navigation Instructor at Trenton, Wing Commander Lister was posted overseas to the Air Armament School at Mamby, England, in the summer of 1938, shortly before the outbreak of war. At Mamby the Wing Commander completed the Officers' Course in Armament and returned to Canada in February, 1940, to take charge of Officers' Courses at the Air Armament School at Trenton, which duties he commenced in early March. In the summer of 1940 Wing Commander Lister became Chief Instructor at the Air Armament School and occupied this position until September when he was posted to Air Force Headquarters at Ottawa, where he was closely associated with Test and Development Branch on new Armament equipment.

(Continued on page 4)

SMALL BORE RIFLE CLUB IS FORMED

Many people have expressed an interest in and asked questions about a projected Small Bore Rifle Club. It is safe to bet that, by the time the next issue of the Mountain View Point is published, the club will be a going concern. The range and stop butts are ready, the rifles are purchased, and all that remains is the organization of the club itself.

The idea of such a club was first mooted last year, when an enterprising sergeant gathered together a list of persons interested. The list indicated great enthusiasm and a grant of three hundred dollars was made from the station fund for the purchase of equipment. Then the thing held fire for a month or so, as, apparently, no one was authorized to make the necessary arrangements and purchases. When this was remedied, however, real difficulties soon became apparent. The war had made the purchase of target rifles almost an impossibility. Letters were sent to several firms in Montreal and Toronto, all with the same answer, "Sorry, we have no stocks of target rifles." The purchase of spotting telescopes has proved, up to the present time, even more difficult, in fact, we ain't got no scopes.

The time was ripe for the purchase of a good sporting rifle, while awaiting the possibility of securing second hand target arms, when something happened which brought the club over the horizon of the near future. The new Chief Instructor had expressed a very keen interest in the formation of the club, and undertook to find target rifles if it was humanly possible. It was. Very soon six new Mossburg 42M rifles were on order, and the Works and Building department were requested to manufacture the bullet catcher.

The Chief Instructor also secured the lean-to on the south side of No. 4 hangar as a range site. This will eventually be altered to provide a good wide range of ample length. For the time being, however, it will only be possible to use two firing points, and the fact that the entry of only a small number of persons between details will be possible, may hamper operations for a little, while the building is being altered. But we can make a start.

(Continued on page 16)

MOUNTAIN VIEWPOINT

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★ ★ ★

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

★ ★ ★

"THE CAT CAME BACK"

In the March issue of the "Viewpoint" it was stated editorially that it was to be the last issue and that the publication of a Station paper was to be discontinued due to an entire apathy on the part of the Station as a whole.

This unfortunately was the truth and reflects little credit on officers and men alike for the publication of a Station paper once a month by the officers and men of a station the size of Mountain View cannot be considered any herculean task. However when the whole burden of publication is placed on the shoulders of only three or four, as it was, then it gets a priority rating over pack drill.

The idea of discontinuing publication didn't turn out so well because Headquarters said "No Soap".

As long as there is to be a Station paper then it might just as well be a good paper as a bad one, and it easily can be if everybody will throw in their two bits worth.

BOOK REVIEW

"WHAT'S THAT PLANE"

With the entry of Japan into the war, the bombing of cities and towns in North America has ceased to be a possibility and has become a probability. Enemy aircraft may be expected in our skies at any time and "It Can't Happen Here" could very likely read, "It Has Happened ere." With this ever-present danger in mind, Walter B. Pitkin, Jr., has written "What's That Plane?" the latest publication of Penguin Books, Inc.

This pocket-sized book deals with the identification of aircraft, both friendly and hostile, which may appear in large numbers over Canada and the United States. The instant recognition of these aircraft is a vital factor in our defence system, and already, the Air Raid Warden and Aircraft Spotter Organizations of the U.S.A. are manned by large and ever-expanding crews. However, it has been proved in Britain that there can't be too many spotters. Everyone in Britain has been encouraged to take an interest in Aircraft Recognition, but in spite of this, many fine buildings are now heaps of rubble—a painful reminder of the unholiest formation of "Blenheims" which turned out to be Junkers 88's. It is, therefore, to our advantage to possess a knowledge of the outlines of the various operational types which may appear in our skies.

The book is written for the beginner, and is appropriately dedicated to 'All Anti-Fascists, wherever they may be.' The opening chap-

ters deal with Aircraft Recognition generally, and with the method of grouping the various types. This is followed by pictures and official silhouettes along with a detailed description of the Aircraft and notes on its performance. The majority of the planes described are Japanese, which is interesting, as information on the warplanes of Nippon has been sadly lacking to date. Also included are a few German types which, operating from Mother ships, might attack the eastern portions of United States and Canada. A Glossary at the end of the book identifies certain often used terms, such as 'dihedral' and 'cantilever', etc., which are of importance to the Aircraft Spotter.

On the whole, 'What's That Plane' is a very well written little book, containing plenty of interesting information and official "gen." The pictures and silhouettes are good and the information is as complete as may be printed at the present time. Clearly shown is the fact that the Japs are past masters in the art of copying the designs of other nations, but nevertheless, they certainly have some advanced designs about which little is known at present.

Anyone making a careful study of this book will possess an excellent knowledge of Aircraft Recognition, and will be well qualified to take their place in our defence system, in the event of an all-out attack on this continent. The station personnel would be well advised to obtain a copy of 'What's That Plane', and digest it thoroughly.

—By SGT. MacDONALD,

G.I.S. Aircrew.

Instructor i/c Aircraft Recognition.

STATION BAND MAKES FINE SHOWING

The Drum and Trumpet Band under the able direction of F/O. "Dusty" Rhodes has been turning out regularly and have reached a stage of high proficiency. They are a most valuable and welcome addition to Route Marches, Wings Parades and Church Parades, where they are much easier for the boys to keep step with than are several different Sergeants shouting several different steps.

The present band consists of one bass drummer, six side drummers and nine trumpeters.

When the band is brought up to full strength it will consist of:

16 Trumpeters.
 8 Side drums.
 2 Tenor drums.
 1 Bass drum.

Sufficient drummers have already applied for positions to meet the needs of full establishment but trumpeters are urgently needed and any Airman who can blow a trumpet is asked to get in touch with F/O. Rhodes.

The present members of the band are as follows

Station Trumpet Band.

Cpl. Humphreys, E. W., bass drum.
 Cpl. Bullock, J. H., tenor drum.
 L.A.C. Dickson, G. H., tenor drum.
 L.A.C. Thompson, J. G., side drum
 A.C.1 Smith, J. P., side drum.
 A.C.2 Laidlaw, C. E., side drum.
 A.C.2 Smith, Fred, side drum.

Trumpeters.

Cpl. McLagan.
 L.A.C. Winton, R. M.
 L.A.C. Mitchell, V. L.
 L.A.C. Kenney, C. A.
 L.A.C. Frogley, A.
 A.C.2 Robinson, N. E.
 A.C.2 Hammond, S.
 A.C.2 Bested, A.
 A.C.2 Scott, W. J.

SICK BAY NEWS

Many changes have taken place at the Station Sick Quarters during the past few weeks.

Firstly and foremost, S/L. I. MacLachlen who had been M.O. i/c since the opening of the hospital, was posted to No. 5 S.P.T.S., Brantford, as S.M.O. The present staff wishes him every success at his new station.

F/L. A. L. Hudson has also been transferred after spending eleven months at this unit. He proceeded to the Recruiting Centre at Ottawa.

Three new M.O.s are in our midst. F/L. J. A. Peart from Trenton, F/L. B. D. Freed from No. 9 E.P.T.S., St. Catharines, and F/L. Gerand from the School of Aviation Medicine, No. 6, I.T.S., Toronto.

The balance of the staff is unchanged and will likely remain so until the arrival of the R.C.A.F. (Women's Division) which will undoubtedly cause many alterations in our staff and routine.

"KNIGHT THAT FAILED"

(Continued from page 1)

of a million little jobs all helping to the one big one; that whether you're a mechanic or a clerk or a pilot or a padre, we're all dedicated to a mighty big proposition, and that as long as we concentrate on that, and all our smaller jobs are co-ordinated to achieve it, we'll eventually get the chance to finish the big task that is ours and be no less heroes because our individual contribution seemed ordinary and commonplace. A brick itself isn't much but a lot of bricks make strength.

—THE R. C. PADRE.

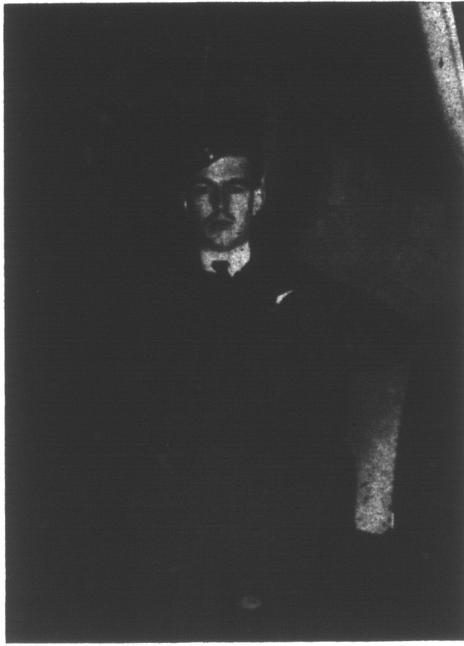
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F/SGT. CLELAND, D.F.M.

Flight Sergeant Cleland (AG), D.F.M., who is a native of Montreal, has just returned from overseas and is now an instructor at G.I.S. (Aircrew), Mountain View.

F/S. Cleland was the first Canadian to receive the D.F.M. in the war and is the only AC2 at present to receive this distinction, which was presented to him by H.M. The King at Buckingham Palace.

In the Spring of 1938, F/S. Cleland left Canada for England and soon after arriving there joined the R.A.F. After completing a wireless course at Cranwell he was attached to the 59th. Army Co-Operation Squadron, two months prior to the outbreak of war.

Three months after the outbreak of war his squadron was moved to France on reconnaissance work for the British Expeditionary Force. This work for the most part was spent in training to intercept the enemy should they break through the Low Countries but photographic flights along the German lines were also carried out.

On May 10th. the squadron went into action making low level reconnaissance sorties along the German lines of communication. The purpose of these trips was to obtain information as to the German manoeuvres along the front.

During the evacuation of France, F/S. Cleland made his way out by Boulogne and back to England by boat. His squadron resumed operations in England and continued their reconnaissance work until the battle of Dunkirk. At this time he returned to France with his squadron to aid the British army fighting south of the Somme by obtaining information to help them in their retreat out of France.

The four planes left in the squadron remained in France until two hours after the French had capitulated. F/S. Cleland then returned to England where he took up duties with an OT.U. training replacements for his squadron.

After a few months instructing he returned to his old squadron and resumed operations which now consisted of daylight bombing raids

and an occasional reconnaissance flight along the German occupied coast areas.

On completing over fifty operational flights over German occupied territory F/S. Cleland was posted to a Liberator squadron and after serving a few months with them was transferred to a Beaufort Torpedo Squadron which was made up of Empire trained men from Canada. With this squadron the Flight Sergeant was gunnery leader until his return to Canada.

During his flying days in the R.A.F., F/S. Cleland was fortunate in having the same pilot through all his many flights, S/L. Evans, with whom he "Crewed up" when the Squadron Leader was Pilot Officer previous to the outbreak of war. F/S. Cleland gives full credit to S/L. Evans for any success he has achieved and to the one hundred per cent co-operation on the part of the whole crew.

The Station is proud to number F/S. Cleland among its personnel and sincerely hopes that his days at Mountain View may be happy ones.

PHOTOGRAPHS

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FIREFIGHTERS ON THEIR TOES

Our Station Firefighters are to be congratulated on their recent prompt action in extinguishing fires which occurred in two aircraft recently.

In the case of the Battle which caught fire just prior to landing, good flying on the part of the pilot, Sgt. Wall of Bombing Flight, in bringing in the machine promptly under very adverse conditions enabled the Firefighters to extinguish the fire before it could obtain a good hold.

A particularly good job was performed in the case of Bolingbroke, as the fire which developed

after an explosion in wing, was considerable, and owing to the fact that gasoline was flowing from a broken pipe line, only prompt and efficient action could have saved the machine.

Our congratulations to Firefighters Flt/Sgt. McAllister and Corporal Jones, who were in charge of the firefighting and to Firefighters Andreas, Tanner, Thompson, Clisby, Sproul, and Johnson, all of whom displayed calm, efficient action, in their handling of the emergencies.

The Firefighters were very ably assisted in their work by Flt/Sgt. Englebert, Cpl. Kelsey, and A.C.'s Mabley, Prince and Unwing from Maintenance who also are to be congratulated on their prompt and helpful action.

Altogether, a VERY satisfactory showing!

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MEN'S WEAR

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**THE GIST OF G.I.S.
(AIRCREW)**

Congratulations are in order to Sgts. Brant, Bullock and Oetiker who received promotion to Flight Sergeants early in April.

The school staff suffered the loss of Sgt. Moir last week when as a result of ill health he received his discharge from the service. Our best wishes for recovery and future success go with him.

L.A.C.'s Bourassa and Stickley are leaving shortly, the former on posting to Paulson, Man., and the latter to Trenton to take a course as disciplinary. Good luck at your new stations, boys!

Our new aircraft recognition expert, Sgt. MacDonald, has accomplished much in the first month at his new vocation and is now working on new plans to startle the recognition industry. Some of the brighter lads can now distinguish a Harvard from the crash tender at as much as 300 yards range.

Former Dean of the orderly room staff, L.A.C. Heller is now wearing a white flash at No. 5 I.T.S., Belleville. His place in the school has been taken by L.A.C. Pinzer.

Spring offensive locally took the form of P.T. parades and many an old joint is creaking up and down our hallways as a result.

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Speaking of the flu:
Here is a typographical error seen in a western daily. "The coach made his first appearance of the season today. He has spent the last week in bed with a bad coed."

Army Officer—"Weak eyes, eh? How many lines can you read on that chart?"
Draftee—"What chart?"

**"AIN'T IT
THE TRUTH"**

A Tragedy in One Act and
Several Scenes.

The scene is laid in an office in Number 3 Hangar.

As this epic gets under way "Mike" Moffat's "Hillbillies", who are in the orchestra pit are softly playing "Ting a Ling a Ling."

In the office are an Officer looking out the window, and a sergeant looking at nothing in particular.

Officer—Gad, Sergeant, what a day, WHAT A DAY. Makes one feel good just to be alive.

Sergeant—Yes Sir (but does not look it) anything else Sir?

Officer—No. No thanks, that's all. (Sergeant leaves to nurse hangover.) What a day, WHAT A DAY (hums to himself and reaches for phone.)

Operator—Number please.

Officer—40 please.

Voice—Hospital.

Officer—Sorry, I wanted Tech Stores (replaces receiver, then calls again.)

Operator—Number please.

Officer—I want 40, Tech. Stores. You gave me the hospital.

Operator—Sorry, 40 is busy. (Five minutes pass during which interval "Mike" Moffat's "Hillbillies" play "Indian Love Call." Officer tries again.)

Operator—Number please.

Officer—40 please.

Voice—Drogue Flight. Moraga here.

Officer—Sorry, I'm trying to get Tech. Stores. (Hangs up, then calls again.)

Operator—Number please.

Officer—Do you think it would be too much trouble to give me 40. Technical Stores. I don't want the hospital. I don't want drogue flight. I don't want anybody but Technical Stores, Local 40. (His voice has by this time risen to a scream.)

Operator—Sorry Sir. 40 is busy.

(Officer hangs up and waits for 5 minutes. During this interval "Dusty" Rhodes and His Trumpeters, situated back stage, render "Throw Out the Phone Line.")

Officer—Hello operator. Hello, HELLO OPERATOR (This keeps up for ten minutes and to cover vulgar language and horrible oaths used by officer, "Mike" Moffat's "Hillbillies" play a medley of "Yoo Hoo," "Asleep in the Deep" and "I Hear You Calling Me.")

Operator—Number please.

Officer—So sorry if I seem to disturb you but I am hoping to get Tech Stores before High Noon today. The number is local 40. I don't want to talk to anybody else, and I hope I am not putting you out.

Operator—I'll ring them Sir.

Officer—Thank you so much. It's really far too good of you.

Voice—Tech Stores. Smith here.

Officer—Good morning Sir, sorry to bother you but I have no vocab and would like the Section and Reference number for shackles 7/8 in. stock.

S/L. Smith—Oh, Ben, what is the Section and Ref. number for shackles 7/8 in. stock.

F/O. Lindsay—Oh, Major, what is the Section and Ref. number for shackles 7/8 in. stock.

W. O. Cullen—Oh, Flight, what is the Section and Ref. number for shackles 7/8 in. stock.

F/S. Stokes—Oh, Sergeant, what is the Section and Ref. number for shackles, 7/8 in. stock.

Sgt. Prince—Oh, Corporal, what is the Section and Ref. number for shackles, 7/8 in. stock.

Cpl. Fields—Oh, Scottie, what is the Section and Ref. number for shackles 7/8 in. stock.

Scottie—I don't know.

(Now let us at this stage avoid unnecessary pain and skip a few steps.)

F/O. Lindsay—I don't know, Sir. S/L. Smith—I don't know. Look it up yourself. (Hangs up.)

Officer—Thank you, Sir. (Mumbles something about a fate worse than death and collapses on desk.)

(From back stage "Dusty" Rhodes and His Trumpeters render "Lord, Shackle Me Fast to Thy Wagon Wheel".)

THE END.

(Curtain. (Refuses to come down having been made by Works and Bricks.)

**BEAUTIFICATION OF
STATION UNDER WAY**

Much has recently been done to improve the appearance of the station.

During the past few weeks tree planting has gone on apace with the result that many hundreds of Cedars, Pines and Norwegian Cedars have been planted. If the war lasts many, many years which we sincerely hope it doesn't some airman may someday enjoy their shade. In the meantime they are ornamental and add greatly to the good appearance of the station.

**BATTLE AND BADER
VOICE APPROVAL**

Possibly the two most interested spectator of the tree planting campaign were "Battle", owned by F/O. Henry, and "Bader" owned by the station at large.

"Battle" in the full flush of his doggie youth eyed the planting in happy expectancy and longed for the day when he might roam rampant in wild abandon midst pines and scowegian cedars.

"Bader", older, and with only one serviceable hind leg, viewed the proceedings with great interest but with a touch of sadness. He, like "Battle", saw happy hours ahead but his rounds would take longer—Heigh Ho, we all grow older, Bader, old boy.

Cut Down

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J. B.

BOYCE

GARAGE SERVICE

AND

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WING COMMANDER LISTER

(Continued from page 1)

From Ottawa the Wing Commander was posted to No. 2 Training Command in Winnipeg in May, 1941, as Command Armament Officer. In this position Wing Commander Lister was largely responsible for the successful opening of No. 3 Bombing and Gunnery School at Dafoe, Sask., and No. 7 Bombing and Gunnery School at Paulson, Man.

On February 2nd., 1942, the Wing Commander took up his present duties as Chief Instructor, R.C.A.F. Station, Mountain View.

Wing Commander Lister brings with him to our station a wealth of experience, a most pleasing personality, and a sincere regard for the welfare of his men. The Station welcomes him and sincerely wishes him every success.

Hey, what's the idea painting your car red on one side and blue on the other?

It's a great idea. You should hear the witnesses contradicting each other.

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Belleville, Ontario

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not stick to the lips.

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GROUND DEGENCE PLANNED

F/O. Jacobs Gives Exclusive Interview on Steps Being Taken.

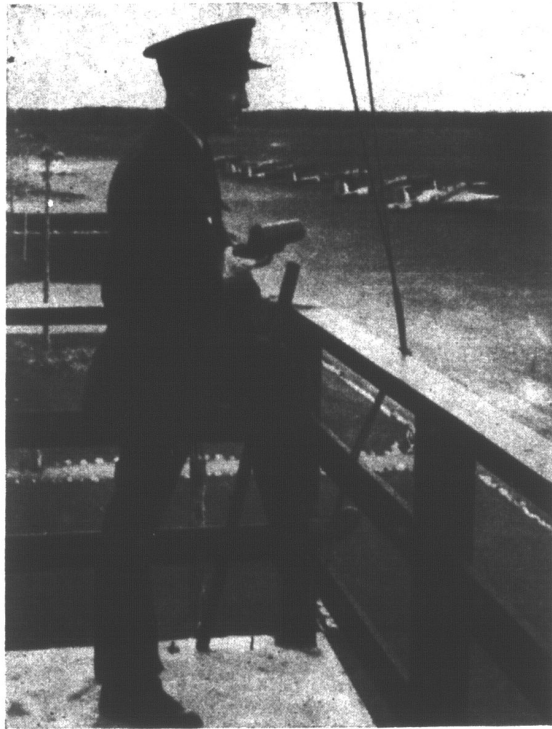
F/O. Jacobs, Aerodrome Control Officer, in an exclusive interview granted to the Viewpoint reporter, threw some light on the amazing developments quietly going on behind the scenes in respect to rendering the aerodrome safe from any enemy attack from the air.

Your reporter was fortunate indeed to arrive at a most opportune time to interview F/O. Jacobs in his snug office atop the control tower, for at the very moment he ar-

part he must play providing, of course, that it is on Air Force time and does not interfere with time off, for-eights, and leave.

The jaw of F/O. Jacobs, as he pondered his reply, was set in a grim line which quivered a little as a Cessna cut off a Battle and then hedge hopped a Harvard. Suddenly he turned from the window and his words were clipped, falling clear and cold like ice in a rum and coke. "Yes," he said, "you may quote me as I feel the men are keyed up to fever pitch in anticipation of what is to be done. Tell them that I doubt if I shall need a man as I am confident that under my strategy I can cope single handed with any attempt on the part of the enemy be it Hienie, Wop or Jap, to capture the aerodrome."

"My general conduct of aerodrom defence," continued F/O. Jacobs, "is simplicity itself. It is



F/O JACOBS

rived the runway was being changed. It seemed that the wind had just shifted 180 degrees and traffic had to be more or less reversed. It was all most interesting. Smoke generators smoked, red signals exploded in the air and flags wove. Overhead Battles, Ansons, Harvards, Cessnas, Nomads and the odd Yale buzzed angrily and futilely, but through it all F/O. Jacobs remained unperturbed. A slight smile played upon his lips. One could see that everything was under control. The determination of the man was evident every time he let another red signal go.

After five smoke generators and eleven red signals things got straightened out and F/O. Jacobs, turning with his engaging smile and ingratiating charm said: "What do you want? If it's important O.K., but if not get the hell out because I'm busy."

"F/O. Jacobs," your reporter said, "I have important business, because Sir, I believe you can give us some confidential tips on what is planned for ground defence and I can assure that every man on the station is eager to know what

based in the main on the assumption that the enemy can be made to destroy themselves."

"The first part of my plan calls for a detail of thirty Cessnas from Trenton, which will be instructed to do normal circuits and bumps. This will immediately render the aerodrome hazardous and unserviceable to all others.

"The second phase of my plan calls for one Yale and F/L. Gwynne-Timothy. He like the Cessnas will be instructed to do circuits and bumps, but they will not be normal. He will do his famous three point take off, and the enemy, not knowing whether he is coming or going, will be completely baffled.

"The third phase is at present being arranged. Command has been asked to pass an estimate covering the installation of a complete tile drain system for the aerodrome. The construction and maintenance of this project is to be placed in the hands of Works and Bricks. This crafty scheme will insure that for the duration there will be in abundance on our aerodrome, trenches, mounds, ridges, fox holes, pits,

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SUMMER UNIFORMS
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hills, tank traps, washboard, water, slush and mud."

F/O. Jacobs lapsed into silence and gazed thoughtfully at the wind sock.

"I think," he said, "that that is all I have to say at present except that the wind has changed again."

As your reporter left F/O. Jacobs was going into action, a signal pistol grasped firmly in his strong right hand.

DROGUE FLIGHT

That old chestnut "class will tell" has been and is being proved daily in Drogue Flight. Recently when a call went out for top notch pilots the "powers that be" selected three from Drogue. The answer: Class Boys, just class.

Not a day passes by what Pilots and Fitters and Riggers apply for a job in Drogue Flight. Word got out about us getting girl Drogue Operators. The line forms on the right lads.

What two Flight Sergeants are about to engage on the field of honour? Seems like some paint brushes are involved. We suggest two methods of combat: corn cobs at thirty paces or cream puffs at ten paces. We're pulling for our hero.

We are pleased to hear that F/O. Shaeffer of Gunnery Flight is to give a series of lectures on Navigation. F/O. Shaeffer has proved himself an authority on this subject and the lectures should prove most interesting.

M. T. SECTION

Who is the Shirley Temple type of junior N.C.O. who mixes B. and White with his hair lotion and returns off his 48s with a \$10.00 permanent wave.

The junior members of the Section all wonder what are the red marks on the calendar in the Section N.C.O.'s office.

We wonder what certain AO1 blushes like a rose every time "Jean's" name is mentioned, and we sincerely hope that at the time of going to press she has a steady position.

We understand that a certain L.A.C. is going in for higher education. (And what did he learn in Bowmanville. Was it Mathematics.)

Who was the flaming youth who walked down Bridge Street with her shoes off with a wavy haired Corporal.

When you hear an airman lament that he is leading a dog's life—he's probably just going from pillar to post.

NEWS FROM THE WATER FRONT

(By Your Water Reporter)

Flash: The Marine Section at Wellington lost 33 1-3% of its total strength when Sgt. (available) Phillips, J. H., and A.C.1 (Chicago) Mayes, W. B., were posted to No. 5 I.T.S. at Belleville. Both "Available" and "Chicago" were outstanding airmen in their trade especially when their 48's came around. We all wish them the best of luck and happy landings in every field except the one known as K.T.S.

Do not quote me: It is rumored that several citizens here are finding the evenings rather tiresome, long and dreary and that prospects for a big "Dune" Summer are very meagre. Who ever invented the Gas Rationing Business? Let's have a "Plebiscite" on that. All in favor say—"it."

Rumour (In Special Detail): We have heard that regardless of Trade, Race, Creed or Grouping, everyone envies the airmen who cruise around and fish all summer down at Wellington and get Air Force Pay for it. For the information of all concerned we are releasing the following article:

We understand that several Trades have to make room for some helpers (C.W.A.F.), we suggest that these tradesmen make a special effort to remuster to this ever beckoning trade. As a favor we are divulging this closely guarded information. A daily schedule as followed by these Dry Land Sailors. (Good Fridays and Sundas included):

06.00 hrs.: Reveille. (In Wellington, wake up and OUT of bed.)

06.30 hrs.: Breakfast. (That's what they call it.)

06.45 hrs.: Leave dock on Range Patrol Duty. (If you are fortunate and have a boat to go on.)

07.00 hrs.: Shore Crew: meet transport and proceed to one of many Ranges.

08.00 hrs.-12.00 hrs.: Repair, remodel, make or move targets.

12.00 hrs.: Dinner time and Smoke Period. (If the cook is out at the 200 yd. Range you cook your own.)

13.00 hrs.: Back to work.

(If on board a boat dinner is any time you can get it or any time your stomach can hold it.)

17.00 hrs.: Cease work. (Try and do it.)

18.00 hrs.: Supper. (If you are still up and around.)

19.30 hrs.: Refuel boats, check engines.

20.00 hrs.: You may have the rest of the day off. (If not on Duty Crew.)

The above is the Everyday Routine but we have specials too. Ask our Editor—he knows.

P.S.—Could other sections publish similar schedules. We could form an "Airman's Aid" or would another name be more appropriate?

IDEA: There seems to be a call out for Amendments and suggestions for K.R.O. for Air. How about one for P. and A. Regulation? We suggest that the Marine Section be paid in American currency on the 15th. of each month. Did you say "Why"? Simply because Rochester is only 48 1/2 miles due south of Wellington and we could always blame the compass. It has been done before. Any seconds? I wonder?

COMING: Have you ever saved a lire? Perhaps some of you have but how many have saved a life during a Bombing Raid in Canada? So far we feel that there is only one Airman on this Station who can claim that distinction. The horse was saved (except for the harness, etc.) and only a couple of days ago he was back on the job towing M.T. vehicles at No. 3 Range. The hero's own version cannot as yet be released to the public. It was covered by a photographer and copyrighted by a local syndicate. Watch for it soon.

CLASSIFIED AD. NOTICE

If you have any weights or targets to move, contact us. We guarantee our work and supply our own equipment, material and help.

If you have a house to move we will move it, either now or in the fall when you are not too busy.

THE MARINE SECTION, Wellington.

SIGNING OFF: Your Water Station: "Off" till the next time, "off."

THE PRAYER OF CORPORAL SHANAHAN

Oh let me go down to the bay again
To the open bay and the sky
And all I ask is no bombing ship
To paste me from on high.
Oh let me get the flare pots lit
By the light of the rising moon
And let no screaming bomb descend
To spell the word of doom.
And may the ruddy motor start
As it failed to start before
And spare me blisters on my hands
When I get back to shore.

MORE NEWS FROM THE WATER FRONT

By YOUR WATER REPORTER

Due to a very noted upward surge in the tourist trade the management of the "Marine Grill" have been forced to undertake extensive alterations. The whole place has been remodelled and repainted for your pleasure and comfort. A new system has been introduced whereby no bills are used; just deposit the amount you think the meat was worth. (Very trusting people I would say.) Visit the Blue Room, open 24 hours per day, seven days a week for your convenience.

AT LAST — After getting every marine man well acquainted with our kitchen, with diets, vitamins, etc. we suddenly find that all our efforts were wasted. A cook has been posted here. Our only hope is that such questions as, "When do we eat?" "What do you call this?" etc., will soon be forgotten here and that we will not have to go through that cooking course again.

Sandy Junior—Ye promised to gie me saxpence if I was top at school. I've been top boy two weeks running.

Sandy Senior—Well, here's a shilling, but ye must gie up studying so hard. It's no good for ye.

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What a Life!



Don't be fooled by this aviator
He isn't a bit of a woman-hater.
If he'd only learn,
he could win a friend—
He has to perspire,
but need not offend.

Bath tonight with LIFEBOUY

The ONE soap especially made to prevent "B.O." (Body Odor)

Any taxicab driver knows how to make a running broad jump.

THE BATMAN

Who gets them to their tidy bed
And gets two pillows for their head
But thinks a lot that's never said;
HE BATMAN.

Who shines their shoes to beat the band
And turns them out all spick and span
But bonuses never seem to land,
THE BATMAN.

Who's leaves are few and far between,
His diet mostly bread and beans
Yet in his work he must be keen.
THE BATMAN

So when this little fuss is done
And Hitler's mob is on the run
They'll know they helped to beat the Hun.

WHO? **THE BATMAN.**

Just before the company was dismissed the Sarg. roared.

"All fond of music, two steps forward."

With visions of a soft job in the band half a dozen men stepped forward.

"Now then, growled the Sarge., "get busy you — mugs and carry that piano upstairs."

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AN ADVENTURE IN WAZIRISTAN

By W.O. GREENFIELD

The almost annual "ops" had started on the North West Frontier of India. I'm a little hazy about the beginnings of this affair, but I think it was due to one of the lieutenants of the famous Fakir of Ipi, who had kicked up a bit of shindig and was being sheltered by certain villages near Razmak. Ipi himself had been chased out of India a couple years previous and was in hiding somewhere in Afghanistan.

The Squadrons had gone up to Miranshah, a fort in northern Waziristan, the usual forty-eight hours' notice had been given to the villagers, and all was ready to commence bombing. The resident flight at Miranshah however, had proved unable to supply a bomb-dump and fuzing party capable of handling the work of two bomber squadrons and something had to be done in a hurry. Consequently, at about 13.30 hrs. one bright Spring day, I was detailed to proceed by road with a small party of armourers and be ready to leave at 16.30 hrs. I was to pick up special permission to cross the Kohat pass, in tribal territory, by night, at Peshawar.

We were on our way by five, travelling in a new Ford V8 with bags of daylight and a good chance of being through the worst of the

pass, if we hurried, before dark. We certainly hurried, but a few miles from Peshawar, doing about sixty, we hit a bull which came out of the shadows at the side of the road. Not good. Fortunately the only damage we sustained was a badly dented wing, though the poor beast spun round a couple of times and dropped like a dead 'un. We stopped within a couple of hundred yards and thought of going back, but a small group of natives had gathered and now began to run towards us, waving their arms and shouting. Discretion being the better part of valour, we decided to move on and report the matter at Peshawar.

The permission we required was ready for us at Peshawar, but it was a good hour before I could find anyone who gave a tinker's damn about an injured bull. This was an hour of daylight wasted and it was dark before we reached the foot of the pass. I had travelled through this pass on several previous occasions, but always by day and with other vehicles. It is here, by the way, that the famous tribal small arms factory is situated. By night it was rather frightening and I must admit I funked it a little. I travelled with my revolver holster open and had the men load their rifles. But we travelled so fast that I doubt if any mere bullet could have caught us. And so we reached Kohat, where we were to spend the night.

We were to have accompanied an army convoy from Kohat on, but, in the wee sma' hours, when I 'phoned the army transport yard, I found that there was no convoy. We had to wait for the Station Staff Officer to give us permission to proceed. He told me that we could go as far as Bannu where we must see the Staff bloke again. At Bannu the Staff Officer, a beautiful 'gent in a brilliantly colored forage cap, told us we could go as far as Mirali at our own risk, if we were careful of land mines which the hostile natives were placing in the roads. He said that it was a "road closed" day. It should be explained that in such districts the roads are only "open" a couple of days a week when the tanks, or armored cars, go through and patrol them.

We reached Mirali, cruising at our usual speed, without encountering any land mines, but here the Staff Officer refused to let us go on for the remaining twenty or thirty miles. When I explained that we

were on very urgent duty, he thought perhaps the Brigadier might be persuaded to send an armored car through with us. I was to see the Brigadier and explain our duty. The Brigadier listened very patiently to our story and then told me to get out and try not to be so damned silly as the B— fool who had permitted us to leave Bannu, and I could follow the tanks through in the morning.

Mirali is a natty little walled in fort where a small detachment of the Tank Corps live in almost solitary confinement, with only a native infantry regiment for companions. The sergeants were very glad to have a visitor and did their very excellent best to drink me under the table. I think the lads had some difficulty in keeping their heads above water in the canteen that night.

We were very interested the following morning in watching the "tanks" rig up their "minesweeper". They fixed two long arms out in front of a tank, and between the arms mounted several sections of garden roller. The idea is that if a roller strikes a mine it explodes it without damage to the tank.

The tanks took us through to within a couple of miles of our own fort at Miranshah and then branched off on the road to Razmak.

At midday, when we were already hard at work, a convoy came in from Kohat which had been heavily sniped between Kohat and Bannu. There were no casualties but several vehicles were punctured. Owing to such sniping and, I think, a raid on Bannu itself, no other transports could get through to us for some time. We had made it in the nick of time.

When we took over the bomb-dump from the resident flight, we found they were a hundred 112-lb. bombs short. The ops had to continue of course, and we could only check our stocks and records at odd moments, but in spite of everything we could not trace the missing bombs.

Normally a travelling cinema show would have visited us each week, but owing to the fact that nothing could get through, we had no show for a couple of weeks. But someone did get through during this period. The native auditors are queer folks who stick to the letter of the law. There was one occasion when they raised an observation on the over issue of toilet paper. And here we were, without cinema shows, when the auditors arrived. A nuisance to say the least.

They soon discovered our bomb shortage and impounded our magazine books for further investigation. We all thought that the end of our own particular little

world would quickly follow, but were relieved, after a couple of days to receive a note from the auditors, with the return of our books, stating that the bombs had been consumed on the previous years ops and had not been vouchered off.

At last a cinema show arrived and was duly projected on the wall of the fort. It was a very apt choice of film, about the North West Frontier. Shirley Temple was the star, with C. Aubrey Smith as the commander of the British troops who were fighting the natives. At one period, he pointed dramatically out to the hills, (through the wall of our fort) and said, "Out in those hills are the bloodthirsty Pathans." And of course we all laughed like merry Hades.

We had some first hand experience of the mines the natives were laying, when some were laid on the parade square, just outside the fort. They consisted of a small metal cylinder with a sharp stone in the centre packed round with gunpowder. On the top of the stone an ordinary percussion cap was placed and then a lid placed on the cylinder. The "mine" was layed in the ground lid upwards, and if a vehicle passed over it, the cap was crushed against the stone and the contraption exploded. I only heard of one exploding successfully and that was a case of poetic justice. In times of peace, the natives run their own trucking concerns and make oodles of money from the government, hauling materials over the rough frontier roads. Some of these vehicles had been used to bring the hostile villagers in to a "Jhinga" or peace conference, who, having refused the terms imposed by the government, were returning to their villages when one of their own mines blew a wheel off one of their trucks.

In the midst of this operation, a holy man, the brother-in-law of exiled king Amannullah of Afghanistan, came to India from Damascus, raised an army on the frontier and was proceeding to invade Afghanistan to reinstate his brother-in-law at Kabul. He and his army were caught by one of our squadrons crossing a few miles of flat land right on the Afghan border, and great slaughter took place. The holy man was captured by the army, taken to Delhi for some sort of investigation, and duly pushed off back to Damascus.

A rather amusing incident occurred when I went over the blockaded area as a back gunner in a Hart aircraft. We had ceased bombing the villages but were maintaining a constant patrol over them to prevent the villagers from working in the fields. Crops were most important to the villagers as without

(Continued on page 12)

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TROOP TRAIN . . . PESHAWAR TO KARACHI

(By F/O. WM. HAYES)

One hot clammy morning in April 1938, an Indian troop train pulled out of Peshawar railway station with about six hundred soldiers and a few airmen bound for Karachi and home.

Soon everyone is settled in a bunk (six to a compartment made of very hard wood) and quiet prevails. As we leave we take a last look at very familiar sights, the faint outline of the Khyber Pass, the long never ending Himalayas, the higher peaks tipped with snow that looked very inviting in a temperature of nearly 100 in the shade.

Our first stop is Nowshera where we entrain a few more erks from R.A.F. Risalpur, one well known sergeant weeping and bemoaning, between bottles of Red Label, the fact that his tour had expired. Eventually the train jolts fiercely and we rattle and tumble towards Pindi, (Rawalpindi) an important military centre. Here we again stop and entrain hundreds of soldiers, all looking very bronzed and fit, and at this point as the stop is apparently to be lengthy we scramble out for a brisk walk along the platform only to be ordered back to our carriage by a hot and irate looking army officer who apparently is O.C. train. He calls the R.A.F. a few choice names and departs very majestically.

It is now well past noon and everyone is glad when the train moves on. All shutters are down in an endeavour to keep the interior of the coaches cool, an almost hopeless task and the canteen wallah with his bucket of soft drinks and baskets of fruit does a brisk trade.

Around five o'clock we get our first meal on the train. One has

to be an amateur juggler to cope with this and time one's movement with those of the coach, otherwise the results would be disastrous. Towards nightfall the boredom becomes terrific, a group of airmen here and there playing cards, others reading, some having a warm bottle of beer, which we cannot fancy at all, others sleeping and some, like myself, just day dreaming. However everyone soon decides to get down to a night's sleep, though this is almost impossible because of the hard bed and continual bumping with no comfortable pillow to absorb the shock.

Morning. Breakfast is over and we arrive at Lahore. This stop is very welcome and we all tumble out for a walk. On the station here one sees a motley collection of people. The native water carrier running up and down with his goat-skin of water, looking incredibly filthy, a distainful looking Babu, strolling majestically along the platform in his picturesque Indian garb and a vendor's stall, surrounded by millions of flies, all crawling over pieces of meat, dates and of course, currie, with the owner sitting in a sort of sleepy stupor in the midst of it all—crippled, hopelessly deformed, asking all and sundry for Buckshees in a whining sort of voice. Hot and irritated looking railway officials complete this pictorial scene in a torrid, sticky atmosphere full of nasty smells of all descriptions.

The next tauge of the journey is a long one, to Hyderabad. The monotony becomes almost unbearable and it is with relief we see this stage completed.

Now we have the ordeal of passing through the Sind Desert. Unluckily a storm develops, which makes the already torrid atmosphere worse than ever as all windows have to be closed to keep out the sand with results the reader can imagine for himself.

At last we reach Karachi, and after much reversing and shunting arrive at the docks, everyone peering about for a sight of H.M.T. Dunera, which is to take us on the sea voyage to England. Enthusiasm, however, is marked by its absence, everyone being heartily fed up, dirty and tired, by our train journey of two days and three nights

from the North West Frontier to Karachi.

At the docks we de-train. Everything seems to be in a shambles, and no one has much idea what to do, but in a surprisingly short time order is restored. The roll is called, mess number allotted and we stumble up the gang-ways, thinking a little wistfully that we are leaving India, possibly never to see her again.

SABOTAGE

Fire Big Busy At Three Plants — Whole Air Training Plan Is In Jeopardy.

Fires which were undoubtedly started by enemy agents have gravely endangered the whole Joint Air Training Plan.

Within a few hours of each other three of our largest carbon paper plants were razed to the ground. A high Air Force Officer commenting on the outbreaks is quoted as follows:

"These fires were undoubtedly caused by saboteurs in the employ of the enemy. They have struck a blow at the very vitals of our organization. Perhaps the public as a whole does not realize what a shortage of carbon paper means, but we at Headquarters do. Its effects may well be termed catastrophic for it may now prove necessary to have only five copies of documents instead of seven, countless Administration Officers may be forced out of work having no carbon copies to read. We have been hit below the belt. I consider it a situation that must be viewed with alarm."

It has been learned authorita-

tively by the "Viewpoint" that construction of five colossal carbon paper plants is to start immediately. The enemy will earn that we refuse to be hit below the Pilsen line and not fight back. When questioned regarding the new plants a highly placed Accounts Officer said:

"When these new plants get into full production we feel that we will be able to achieve our long dreamed of goal. We will be able to have twelve copies of everything and victory will be in our grasp."

IT HAPPENED AT THE UNION STATION.

(By Annie Monius)

Time: A Sunday night, approximately 2300 hrs.: Enter a Corporal from the Royal York Hotel tunnel, he is carrying a suitcase, with him is a feminine companion; as he enters the station, a Red Cap approaches.

Red Cap: "Carry your bag sir?
Cpl.: "Certainly not—she's not that drunk, she can walk as good as I can."

F/Lt. BROWNE IS BACK AGAIN

F/Lt. Browne who was injured while having his picture taken by a Camera Gun is back with us again and we wish him a hearty welcome.

He spent several weeks in the hospital in Trenton where the doctors removed bits and pieces of the film from his left arm. It is possible that if technicolor had been used F/Lt. Browne might have had a nice job of tatooing done for nothing.

"Brownie" still has his arm in a cast and still has quite a lot of pain but he is right back on the job. It takes a lot to stop "old soldiers" like "Brownie".

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GEORGE A. LEE

MILITARY TAILOR - ALTERATIONS

BOMBING FLIGHT

The personnel situation in the Flight is really becoming a problem. Every once in a while an order comes through requiring more men for transfer and no replacements are sent but we keep on going just the same. In March we really went to town on work done and broke all records for work completed. Give us the weather and we will deliver the goods.

The month of March gave us the weather to make a record for the station in hours, bombs and exercises, yet we, the hardest working, smoothest running section on the station, yes, Bombing Flight, could not be satisfied with that but must run over in April the record set in March by 27.75 per cent hours flown, 7.75 per cent in bombs dropped and 13.5 per cent in exercises completed.

The difference in hours flown and bombs dropped can be attributed to the hazy weather, instrument flying, new pilots, etc., plus the new boys for the windmill jockeys to check out, or mayhap it was the Armament men who did not load them up. Who knows, Sgt. Smith?

Nevertheless much of our success can be credited to No. 4 Maintenance who have endeavoured to "keep them flying" day and night. We are indebted to Cpl. Kearns and his good men, maybe also to the Master Minds. They have been exceptionally busy devising ways and means to keep them flying, and have endeavoured to be of assistance and that's no Gamble, we have had it Cumming even though we tried to Ward it off. Oh P'Shaw, we're over the Hill boys, we're over the Hill.

Maintenance, that's us too, even if they do shine in our reflected glory, must thank us for not taking

Sgt./Pilot T— seriously when he declared 8407 U/S because it wouldn't change pitch. Is his face red or was it?

Our Cpl. Harder, after seven days' leave and four days' sick leave, following an attack of mumps, (we knew he was childish) reports with an over abundance of energy. The stock of the flight rose ten points. Little Mas still wants to know the score and is very upset if he can't get it.

From all reports Cpl. Evason is a changed man for the better since he came to Bombing. It must be the company.

Flight Picton garages his car in Ottawa. Does he have enough gas for his 48s or does the young lady conserve it?

Sgt./Pilot Harp led the flight in hours for the month of March. Is he endeavouring to play it, the harp, we mean. Robbie leads in tractor hours. Who leads in A/C starting? It's a race between four of them.

Our ground hog for the month of March was F/O Blackwell. What's kept you down Blackie and why have you improved. Boly's?

Unwin was ordered to check for oil. He was heard to remark, "Don't give me that old oil."

Kitchen caught Murray asleep with one eye open. When questioned Murray said it was only his right eye that was tired.

Wangling seems to be rife. Who can wangle the most is a question. Punchy was doing well until he left, now it seems to be Hamar for top spot.

And our ground hog for the month of April is no less than the Acting Flight Commander, that is until the Boly's came, but still he finds time to change schedules.

Pending reverberations from this you'll hear from us next month.

THE LEGEND OF THE SKY

We are the boys of the Bombing Flight,
We fly by day and we fly by night.
We don't have to brag or shoot the guff.

The other flights can do that stuff.
We'd rather sit and tell the truth,
An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,

But if you'd rather tell us lies
The C.O. will surely catch you guys,

And when he does, as you know he will
You'll be over the hill boys, over the hill.

Then Bombing Flight will come sailing through.

You can't blame us, cause we have warned you.

And we'll go on complaining just the same

That work like this is no cinch or game;

But we'll keep them flying just the same.

When you fellows brag like that
It gives us all a nice big laugh.

But never, never give up hope
And please don't give us the old soft soap.

—A Cpl. in Bombing.

BOMBING CREW

We are the boys of the Bombing Flight,
We're on the go from morn till night.

We have a Flight Sarg., two N.C.O.'s who
As we do the work can guide the crew.

Of course they are essential too,
Along with the boys of the tarmac crew

To keep the aircraft flying high
For the highest percentage in the sky.

Our aim is to keep them flying late
So when the Aircrew graduate
They may leave here with heads held high

To drive the Nazi from the sky.

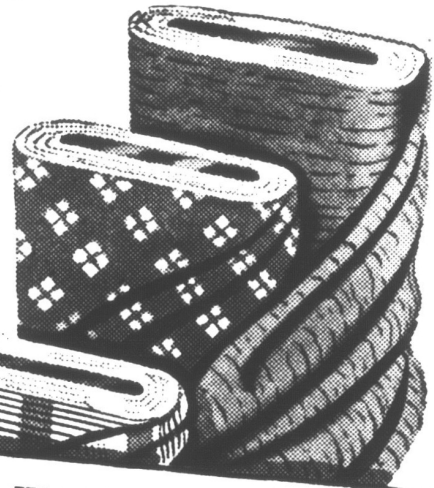
We congratulate our pilots too,
For it's with them the aircrew flew.
They're a grand bunch of Senior Offs,

That's why our flight is better off.

Now as a unit we plan to take
A great big piece out of the cake.
So take notice, Gunnery, Drogue and all

That when the credit begins to fall
We will be working hard to stay
On top of the rest till Judgment Day.

—One of the few L.A.C.'s in Bombing.



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A BRIEF HISTORY OF AIR ARMAMENT SCHOOL

First started in September 1924 at Camp Borden as part of Training Squadron which was under Squadron Leader Shearer, the Armament N.C.O.'s consisting of Sgt. Clarke and Cpl. Richardson, and main training was teaching pilots trap-shooting. The first Armament was taught to Pilots course, six of the course being from R.M.C. and the rest from Western Colleges. Lewis and Vickers guns, C.C. gear, Rifle, Pistol and the Theory of the High Altitude Drift Sight.

In the summer of 1925 Armament was taught to P.P.O. courses ground training only. Three semesters being used to complete the training. Flight Lieut. A. A. Leitch took over as O.C. of the Armament Section and Flight, and about this time an automatic shotgun, was mounted and synchronized on an AVRO SO4N, to practice air firing at seagulls released from the ground. Was not very successful as said birds dropped dead from exhaustion, and S.P.G.A. stepped in and stopped the show.

The opening of 1927 saw the first N.C.O. Pilots course being taught Armament. Also, the demolition of approximately 200 live, exudating, 230 lb. war-time bombs carried out, this was the first practice of its kind in the R.C.A.F. After demolition was started it was found that an Ordnance Officer must be on hand to supervise. On arrival he left the Air Force to do the dangerous work, and retired to a far hillside (very far). It was afterwards found out that he got \$5.00 a day Danger Pay!

1928—Armament in Canada improved with the receipt of two Siskin Fighters. These were fitted with two Vickers, MK. II guns and used for front gun firing. The same year an A.M.L. teacher arrived and set up, so that all later courses were given instruction on bombing.

About 1930 two Fairchild S1 Monoplanes were fitted with MK. I Light Series Carriers and used for practice bombing, the Air Firing and Bombing Ranges being close to the Flight at Camp Borden. A Consolidated Courier was obtained from the States fitted with a No. 2 Scarff Ring and used for Air Firing. Up to this time all Armament being taught to Pilots only.

During 1931-32 the first Air Gunners course was started being composed of "A" group Fitters and Riggers. In the same year the first Armourers course began consisting of six "A" group Fitters especially chosen, after the course was finished the smartest and best men were sent

to the Officers' Mess as Batmen for six months.

The first Armament Officers course began in 1935 was composed of six Flying Officers, some of whom were later sent to the R.A.F. (Eastchurch) for a further and more extensive course. This same year the Armament Section was completely destroyed by fire, losing almost all its instructional equipment.

Flt. Lt. Loudon of the R.A.F. came to the Section on exchange in 1935, improving the instruction greatly. September 1935 saw the beginning of Air Force expansion in a modest way. No. 3 Armourers Course, six men strong followed by No. 4 course in January 1936.

The first Senior Armament Instructors Course was held, being taught by Flt. Lt. Loudon, Lac. Butchart and Lac. Godson, who were responsible for most of the instruction.

In June 1937 the entire school and Flight moved to Trenton, where they occupied Hangar A.3 until such time as their new quarters were ready. This is about the first time the Section had functioned as a separate unit. The school was now receiving the benefit of instruction from officers who had been on courses to Eastchurch, and in September 1937 the following units went to Camp Borden for two weeks' practice. No. 1 (F) Squadron, No. 3 (B) Squadron, No. 2 (AC) Squadron were using Siskins, Wapitis and Atlas respectively to do Air Firing and Bombing. No accidents except three holed airscrews, and two G.D.'s who took an unexploded practice bomb back to barracks, which went off and filled their legs with bits of steel. The armourers course increased in size, having grown to about 20 odd men, and three of the Senior Instructors were sent to Eastchurch for a further course.

The school moved into its new quarters in 1938. During this time the Air Firing and Bombing Range was developed at Conseccon. Armourers Courses were continued having worked up to No. 7 course of approximately 32 men. This year the school conducted the first course in Anti-Gas Training. No. 3 S.A.I.'s Course with eleven N.C.O.'s started in January 1939, about July No. 8 Armourers Course started with forty odd men. In August Flying Officer Cresswell, R.A.F., arrived from England, re-organizing the Armourers Course and putting fresh blood into the school. November saw the beginning of the first Direct Entre No. 7 Armament Officers Course, as previous to this all officers given Armament Instruction were General List.

January 1940 the school started to expand to its present size. The arrival of a large number of officers and S.A.I.'s of the R.A.F. taking care of the instructional end. The Armament Officers Course continued as well as the S.A.I.'s which later branched into two courses at a time. Armourers courses became 36 strong combined to the school every three weeks until four courses had arrived. When ten courses had passed out the size of each course was increased to 48-50, its present size.

From March 1940 onwards the school had under instruction at least 12 Armament, 14 30-S.A.I.'s and 150-200 Armourers at all times. Up to 2939 the number trained in the school were roughly as follows: Armament Officers 20, Air Gunners 21,

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S.A.I.'s 8, Armourers 100, as well as all the Pilots given their armament training. With the expansion and arrival of R.A.F. Instructional cadre, the number trained increased to: Armament Officers 50, S.A.I.'s 180, and Armourers roughly 1,000, as at March 1941.

The various O.C. of the School have been:

Flight Lieutenant A. A. Leitch, D.F.C., M.C.; Flight Lieutenant Campbell; Flight Lieutenant Dunlop; Flight Lieutenant Jones; Squadron Leader Leitch, D.F.C., M.C.; Flight Lieutenant Leuden, R.A.F.; Flight Lieutenant Jones; Flight Lieutenant Cameron; Squadron Leader Lloyd, R.A.F.; Squadron Leader Ralphs.

BENEDICT'S CORNER

Congratulations are in order to the following Airmen and their brides:

L.A.C. Low to Miss Alison Joyce Molton, of Montreal, 21-3-42.

A.C.1 Moffat to Miss Eillen Snowden, 7-3-42.

L.A.C. Hunt to Miss Dorothy Le Neve, at Toronto, 2-1-42.

The insurance agent asked the prospect: "Did you ever have appendicitis?"

"Well," answered the prospect—"I was operated on, but I have never been quite certain whether it was appendicitis or professional curiosity."

A schoolmistress asked a child what "S-e-e" spelt.

The child hesitated.

"What do I do when I look at you?" said the mistress.

"Thquint," replied the scholar.

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GUNNERY GOSSIP

Gunnery Gus has his troubles. The rapidity with which the personnel changes around here does not give your enquiring reporter a chance to delve into the private lives of the boys in the flight very deeply. Consequently many choice tid-bits which would be of interest to the readers of the Mountain View family journal remain uncovered, this is a very discouraging state of affairs.

The private lives and loves of the pilots have to be handled very delicately. One must be very careful what one says about these prima-donnas. The slightest word which might cast reflection on their flying ability is taken as a personal insult and threats of suit for defamation of character are hurled thick and fast. Or, if, for instance, you asked "who were the two pilots who were out shooting seagulls?" you would be on the receiving end of the stuff in great gobs, or if you wondered aloud whether Lindsay being made a restricted flying area had any bearing on the fact that one of our pilots comes from Lindsay, you would be the recipient of one of the dirtiest looks you ever had the misfortune to run into. Or if you asked a certain Sgt. Pilot if his little bout of ptomaine poisoning had been brought on by the food in New Haven, or if maybe something new had been added, it would be social suicide around the flight. Our favorite pilot, however, is the

one who put an aircraft U/S on the work sheet because it veered to the left in flight, in the L14 he had it veering to the right. When questioned about it he was quite huffy about the whole thing and said that it didn't fly straight anyway, which helped us immensely.

Of course there are bright sides too, one of which is the delightful visit that F/O. Cummings pays us every day. He is generally the bearer of good tidings and the boys love to see him come into the hangar. A visit from the F/O. generally starts off with a short talk on the cleanliness of the hangar and aeroplanes, and goes on down through a short discussion on miscellaneous items invariably ending up with the question: "Those men standing around there, haven't they anything to do?" Oh, well he has worries, too, I betcha.

Then there are the gunners themselves, who come tripping nonchalantly in and report the loss of a parachute or a pan of ammunition or something, with no more trepidation than if it were a bag of peanuts. The worst ones, however, are the lads who lose their dinner and try to get away without cleaning the aircraft. All this adds to the fun and excitement though. We could go on like this for hours but two big tears are starting to course down our cheeks and methinks we should quit before our heart starts to bleed. Anyway we have just received word that there are two fishing boats in the danger area on line "2" and as they are showing no flags at all the ques-

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tion arises whether we should sink them or not. The Battle of Conseccon quickens its tempo and so we must lay down our pen in favour of the sword.

-GUS.

★ ★ ★

It causes no minor discomfort to our little friend "The Deacon", L.A.C. Phillips, that Sgt. Reid has been posted to No. 1 Equipment depot. It seems that both have been paying courtly attention to the same gal on their 48's and now the odds are 6-1 for the Sarg according to nights spent in the big town.

With the visit of the travelling trade board in the offing, Gunney's unqualifi edtradesmen are showing an avid interest in the intricacies of air-frames and aero-engines. Never was such enthusiasm displayed by the gang before. Mouldy note books gain the limelight again and are perused nightly. Oh, well, perhaps the 35c a day is the big attraction.

At the time of writing the latest flash arrives, L.A.C. Bridgeman, one of Gunnery's old reliables, is posted to 132 Fighter Squadron, Rock? life. Let's hope the old Bee Baron of Forest, On., gives us boys a buzz once in a while.

HOME ON THE RANGE

If anyone of an enquiring frame of mind should be in the vicinity of the Plotting Office any morning at 0630 hrs. he would see three transports ready to pull out for the Ranges and the Range Crew ready to arise and shine. If the same enquiring person kept watch at the main gate at approximately 1945 hrs. he would see the transports bringing the Range Crew home. They have just completed their normal day of fourteen hours and they do this every day.

Night bombing crews leave at 1700 hrs. for the Ranges and get

home after Bombing Flight have packed up for the night.

During the past Winter only one-half day on target was lost which is a pretty fair record considering the condition of the roads at times.

Sgt. Hagenson who looks after the Plotting Office and does a fine job is having trouble with his hair. It is getting thinner and greyer. The reason: Air Observers. I suppose, opines the Sarge, that there will come a day when some Observer will admit he may have dropped a bomb over a hundred yards from the target but I fear it will be in the sweet bye and bye.

Orchids to Sgt. Harnden for the fine job he has done at Conseccon.

W. O. Greenfield rates tops with range crew, pilots, and observers alike. He was picked for the job by S/L. Cresswell who knows his stuff.

L.A.C. Bradley and L.A.C. Nicholson have gone to Aircrew at No. 5 I.T.S. Brad was in the Plotting Office for eight months where he did a grand job of work and made many friends. Nick was on the Range for only a short while but did fine work. Good luck to both of them.

Congrats. to L.A.C. Burgess who is the proud father of a 9-lb. baby girl born 14-4-42.

The boys who have been packing the oil across the swamp to No. 5 target should be excused all P.T. They have done everything except swim with it.

F/L. McCombe and L.A.C. Burgess rushed the season a bit by swimming in Huyke Bay in March. They both claim that parkas and rubber boots spoil their style but they still showed traces of great swimming ability in the way they got out.

Before we close up this column for this issue we would like to say "Many Thanks" to Clothing Stores and Pay and Accounts, who have gone out of their way to get the range crew clothed and paid, and thanks to F/O. Rhodes and Sgt. Bickerstaff who looked after the rations. NO COMPLAINTS.

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G.I.S. ARMAMENT

THE CHANGES IN THE AIR ARMAMENT SCHOOL.

The Air Armament School is no more in so far as the name is concerned; it is now distinguished by the name "G. I. S. Armament." Under its new name the School is no less efficient, for the classes are graduating as monotonously as ever.

The first major change which occurred in 1941 was the transfer of the A.A.S. from its luxurious environment at Trenton to muddy Mountain View in April of that year. Within a few days of the change the School had again settled down to its normal routine. The present building occupied by the Armament School had not at that time been constructed, and instruction was given in what is now G.I.S. Aircrew. Late in May the new School was completed, and the Air Armament personnel vacated the building which it occupied to make room for the first Class of Aircrew to begin training at this station.

A major change in Courses took place in October when Armourers were reclassified as "Armourers Bombs" and "Armourers Guns". This innovation was introduced to harmonize the Training with that as carried out in England. The result is shorter Courses and a marked increase in the number of graduates from the school. New equipment has been obtained; the work has been more specialized; and the Instructors are now engaged in the type of work for which each is best qualified, with the result that a more efficient Armourer is being sent out. An obstacle was encountered at first as a result of the reorganization in that there was some difficulty in assimilating the Armourers into their proper categories as "Bombs" or "Guns."

The training of Senior Armament Instructors has been discontinued; specialized Instructors are now being produced, known as Gun-

nery Instructors and Bombing Instructors.

The personnel of the Staff has also undergone changes. Wing Commander Lloyd, former O.C. of the Air Armament School, has been transferred to No. 1 Training Command in Toronto. His departure was deeply regretted by those who had worked with him. S/Ldr. Ralphs now occupies the position of Officer Commanding G.I.S. Armament. S/Ldr. Cresswell has been placed in charge of G.I.S. Aircrew. F Lt. Gwynne-Timothy has succeeded F Lt. Galway as Officer i/c Armourers' Courses. S/Ldr. Ericson has been replaced as Officer i/c Instructors' Courses by F/Lt. Tuller, on being posted to Ottawa. S/Ldr. Trites and F Lt. Brown have been in charge of the Officers' Courses.

A number of the R.A.F. Instructors have been recalled to England. Among the number were F/Sgt. Brown and Walker, W. O. Ray, and F/O Leslie. Two of the R.C.A.F. Instructors have been awarded commissions; these are F/O Patrick and P/O Fitzpatrick who are now in other parts of Canada.

We also miss W.O.2 Gariepy's 'Aft! Ite! Aft! Ite!' on the Parade Ground. We hope that the epidemic in changing Disciplinaryans has ceased with the post now being filled F/Sgt. Mable.

Despite all these many and varied changes, the efficiency of G.I.S. Armament is being maintained, and it is believed that the splendid "esprit de corps" which exists in the School will continue to make the G.I.S. Armament one of the most valuable Schools in the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan.

G.I.S. (ARMAMENT NEWS)

Congratulations are extended the following personnel of G.I.S. (Armament) on their recent promotions:

P/O Hayes, P/O Fitzpatrick, P/O Cunningham, W.O. Wareham, F/Sgt. Watts, F/Sgt. Perks, Sgt. Simmons, Sgt. McCuaig.

Gethsemane . . .

*Tomorrow, ere the dawn breaks anew
In beauty that engulfs the heart and mind,
I shall take off again, and leave
The sweet green fields, and scent
Of newly turned rich earth,
To ride the timeless majesty of space.
To hear the hungry whine of cannon shell
That rips, and sears and kills,
And asks that Youth shall pay the debt
Of hate, ambition malice, and despair:
To feel of ebbing life so dearly sold,
To know the hand of Death upon my hand.
These wings I wear shall plummet to the Earth
With all that was and will be known as me.
Lord, grant me other wings that shall not fail,
And grant that I may then Thy Glory see,
When I have journeyed to Gethsemane.*

—F/LT. ROBERT McCOMBE.

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Congratulations are extended to Cpl. McDougal on his recent marriage.

We would like to know how Cpl. McDougal became so forgetful as to swallow a pen nib. Maybe he wanted to keep track of all the meals he has eaten in the Airmen's Mess since coming to Canada.

We would like to know why a certain Flight Sergeant enjoys making such a big noise as he walks down the corridors. We understand that the school is to be closed while the carpenters make repairs to the corridors.

We wondered for the past week what the little building back of the turret house was for. We finally came to the conclusion that it was not a smokehouse when they put the door on and it was swinging out.

The young bride approached the druggist timidly:

That baby tonic you advertise, she began, does it actually build bigger and stronger babies?

We sell a lot of it, replied the druggist, and we've had no complaints.

Then I'll take a bottle, said the bride, but do I have to take it or does my husband?

EPITAPH

He tried to cross the railroad track
Before the rushing train;
They put the pieces in a sack
But couldn't find a brain.

The Nazis are quick freezing a billion pounds of food a year and the Russians are quick freezing a million Nazis.

ADVENTURES IN WAIRISTAN

(Continued from page 7)

them they would be forced to ask for peace. We had been patrolling the area for about an hour and a half when my pilot thought he saw a man in the fields. He pointed him out to me, and sure 'nough there was a man there. So that we would both get a crack at him, we were going to dive on him, the pilot would give him a burst with his front gun, and as we pulled out, I should have a shot over the beam. We went into our dive and the pilot got in his burst, but we pulled out so sharply that I was thrown to the floor of the aircraft. When I recovered the pilot was laughing softly into the inter-com'. We had machine gunned a scarecrow.

The despondent old gentleman emerged from his club and climbed stiffly into his luxurious limousine.

Chauffeur (respectfully)—"Where to sir?"

Old Gentleman—"Drive off a cliff, James. I'm committing suicide."

A motorist who now has to "stop on a dime" which is hard on his tires, is not going to be very forgiving. So obey traffic lights and cross streets only at crossings.

Now that both sides of the paper may be used for official correspondence, it will be possible to have the letter on one side and its explanation on the other.

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DAYBREAK IN THE SWAMP

The day was bright and cold
When over the ice they rolled.
The Major was leading, big and stern,
Telling the boys they'd a lot to learn.

Behind came the poor old working horse
Whom a lad was pulling with all his force.
Everything seemed to be going well
When suddenly through the ice he fell.

The Major cursed and tore his hair,
The things he said were not quite fair.
They struggled hard to get him out
But the horse was big and much too stout.



Across the ice the Major sped,
Grabbed the phone, and in its said:
There's a horse out here who is going to die
If we don't get him out in the bye and bye.

He's into his hips and don't try a bit
To get himself out the big nit-wit.
So send us a truck here mighty quick
Or the horse will freeze as stiff as a stick.

Then back to the horse the Major ran,
And lashed his tongue at every man,
When a bomber came from out the sky
And the Major said "I guess we'll die."

Then a bomb was dropped, 'twas much too close.
He stood so still he almost froze.
Then all of a sudden away he went
And over the phone this message sent.

They're bombing now, the gol darned fools,
And we can't shift the horse, 'cause we have no tools.
They've dropped a bombb, I'm hit I'm sure,
I know I'll die and there ain't no cure.

So get the boys home before too late,
To save them from this awful fate.
And here beside the phone I'll prance
Until you send an ambulance.

The truck arrived and off they hurried,
To the spot from which the Major scurried.
They tied a rope around the horse's neck
And pulled him out as quick as heck.

He was pretty cold, but not hurt any
'Cause he was sturdier than many.
But the Major thinks, say what they may
He was hit by a bomb upon that day.

ARMAMENT SECTION ARMAMENT HERO

The following is a copy of a letter from the Mayor of Toronto, commending L.A.C. "Jerry" Mills on his initiative and resource which resulted in saving a little girl's life.

March 31, 1942

Dear Sir:—

I am taking this opportunity in writing to commend you for the presence of mind displayed and the prompt action taken by you which resulted in the rescue of little Alice Stewart, of No. 96 Evelyn Crescent, Toronto, from death by drowning.

We join with the grateful parents in expressing thanks to you for saving the life of the child.

Yours sincerely,

FRED J. CONBOY,
Mayor.

L.A.C. Jerry Mills,
c/o 48 Evelyn Cres.,
Toronto.

Congratulations "Jerry"; we at Mountain View are proud of you.

★ ★ ★

FLASH—Cpl. Sherlock sustained a broken leg whilst jumping from an aircraft.

Here's hoping you are back on duty soon "Ivan." Next time you'd better use a chute though.

TRY THEM

RUM AND MAPLE CIGARETTES

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FLASH—Cpl. Stevens has been in sick bay for the last eight weeks with sinus trouble, he says the nurses are pretty nice but he hopes he's back soon. So do we "Stevie."

FLASH—L.A.C. Wadsworth and Pickering made the grade for aircrew and are soon hoping to be dropping 'em instead of detting 'em. Good luck, boys.

FLASH—Who is the Sgt. Pilot with that South Carolina drawl who doesn't want to catch cold in our northern air. Better watch out "Blondie", fur runs pretty high these days.

They say that L.A.C. Kirner, better known as Gus, is having an argument with the government about his income tax. Somehow it has leaked out that his R.C.A.F. pay is just pi nmoney compared with his

earnings derived from his pressing business. Classified add on back page.

Cpl. J. A. Smith has worked nights so long that on his forty-eights he still sleeps all day and works all night.

L.A.C. J. White is back at work having been recently discharged from Christie Street. Jack has not been feeling any too well. We hope he is back on the road to health.

L.A.C. Bourassa retired from active duty at G.I.S. (Aircrew) where he confused A.G.s, W.A.G.S., and Obs., by assembling Browning with Vickers gun parts. He left for the west,—Paulson.

The Armament is well represented in the Station Orchestra with L.A.C. Hurst, L.A.C. Sand and A.C.1 Laing.

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SPORTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

During the month of April we have had some very entertaining movies and May promises us just as much in this line. Among the coming attractions are:

- "We're in the Legion Now"—May 10-11.
- "Only Angels Have Wings"—May 14.
- "Tarzan's Revenge"—May 17-18.
- "Bank Dick"—May 20.
- "Five Came Back"—May 24-25.
- "Come On George"—May 28.
- "You'll Find Out"—May 31-June 1.

These movies are shown in the Recreation Hall under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus and are free. The shows start at 1900 hours but be there early if you want a seat.

★ ★ ★

Most of you if you attended the April dance, know that we have, in the person of Alfred Bested, just about the best performer who has appeared before an audience on this station. This versatile airman brings to us a complete variety show. He ranks with the best as a fan-dancer and his pantomime, "Two Young People in the Park", is the same as an act that had a long run in one of the New York theatres.

Alf. has already appeared in shows on this Station, the first time when he added to the movie put on by Corporal Lillie on April 17th and secondly when he appeared in the floor show at the last dance.

This reporter wishes to thank you once again Alf. and we are all looking forward to seeing you perform in the very near future.

★ ★ ★

On Friday, April 17th we were treated to something very special in the way of movies. Corporal Lillie, Mountain View's Movie Mogul, showed pictures which he had filmed in his travels across Canada. These were color films and depicted scenes at the Toronto Skating Club Carnival, the visit of Their Majesties, the Canadian Rockies, and the Canadian National Exhibition. The men found these movies extremely interesting and our sincerest thanks are extended to the Corporal.

★ ★ ★

Some of the boys missed it but they are sorry now and they have vowed to be on hand the next time. The reference is to the Station dance of course, and it is rather superfluous to say that a good time was had by all. Don't take my word for it, just ask Flying Officer K. Cooper who is going to be O.O. when the next Airmen's dance comes around. The officers will have to get their applications in early if they wish to get ahead of the genial 'Coop'.

From the time that the Mountain View Skyliners under their leader Flight Sergeant Stokes played their theme song until the home waltz, there wasn't a dull moment. Paul Jones, spot and elimination dances were the order of the evening. The highlight of the dance was the floor show featuring L.A.C. Alf Bested and Corporal Jones. The corporal's

songs were a real treat and Alf's work has already been mentioned above.

Among the two hundred girls from Belleville, Wellington and Picton were three who received their 'wings' as prizes during the evening. The prize winners were as follows:

- First Spot—Miss H. Sicotte and L.A.C. Baxter.
- Elimination — Miss Miller and A.C.2 Murray.
- Second Spot—Miss N. Dorian and L.A.C. Carr.

★ ★ ★

The next dance, which might be the last station dance of the season, will be held on May 21. Any reasonable suggestions which might add to the enjoyment of your dances will gladly be received by your Knights of Columbus supervisor.

★ ★ ★

SPORTS

Airmen are different. Of them it could be said, 'In spring an airman's fancy gladly turns to thoughts of sport.' This is an encouraging sign and augurs well for our Spring and Summer Program.

A large area of the new sports field is just about ready for use. On this area we are setting out two softball diamonds and so we should soon have our twilight league in full swing. Next will come a straight track on which we can hold sprints for those who fly on the ground. With this we will have jumping pits and throwing circles. A cricket pitch and a soccer field are also planned so that soon we will be able to take care of every athlete on the Station.

★ ★ ★

What was that you asked? Outdoor tennis courts? Why, certainly, the airmen are going to have three of the best tennis courts that can possibly be built. They will be situated between the petrol station and Tech. Stores. Squadron Leader McGill went to bat to get authorization for the construction of these courts and for this has won the undying gratitude of your Sports Committee.

★ ★ ★

Experts, both technical and practical, are being consulted as to the best type of surface for the courts and no effort is being spared to make these the envy of every station in the district.

It is to be hoped that the building of the new courts will bring to light several new tennis stars. At the time of writing a tournament is being held to select a team to play at Trenton on May 7th., but entries for this tournament were rather few. From now on we expect to make Mountain View the Wimbledon of the R.C.A.F.

★ ★ ★

Applications for a swimming team were accepted and practices have been arranged at the Trenton pool. For the first practice only three candidates were present. Come on men, we need more spirit than that



B-1341

Smoke
Buckingham
-and Smiles

If we are to make a decent showing in the district meets.

★ ★ ★

A district Sports Committee has been formed to organize inter-station competition. This station will have representative teams in softball, soccer, swimming, tennis, track and field, and possibly box-lacrosse.

To field our best teams we must have your full co-operation, not only for positions on the teams but also for vocal support. No matter how good a team might be there comes a time, if not in every game at least often during a schedule, when a few cheers from enthusiastic followers might spell the difference between success and defeat. From now on, let's make Mountain View famous for its spirit. There are several on this station who work very hard in your athletic interests and at times it is rather discouraging work. You can show your appreciation by merely enjoying yourselves.

★ ★ ★

With the new P.T. program now in full swing we are looking for added activity in intra-mural sports. Pilot Officer Barrett and his assistants will soon have you all in shape and it is an easy step from there to a place on your section team. Remember that you do not have to be a star to play on your section team. Intra-mural sports are run for the majority and not for a few stars. Of course, if you happen to be good it doesn't mean that you will be barred from the team, so come one, come all, everyone is welcome and no rank is barred.

★ ★ ★

There have been a few cases of carelessness in the handling of the athletic equipment. Equipment is for your use and it is not the personal property of any single individual on this station. Remember when you take equipment out on loan that there are hundreds of others who are waiting their turn to use it. Do not keep equipment in your possession when you are not actually using it. Do not treat equipment carelessly—the time may come when we will be unable to replace it on the market.

YE EDITOR MOANS

Read It Boys, It's Not As Bad As You Think.

Abraham Lincoln said in his Gettysburg address words, which became famous throughout the world, concerning government "of the people, for the people, and by the people".

Now I suppose you have already said, "What is all this blge about?" Well, it's just that I think that the "Viewpoint" should be "of the men, for the men, and by the men" but up to date it's all been "for" and darn little "of" and "by". Smart eh; catch on?

In putting together this monument to the "Great Gods of Blah", namely Volume 1, Number 6, Mountain Viewpoint, I have suffered greatly for your sake, in fact I believe greater love hath no man than to edit the Mountain Viewpoint. Because of this love and devotion to duty (which included a legitimate excuse to get off the station) I have labored greatly, I have worked long hours with printer's paste, have glued myself to the dummy, the desk and a press, have rendered my uniform sloppier than ever. I have borne insult and harsh words, have been labelled blackguard and pirate by prospective advertisers. I have worn two plys off my tires, I have paid my own bus fare, I have slaved by night as you slept, I have endured the anguish of mental birth pains so that this literary refugee might see the light of day. I have had little of laughter and much of grief. Do you follow me?

So now I get to the point of this rambling rubbish. Pull out the plug boys and let's have some material for the Viewpoint, stories, poems, news, plays and lots of it or else you send this grey head in sorrow to Squadron Leader McGill, who by the way, as president of the Viewpoint has failed to submit one single item of news from Headquarters. Tch, Tch.

And that Manana stuff don't go in case you speak Spanish.

YE EDITOR.

ACCOUNT SECTION

‘SPRING’

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
The mud was thick,
At Mountain View.

ENTER Spring:—fast like H—, the sooner the better.

Your correspondent felt that the coming of Spring would warrant a heap of housecleaning around the section, but to his surprise found the usual dirt non-prevailant. However a quick peek under the rug found traces of a quick cover-up sweep.

A couple or three things we would like to know: Who is the ‘‘BABY’’ that Cpt. Eric (Daddy) Brice refers to on his return to camp after recent 48’s? Could it be we have been under an illusion, or is it really his newly acquired offspring he refers to?

How, and we do mean ‘‘how’’, Mat Ramshaw sports a new car at this time? Just a newlywed to-hm-could it be love or money? How about letting us in on the secret, Mat?

Is married life agreeing with F/O. Deck? Those broad, day-long smiles he has been wearing must mean something. How about it, sir?

The wedding bells are ringing once again around the section. This time for A.C. ‘‘Steve’’ Stevens, who, by the time this column is inked up, will have taken the fatal leap. We all wish you the very best Steve, at last you have proven yourself to be a man (?).

While on the subject of marriages, we understand a certain L.A.C. from Tech. Stores also took the jump recently. I guess the girls will marry even an Equipment Assistant these days, but seriously, best wishes Ike.

Reports from authoritative sources show that Cpl. Beeton is not resting very soundly these nights, and any person suffering from insomnia will find, that for a night’s entertainment, he may procure from Cpl. Joe Keenan, tickets to the most astounding and no doubt, wierdest demonstration of sonambulism and stuff, he has ever witnessed. For further information see Cpl. Keenan. Here’s a tip—if you call around about the time that Joe has just been awakened by a horse, bloodchilling scream, he ‘‘Might’’

be in the mood to pass out free tickets.

N.B.: This is not a personal recommendation.

We have lost three of our little flock this month, the west claiming (but for what reason we will never know) Cpl. Gee and A.C. Gatehouse, and east to St. Hubert went F/Sgt. Dusseault. We hope they will be happy in their new homes, but will they ever forget Mountain View?

Well gang, time and space allotted, being used up, we will sign the appropriate ‘‘30’’ and say so-long until next issue.

MERT.

P.S.: As the Oak tree said to the water spanned, quote: ‘‘Aw’ go on, have this one on the house.

★ ★ ★

This week heralded the return from the west of two eastern boys, namely, Cpl. Richman and L.A.C. Standing who have taken up posts in the section, and to them we wish a hearty welcome.

An interesting incident befell two of our Corporals this week-end. It seems that after patiently waiting for a few months, for the opportunity of leaving ‘‘terra-firma’’, on what is commonly known as a flip, they were rewarded finally by obtaining permission to go ‘‘upstairs’’ in the Bombing Flight’s Anson. So their faces shining with expectation, they adjusted their harness, dashed madly out to the plane, climbed aboard and commenced to settle themselves for the long awaited ‘‘flip’’. Then they were out on the runway and the pilot received his O.K. from the tower and with the tires giving the runway a few parting kisses, they rose into the blue. Boy . . . what a swell clear day for their flip. After heading south for a minute or so the pilot commenced to make a wide left turn and the beautiful countryside slid by under the wing, so the Corporals relaxed and started to take in the scenery. Then . . . as quickly as it had all started, it ended. In another minute the wheels once again kissed the runway, but this time in greeting, not farewell. Hangar fronts flashed by and the plane pulled into the line. The pilot turned around and with a smile said, ‘‘That’s all fellows’’.

Total time—8 minutes, 34 seconds.

Needless to say our corporals’ faces were no longer wreathed in smiles, but in their place there was a look of amazement, and up until the time of this writing that look remains.

Good Food

Good Friends

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BELLEVILLE

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In closing this little tale, we would make just one request . . . ‘‘Please Mister Control Man, don’t never do that again’’ or else the whole section will be at a standstill.’’

We find that tonight (Monday, April 27), Fl/Lt. Wilson and L.A.C. Blake, both of the Accounts, start their ride to Victory in the coming tennis tournaments, so to them the best of luck, and bring home the bacon.

—MERT.

PAGE THE PILOTS

The O.C. Flying opines:

There are three types of pilots which I have discovered. They are known as:

- (a) The Time Hog.
- (b) The Type Hog.
- (c) The Ground Hog.

To which category do you belong?

If he still has his appendix and his tonsils, ten to one he is a doctor.

ATTENTION ALL FLIGHTS AND SECTIONS

It is noticed that a number of Demands (RCAF Form E42) to Stores for equipment are submitted without first placing a serial number on them.

In future all Demands must bear a serial number otherwise they will not be accepted at Stores.

Should any Flight or Section require information as to the procedure to follow in maintaining a register from which these serial numbers are to be taken, please get in touch with Sgt./Major Cullen at Technical Stores.

The Equipment Staff wish to extend their heartiest congratulations to LAC. Fleming on his marriage to Margaret Mary O’Donnell on April 11, at Ottawa. May they live a happy and eventful life. (Hold down on the events though, Ike.)

THE INSTRUMENT MAKER’S LAMENT

What did you do in the war, Daddy? How did you help us to win? Just doing lots of D.I.’s laddies To keep Gyros out of a spin.

We are the men that make them fly And keep the Battles in the sky. They keep us going on the run, But that’s what helps to beat the Hun.

We’ll never get no medals, Of the coveted D.F.C. The best we can ever hope for Is just an L.A.C.

When first I joined the Air Force, I thought it was to fly. But I guess I’m permanent ground crew, And stuck here till I die.

Romance and adventure in the clouds Don’t seem to come our way. It’s work like hell the whole day long And then to hit the hay.

It’s up at six in the morning, And breakfast done by seven. The phone it starts to ring at eight. A forty-eight is heaven.

They won’t let us go crazy. We have to be nice and sedate. We must always do the proper thing Or we stir the Sergeant’s hate.

Now when the war is over, And this rhyme is not quite true. Just tell, my boy, how we beat the Hun While stationed at Mountain View.

L. P. KEANE

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Phone 29

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WELLINGTON, ONT. - PHONE 9

THERE IS SOME PLACE LIKE HOME
IN PICTON — IT’S

THE GLOBE HOTEL

A GOOD PLACE TO EAT

BANQUETS ARRANGED

PHONE 42

20 CAPITOL

GENE AUTRY
"HEART OF THE RIO GRANDE"
MICKEY ROONEY
in "HUCKLEBERRY FINN"
MAY 14 to 16

JUDY GARLAND
in "LISTEN DARLING"
"BULLETS FOR RUSTLERS"
MAY 21 - 22 - 23

JOHN PAYNE - ALICE FAYS
"Week-End in Havana"
WILLIAM BOYD in
"Stick To Your Guns"
MAY 28 - 29 - 30

**BIGGEST SHOW VALUE
IN BELLEVILLE!**

Betty Grable - Victor Mature
"I WAKE UP SCREAMING"
NAT PENDLETON in
"Top Sergeant Mulligan"
MAY 18 8- 19 - 20

Skeets Gallagher - Grace Hayes
"ZISS BOOM BAH"
WALLACE BEERY in
"TWENTY MULE TEAM"
MAY 25 - 26 - 27

● Use Our Smoking Loges at
our Regular Popular Prices!
● Midnight Show After 12:05
● EVERY SUNDAY ●

RIFLE CLUB

(Continued from page 1)

The club will be open to all, and ammunition and targets will be purchasable on repayment. After a week or two of practice firing, there should be several interesting competitions in which everyone can take part, and the formation of a team should bring some interesting matches. Picton are itching to get at us, they probably think they can lick us. Huh!

MEETING HELD

On May 1st a general organization meeting was held, at which Wing Commander Lister presided.

Here the idea of the club was outlined and a committee formed to organize and run the club. The committee is as follows:

President—F/L. Knott.

Secretary—W.O. Greenfield.
Representatives:
Headquarters—F/Sgt. Lockwood.
Maintenance—Cpl. Rose.
Training Wing — Sgt. Smith, A.C.W.
G.I.S. Aircrew—Sgt. Swackhammer.
G.I.S. Armament—Sgt. Leapole.
The committee met on May 3rd, formulated club rules and range orders, and made the following decisions:

1. The club shall be open to all serving at R.C.A.F. Station, Mountain View, at a fee of 25c per quarter. Application for membership may be made to your section representative or the secretary, or at the range on nights your section is firing.

2. Ammunition and targets may be purchased at a little above cost (10 cents per 14 rounds, including target) on the firing point.

The range will be open five nights each week between 1900 hrs. and 2200 hrs. and is to be allotted to sections as follows:

Monday—G.I.S. (Armament).
Tuesday—H.Q.
Wednesday—Training Wing (excluding G.I.S.'s but including Armament).
Thursday—Maintenance.
Friday—G.I.S. (Aircrew).

The range may be opened during the day for organized parties such as pupils during sports periods, etc.

Finally, the provisional date for opening was set at Monday, May 11th.

Here's your chance to learn to shoot, and incidentally, it is hinted, you may be able to win cash prizes.

He—"Do you know what virgins dream about?"
She—"No, what?"
He—"I suspected as much."

"I had to marry you to find out how stupid you were."
"You ought to have known that when I asked you."

He—"If I asked you to become my secretary at \$75 per week would you say 'yes'?"
She—"A dozen times a day if necessary."

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EQUIPMENT QUIPS

Attention all Belleville mothers who still love their daughters:
A certain read headed Flight/Sgt. now has a car. Enough said.
We are also wondering why the same Flight/Sgt. hasn't applied for Spring Farming leave as we understand he has farming interests in the vicinity of Picton. Would it be that the League of Nations has been disbanded?
Why is a certain cousin of a certain Sgt./Major so interested in the coming of the C.W.A.A.F. Is it because he resides in Hut 33. We don't think he will stand up under the opposition of the Provisioning Section.
Some of the boys are wondering why a certain Flying Officer always hires a taxi by the hour after every Officer's dance. We are sure that it doesn't take an hour to go to Picton and back.
(Signed) THE GOON.

A nonsense story going the rounds concerns Sir Lancelot, lost one dark night in a deep woods. He wandered about helplessly and after some hours encountered a handsome St. Bernard dog. The dog attached himself to Sir Lancelot, and they went on together for some time. Then the knight, exhausted, sat on the back of the magnificent animal. It dutifully took him straightway to a tavern. Sir Lancelot knocked at the door. "Could you give me bed and board?" he inquired of the proprietor. The tavern keeper peered out into the darkness. "Who am I to turn out a knight on a dog like this?" he answered.

B-E-L-L-E
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO

Saturday and Monday, May 9 - 11
Four Weeks Eglinton Theatre, Toronto
Michele Morgan, Paul Henried
in
"JOAN OF PARIS"
(A romance of the R.A.F.)

Saturday and Monday, May 16 - 18
Betty Grable - Victor Mature - Jack Oakie
in
"SONG OF THE ISLANDS"
(In Technicolor)

Saturday and Monday, May 23 - 25
Rita Hayworth, Victor Mature
in
"MY GAL SAL"
(In Technicolor)

SUNDAY MIDNIGHT — MAY 24th
(Preview Showing)
Their Latest and Greatest!
ABBOTT and COSTELLO
in
"RIO RITA"

Sat., Mon. and Tues., May 30 - June 1 - 2
Maureen O'Hara, John Sutton
in
"To the Shores of Tripoli"
(In Technicolor)
Continuous every Saturday, Starts 2 p.m.
"If the BELLE has it — it's a hit!"

Coming Attractions . . .

MON. - TUES. - MAY 11 - 12
Two Fine Features
"The Devil Pays Off"
"FRISCO LIL"
with IRENE HERVEY and KENT TAYLOR

Roaring Adventure . . .
Ruthless Romance . . .
"THE SPOILERS"
Starring Marlene Dietrich, Randolph Scott and John Wayne
Wed. May 13 to Sat. May 16

GOOD NEWS FOR THE THEATRE-GOERS! COMING SOON!!

● "THE GOLD RUSH"
● "SABOTEUR"
● "TWIN BEDS"

● "QUIET WEDDING"
● "WEST OF CIMARRON"
● "APACHE KID"

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