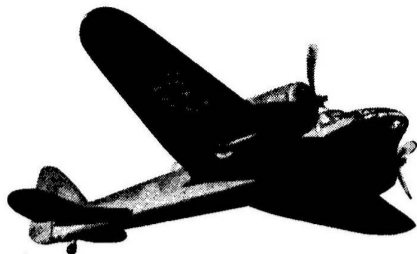


MOUNTAIN



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

VIEWPOINT

VOL. 1 — NUMBER 8

PER ARDVA AD ASTRA

JULY 15, 1942

STATION SPORTS DAY HELD JULY 1st GREAT SUCCESS

TRACK, FIELD AND SWIMMING EVENTS HOTLY CONTESTED

Wednesday July First marked the First Track and Field Meet to be held on this Station, and from all accounts heard from all sources available, it proved to be a tremendous success. Air Armament School got away to a flying start on Tuesday night at the Swimming Meet held in Trenton, piling up a grand total of 29 points against 19 for Aircrew and 5 for Headquarters. The actual results of various events are to be found elsewhere, but it proved a battle between St. Aubin of Arm and Sgt. Cairns of Aircrew, both of whom scored 10 pts. for their respective teams, each winning two events. The many spectators who witnessed the meet at Trenton were of the opinion that Mountain View could easily launch a swimming team that would stand up to the best this district could present. A new arrival on this Station, Tom Rathwell of the Knights of Columbus, himself a swimmer of no small merit in the Wrigley Marathon Swims,

handled the meet in a most efficient manner. Tom promised that there will be plenty more of these swimming meets and from the way this lad operates, he means what he says, and that should please all the 'mermaid' population on this Station.

★ ★ ★

The track and field events got away to a good start with the running of the first heats of the 90 yard dash. S/L Creswell, the grand young man' of sport on this Station, was never any busier as he dashed here and there between his duties as Master of Ceremonies, locating the Electrical Section to repair the P. A. System, acting as anchor man on the G.I.S. Tug of War team and taking part in the Officers' Age Handicap Race. If there were any individual performance prizes, the same genial S/L would have had no competition. Air Armament may have won the day's meet, but for sheer enthusiasm and organizing ability, Eng-



110-YARD DASH



WOMEN'S SACK RACE — AW.2 Peck, Winner, second from left.

land's contribution as O. C. Aircrew has no equal. The R. C. Padre, with about 22 yards handicap, walked away with the Officer's race with F/O Gregory right "on his heels", and that is meant literally. The Padre threatened if anyone got in his way he was going to trip him, and the funny part of it was, about 10 yards from the finish, the Western knees began to go in all directions, and for a while it looked as though the Padre was going to make good his threat. In the sprints, Horseley of Arm showed his heels to all and sundry, but Christie in the 90 yd. and Parker in the 110, both from Maintenance, pushed the winner to the limit, as the times below indicate. There must be something in all that is said about the work done at Maintenance, if the performance turned in by their Tug of War team is any indication. They literally pulled the rest of the Station all over the playground, and in the final against G. I. S. Air, showed the Observers and Gunners that it takes just as much pulling in the right direction to keep the Aircraft flying as it does to get in there and fly them. In the Senior N. C. O.'s Weight Handicap Race, the genial Ambling Alp from Air Arm, F/Sgt. Maybe showed all the other "Living Out Allowancers" that the other tradesmen must take a back seat to the most malingered trade

in the Service, the Discipis. The Soccer teams from G. I. S. Air and Air Arm settled their Station title on the pitch earlier in the day with one of the best games seen this season, with the former coming out on the long end of a 3-0 count. The Women's Division added considerable colour to the meet, as they competed in the high jump, Sack race and the 60 yard dash. With another meet expected later in the Fall, and the possibility that the W. D. will be up to Establishment by that time, we should be able to provide them with a real meet of their own. We are very pleased to notice that they are entering into just about everything that comes along, and go out of their way to help in every event that comes along. In the Shot Put, Roach of Arm School, a Norwegian lad, showed the remainder a remarkable heave to walk away with the event at 44'3", which is SOME pitching in our humble estimation. And speaking about pitching, brings us to that tender subject of the Softball Title Game between the Equipment Section and the Air Armament Section. As representatives of the best this Station can produce from among leagues with 14 entries in the three sections of the league, these two teams left very little to be desired in the way of good softball. It was a pitchers' (Continued on page 14)

MOUNTAIN VIEWPOINT

Published monthly by permission of the Commanding Officer.

★ ★ ★

President S/L OWEN S. DUNN, M.C.
 Editor F/L R. J. McCOMBE
 Business Manager F/O E. G. F. WOOD
 Advisory Officer S/L. H. W. SUTHERLAND

EDITORIAL COMMENT

ON DOING A JOB OF WORK

From all that one reads in the papers and listens to on the radio one can form a substantially sound opinion that things haven't been going as well as they could for us in this man's war, and that there are tough times ahead for all of us. Well, taking down one's hair and having a good old fashioned cry over our troubles isn't going to help any, that's a lead pipe cinch, but getting on with the job will.

It should be pretty evident that we are all going to have to work a lot harder than we have up to date, because if we can get along with fewer men, and still put the work out, we are going to free that many more men for service elsewhere, and men are needed, and needed badly.

There is going to be more work to do, and that work will have to be done. There are going to be more aircrew to train and those aircrew will have to be trained. There are going to be longer hours to put in and those hours will have to be put in.

The men that died before Sevastopol and Tobruk, the men that died at Hong Kong and Singapore, the men that died over Bremen and Cologne, the men that have gone down to the sea in ships: they died so that there might be a free world for those that lived on. They wouldn't mind being here even if the hours were long and the work was hard. They would be mighty happy just to feel the sunlight and hear talk and laughter, and go home on forty-eights. They gave up everything: their youth, their dreams, their ambitions, their lives. Surely if we are asked to work a bit harder we can do that, and see that the job is finished for them.

DENTAL CLINIC

Many people are inclined to forget that, the old adage "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure", is very applicable indeed to dental health, in fact it can be applied with worthwhile results to a devil of a lot of things.

It is really not necessary that you should be told to keep your teeth clean, and you know for your own sakes that you should. Most of you do. Why don't the rest of you? Incidentally that crack about Halitosis may be old but it still smells and it doesn't improve with age, it only gets stronger.

Very often our teeth may need repair, yet unless they actually cause pain we avoid the Dental Clinic as if it were a medieval torture chamber. In other words we have a fixed idea in our minds, as to what a trip to the Dental Clinic entails and our imagination is hurting us before the operator even has a chance.

So we balance the pain the tooth is causing against the pain we think the dentist will cause and when the score is about even, we go to the Dental Officer, who

usually gives us much quicker relief far less painfully than we ever imagined he would.

Just by way of satisfying our idle curiosity let us compare our Dental Clinic here, with the average civilian dentist's office.

Entering a civilian dentist's waiting room you will probably find two or three people there as well as Aunt Susie and little Johnnie. Little Johnnie is howling, this possibly adds to the excitement, but it doesn't make the atmosphere exactly cheerful. You glance about the room for a convenient seat, and find you are the centre of attention due not so much to your outstanding personality, but rather to the fact that Johnnie has momentarily ceased howling to stare at you. In the brief silence you flop on a chair, then the juice comes on again. There is nothing wrong with the kid's lungs. For a brief moment your conscience pricks you, you think you may have frightened the child, and you feel sorry for the poor kid with a toothache.

You reach for a magazine, glancing at the title "History of Pentecost". This topic should be timely but it just doesn't strike you that way so you discard it and have better luck with a "Saturday Evening

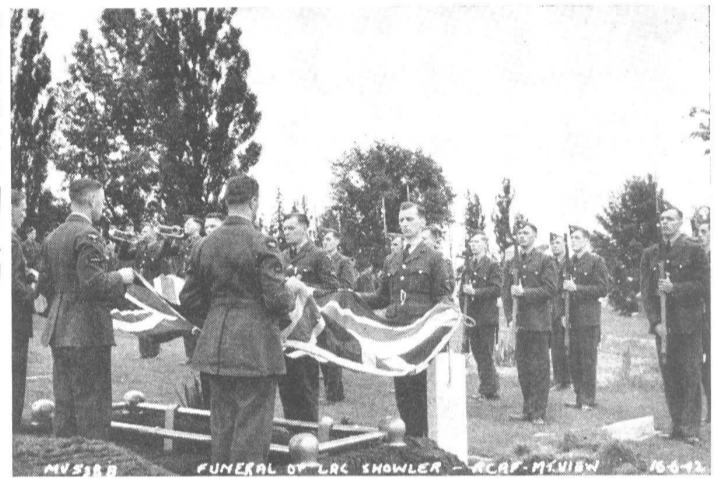
In Memoriam

PILOT OFFICER J. A. McGREGOR.

LEADING AIRCRAFTSMAN YOUNG, J. R. D.

LEADING AIRCRAFTSMAN SHOWELL, D.W.P.G.

JUNE 13TH, 1942



Burial of L.A.C. Showell, R.A.F., in R.C.A.F. Burial Plot, Trenton.

"There is six feet of foreign soil that is forever England"

Post" (3-6-36), a bit old but you thumb through it and this relieves your nerves, you hope.

Time crawls along, Johnnie is still howling. In your mind he is not a child, he has rapidly passed through the following stages: child, bad boy, little brat, bad little devil that ought to be spanked, just let me get my hands on the little so and so, and so it goes, by the time your turn comes your morale has hit a new low and even after the dentist has fixed you up you feel like hell, due to nervous strain. So you probably go out and hang on a good one which doesn't really improve things at all in the long run. In fact the only ray of sunshine in the whole set-up is the bill for eight bucks you get for going through all this. Oh! how happy that makes you.

How different it is in the Clinic here. The very building in itself, with its many long windows and airy rooms seems to make you feel right at home as soon as you enter.

Here are many recent magazines in the waiting room, types that appeal to men such as Click, Pic, Life, Esquire etc. The pictures which have been cut out may be gazed upon in another room for a small additional charge.

Little Johnnie is conspicuous by his absence.

You will also note that the Corporal in the Orderly Room, does not glance at you icily, wondering whether you will pay cash or not. In fact the courtesy and service you will receive at the Clinic is second to none.

If appointments are kept to the exact time by all personnel the amount of waiting necessary would be negligible so please be punctual. The Dental Officers are very efficient dentists and are sincerely interested in each individual patient, and you may be assured that while it is impossible to make some operations absolutely painless, the pain is nevertheless cut down to the very minimum.

So drop in once in a while and let us check your teeth over. We will appreciate your cooperation in making and keeping appointments. You see us and we will see you don't have any loose tenants in your mouth. Cheerio!

"HABITANT"

I joined da Airforce (sometime fly),
Go fight da Hun, p'r'aps bye and
bye,

And now, my fren, what do I see?
Dey mak me queek dat dam G.D.
But never mind; I feex him yet,
By Gad! Some day I make him sweat
And Churchill, he someday will know
Dis Frenchman was not forced to go.
—MAC.

NEWS LETTER

Capt. Strousse Writes to F/O Talkington

Dear Talky,

I have been so busy that I haven't had time to do any writing to anyone. I can't possibly write to everybody that I would like to up there so I will trust this to be a community letter and try and let you all know something of what is transpiring without arousing the ire of the censors. When I left Mt. View I went to Maxwell Field and reported in to get my assignment. As I had always had a yearning to fly something small and hot I was much surprised an hour after arriving to be assigned to four engine Combat Crew school here to learn to be a B24 pilot. I stayed at Maxwell until the twenty fifth and then drove out here. My job here is sitting on a hard seat for five hours a day in ground school and flying the link trainer and a B24 for four hours each day. This school is run by TWA airlines and is the only one of its kind up until now. A B24 is something like a Liberator only bigger and faster. Flying it is a very small part of the deal, as the engineering involved is really something. There are so many new principles involved that I don't believe that even the manufacturers know too much about them. I sure am having my troubles with Turbo charger, manifold pressure and RPM graphs, as you sure can get in trouble if you don't use these three things together right at the right times. Also I lost an engine the other day and feathered the wrong prop. Very embarrassing. Outside of a couple hours of landings all of the course is in long cross country flight at about thirty thousand feet and all at night. Instead of worrying about two gunners I have a crew of seven aboard which is a slight responsibility. I have been lost in every state in the Union thus far. By all means if you ever intend to fly in this country again learn beam orientation and bracketing or you are sunk and I really am keeping those link trainers hot on that. So much for that. I have qualified for captain of the aircraft and they tell me I will be finished in about ten days so I must be getting by. Wilson, Nick, Blacky, Vaughn, Hill and some of the other boys were sent to gunnery school in Florida. Cliff, Waterman, Sturm, White, and some of the rest went to Navigation school in Georgia. Moraga, and a couple others were made Basic Instructors. I stayed at Maxwell for almost a week so I saw them all come and go. I am the only one that got hooked with this deal. I don't know whether to be

happy or not yet. Anyway I have sixty thousand pounds of airplane and eight thousand horse power to wheel around. So much for that.

I hope things are going well at Mt. View and the Battles are all holding together. I went to see Captain of the Clouds the other night and it made me rather homesick. I didn't come out to the airport and say goodbye to anyone before I left on purpose. Goodbyes were never meant for me, I would rather always feel that I am not gone for good, but just on another trip and someday I am liable to walk in again and everything will be the same as I want to remember it. Give all the boys my best, and tell S/L DuTemple I hope the batteries don't go dead in that radio of his or he will never find the way in from the lake. Also I hope you are getting along all right with that damn ugly Shaffer guy. Tell the boys I wish they would write me as there isn't a soul here I know and I will always want to hear of the destinies of Mt. View. Also I am broke per usual. My address is as follows.

4 Engine Combat Crew Sch.
Albuquerque Air Base
Albuquerque, N. Mex.
Your Pal
Gene.

AROUND THE CAMP WITH THE BRASS HATS

W/C "Tiny" White of the New Zealand Mission talking to the Royal New Zealand Pilots in the Control Tower. Very obviously the W/C is popular with the men.

F/O and Mrs. Raven "cutting a smart rug" at the officers' dance.

S/L Hill explaining the "headaches" of Maintenance to a new listener.

Assistant Section Officer Ball meeting fellow officers in the mess. A very successful experience has been made.

F/O "Dusty" Rhodes cracking wise in hospital about his "leg". Feeling cranky, Dusty?

S/L Boothly giving directions to the phone operator in a call to headquarters.

F/O Barrett playing a 100 per cent "form" game of ping-pong—and losing.

S/L Sutherland dropping three pop flies in field while playing softball for Officers' team against Accounts.—Hm.

Listening to F/O Lindsay heckle at any sports event.

A certain officer on the G.L.A.V. course wants to know if ammunition is painted so that it may be used a second time.

PHOTOGRAPHS

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Noticed paying homage at the Chief Instructor's office: W/C (Iron Bill) MacBrien, W/C Humphries. Reason: Can we fly your plane?

"He stuck in his thumb" expression on W/C Lister's face when reviewing first flight in the Spitfire.

F/O Ben "I small a trip to Toronto" Lindsay, disembarking from Anson just in from Toronto (again).

The "Brrr men" going alternately "hot and cold".

Why do the Nation's "Powers That Be", Give ration cards to such as these? Why let them gambol on carefree, And leave him standing ill at ease?

He gets there somehow, that is true; Gets back, and carries on thru pain;

Ease over motorist, for you Can make this airman smile again. Sgt. Mattern, G. (W&B)

MESS HALL ECHOES

Oh! The joy of eating pancakes When they reach you nice and cold

Buried deep in maple syrup, Aunt Jemima; bless her soul.

Little did the old girl ponder When she mixed that famous dish

That the buckoes of the Air Force Her in Hades often wished.

When the cookey passed the ration Minus bacon or a rine,

Shouting, fellas what's the holdup? Keep a movin' down that line.

After all there's lots of coffee, Bread and butter, sugar, too,

So I guess we're mighty lucky To be wearing Air Force Blue.

AN AIRMAN'S LAMENT

An airman stands on Friday night Beside the road that leads toward home;

His tunic pressed, and buttons bright, For rides that never seem to come.

Two weeks he's spent in school or shop, His forty-eight has come at last,

Why don't some kindly Mot-rist stop? Why do they hurry heedless past?

Here's one, but no, he's loaded now, He couldn't pack another in;

He smiles, and gives a friendly bow, There's some encouragement therein.

Another comes, two, three or four, Like auto salesmen on parade; But still he stands there as before, While daylight hours swiftly fade.

He'd gladly pay his fare by bus, If he could lay cash on the line; But what he has, he'll have to use, To take his lady out to dine.

It seems a hundred cars have come, And left him standing there alone; Without a thought they hurry on, And turn his pulsing heart to stone.

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MEN'S WEAR

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EQUIPMENT QUIPS

By "KELINSKIE"

Yes Sir. Yes Sir. Here we go again, gather around all youse guys and gals and read all the news and views from the Equipment Section. To start things off right we wish to give a most hearty welcome to our newcomers and particularly to our new addition from the fairer sex division. Namely AW 2 Selnes, V. M. who is pounding the keys as steno. in Tech Stores, and we hope that as soon as the boys begin to realize we are so honoured and the faux pas cease, she will be as happy to be one of us as we are to include her in our line up. The above mentioned hearty welcome also includes S/M R. Crawford, who is now holding down the chair of N.C.O. i/c of our fair section. After spending seven years in the Maritimes and a month at Lachine, Que., he has now taken over duties with us and we sincerely hope his stay will be in the same class as The Maritimes.

To the fellows who have left us we wish all the luck in the world and the very best of everything. S/M Joe. Cullen has been transferred back to his home town Ottawa, where he has taken over duties at No. 17 Equipment Unit. Take it from one who knows, those boys in Ottawa really draw a first class Major and a darn gool all around fellow. Sgt. Tardiff pushed off to Summerside P. E. I. a few days ago, and "believe you me" has left a good many friends and a tough spot in the equipment to fill. To LAC Bratt, who remustered to aircrew and started at I.T.S. Belleville, we say "happy landing Bratt old kid and when you get the chance give those Huns H—".

We think the following bit of news (if it can still be called news) deserves a new paragraph. If the picture people can make a picture out of "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" I guess LAC. Smith J. A. and LAC Balsdon A. L. are entitled to a paragraph in the Mountain Viewpoint. No fooling peoples, that is exactly where they are sitting right now and will be for six weeks. Nice work fellows, on drawing a temporary posting like that, and don't forget to shine your buttons and shoes every day, and have a Collins for us. You lucky stiff.

O.K., O.K. fellow workers, so the Equipment Section took a beating with their ball team on sports day. So what? Any section, with no more than thirty or forty men to draw from who think they can take us on, we are open to all comers and besides, we would like to take another crack at that outfit that beat us. But all kidding aside, we are plenty proud of our ball team and figure they put up a darn good show and made up a real part in the grand finale to the sports day. Our hats are off to Cpl. Mike Fenlon, who is manager, organizer, promoter and one of the most valuable players, for getting the fellows out to the games and promoting the spirit in the team. Ray Cullen, Freddy Smith and Doug. McQuaig, deserve special note in holding down the score and bringing in the runs. To Finer, Hamel and Kelly, go the boobie prizes. Tough luck fellows, it just wasn't your day, but don't take disheart, we still need your backing. Better luck next time. To AC. Laidlaw and AC. Sangster we suggest just a little more practice fellows and you will be in there, at the top of your respective meets in the sports. For the benefit of those who are in the dark as to what we are referring to, brother Laidlaw missed out in the ninety yard dash and brother Sangster was pulling the ROPE for the wrong team.

From Publications we hear a rumour, how true, we at present can not say but it seems that our head man there, namely, AC Smith, F.H. has cornered a young lady from Toronto, and is contemplating making the supreme sacrifice in a couple of months. For the time being all the information your reporter has been able to gather in from good authority, the said brother Smith of softball fame has given the young lady a diamond. And with diamonds at what they are to-day, it looks bad. But no fooling Smitty, that's good stuff, and don't forget to let us know when the big day comes.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW: — What our young lady clerk thinks of the three Senior N.C.Os. in our fair section as to

SMOKE

**"TARTAN"
 CIGARETTES**

FOR REAL ENJOYMENT!

Lady's Men? . . . Is Ike Fleming still saying his prayers for the benefit of all in Hut 33 W., or has he stopped saying them altogether? . . . Will Flt/Sgt. Stokes' Ford go without the hood on the motor? . . . Is Ray Cullen a ball player, a politician, or just a darn good airman? . . . What will Mrs. Laidlaw say when she discovers cosmetics on the lapel of Maintenance's star equipment man? Watch this column next month for the answers, and who knows, maybe you will see the name of the winner of the sixty-four dollar question.

THAT'S ALL.

BOMBING FLIGHT

Since our last issue of the Mt. View Point, changes again have taken place. We regret this time to losing our competent Sgt., who we congratulate on his promotion to Flight Sergeant. To Flight-Sergeant Ellison, Bombing extend their sincere congratulations and hope you enjoy your new job.

Another change, L. A. C. Dutton, who was one of the originals of Bombing was transferred to Test and Development at Rockcliffe, to whom we all wish success in his new job.

Another old timer L.A.C. McAuley who has been changed over to miss your moans, and hope that your new job proves more satisfactory to you, or are the moans still moaning?

So much to the old boys of Bombing.

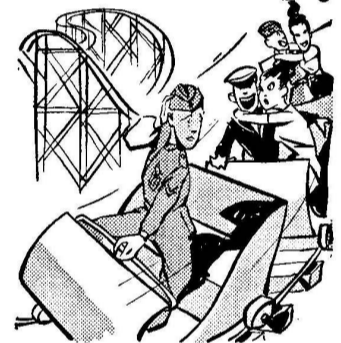
With the introduction of the girls to our station, has sort of pepped

up some of the boys. Who is the certain Cpl. who has to be continually checked as to what his job is, when a W.A.F. is engaged on a fabric job in the hangar, and when checked replies that he is only getting acquainted.

The one great drawback with Anson Aircraft which we have now on our charge, is that the women who like riding in the heavens, find their skirts quite embarrassing when trying to make the step. One Cpl., who noticed a WAAF in

(Continued on page 7)

What a Life!



A handsome guy is Corporal Jim
 Yet no girl's ever seen with him—
 Of perspiration odor he
 Is guilty—so he's shunned,
 you see.

Bath tonight with LIFEBOUY

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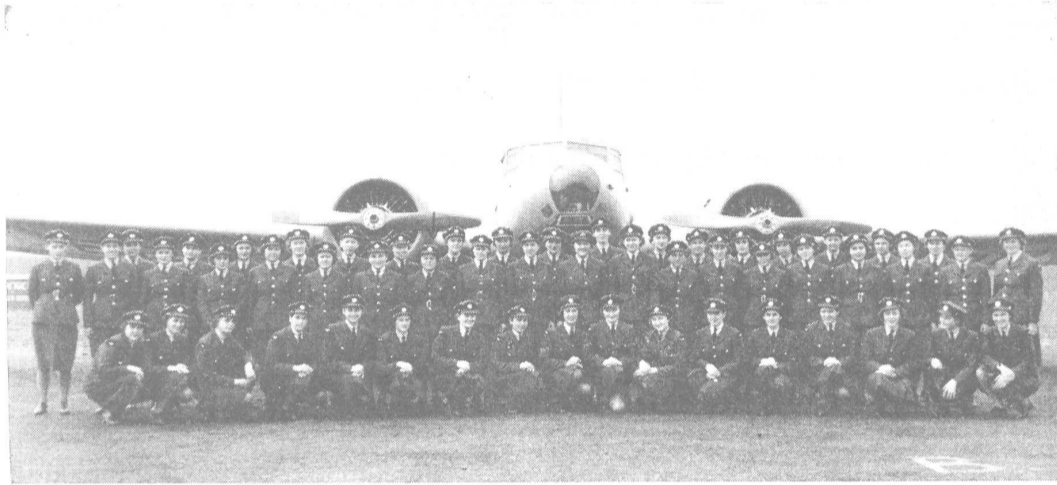
GOOD IMPRESSION MADE BY WOMEN'S DIVISION

Efficient In Work — Smart On Parade

Since their arrival at Mountain View on June 20th, the members of the Women's Division have made a most favourable impression on all. Not only have they proved themselves keen and efficient in their work but they are neat and smart on parade which is more than can

be said for a lot of airmen. On June 15th, Assistant Section Officer Ball (who is O. C. Women's Division at Mountain View) and Sergeant Elson arrived at the Station to make the final arrangements for the arrival of the first draft of W.Ds. on June 20th. That these arrangements were well made is evidenced by the fact that the airwomen took their place in the work of the Station with quiet efficiency. The airwomen that arrived on the 20th. were in two parties, one from Ottawa and one from Toronto. The Ottawa party was in charge of Cpl. McCorkindale while the Toronto party was under Cpl. Prichard.

At the present time there are a total of fifty two airwomen on the Station who are employed as Clerks General, Clerks Stenographer, Postal Clerks, Hospital Assistants, Hospital Cooks, Transport Drivers, Fabric Workers, General Duties, Photographers, and Clerks Accountant. In all these various positions they have released airmen needed for duties elsewhere. It is expected that a steady increase in the number of airwomen will take place until full establishment has been reached. The Women's Division is doing fine work and we take this opportunity of saying we are glad to have them at Mountain View.



WOMEN'S DIVISION, R.C.A.F. STATION, MOUNTAIN VIEW

WOMEN'S DIVISION

By VALERIE BUCKLER

The editor said to me, "Make it chatty, with lots of names and where the girls all come from, but don't make it just a list of names." Now here was a problem! Names and yet not too many of them and we 52 strong here at Mountain View. And by the way we all love it here. We had been told so much about Station life during our basic training that when the day came for us to be posted as full fledged airwomen the feeling was one of sheer but assured excitement and far above anything we had felt when we had first boarded the train from our homes to the Manning Depot for training from Civilian life into Service life.

Elizabeth Ramsay of Qu-Appelle, Sask., a former school teacher and now an M. T. Driver assured me most seriously that it was the only thing to do — to join up, and that it would not be long before everyone was towed into helping all they could.

Marq Elizabeth Wilson of British Guiana, South America, a resident of eight months standing in Canada, left the University of Alberta where she was studying medicine, to ease the worry off her mind about her people. Mary says she will probably not be able to see her parents until after the duration.

There are two of us from good old China. A country where one really sees life both at its best and at its worst. We both have a keen feeling for the country of our birth. Mary Dickenson comes from missionary parents who are both at the moment at Chengtu, China. She has been in this country for eight years and has just received word that her father, who is the Agricultural Adviser for China has escaped from Burma back to Chengtu. As for my people, they have been flung to all corners of the earth by this war. My mother and sister escaped with a suitcase each from Singapore to Durban, S. Africa, my brother is at Shanghai, and my dad at San Francisco, U.S.A., and I with the R.C.A.F. (W.D.)

We have a dietitian among our group — Edith Gershaw of Medicine Hat, Alberta, with four years University training behind her, who is now helping at the Station Hospital.

Jeanne Santo of Bender, Sask., Sadie Matlock of Yorkton, Sask., and Nettle Hamilton of Limerick, Sask., hospital assistants, tell me that they are to be posted to Gander Bay. Contrary to expectation they are delighted with the idea. Eleanor McLellan of Arcola, Sask., a psychiatric nurse, Margaret Devine of Westminster, B.C., Eileen Spilsbury of Highland Creek, Ont., all say they will miss their co-workers when they leave for Gander Bay.

"What made you join up?" I asked Alice Seaman of Port Arthur, Ont., a former tailoress instructor, and now a fabric worker. Alice looked startled as did many of the other girls to whom I put the ques-

tion. Many said they did not know, others for the sake of patriotism, and others again for the sake of fun, adventure and to see the world.

Bonnie Eberle of Windsor, Ont., left a gun plant where she was a machinist mechanic to help in the Service.

Nora Botterill of Rocanville, Sask. Patricia Nork of Cornwall, Ont., Jean Otter of Toronto, Ont., Ruby Horton of Briercrest, Sask., Thyrsa Istvanffy of Calgary, Alta., Viola Selmes of Strome, Alta., Jean MacConnell of Kamsack, Sask., Diana Charter of Duncan, Vancouver Is., B.C., all former stenographers in civil life are now here giving of their experience and knowledge to help win the war.

Elizabeth Mowat of Latchford,

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Phone 172

PICTON

Ont., a former waitress, Lillina Rudman of Edmonton, Alta., a photographer (now helping in the photography section of Mountain View) Marie L. Y. M. Bosse a typist, Norma Anita Walker of Charlottetown, P.E.I., a farmerette, Gertrude Ruth Petite of North Sydney, N. S., Marion Carey of Canso, N.S., Dorothy Grant of Peakes Station, P.E.I., Laura Johnson, school teacher at Grande Prairie, Alberta, are all here to help us along.

And finally the three girls to whom we have to be extra nice or we don't get our pay, Joyce Southall of New Westminster, B. C., Peggy Thompson of Vancouver, B. C., and Francis Crone of Edmonton, Alta, now working in the Accounts Section at Headquarters.

I must end by saying this is a jolly nice Station. In fact I am sure it is the best of all Stations in Canada, and we do love being here. Thank you everyone for being so nice to us all.

Then there is the one about the two Negroes discussing the war. "Is you ready to go?" asked the first one. "No," said the other, "but I'se willin' to go, unready."

One Co-ed—"Why don't you wear that lovely lingerie you got for Christmas?"

Second Same—"Th, I'm saving that for a windy day."

An inventor has recently produced phosphorescent diaper tabs, to be used instead of pins, for quick changes during blackouts.

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PLAIN COLORS	70" x 84"	\$10.50 each
RAMCREST PAIRS	60" x 90"	\$11.95 each
WHITE ONLY	72" x 90"	\$13.95 each

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NEWS FROM THE WATER FRONT

By YOUR WATER REPORTER

Wedding bells chimed (must I say sweetly) for L.A.C. Beals at 16.30 hrs. 10-6-42.

From all accounts it was a marvellous event. Our one regret is that we were unable to attend. Drogue Flight did not help us any by flying till 21.00 hrs. but we don't mind. We saw the whole show from a distance; even got in on the refreshments. Thank you. Judging from the appearance of our men on the morning of the night before it must have been a "killer-diller". We all wish the newlyweds a most pleasant journey on the turbulent sea of matrimony. I would like to see every Marine Man get married. Then the mess hall personnel wouldn't have to worry about our rations. (Do they?) and I could cook for myself, I'm sure. Let's go boys! Who's next?

Confession and Request

It seems that for the past year we have been competing with the R.C.A.F. School of Cookery at Guelph, Ont., but now we must admit that we are throwing in the towel. (It seems that even D.A.P. S. has turned against us). We have toiled late and early.

We have slaved over a hot stove for hours on end. We have led, guided, herded and driven our men into our kitchen. We have used threats of C. B. of knouts and of various forms of cruelty. We have eaten all sorts and forms of food, some fair, some indifferent and many arrangements worse than that. We have seen various new dishes and combinations created in

our kitchen by these would-be cooks. Soon as any one showed signs of improvement in this culinary art he was transferred to some remote corner of our fair Dominion. So far we have suffered in silence and submission but we can't go on this way forever and expect to live our full quota of the three score and ten as allotted to all good airmen. On our strength we now have only one cook, marine. We therefore beseech D.A.P.S. not to transfer any more of these culinary experts as our production is limited to one trainee per annum. It seems that so far our efforts have been wasted but we live in hopes. "They also serve who only stand and wait." And we have waited for a year now for someone who can cook. We therefore ask that H. Q. consider a new trade, i.e., Cooks, Marine "A" with the School of Instruction located here.

Since the last issue of the Viewpoint three well deserved promotions were celebrated by the Marine Section. W. O. 2 Zadco got his W. O. 1, while Flight Sergeants Collins and Gibson were promoted to Warrant Officers. These promotions were thoroughly deserved and we wish to congratulate all of them, but there is one fly in the ointment and that is that promotions usually mean postings and that part of it we don't like, but then we can't have jam on both sides of the bread.

GOOD REASON

The sergeant was asking the recruits why Walnut was used for the butt of a rifle.

Because it has more resistance, volunteered one man. Wrong. Because it is more elastic. Wrong.

Perhaps it's because it looks nicer than any other kind, volunteered another timidly.

Don't be an ass, snapped the sergeant, simply because it was laid down in regulations.

THERE IS SOME PLACE LIKE HOME IN PICTON — IT'S THE GLOBE HOTEL

A GOOD PLACE TO EAT
BANQUETS ARRANGED PHONE 42

THE AIRMAN AT THE DUNES

All was over, day was ending,
To the dunes they all were wending.
Far away the roar of "Battle"
Could be heard above the clatter
Of the airman's new shoe's patter
On the gravel of the Dunes.

He thought of the great hereafter,
Tho' around him all was laughter.
Many walk this path of glory,
Rich in sentiment and story,
Some are young and some are hoary,
They all go out to the Dunes.

Stars were bright and moon was shining,
Silence reigned, no bird was crying,
He could hear the roar and rumble,
See the waters fall and tumble,
We could hear the airman mumble,
"I am headed for the Dunes".

His fast step was a bit faltered,
Numerous times his course, he altered,
Visions raced across the waters,
As he thought of many others,
Thought of son, his wife and brothers,
Who will never see the Dunes.

Years ago in times untroubled,
Joy and mirth his life o'erbubbled,
The Maid of the Mist was sailing,
Horns were blowing, crowds were cheering,
Too late now, there is no turning,
Here I am out at the Dunes.

My one wish and I am hopeful
That everyone here is trustful.
Life is dreary, sad and lonely,
My one wish and that is only—
"Pass me by when I am vainly
Trying to avoid the Dunes."

Wait and linger while he muses
Till at length a course he chooses.
Life and joy I shall now borrow,
A knowing heart heals all sorrow,
Grief and trouble come tomorrow,
I will frolic in the Dunes!

THE KEEPER OF THE DUNES (The Major)

Silent as the very night,
Stealthily beneath the moon,
In the shadows out of sight
Glides the Keeper of the Dune.

Ears attuned and keen of eye
Searching ever and again,
Watching as the night goes by
Ruler of his vast domain.

Jealously he guards the beach
Impromptu wooers chases,
Daring lovers doth impeach
Forgets not forms nor faces.

How winsome that smile may be
Come night it's surely vanished,
On the Dunes should you be there
To Consecrate sure you are banished.

There you stay, months, weeks and days,
Damsels fair no more you see
Through the storms and through the haze
Dreaming of the great could be.

When the Keeper sees it right
Back to Wellington you go
But by now no dune in sight
All is covered in ice and snow.
—By "Niagara Water"

Mother—"When I was young, girls
never thought of the terrible things
they are doing today."

Daughter—"That's the very reason
they didn't do them."

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BIG BUSINESS

Airmen's Canteen Source of Large Revenue.

If, in Civilian life, (Oh Happy Thought) one had a business with an annual turnover of approximately \$120,000.00 one might consider himself quite well off, prior of course to paying Income Tax. Now perhaps some of you may know this, but very probably most of you don't, there is a business on this Station with a turnover of \$120,000.00 per year and that business is the Airmen's Canteen, and it is also a fact that most of the credit for the successful operation of this large business is due to Corporal Benning (Standard General Duties).

The Airmen's Canteen is administered by a Canteen Committee consisting of two Officers and four airmen as follows:

President—F/O McPherson; Secretary — F/O Barrett; Member — Cpl. Benning; Member — L. A. C. Peterson; Member — L. A. C. McDonald; Member — L. A. C. Tamlyn.

This Committee is responsible for the policy of the Canteen, for determination of selling prices, and choice of stocks carried. However the actual operation of the Canteen is in the hands of Cpl. Benning who has two able assistants in L.A.C. Logan and L.A.C. Davidson. Cpl. Blake of Accounts is responsible for the accounting end of the Canteen business proper while Cpl. Leduc looks after the accounting end of the Central Warehouse.

It will perhaps prove of interest to consider one month's operation and explain what happens to the airmen's money that passes through the cash register in the Canteen and for this purpose the month of May (1942) is taken.

In May the gross sales amounted to \$10,569.11 which yielded a gross profit of \$1590.72. From this amount certain disbursements are made which are set forth as follows:

R.C.A.F. Benevolent Fund	\$ 105.65
Station Benevolent Fund	25.00
Bonusses	115.00
Canteen Operating	12.23
Hospital, Library, Orchestra	70.00
Airmen's Mess (Extra messing)	500.00
Airmen's Dance	56.00
Entertainment	81.37
General	107.73
	\$1072.98



AIRMEN'S CANTEEN, R.C.A.F. STATION, MOUNTAIN VIEW.

Deducting this from the gross profit of \$1590.72 shows a net profit of \$517.74 to which however must be added the amount of \$132.25 which represents the unused portion of the extra messing allotment. This gives a total net profit of \$649.99 which becomes part of the Station Fund. It should not be thought that such monies are just banked away and held as a reserve for such is not the case. These monies are used for all purposes directly improving conditions for the airmen. For instance all sporting equipment, building of tennis courts (at present under way) improvement of Library and Joint Recreation Hall, all such benefits to airmen and airwomen are paid for by Station Funds which is nothing more or less than Canteen profits.

A feature of the Canteen is the Snack Shop where everything from Red Hots to Soup to Oranges can be purchased at rock bottom prices. The thing to be remembered however is that all money made by the Canteen is ploughed back into airmen's benefits of one sort or another, so whether you get beer suds on your whiskers or soup on your tunic you can figure that the money you pay for it is coming back to you in one way or another.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

"Little boy, why aren't you in school?"
"Hell, lady, I ain't but three years old."

BOMBING FLIGHT

(Continued from page 4)

trouble, let out a cry "Oh! my shattered nerves", and dashed out with a step and assisted her in the aircraft, nice work Evie, you are a gentleman.

The situation in the Flight has sort of turned over, it used to be we didn't have enough aircraft to accommodate the students, now Operations can't keep us supplied with enough to keep our aircraft filled, how about it, Ops?

The great worry now is to keep our aircraft clean, so men when detailed for a little cleaning job stop the moaning and get crackin.

We are really fortunate to have Cpl. Cooke and his trouble shooting crew who are largely responsible for assisting us to keep 'em flying. Practically every day their hands are really kept full. Our hands are really kept busy and so are our legs, hauling serviceable craft to the line and unserviceable to the hangar and at the same time trying hard to race the clock so to have them ready for the next scheduled trip. So far we are really racing the clock. Keep it up lads, you're all doing a splendid job.

Now to the boys of Bombing, how about it fellows, next time let's have an editorial from the Flight to fill the page. The notice on the board didn't seem to have much effect a little more enthusiasm fellows, a few lines from each will make a great editorial.

—The Flight.

A SPECIAL QUERY FROM THE R.A.F. LADS

What is the difference between "baseball" and the English children's game of "rounders".

"I don't like the way you point that gun at me."

"Oh, I don't aim to please."

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ACCOUNT SECTION

After pondering over several topics for this month's issue, it was decided to bring to light, several items that if done away with, would no doubt, help the war effort. So below are listed a few of the "things we could do without".

W.O.2 Larin's . . . "Right?"
Sgt. Lucas' . . . "Household problems".
Sgt. Taylor's . . . "Worries".
Sgt. Probert's . . . "Joeling of Equipment men for pay work".
Cpl. Brice's . . . "Baby".
Cpl. Beeton's . . . "Continual beefing".
Cpl. Flint's . . . "Tea Time Topics".
Cpl. Cohoon's . . . "Heavy smoking (O. P. Brand)".
Cpl. Blake's . . . "Arguments".
Cpl. Richman's . . . "Reorganization".
Cpl. MacCallum's . . . "Trying to outdo Flint with a juicy Tea Time Topic".
A.C. Ramshaw's . . . "Rushing around, getting no-where".
A.C. Standing's . . . "Worries as to who is going to win the National League pennant this year".
A.C. Davis' . . . "Talking to himself".
A.C. McCarrroll's . . . "Looking for leg-shows at the circus".
A.C. Janes' . . . "Bum arm".
A.C. Barker's . . . "Jostling, during the right-dress".
A.C. Hart's . . . "Got a light?"
A.C. Leduc's . . . "Anonymous silence".
And "Your Correspondent . . . (who is still looking for his posting). It is hoped that when the above surpluses have been written off, the section will settle down again to its usual efficient routine.

Before closing — it may be noticed that no mention has been made of the second game of our series, Accounts vs Orderly Room. Well, we suffered a temporary set-back in that game and it is felt that the less said the better. The score Well

we won't mention that either. However as stated above it is only temporary, so don't be fooled.
Mor news soon. So 'till then, so long.—MERT.

MORE NEWS

May we first extend to the members of the fair sex (known in the service as the Womens' Division) who have "gone active" and taken up positions in the Section, a hearty welcome. Presenting:—A. W. 2's — Crone, Thompson, Southall, Otter.

We hope your stay will be a pleasant one. Don't be too hard on them fellows, they'll learn in time.

Two more of the gang left for greener (?) fields this month. To Moncton, N. B., on what he hopes is Temporary Duty, Sgt. "Bud" Probert, and to Arnprior went A.C. Stevens. Good luck Steve.

We wonder just what hold Sgt. Jack Taylor has over his Mary. On returning from his leave recently, he swore that he didn't get hitched, yet, one week later, a letter is received from Mary, by said Sgt. Taylor, containing nothing less than one of those, very rare five dollar bills. What gives here Jack? Come clean.

We also wonder, just what is behind McCarrroll's Tuesday night trips to Belleville. Could it be the W. D.'s late night?

At last our Sqd/Ldr. Sutherland is happy — he has a stenographer and his letters are going out in fine style. He also leaves his door open while giving dictation. Not afraid of scandal are you sir?

Well gang, seeing as how Ed. is patiently (?) awaiting this article, we will sign off for now. More news soon, I hope.

—MERT

HOME ON THE RANGE

The bombing range will be losing about a score of their personnel, they have remustered to straight Air-gunners and expect to go on

course very soon.

Several others who also tried to remuster were turned down for various ailments, color blindness, weak eyes etc. More power to those who made the grade and we wish them the best luck in the world, especially LAC Brokenshire who netted 93% on his I. Q. and was recommended for P & O.

The range will also be losing several others who are on the B. R. squadron. All are very anxious to get moving and are taking instructions daily from Cpl. Gosselin in bomb loading, etc.

Congratulations to Cpl. Campbell who just recently joined the ranks of the benedicts. Harold had threatened to do this on several occasions, and everyone is happy now that the demon s'aphonist has finally settled down.

LAC. "Tubby" Thompson of the Consecon range, has all the boys guessing as to where he spends his evenings. Tubby is the oldest inhabitant of Consecon, and has been there so long that he is on the inventory.

P/O Howard, whom all the boys knew as AC! Howard while he was attached to the range, was a recent visitor to Consecon. P/O Howard is now stationed at Trenton, where he is taking an administrative course, and when completed, expects to be attached to the legal dept. which should be right down his alley, as he was an attorney in Vancouver before enlisting.

Nice going "Ron". We will be looking you up next time that we are in trouble with the sheriff.

What kind of bait do Cpl. Harvey, Cpl. Smith and LAC. Dawe use when out fishing for mermaids at night?

Who was the pilot of the gunnery A/C who during a pyrotechnic display at Consecon, only noticed one white flare and on landing called the plotting office to find out what it was all about?

Speaking of Pyrotechnics what about the pilot who while the government S. S. Grenville was placing marker buoys on range No. 1 continued to fly the circuit and let his gunners fire at splash targets in spite of the fact that signals were closed with a smoke generator burning beside them, was signalled all the while with a red Addis light, also 4 red Very cartridges which almost landed in his cockpit. And they turned down some of our boys for aircrew for being color blind.

WELLINGTON GARAGE

GENERAL REPAIRS
GAS and OIL

WELLINGTON, ONT. - PHONE 15J

Who is the sergeant from Cobourg who always has chicken for dinner on his 43's, providing the farmers around his home fail to padlock their chicken coops.

We understand that he and a corporal had to run for it last time, and how come neither one of them were entered in one of the races on sports day.

We understand that they covered the first 100 yards in nothing flat.

★ ★ ★

Range Section has suffered another severe wallop due to re-musterings to Air Crew. On 6-7-42 nine L.A.C.s from the Range crew started their Air Gunners course at G. I. S. (Aircrew) at this station.

From the Plotting Office went L. A. C. Patterson and L.A.C. Begley, while from Droque Operators went L.A.C.'s Birkbeck, Harrington, Crompton, Smith, Brokenshire, MacFarlane, and Nicholson. Without exception they were efficient, hard working airmen and they will be hard to replace. To all of them we wish the very best of luck and they will long be remembered by those of us who have to stay behind.

The old saying "It never rains but it pours" proved more than true for Range Section. Not only did we take it on the chin from remusterings to Aircrew but just to round it out WO Greenfield was posted to Picton. With the posting came a most deserved promotion to commissioned rank and certainly we can think of no one who more thoroughly deserves it or of anyone who would make a better officer. Pilot Officer Greenfield will be hard to replace, for not only did he do his work thoroughly and well but was liked and respected by every man in the section. In addition to his regular duties he also took a keen interest in the Small Bore Rifle Club and most of the credit for the Club's success is due to his enthusiasm and ability.

On learning of P/O Greenfield's promotion F/L McCombe sorrowfully remarked "Mr. Greenfield, you are far too good a man to deserve such a fate".

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"PAY AWAY WINCH"

Some Facts On the Balloon Barrage.

By CPL. L. D. RUMNEY, R.A.F.

At the end of 1937 I was selected to go on a balloon operators' course. To learn the "gen" and handling of Britain's barrage balloons, which were an old idea, but, like many services ideas brought up to date.



CPL. RUMNEY, J. W., R.A.F.
—Winner of Silver Wing.
Number 42 Air Observers' Course.

Along with several other unfortunates I was posted to a Midland Air Station for the two years' course. We happened to be the first Balloon Operators' Course to be trained.

After sitting our entrance exams, we began our training by taking a six month course in driving, and maintenance of Motor Transport. I well remember the first ride in the old three-ton Crossley—she seemed to have a will of her own and every living soul on the Bedfordshire roads went in danger of their lives—the instructor always keeping one hand on the brake lever, just in case. Those were happy days driving around the country. I never knew whether it was more fun riding in

the back or driving, but as time went on we were able to handle those old crates and several other types of lorry as if we had been born behind a steering column. Then there was ground school, studying the highway code, engine maintenance, electric circuits, breakdowns and of course, cleaning the "busses" down. By the end of the course we could right an overturned truck or haul it out of a ditch, decoke the engines or repair the lights.

After managing to convince a very sceptical Trade Test Board that I knew my stuff I passed on to the real job . . . balloons. We studied wire and rope, fabric work, balloon handling and drill, flying the gas-bags, winch driving, balloon theory and mathematics—of which there was very little, thank goodness. Our waking hours were spent handling on the tackle, lugging innumerable sand bags, putting the balloon up to point of attachment and bedding it down again, making countless grommets, splices, becketts, handling guys, patches of all kinds, learning how to gas-up, repair, roll and inspect our 60-foot airships. There were dozens of knots, lengths and settings to be learned, and the more interesting jobs such as flying the balloons in the open, transferring them to new sites across rivers, railways and buildings, until we wearied of the sight of those ungainly "bags". But—like the driving course—it finally came to an end and there was the usual enquiring set of officers called the "board" to face once more. This was in August 1939 and war was very near. Maybe that influenced the board, for after asking any amount of very embarrassing questions, they said, "Right Rumney, you're a balloon operator". The same night the war had become almost certain and we were divided up into bunches of six and posted straight away to our war stations. Being as usual an unlucky cuss, I drew Liverpool, in which city I duly arrived on Friday, Sept. 1st. Without any ceremony we were hurried off to the balloon centre, a brand new camp outside Liverpool and detailed to our jobs, two to inflate the balloons on the war sites, two to take charge at the camp issuing gear, etc., and the remaining two to fetch gas from the plant some thirty miles away. We soon found that we were the only six on the station who had ever seen a balloon, let alone handle one, and so began a week's hard graft.

The two of us inflated and flew ninety-eight balloons that week, with green crews, which left us pretty tired. I quit about four o'clock the following Friday and turned in to sleep in a goods truck at one of the dockyard sites—and was promptly awakened at six by the news that half our barrage was burned out by

lightning. So the old grind started afresh.

These conditions went on for some three months until we had a few of the crews fairly well trained, and a few more skilled men had been sent from the balloon school. We lived any place, public houses, warehouses, empty dwellings, tents, railway cars, as long as we were near the site, and fed ourselves the best we could.

Luckily we had no trouble from Jerry in those trying months, and by the end of the year we had every balloon fully manned with a crew that knew its stuff. Then the fun began. Our first raid was viewed in comparative comfort as it was in Birkenhead across the Mersey, but I'll admit it shook us somewhat. Then we began to get our own private raids. I never really knew what was going on in those first raids. There was so much to do and so much noise and excitement, besides it was like every new thing, a novelty. We would compare our craters with everybody else's, and find, of course, that ours were far the best. We used to collect shrapnel and incendiary bombs that had failed to go off. But as the raids grew frequent and a darn sight more intense, we just settled down to keeping the balloons flying at all costs, and it cost us plenty. The crew we had one night was seldom in full force by the morning, for, no mistake, we got it hot on the dock side. Streets disappeared over night and everywhere was covered in glass. It used to be a morbid form of amusement to gamble on how long each balloon site would hold out.

There wasn't much we could do about things either. We ran a soup kitchen during the day and helped to dig out the buried people at nights, or anything that turned up in the locality.

Then there were different types of balloons brought out at intervals for

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greater height. Our standard balloons only reached the height of 6000 feet. It was no joke driving the winch during a raid—you can't hear the bombs dropping, and when you can hear them it's time to start thinking, and thinking fast.

The balloons had to be hauled down once a day for inspection, topping up, repairs, etc., and we were getting very adept at building huts, washrooms, etc., by our second year.

We have always had to work under the stigma of "Pansie Boys" and back-line soldiers, but we were doing a job and taking any amount of punishment. Anyway, after two years I thought maybe I could do a bit more so I applied for aircrew. But I often wish I was back on the balloons. They were hectic, happy days, fine weather or rough, and as long as the order is "Pay out on winch" there will be balloonatics there to pay out.

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PICTON — PHONE 6



GUNNERY GOSSIP

Well, well, readers, here we go again to bring to light a few of the choice tid-bits in the line of news which have occurred in gunnery since the last edition went to press. We have now two ace dispatchers in our front office, "Bonnie" Eberle and "Tiny" Petite. They are, as all the boys know the only two dispatchers that gunnery ever had that make our windmill jockeys line up to sign the sheets. Under the expert guidance of L.A.C. Prefontaine these two girls of the R.C. A.F. (W. D.) are really "on the beam". Gunnery Flight was the butt of quite a few remarks owing to the fact that in the previous edition it was brought to light that we washed an aircraft belonging to an adjacent flight. We might say however, that it was not wasted effort however, as it gave that flight the only really clean aircraft they have had since flying was inaugurated here. It was their sad lot to learn the intricacies of the Battle when one day they needed two aeroplanes for camera gun exercises. It took all of their ground crew, aircrew and ping pong experts to bring one out on the line not to mention a certain corporal "Slim" by name, directing operations on the tractor. Apparently main mag. switches are a panel ornament on an A. 17 A. as some difficulty was encountered by them when they tried to start them.

John Clark Shaffer, our O/C evidently finds the waters adjacent to this Station excellent for fishing. No doubt it takes quite a few West Virginia minnows to fill a creel in comparison to the catches he has been talking about. No doubt he is going to continue on into the winter months as his cottage remains as open as a home-steader's would in the "Friendly Hills of West Virginia".

All of potential pilots that were here on tarmac duty have left for their training at I.T.S. Might we say that we wish them all the luck in the world and that efforts such as theirs continued on their course will bring them out on top. Since gunnery seems to be the target for navigation problems it might be well to mention that a certain budding operational squadron seems to have had its troubles on its return

trip from Mont Joli but the old adage still holds true that experience is the best teacher. No doubt a great deal will have been learned from this cross country.

F/O Rutherford says: "Orchids to Bombing Flight for their excellent co-operation in the use of an Anson at different times to familiarize our new pilots with the exact position of gunnery lines. Might we add that it might help considerably if other pilots connected with these lines learned at the beginning also and save harmless anglers off the shores at Rochester considerable inconvenience.

Well we will wind up our gossip now for this month but will be right in their pitching again next month. —GUNNERY GUS.

NEWS FROM WORKS AND BRICKS

Works and Bricks really took a beating this past week when most of the Service Personnel (carpenters, electricians, plumbers and firemen) were posted to the new No. 1 Construction Unit. Most of these boys had been on this Station for the past year and their mass exodus was a severe blow to the Unit.

★ ★ ★
Pop Goodwin (our veteran carpenter) was heard, loudly bemoaning the fact he was being sent a few thousand miles farthed from his home. Never mind Pop, the war won't last forever.

★ ★ ★
Johnny Walker, the boss carpenter, since he has lost all his carpenters, has been working like a Trojan, result — many bruised and battered fingers. Never mind Johnny the painters have lots of putty and plastic wood, just in case you make any slop-overs.

★ ★ ★
Congratulations are due to Bill Leyland, on receiving his third hook, this is one lad we all like to see get ahead as he is one swell egg.

★ ★ ★
What fatal power has our new typist that she can get a certain Flight Sgt. to polish all her buttons, etc. Come, come flighty, you're a big boy now.

★ ★ ★
If our W. D. typist could grab herself a handful of stars, she could make a swell American flag. she has enough stripes hanging around the office now.

QUIZ PROGRAM

\$5.00 question:
What complicated femme trouble has our Corporal Painter in Belleville?

\$10.00 question:
Why does our rotund little clerk spend so much time in Picton? (you wolf).

Double or nothing:
Why does a certain Sgt. blush and stammer when asked what he did for excitement, while at Manning Pool?

\$20.00 question:
Why does our Master Craftsman, Larry Anderson spend so much time painting in Hut 14, much to Gower's chagrin?

\$40.00 question:
Why oh why, won't Gower get a haircut, is it his religion or the 25c. Oscar Prize?

If storks bring babies, what the H--l brings Flt/Sgts?
Well cheer up folks, though Col. Manhard has lost most of his men, he is still capable of fulfilling your demands.

Our new Works foreman is slowly betting grey haired, its no snap to look after the work to be done on a place as large as Mt. View. Never mind Jim, the fellows are with you 100 per cent.

—K.M.G.

BACK TO THE STARS AND STRIPES

A couple of months ago, a movement got under way, a movement to transfer back to the United States Armed Forces, all those U.S. citizens then serving in the Royal Canadian Air Force, who so desired. No doubt you will remember this.

We have been fortunate in securing from Flt/Lt. G. E. Wilson of the Accounts Section, a first-hand account of this function. Flt/Lt. Wilson was chosen by Ottawa, as Senior Accountant Officer R.C.A.F., of the Joint Canadian and

American Military Board and along with some nine other R. C. A. F. representatives, set out on May 6th, 1942, on a tour that would take them from coast to coast. The purpose being to interview and transfer on the spot all applicants desiring such a transfer.

From May 6th., to June 3rd., the special train, of 15 cars, called at pre-appointed centres across the Dominion, stopping only long enough to clear the applicants from the district covered by that centre. A total of 13 centres were visited and an average of 2 days spent at each one.

The comparatively short time in which this undertaking was accomplished, would show that plenty of hard work and long hours were put in by the board, and after interviewing some 2,000 applicants, it is no wonder that Flt/Lt. Wilson is glad to get his feet back on terra-firma and to get into a real bed for a change. Practically the whole trip was spent on the train, eating, sleeping and working, but a little entertainment, bathing facilities and various other arrangements for the personnel, were provided by certain of the Command Headquarters and Units at the interviewing centres across Canada.

At this time, to the members of Uncle Sam's Armed Forces whom before their transfer, were stationed here at Mountain View, we extend every wish for their continuous good health and the best of luck, whether in the U. S. Army, Navy or Marines.

—MERT

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**DIFFICULTIES OF AN OIL
MAN ON A SERVICE
STATION**
or
"Security Guard Efficiency"

A fellow arrived at Mountain View
An oil man from the West,
With a little hair upon his head
And much less on his chest.

For he was of the timid type
Reserved at any hour,
Whose knees would fairly click a
tune
When challenged from the tower.

No need to feel that way some said
In the mess be gay and free,
For you were once with the C.F.A.
And before that R.M.C.

But we won't go into that just now
For those are days gone by,
The present is the thing that counts
Like the "Battles" in the sky.

I came and saw the Adjutant
After much this and that,
Just take a chair and be at ease
In room nine hang your hat.

Well that was fine 'till lunch time
came
Which gnawed the middle section,
No Adjutant in and no C. O.
They were having a cursed inspec-
tion.

Then sunshine came as steps drew
near,
Here's a meal alright, I'll wager,
A gruff voice said 'Who do you
want?'

'Twas the Station Sergeant Major.
I explained my case as best I could
He had no words to spare,
He took me to the Sergeants' mess
And kindly said 'Sit there'.

Next day I tried the Officers' mess
'Hey, where you going?' one said,
'I'm looking for Flight Lieutenant
McKee',

I could have punched his head.
I took a chair a bit upset
For I was taken aback,
Then everything just worked out
fine,
By a smiling Mister Dack.

For two days then, all was serene,
I roomed in number nine,
The meals were great, the fellows
swell,
I knew I'd like it fine.

When all at once I struck a snag,
'Hey what are you doing in there?'
Came bellowing from a portly chap
Who was 'Red' to the roots of his
hair.

Let that describe my first few days
'Till things got really hard,
For I was never left in peace
By the damned Security Guard.

They stopped me days, they stopped
me nights,
I was always in the beam,
They halted me so many times
'Twas like a flatfoot's dream.

When I had been here just a week
A well-preserved gent said
'Have you had your fingers printed
And a photo of your head?'

If not make haste to fotog,
All civies must go there,
He was quite polite, a maiden's
dream,
Handsome, pink cheeked, fair hair.

I hustled down to No. 6
There were questions asked galore,
Was your grandfather's nose always
askew
Or did he catch it in a door?

To an oil man coming from the West
Those questions sounded wrong,
For my mother's eyes were never
blue
And she didn't wear a sarong.

By more explaining to the chief
I was again set free,
Everything went along OK,
'Till the night guards spotted me.

Stop! Don't move! It's you I mean,
I was nearly scared to death,
For I had heard of an O.O. once
Who was almost minus breath.

Just walk this way, I don't know you,
Came thundering from the tower,
I trudged along through long, wet
grass
And I think my milk turned sour.

I came across a pumpman first
Who said 'Did you want me?'
'Hell no', I said. 'There's a guy up
there
Who will not let me be.

Out came my pass for the ump-
teenth time,
Now dog-eared at the corners,
But that's the easy thing to do
If one does not want mourners.

And so it goes, six weeks have pass-
ed,
They've put me to the test,
Some know me just as 'that gas
man',
Some 'The oil man from the West'.

My work is now made easy,
I used to think it hard,
But what I often dread the most
Is the changing of the guard.

Her Old Man—"Young man, what
do you mean by bringing Dorothy
home at six in the morning?"
Charlie—"Well, my gosh! I have
to be at work at seven."

**NEVER WAS SO MUCH
OWED BY SO FEW**

or
\$ TAXES - TAXES - TAXES \$

Time: The present.
Scene: The Officer's Mess.
Topic: One Guess.

What is the trouble? Are we los-
ing the war? A fatal crash? Drinks
cut off? — No? Well all this ex-
cited chatter must surely mean
faces, why they mark nothing short
of a catastrophe. Let's sit in and
see what we can hear. "Income
Tax". "National Defence Tax"
"Can't do it", "It can't be true",
"It isn't humane", "Let's Resign",
"Let's revert to the ranks", "In-
come Tax", "National Defence
Tax".

Ah — now we see the light. It is
a quiet (?) discussion about the
new budget. As we understand it,
(and we don't) the (NFL) commis-
sioned officers are taking a bit of
the well known "beating" under
the new tax regulations and we
gather, they don't like it. Well,
would you? Before you answer, let
me outline for you an example or
two. Then give me your honest
opinion:

Example 1.

A Flying Officer (non flying list)
Single. His net income is \$1187.98
after deducting Taxes and War
Savings at \$637.02, whereas:—
A Flight Sergeant, "A" Group
Net Income is \$1186.25.

A Flying Officer (non-flying list)
Married with 1 Dependent. His
net income is \$1845.75 after de-
ducting Taxes and Savings at
\$663.25, whereas:—
A Flight Sergeant, Married with
one Dependent. His net income
is \$1750.25.

Example 2.

A Squadron Leader (non-flying
list) Single. His net income is
\$1693.23 after deducting Taxes
and Savings at \$1136.52. Where-
as:—
A Warrant Officer Class 1, Single.
His net income is \$1806.75.

Now what do you think of it?

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ON YOUR
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BOYCE**

**GARAGE SERVICE
AND
NU-BLUE SUNOCO**

How about you Major and you
Flight? I guess we have a few N.
C. O.'s who have now found hap-
piness in the service.

Latest reports from the front
show that some of the commis-
sion-chasing N. C. O.'s have quietly
dropped to the rear and have taken
up positions with a new desire—to
hold their own.

So every time you see an officer
hard at work, just stop and think,
he is doing something that very
few people have yet accomplished.
He is working like the very devil,
to make enough money for the
Government to pay him the follow-
ing month.

Are you happy in the service?
—MERT.

Did Anyone Ask "Who is Joe?"

Incomes of officers in the R.C.A.F. — Non-Flying List — showing net
cash available after taxes and savings compared with incomes of General
List Officers and Senior N.C.O.'s.

	General List		Non-Flying List		N.C.O.'s	
	Net Income	Gross Income	Tax and Saving	Net Income	Rank	Income
F/O—Single	\$2555.00	\$1825.00	\$ 637.02	\$1187.98	F/Sgt. "A"	\$1186.25
Married (no dep'ts) ..	3095.00	2365.00	887.07	1477.93	"	1606.25
Married (1 dep't)	3383.00	2509.00	663.25	1845.75	"	1750.25
F/L—Single	3102.50	2372.50	883.40	1489.10	WO2 "A"	1405.25
Married	3702.50	2972.50	988.16	1983.34	"	1825.00
Married (1 dep't)	3846.50	3116.50	954.96	2161.54	"	1969.00
Married (3 dep'ts)	3910.50	3260.50	795.52	2464.98	"	2321.00
S/L—Single	3558.75	2829.75	1136.52	1693.23	WO1 "A"	1806.75
Married	4218.75	3489.75	1244.89	2244.86	"	2286.75
Married (1 dep't)	4362.75	3632.75	1211.77	2420.98	"	2430.75

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TRAINING WING

Its Purpose and Its Function.

By W/C M. D. LISTER

In recent issues of the paper the historical background of both the Air Armament School and No. 6 B & G School have been set forth. It may be of interest therefore to review briefly the present association of these two units within the training wing of this station.

Training wing, for the benefit of the uninitiated, is comprised of several units, first, the two Ground Instructional Schools known locally as G.I.S. (Armament) and G.I.S. (Aircrew). Stripped of their camouflage these are none other than the Air Armament School and No. 6 B & G School respectively. Aiding and abetting the above there is the Air Training Squadron, a large and lusty group of men with wings, and finally that awful mouthful the "Armament Range and Marine Section" — a little band of intrepid pioneers. Over this sterling crew sits the Chief Instructor watching with deep satisfaction the steady flow of trainees of all types passing through the mill.

Time was when both the Air Armament School and No. 6 B. and G. School were self-contained, self-supporting units operating on this station. Under such an arrangement minor jealousies and friction were bound to arise. Therefore, in the true spirit of progress and of constructive thinking a policy of share and share alike was embarked upon. It has been rumoured that it was only after exhaustive study of our methods here that Mr Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt decided to abandon the Lease Lend and adopt a share and share alike policy for the United Nations. We feel confident that this was a wise decision on their part.

Under our present arrangements each Ground Instructional School controls its own pupils at all times. When air exercises are desired the O. C. Flying provides the necessary facilities and the course instructor brings his course to the Flight Crew room and shepherds them through their exercises. Several courses from both ground schools may be flying on different types of exercises at any time. The Armament Range and Marine section in addition to their many responsibilities in operating the ranges and maintaining the Armament equipment for the Air Training Squadron, also service and to a degree control all practical ground training equipment such as the 200 yd. Range, the 25 yd. Ranges, the light Beam gunnery trainers, turrets, and bombing tea-

chers. This equipment is at all times available for use and is allotted to individual classes by mutual arrangement between the two ground schools.

Our crises, and we do have crises, are for the most part minor affairs such as trying to get two classes from different schools on the same 25 yd. range at the same time or even more difficult trying to get two pupils in the same turret at once. Tremendous benefits have however, accrued from the pooling of our instructional turrets, ranges, bombing teachers and flying facilities. These items of equipment are as a result kept actively employed for the maximum amount of time possible each day.

For the successful operation of such an organization a true spirit of cooperation must exist not only amongst the officers commanding the various units and sections, but amongst every man within the organization. That such a spirit does exist is evidenced by the smooth operation and satisfactory results being achieved by the Training Wing.

ARMAMENT SECTION

WO Fraser has now joined "Al" Laverty at Scoudouc N. B., and is now Senior Armament Man on the station. Oh Boy, wish you luck and hope you like your new posting Major.

Cpl. Ivan Sherlock exchanged places with Cpl. Ketcheson from Paulson, Man., best of luck Ivan and don't jump off any leading edges.

J. L. White has received his discharge through illness. Here is for a speedy recovery, and good fortune in your civilian occupations.

At long last Austin has gone on a B. I. course, our excellent record is safe in his hands.

Weese, Spinks & Mitchell have decided to prove that two are able to live as cheaply as one — Congratulations and best of luck to you and yours.

Who was the armourer that assembled three Brownings in our section and found he had enough parts left over for a fourth gun.

Who always wants 30 extra "Joes" and then can't find enough work for them?

What price glory — on July 1st (Sports Day) Armament Section entered and won the following: Cribbage—Sand and Letis Checkers — Smith and Gosnell

Armourers headaches or backaches.

When there is a Station dance or movie — there is always a lecture or work on A/C at 1900 hrs.

When Sgt. Smith R. G. arrives at No. 1 hangar in a three ton truck.

At 1900 hrs. — just two more details.

Three Brownings for 25 yd. range at 1800 hrs.

Who is going to belt Ammo tonight?

Last but not least, Stevie is back with us after three months illness, and not Cpl. Stevens but now Sgt. Stevens, and anxious for work. Welcome back Stevie.

Congratulations to L. A. C. Mofat on winning the high jump on Sports Day.

GETTING POPULAR

I'm trying to explain it — my department is popular now — and it hasn't always been. I refer of course to the Airmen's Club and the Library. The change is astounding, like those advertising blurbs you read selling personality books such as: "I was a wall flower once. I read your book. Now I'm the life of the party" or "I used to have no friends, then I use your soap four times. Now I'm a Wow" or "Even my best friends wouldn't tell me anything but now I'm using your oral antiseptic and they tell me anything". Well, we've been some-

thing like that ever since we started. We did give out some books occasionally to the odd airman, (there are odd airmen you know) and some did come in and browse studiously around the shelves. There was the occasional request for this or that book and for this or that bit of information. That's the way it was, used to be, but look at us now.

The place isn't big enough to accommodate the crowds. The airmen are book conscious and the beggars are getting a thirst for knowledge. They want to know what authors we have, what books are worth reading. They can't seem to decide what they want; it takes them a great while to make a choice; they ask questions; they're interested. And let me tell you the reason in not that we've been reading personality books to get ourselves popular, and we haven't changed our brand of soap, and we're still sticking to the same brand of mouth wash.

Frankly I didn't understand it. The change took place suddenly, swiftly, startlingly. It began on Saturday June 20th. But after much cogitation, and as the result of a brilliant piece of reasoning I know I have now found the secret. It is this and please guard it well: We are popular now for three reasons and only three and do keep this under you hat — two of them are nineteen and the third is twenty.

The R. C. Padre.

"Spring are here
 Da boid is on da wing,
 Ain't dat absoid,
 I always t'ought
 Da wing was on da boid."

—"BALDY."

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DROGUE FLIGHT

News is scarce in this flight as there has been nothing but work happening around here. The well-known efficiency, cleanliness and clock-like precision of the Flight is still present however and has not been impaired by the almost continuous flying that has been our lot.

The Flight softball team has covered itself with glory by winning the only 3 games it has played. The licking handed out to the Armourers really had the boys talking to themselves. There had been so much malarkey (I would have liked to use another word) thrown out by the Armourers that we actually believed they were good. It was pitiful to see them, after 4 scoreless innings, crack under the strain and go all to pieces. The next game should be more even as we have lost 4 of our outstanding players. The boys feel that if we can borrow a couple of W. D.'s we will still be able to defeat the Armourers handily.

So much for fun and games. Here is something that we feel is serious. In the last issue of the "Station Family Journal" some person compiled what he called a "Short History of 6 Bombing and Gunnery School". Having been on the Station almost since No. 6 B. & G. was formed we were quite interested in the article. As we read on down the page however, our interest lessened and finally turned to disgust. Nowhere in the piece was there any mention of anything other than Armament and Armament instruction. The writer of the article must have been an armourer or an instructor whose thought and ideas were bound by the four walls of a classroom. There is no space for such lowly individuals as pilots or mechanics and such frivolous things as aircraft had no place whatever in the writer's scheme of things. Instead such people as the Ontario Grand Council of Rotarians and American newspaper men etc. were brought to the story. It was a case of the visitors receiving more honor than the men who do the real work. In writing this we are not aiming at any person or persons particularly but the article under fire is a true example of the smugness with which Armament as a whole regard the rest of the trades in the R. C. A. F. It is quite humorous at times, their oblivion to anything going on outside the school rooms but there are also times when something like this article crops up and nettles us and we feel like striking back. Taking everything into consideration we feel we are striking a blow for de-

mocracy by putting the writer on the pan.

We wish to extend our congratulations to the following drogue operators who have remustered to Air Gunners: L. A. C. Brokenshire, L. A. C. Peters, L. A. C. Smith, L. A. C. McFarlane, L. A. C. Nicholson, L. A. C. Birkbeck and L. A. C. Harrington. Most of the lads have between 300 and 400 flying hours to their credit and so should make a good showing in their new jobs.

Drogue Flight held their first annual clambake last evening (July 4) and it was an unqualified success. It wasn't exactly a clambake as there were definitely no clams present but whatever it was it made good in a big way. The affair was held at F/L Love's palatial summer residence on the shore of the Bay of Quinte near Rednersville. Through the courtesy of the Commanding Officer and the O. C. of the M. T. a bus was supplied and this kindness was greatly appreciated. The party developed into an old-fashioned fanning bee and happenings of the past were brought out and laughed over again and old friends were remembered and discussed. In short it was just a talk-fest with enough of the "Old and Bold" to put everyone in a jovial mood. It was the first one we have held but it will not be the last.

MUMBLINGS FROM MAINTENANCE

The boys from the backbone of the Station have at last been torn away from their path of duty and on July 1st were seen filling "details." It was heartening to see them literally tear themselves away from the "bone yard" and do battle for the honour of the section. If in some cases the "flesh" was weak the "spirit" was all there. Cpl. Cooper and Christie expended too many calories on heats and so were in the "also rans" — too bad. The team spirit which keeps the section running smoothly was very well demonstrated by our relay team and goes to show what can be done when we all pull together, "nice work fellas". Raven was practicing again and was as usual on the "jump", too bad some one was one better. Pete too, showed the right spirit even if the "shot" would not co-operate. Talk to it next time Pete. What was the new planet that astrologers discovered that day? It is whispered that Swindells was "pole vaulting". Nice work if you can "pole it".

Last but not least we must not forget our valiant "fakers" and their "rope trick". Nice pulling boys and nice coaching Mr. Shaw.

Cross country flying is becoming expensive these days, for further particulars ask "Hortense" Mont Joli is the richer from his visit literally and metaphorically.

Science has become a very popular hobby in two sections here. Both the Orderly Room and the Electrical Section have spent no little time and money in this direction. To date gravity has formed a substantial basis for study and both Cpl. Coffey and Jack Williams have found that it still works in a downward direction.

★ ★ ★

Sproule: Who is the father of all jokes?

Stock: I don't know. Who is it?
 Sproule: Pop Corn.

★ ★ ★

Galloway: Gee, I wish I were a tree.

Parent: Why?
 Galloway: Look at all the leaves I would have.

★ ★ ★

Richardson says the only way he can remuster is to eat a hot dog.

WELCOME TO THE WAAFS

Welcome to our Station
 We hope you're here to stay
 We'll try to do the best for you
 Every hour of the day.

I suppose you may be nervous
 With so many men about
 So in case you get ideas
 Just give me a shout.

I hope there is a cook among you
 One that can "keep 'em frying",
 If she will only strut her stuff
 We'll try to "keep 'em flying."

If you ever do get lonesome
 And think of the past with sorrow
 Just phone the instrument section
 And a beau you'll have tomorrow.

TO THE GUY ON THE GROUND

Lords of the Air, they call them;
 They speak of their glory and fame,
 The front page of every news sheet
 Is adorned with some pilot's name.

Connected with great deeds of Valour,
 Performed by these men of the sky
 The usual Heinkels and Dorniers,
 Come crashing to earth to die.

But there's one guy who gets no medals,
 His name has never known fame,
 He cannot boast of adventures,
 Or pose for girls, by his plane.

His job is not romantic,
 He's not in the public's eye
 But your heroes can't do without him,
 And I'll tell you the reason why:

He inspects the plane every morning,
 And fills up the tanks every night,
 He's up when daylight is dawning
 Has to work till the last thing at night;

Where there's work to be done you'll find him,
 You can bet your last penny he's there,
 His work is the work that matters,
 To the Crew, when they're in the air.

So next time you see a picture
 Of a pilot and a smiling crew,
 Remember the guy who keeps them above
 Though he's only A.C. 1 or 2.

And next time you praise a pilot,
 When the Huns fall a blazing wreck,

Have your mind on the guy in the background
 Who answers the name of Air Mech.

—By CPL. RULAND

HAVE YOU GOT WELLINGTONITIS?

Wellingtonitis is a definite disease, the symptoms of which are readily discernible. In the disease's most virulent form, be present at the Officers' mess shortly after five o'clock any night.

"Is there M. T. tonight?" queried one. "Lots of room tonight, I hope" interrogates another. "Say, Red, you come in at seven tomorrow". "Gee, can't I have a late detail for once?" complains the drill officer. "You had it this morning", barks the dispatcher.

Organizing ability is supposedly an ability of officer material, and this ability to organize has been fully demonstrated by the operation of the "Transportation Pool" of officer personnel living with their families at Wellington. Not only has it been arranged to save "Gas and Tires" for the car owners in a manner which if brought to the attention of the authorities would be highly commended, but transportation has been provided for such "car-have-nots" as F/L Gower, F/O Barrett, F/O Youngman, F/O Millen and Capt. Andrews.

Several have been mentioned as the originators of the idea, and the present arrangement is said to be the brain child of F/L Smith. However, this is vehemently denied in other quarters.

Good Food **Good Friends**
 MEET AT
 THE
ESQUIRE GRILL
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SPORTS DAY

(Continued from page 1)

battle from the very first ball pitched, and after coming out on the short end of an 11-8 verdict, the boys who look after all our goods etc., discovered grounds for requesting a replay. Representatives of both teams met with the Station Sports Committee the following day, ironed out their difficulties, and it was decided then and there that a replay of the game would be the fairest thing for both teams. Central Maintenance 'ran' away with the 4 man 440 yard relay, with Christie spiking them to their victory. The pole vault produced some good competition with Furste of Aircrew sailing over 9 ft. to take the verdict from Fortier of Headquarters. Moffat of T. W.



WOMEN'S HIGH JUMP —
AW.2 Charter, D. E., clears the bar.



SQDN. LDR. CRESSWELL
ON THE JOB.

won the high jump with a clear 5' leap, and had the meet not been pressed for time it was the general consensus of opinion that he could have pushed it up higher.

The Dunlap Trophy was presented by the Commanding Officer on Friday July 3rd and was accepted by S/L Ralphs on behalf of the Air Armament School who are undisputed Station Champions. The meet proved one thing, that such afternoons are definitely well spent, and that there should, and no doubt will be, more in the future.



POLE VAULT

TRACK EVENTS

TIME or Distance	EVENT	WINNERS:
44' 3"	Shot Put.....	1. Lundy, G.I.S. (Arm) 2. Roach, G.I.S. (Air) 3. Robertson, G.I.S. (Arm)
5'	High Jump.....	1. Moffat, T. W. 2. Underwood, G.I.S. (Air) 3. Raven, C. M.
9'	Pole Vault.....	1. Furste, G.I.S. (Air) 2. Fortier, Headquarters. 3. Grant, G.I.S. (Arm)
16' 4 1/4"	Running Broad.....	1. Russell, G.I.S. (Arm) 2. Edwards, C. M. 3. Morris, G.I.S. (Air)



MAINTENANCE TUG OF WAR TEAM — THE WINNERS

8' 11"	Standing Broad.....	1. Baillie, G.I.S. (Arm) 2. Warner, G.I.S. (Air) 3. McNeill, G.I.S. (Air)
	Sack Race.....	1. Morgan, G.I.S. (Air) 2. Hannah, G.I.S. (Arm) 3. Usherwood, G.I.S. (Air)
	Hop, Step and Jump.....	1. Hannah, G.I.S. (Arm) 2. Iles, Headquarters 3. McDonald, G.I.S. (Arm)
54.3 sec.	440 Relay Race.....	1. Team, C.M. 2. Team, T.W. 3. Team, G.I.S. (Air)
	Three Legged Race.....	1. Romborough, G.I.S. (Arm) 2. Devens, G.I.S. (Air) 3. Brearley, G.I.S. (Air)
10.2 sec	90-yard Dash.....	1. Horsley, G.I.S. (Arm) 2. Christie, C.M. 3. Naylor, G.I.S. (Arm)
12.8 sec.	110-yard Dash.....	1. Horsley, G.I.S. (Arm) 2. Parker, C.M. 3. Russell, G.I.S. (Arm)
	Tug of War.....	1. Team, C.M. 2. Team, G.I.S. (Air) 3. Team, G.I.S. (Arm)
	Officers' Age Handicap.....	1. Mulcahey, Headquarters 2. Gregory, Headquarters 3. Breckenridge, G.I.S. (Arm)
	Senior N.C.O.'s Wt. Handicap..	1. Maybe, G.I.S. (Arm) 2. Hannah, G.I.S. (Arm) 3. Sims, Headquarters
	Softball Throw.....	1. Rupert, G.I.S. (Air) 2. Merritt, G.I.S. (Arm) 3. Harvey, G.I.S. (Air)

SWIMMING MEET

28.3 sec.	50-yard Free Style.....	1. Cairns, G.I.S. (Air) 2. Brown, G.I.S. (Arm) 3. Johnson, G.I.S. (Arm)
15.5 sec.	25-yard Back Stroke.....	1. Cairns, G.I.S. (Air) 2. Galinsky, G.I.S. (Arm) 3. Romborough, G.I.S. (Arm)
63.5 sec.	100-yard Crawl.....	1. St. Aubin, G.I.S. (Arm) 2. Galinsky, G.I.S. (Arm) 3. Grantt, G.I.S. (Arm)
2.32 min.	200-yard Crawl.....	1. St. Aubin, G.I.S. (Arm) 2. Gunn, G.I.S. (Air) 3. Grant, G.I.S. (Arm)
40' 6"	Long Plunge.....	1. McLaglen, Headquarters 2. Roach, G.I.S. (Air) 3. Brown, G.I.S. (Arm)
54 sec.	100-yard Relay.....	1. Team, G.I.S. (Air) 2. Team, G.I.S. (Arm)

FINAL STANDING

FirstG.I.S. (Arm).....	91 points
SecondG.I.S. (Air).....	62 points
ThirdHeadquarters	24 points
FourthCentral Maintenance.....	20 points
FifthTraining Wing	9 points

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BELLEVILLE SOFTBALL ASSOCIATION SCHEDULE SECOND HALF

- July 3—Army and Navy at Reliance (Fair Grounds).
- " 4—Stephens - Adamson at Bristol.
- " 6—5 ITS at Esquire Jrs. (7 innings) 6.15.
Bristol at Army & Navy (7).
Reliance at Mt. View.
- " 8—Mt. View at 5 ITS (7) 6.15.
Esquire Jrs. at Army & Navy (7).
- " 9—Bristol at Reliance.
- " 10—Stephens - Adamson at Esquire Jrs.
- " 13—Esquire Jrs. at Bristol.
Stephens - Adamson at Mt. View.
- " 15—5 ITS at Army & Navy.
- " 17—Mt. View at Bristol (7) 6.15.
Reliance at Stephens - Adamson (7).
- " 18—Army & Navy at Stephens-Adamson.
- " 20—Bristol at 5 ITS (7) 6.15.
Mt. View at Esquire Jrs. (7).
- " 1—Esquire Jrs. at Reliance.
- " 22—Reliance at 5 ITS.
Army & Navy at Mt. View
- " 24—5 ITS at Stephens - Adamson.

Note — All home games of Reliance will be played at Reliance park, unless otherwise stated.
All home games of Mt. View will be played at Mt. View.
The first games of double-headers to commence at 6.15, the second game immediately after.
All games scheduled as double-headers will be 7 innings.
All single games to commence at 7 p. m. and 9 innings to be played.
The cost of doubleheaders will be shared by the two home teams.

G.I.S. (ARMAMENT)

Mr. Wareham has been with the A.A.S. for nearly two years and during that time he has made friends not only with the staff but the S.A.I.'s and B.I.'s to whom he has given instruction.

Mr. Wareham has been with the R.A.F. since 1923 and has spent time in Iraq and Northern India. He has been in Canada for over two years and during that time most of the S.A.I.'s and B.I.'s have received the theory of bombing from him.

His recent promotion was welcomed news to his friends in the school. Following closely on his promotion came his appointment to his new work, that of "visiting flight".

He will be working under S/L Erickson, former O.C. of S.A.I.'s at A.A.S. Although his work will take him away from the school this station will still be his headquarters.

We can anticipate the pleasure in store for you, Mr. Wareham, on your travelling across Canada and also the pleasure your former S.A.I.'s and B.I.'s will have in meeting you again.

The school extends congratulations to you on your recent promotion to Warrant Officer First Class. Our good wishes will go with you on your visits to other stations and a welcome will await you on your return.

The following S.A.I.'s have returned to the fold: Sgt. Hook from MacDonald, Man.; Sgt. Hall from Jarvis, Ont.; Sgt. Corbell from Mont Joli, Que. We welcome you back to the school and hope your stay with us will be pleasant and promotions rapid.

The following instructors have been taken on strength in the

school: Sgt. Hooke, J. W.; Sgt. Corbell; Sgt. Hall, L. C.; Sgt. Sills, R. C.; Cpl. Howse.

F/Sgt. Perks has been placed in charge of the Plotting Office. We wish you every success in your new work.

Congratulations are extended to F/Sgt. Harvey on his recent promotion.

Three courses graduated from the school this last week-end. The following men obtained first position standing in their respective classes: L.A.C. Davis, No. 11 Gunnery Instructors.

A.C.2 Hutchins, No. 10 Armourers (Guns).

A.C.2 Chisholm, No. 14 Armourers (Bombs).

The best of luck and success is extended to all the airmen leaving for their new station.

A welcome is extended to the newcomers to the school and we hope their stay on the station will be profitable and enjoyable.

We are sorry to say farewell to the following members of our staff: Cpl. Dunn, who has remustered to air crew; A.C. Russell who has received posting to Penfield Ridge. We wish them every success in their new work.

Credit for the good showing the G.I.S. (Armament) put up on Field Day was largely due to organization and management of F/Sgt. Mayble. Good work, "Punchy".

Congratulations are extended to P/O E. N. Vrooman on his recent promotion to the rank of a Commissioned Officer in Education.

His civilian education and experiences has fitted him for this position. He graduated from the University of Manitoba in 1936 with a B.Sc. and the following year he completed his training at Normal School. The next three years he gained experience in pedagogy in a high school in Manitoba.

Since joining the air force in 1940 he has successfully completed the armourers' and S.A.I. courses. Further experience has been gained while teaching at No. 3 B. and G., Macdonald; No. 5 B. and G., Dafoe;

and No. 1 Armament Training School at Mountain View.

The experience he has obtained in the last number of years, combined with his ability to think in a scientific manner, will aid him greatly in making a success in the Educational Branch of the Air Force. We will no doubt be hearing of his accomplishments in the future.

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BROTHER: CAN YOU SPARE A DIME?

By F/Lt. ROBERT MCCOMBE

The night after the new budget appeared in the papers and following a very enlightening conversation with Flight Lieutenant Wilson of Accounts I slept very soundly, probably because I felt numb all over. I had been shaken to the teeth, the world was indeed a gloomy place, and I felt very sorry for myself. The next night, however, the numbness had worn off and I slept fitfully. Maybe it was the dill pickles and the beer, maybe just the aftermath of a great shock, but that matters not, the point is I did sleep fitfully and had dreams and visions.

Now there is quite a difference between a dream and a vision. A dream is something that is usually very pleasant and very unlikely to happen such as a Non Flying List Officer becoming a Group Captain, whereas a vision is generally something most unpleasant that is very likely to happen such as the bailiff coming and demanding the furniture. And so on that night of fitful slumber I had a vision and it is of this that I would tell you.

I had awakened from a deep non-alcoholic sleep to find myself in a hayfield immediately behind a farm from which came a variety of odors, a blended combination of cattle, pigs, dirty washing, and an outside plumbing job that tottered on the verge of collapse. I sat up and viewed my surroundings with considerable interest and then suddenly realized that whatever I was sitting on was soft, warm, and comfortable. Realization of what it was came slowly, for it was a carpet deep and thick, and then I nearly ceased to believe for there also was the golden lamp. Yes, it was true it must be it was the magic carpet. "Chum" said I to myself "are we going to have ourselves a time."

Vaguely I searched my memory for those magic words that would call forth the Genie from the golden lamp. Think as I would the words wouldn't come. Bye and bye I got pretty fed up with thinking and also with the smell of the farm so I took up the golden lamp and said "Come on you dope, get out of it and let's get going", and before I had finished speaking there stood the Genie. He bowed low and said "What would my Master command?". "I would command" I said "that you right smartly get this carpet and me and the lamp and yourself the hell out of this stink".

"Master", said the Genie, "have you signed yon Flight Authorization Book?", at the same time pointing to a book that I had to then not noticed, lying on one end of the carpet.

"Never mind the blasted book", I said. "Let's get going". The Genie looked about as friendly as a Sergeant Major on parade. "Not so fast Master" he said in a deep bass voice. "Yon Flight Authorization Book must be signed or this carpet

stays on the ground, and furthermore" said the Genie looking scornfully at my tattered uniform, "I see you have no wings. If you are not General List you may not fly that carpet".

By now I was a bit browned off at the Genie and didn't feel like wasting time and words so I just said, "Listen Chum, you get this carpet going or you shall spend the rest of your life in yon sweet smelling backhouse", "Master" said the Genie, "you win the draw," and forthwith we sailed away into the blue.

It was pleasant indeed sailing along and breathing fresh air as farm and field and lake passed below. It was pleasant, but I had a thought. Could it not be still more pleasant. "Come dope" said I and out popped the Genie, bowed low and said "Master, what doest thou command?" "I doest command breakfast" said I, "and by the way thou mayest start same with a triple Collins." "Even so Master" said the Genie and there, in my hand, was the Collins. Beside me in the carpet lay the breakfast and it looked like hash. "Genie" said I, "is this mess hash?" "Even so Master" replied the Genie, "it is hash. The cook is on a forty eight and besides bacon and eggs are for General List only." Just then below me appeared a Fleet, yet a Fleet, and on it was the rondell.

I was a bit perplexed. The war had been over some time and at such an early hour as this planes should not be there, but there it was and coming in below me. I drank up my Collins and called for another as I pondered the situation, but I was baffled. "Genie" said I, "what is yon aircraft doing at this hour?" "The explanation is easy Master" the Genie replied, "It is but a General List Officer from Headquarters completing his Sequence 31. When the war finished some of them were short and they gave them time to catch up". Inspiration came upon me, the hash. It was a direct hit. I felt much better and called after the departing Fleet "Well that pays for one month I had no beer".

Familiar landmarks appeared, Consec, the Bay of Quinte, Trenton, and then Mountain View. I commanded the Genie to fly low that I might see better just what went on. There was little activity except at No. 4 Hangar where the contractors at long last had finally got around to fixing up the floor. Even as they worked, KOLINSKY and SON, "Dealers in Junk" were pulling down the beams. It was a heartening sight. Policy had not changed, indeed we had won the war.

Perhaps it was the crisp air of morning, perhaps it was my breakfast, but I felt elated, the urge to travel was upon me. "Genie" I said, "we shall travel west. We shall follow the trail of the P & O". "Indeed Master" replied the Genie "so shall it be" and we headed for Kapuskasing.

We passed over Trenton and a shiver went down my spine. It was the feeling one has on entering a

mausoleum. It was, no doubt, just a fleeting remembrance of the Mess.

Soon we were over Kapuskasing and again we flew low. There were two aircraft there, yellow ones, and they looked familiar. "Genie, what might those aircraft be doing there?" I said. "Master, they are but Ansons of the P & O, grounded for engine modification". "But Genie" said I, "where are the rest?". "O Master, they never got away. Those two you see here escaped from Mountain View between signals".

Westward I cheerfully swizzled my way, Winnipeg, Lethbridge and then we soared over the mountains, dropped down to Vancouver, and landed in the gathering dusk at Stanley Park. I carefully rolled up the carpet and hid it, put the bee on the Genie for five sawbucks, and bade him return to his lamp, which I hid in an old stump. This done I sallied forth and thumbed my way to the corner of Grenville and Hastings.

It was good to be back in Vancouver again and better still to have some money in my pocket, the first since September 1942. I would eat, drink and be merry, I would even go to a hotel without fear of sudden ejection. It was an idea. So to the largest and best hotel I made my way.

The doorman looked at me with grave suspicion and open distaste. It struck me I should have got some new clothes from the Genie. Oh well, too late now, and after all what did it matter. After being a Non Flying List Officer for years one expected to be pushed around. But now let them try. I had dough again.

As I stood rubbernecking in the lobby I noticed a large man, well dressed, the height of fashion, with the look of wealth and well being,

leave the elevator. He seemed familiar, very familiar, indeed it was none other than a G. L. Squadron Leader from Mountain View. Behind him, sagging under a mountain of baggage struggled another familiar face, so help me it was Gwynne Timothy. He looked old and angry. I approached them and bid them good evening.

The Squadron leader regarded me with the look of one pursued by wolves. "No," he said before I had a chance to say a word, "I can't lend you anything". "They're all like that" said Gwynne Timothy, "gun shy as hell". The Squadron Leader paid his bill, tipped Gwynne a dime and departed in a welter of wealth.

"How's business Timmy?" I asked. "Are you happy smashing baggage?" "No" said Timmy. "I'm not, but I have to make a living and I haven't finished paying my taxes yet. Sometimes I don't do so bad. Last week Sergeant Major Garrepy was here; best room in the house and he tipped me a dollar when he left. Trouble is the income tax people heard of it and now I'm up for evasion."

"Come Timmy" I said, "let's get out of here but first take off those clothes. You look like a circus horse". "Sorry" said Timmy. "I can't. They're all I have".

We went out and ate and drank and I told him of the carpet and the lamp. "You're drunk, McCombe," he said. "In fact you are more drunk than usual. I also think you are off your rocker. Carpet—lamp—Genie. Nuts!"

We took a taxi and went to Stanley Park and then began a search the like of which I never want to have to go through again. We fell in ponds, we fell in the sea, we fell in flower gardens and in thorn bushes and through it all I was

(Continued on page 18)

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ENTERTAINMENT

A very successful dance was held on July 2 at Mountain View. Representatives of the Belleville Hospitality Club and St. Michael's Hospitality Club were among the guests with their officers. Young ladies were also present from Wellington. This dance was the first since the arrival on the station of a group of members of the R.C.A.F. (Women's Division) and these very charming young ladies, smart in their trim uniforms, were a welcome addition to the party.

Arranged by a committee including F/Lt. Mulcahey, Messrs. Urban Hughes and Tom Rathwell, K. of C. supervisors who acted as masters of ceremonies for the evening, the dance introduced many interesting features. The Mountain View Sky-liners gave an excellent dance program under the leadership of F/Sgt. Stokes. The conga line, the snake dance, moon waltzes, novelty and prize dances, added to the enjoyment of the guests. The door prizes, the lucky tickets being drawn by Miss Jean Shorey, were won by Miss Jean Ostrander and LAC. Fraser, while the tickets drawn by Mrs. R. A. Flynn were those of Miss Estella Burkett and LAC. Doug. MacNeill. The spot dance was won by Miss Pauline McAuley and AC1 Webber.

Refreshments were served after which dancing continued until shortly after midnight. On behalf of the committee, Mr. Hughes expressed appreciation to the guests from the Hospitality Clubs for their graciousness in attending the dance, and thanked the orchestra for their very fine music which ensured the success of the evening.

Boy, those W.D. can also dance.
F/Lt. Sommerville can come to our dance any time he likes.
Who stole Jack Boyd's girl?

★ ★ ★

We take pleasure here in introducing our new Knights of Columbus representatives, yes, there are two of them and they are the best. Meet Urb Hughes formerly of No. 6 I. T. S., Toronto, and Tom Rathwell, formerly of the S. F. T. S. in Brandon. These two gentlemen come to us with the highest possible recommendations, and the first thing we knew they were knee deep in our Track and Field Day and Swimming Meet, and on the following evening operated about the best Airmen's Dance to be seen on this Station in many a day. When these lads go after something they do it up in big league style, and it certainly augers well for the future activities on this Station. Urb, as he wants to be known to all of you here, is a former officer of the old R.F.C., holding the rank of Lieutenant in the last show, and our blond menace Rathwell has carved quite a name for himself in swimming circles throughout Canada, taking time off to play hockey with such teams as the Winnipeg Monarch Juniors, Miami Florida Clippers, and many others. So, if you see these two soldiers in civvies, don't hesitate in making yourself known to them, as you will discover two good friends.

Ike—"Where've you been?"
Mike—"In a phone booth talking to my girl but someone wanted to use the phone so we had to get out."

A VISIT TO NORWAY

Impressions of a Three Week Tour in Peace Time.

By P/O E. C. HAYES

The motor ship Venus glides slowly from her berth at Newcastle and heads down the Tyne towards the open sea—and so we set out for a three week tour of Norway.

This ship, one of the fastest of modern motor vessels, does the trip from Newcastle to Bergen three times each week in peace time, and after twenty-six hours steaming we are in sight of the rugged Norwegian coast. The view is exquisite, with myriad rocky islets, crowned with lighthouses, rising from the sea.

Bergen has a splendid natural harbour with great mountains towering behind. Disembarking, we take a taxi, over the cobbled streets, to the hotel which is very modern. University students, working their way through college, are often employed in hotels and we find that they, and a surprising number of other Norwegians, speak excellent English. It is a language taught in all the schools.

One of the mountains behind Bergen is Mt. Thorje which we ascend by funicular railway. A hotel stands on the summit from which a panoramic view of the Bergen district can be obtained.

Most of our travelling in Norway is done by steamer. Small steamers take the place of bus services and it is a common sight to see people from isolated huts, rowing out to catch the steamer.

Everywhere one sees the extreme industry of the Norwegians. In this rocky country there is so little that scrap has to be utilized, even the cultivatable land that every small grass growing on the roofs of the houses is cut and garnered. Drying of hay is very difficult as the climate is so damp. Hay is hung on the wire fences and the corn is hung in bundles or tied on posts set up in the fields. As the summer advances the women of the villages take the cattle up the mountains, moving on as each patch of grass is eaten. These women live in stone huts during the summer and return to the villages as winter approaches.

A highlight of our tour was a series of visits to various glaciers which we would explore, continuing up them to the edge of the snow-fields. Returning south, we journeyed from Bergen to Islo, rightly considered, as far as scenery is concerned, one of the most spectacular railway journeys in Europe.

Throughout our visit to Norway we were impressed by the advanced culture of the Norwegian people. They let no difficulty stand in their way, and have made enormous strides in education, social service, industry, etc., in a country which, to a people less indomitable, would have presented endless setbacks. Having come to know these people only slightly, it is still sufficient to convince us that these intelligent, proud lovers of freedom, will never, willingly, bow to the Nazi yoke.

Ruth rode on my cycle car,
Directly back of me.
I hit a bump at sixty-five,
And rode on ruthlessly.

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POOR JOE (ARMOURER)

I joined the R.C.A.F., boys,
To help it win the war.
Before sunset that day, I swept
The Lindsay Building floor.

Then I was sent to old Quebec.
That famed historic region;
A lone, unwanted foreigner
In someone's foreign legion.

They gave me half my outfit.
I waited for a hat,
As I full three weeks within four walls,
Barb wire topped at that.

They fed me beans for breakfast,
They fed me beans for lunch,
As I took soup for dinner,
The days stale beans I'd munch.

They wakened me at 6 a.m.
They ran me to P.T.
They jumped me here, and stretched
me there
'Til I could hardly see.

They drilled me on the tarmac
Beneath the broiling sun.
They even made me answer
To the name of Weel-yam-son.

After a month, to my delight,
They posted me on draft
To Mountain View. I little knew
How loud and long Fate laughed.

When I checked in at six-o-five,
I did not know then what,
Awaited unsuspecting me,
Poor, green, deluded, nut.

I found a bunk in 13 West
Among some friendly Joes
Who swung a lyin-tific line
About—Lord only knows.

On Tuesday the real show began,
When hour after hour
They showered me with sheets of
dope
On guns, sights, blasting power.

Air speed, wind drift, T.V., height
scale,
Brisance, mark II, deflection,
Cullminating graticules,
G.P.'s and gun inspection.

Sear springs, sight rings, A.P.'s,
damn things,
Cordites and detonators,
Screw, stem, back-flash, ice-cream,
more hash,
And flash eliminators.

On Wednesday night, the second
week
A little progress test
Recalled to mind that corny line
"Go west, young man, go west."

Would that I could but heed that
call:
Out where the west begins.
But no, I'm doomed, I'm screwed,
I'm Joe'd,
Here with the Joe Has-beens.

Week after week I carry on
Scrub floors, wash clothes, and
then
Collect a tenspot; look at it;
And recall the day when —

But, that's another story, so—
I go to work once more;
Amatol, baratol, T.N.T., damn it all,
Use flannel two by four.

They tell me, when I'm feeling low,
That if, or when, I pass,
I may get two stripes on my arm—
Or three across my —.

Hope springs eternal so they say,
But will it still spring when—
With peace at last, Joe's listed with
The war's forgotten men?

Who knows? who cares who gives
a damn?
On with the ruddy show.
There wouldn't be an Air Force
If it were not for poor Joe.
—From Literary Crimes by Jaysee.

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TIE THIS ONE IF YOU CAN

To: S/L. Blank, Ottawa, Canada.
Subject: Overleave, reason for.

On Sept. 21 my brother's barn burned down all except the brick sile which was damaged at the top by the belt of lightning which started the fire.

On Sept. 22 he decided to repair the sile right away because he had to get his corn in it, I was going to help him.

I rigged a barrel hoist to the top of the sile so that the necessary bricks could be hoisted to the top of the sile where the repair work was going on. Then we hauled up several hundred brick. This later turned out to be too many bricks.

After my brother got all the brick work repaired there was still a lot of brick at the top of the sile on the working platform we had built. I said I would take it all down below. So I climbed down the ladder and hauled the barrel all the way up. Then I secured the line with a sort of slip knot so I could undo it easier later.

Then I climbed back up the ladder and piled bricks into the barrel until it was full.

I climbed back down the ladder. Then I untied the line to let the brick down. However, I found the barrel of bricks heavier than I was and when the barrel started down, I started up. I thought of letting go, but by that time I was so far up I thought it would be safer to hang on.

Halfway up, the barrel hit me on the shoulder pretty hard but I still hung on. I was going pretty fast at the top and bumped my head. My fingers got pinched in the pulley block. However at the same time the barrel hit the ground and the bottom fell out of it, letting all the bricks out.

I was then heavier than the barrel and started down again. I got burned on the leg by the other rope as I went down until I met the barrel again which went by faster than before and took the skin off my shins.

I guess I landed pretty hard on the pile of bricks because at that time I lost my presence of mind and let go the line and the barrel came down and hit me squarely on the head.

The doctor wouldn't let me start back until Sept. 27 which made me two days overleave, which I don't think is too much under the circumstances.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your Obedient Servant.

BROTHER CAN YOU SPARE A DIME

(Continued from page 16)

cursed, loudly, fluently and completely by Gwynne-Timothy who after all I was only trying to help, but as pale dawn came I found the carpet and then the lamp and all was well again.

I rubbed the lamp and called forth the Genie and out he popped. "Come lad" I said, "there is work for you to do for I have brought a visitor". The Genie looked at Timmy in his bell boy's outfit, or rather what was left of it, turned towards Mecca and collapsed in a heap. "Now see what you've done" I complained, "we've lost the ruddy Genie". "Not for long" said Timmy and gave him a right smart kick in his uplifted stern. The Genie recovered with amazing speed. "O Master" he quavered "what is this thing that you have dragged home with you?" "Oh stop shivering and shut up" I said. "We want a tent, and elderdowns and hot grog and we want it now" and even as I spoke there it was.

It was noon when we were awakened by voices. We didn't wait to find out whose. I got the Genie to work and soon we were soaring high above Capilano.

"Timmy" I said, "let's go east and see what some of the others are doing". "Why not?" replied Timmy, "all this is free, and by the way how about a radio and some music on the way?" I asked the Genie for it and there it was.

Uneventfully we sailed east, listened to the radio, and drank rye. We had just passed Regina when the news broadcast came on. It was uninteresting except for the last item which in our condition seemed funny as what not. It went something like this: "R. C. A. F. planes are still searching for a strange craft which early yesterday morning attacked without warning a Fleet piloted by a high ranking officer who says the attack was deliberate. A very grave view of this attack is being taken and all leaves have been cancelled.

"I think" said Timmy. "you are in it up to the neck". "Maybe" said I, "we shall see", and we did.

As we approached Winnipeg we saw large formations of planes approaching and it looked as if they had us spotted. Anyway we didn't take any chances. We hightailed for a cloud and stayed there until night then headed for Toronto. There we landed on the Island and hid the carpet and the lamp after which as it was again day we made our way up town.

At the corner of King and Bay sat a beggar. He was a distasteful looking fellow in dirty ragged clothing with dark glasses and a tin

cup who kept calling to all passers in a high whining voice "Brother, can you spare a dime?"

"Come on McCombe" said Timmy, "give the poor devill a buck. We might be there ourselves. Little he knew how truthfully he spoke.

I put a dollar in the tin cup and the beggar nearly broke his arm reaching for it. Then off came the glasses and I saw who it was. "Lindsay", I said, "how did you get like this?" "How do you suppose", he said, "except by paying all the taxes for the R. C. A. F. plus adjusting my inventory". "Where's your store?" I asked. "Oh that went to pay my Mess bill" he replied.

"Ben" said Gwynne - Timothy. "you had better come with us". And so we went back to the carpet and set sail for Montreal.

It was a good party as we sat on the carpet and watched familiar landmarks pass away below. We drank and were merry; we were a queer looking lot. Lindsay in his ragss, Timmy in his bell boy outfit, and I in my tattered uniform. But at that time we would not have changed places with anyone. We were masters of all we surveyed. Perhaps we were too interested in our own conversation for we never saw the planes until it was too late. They surrounded us. They were above us, below us, to right of us, to left of us. There was no escape and at St. Hubert's we were forced to land. They took away the carpet and the lamp from which for a moment the Genie appeared to thank Allah and then return. We were questioned and re-questioned and put on charge for this and for that but chiefly for flying without a license and for attacking one of His Majesty's aircraft without warning.

We were bullied and shouted at and thrown in the digger and finally released with a long winded lecture on the gravity of our offence. "Don't you know," were the final words, "that such things as these, the carpet and the lamp, are for General List only? Why should you dare to encroach on our rights and on our authority? Don't you realize we are the chosen people and the sky is for us alone?"

"Yes, we know," said Lindsay, "and taxes and inventories and all the Joe jobs are for us alone. It's just a dandy distribution of privileges."

"Shut up," said the officer, "and get out. You stink."

So we left and by devious ways and means made our way to Montreal, and there we found friends that we knew. We found them on every street corner. Some were selling pencils and some balloons, and some shoe laces. They were the boys of the N.F.L.

We found three vacant corners and joined the chorus that rose above street noise and traffic. A chorus of poverty and of woe, the battle cry of the N.F.L. "Brother: can you spare a dime?"

Needless to say I woke up screaming.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

BE INDEPENDENT—STUDY NAVIGATION, the coming profession. Ours is the most independent school of navigation in the world. One of our recent graduates writes "Before taking your course, I lived at Mountain View, now I don't know where the hell I am." F/Lt. E. J. Salter C.de g, Ld'H, writes: "Your course is a boon to humanity. I left Mountain View for Toronto, and ended up at Montreal — wheee!" Schaeffer School of Navigation.

TIRED OF DOING YOUR OWN cooking, mending your own sox, scrubbing your own floors? Bring your problems to us. We have what you need. Charges reasonable. No exchanges or refunds. Wood's Matrimonial Bureau.

BE AN AVIATOR... SEE THE world by air. It's easy to learn to fly. We guarantee to teach you in 300 easy lessons of 2 hours each. Gwynne-Timothy School of Aeronautics.

DO YOU WAKE UP AT NIGHT in a cold sweat see black specks before your eyes glare at general list officers beat your wife flinch when reaching for your pay envelope? You have income taxitis. See us. Hear about our marvellous new treatment known as Sequence 31. Hundreds of satisfied users. In the month of March 926 testimonials received from happy users in the Jackson Building, Ottawa. Don't delay. 100 treatments guaranteed to cure. Lindsay's Income Tax Service.

CHARGES ON ALL CALLS REVERSED !

Consult US for Long Distance Trips !

COURTEOUS
HONEST
ECONOMICAL
CAREFUL
TAXI
RELIABLE

—FONE—
755
DAY or NIGHT

BERT HIGH, Prop.

Office and Waiting Room: 27 Bridge St. E.

The Playing Fields of Eton

He volunteered for aircrew and left our Native shores,
To learn about procedure and Morse and semaphore;
And we've done more work in Florida than we've ever done before
When we sunbathed on the Playing Fields of Eton.

We love to hold a field day and swab the barrack floor,
But when we think our jobs are done the Navy finds us more;
We'd like to take the M.A.A. and nail him to the door
Or shoot him on the Playing Fields of Eton.

Twenty words a minute is more than we can do,
We take down several letters then miss a group or two,
So we just tell the C. R. M. it isn't coming through
And dream about the Playing Fields of Eton.

We queue up by the messhall for several hours each day
We can't think why it takes so long to fill a little tray,
But the queues are getting shorter now for some have passed away
And are buried on the Playing Fields of Eton.

Now in the old ships service they're really doing well,
And making quite a profit from all the things they sell,
With another hundred dollars they could open a branch in hell
Or build one on the Playing Fields of Eton.

They sent us up to Mountain View to finish off our course,
With V.G.O. and aircraft rec., and a couple of hours of Morse;
We have a very easy time, no need to swab the floors,
So we'll sunbathe on the Playing Fields of Eton.

Now aircraft recognition as easy as can be,
The instructor is MacDonald and quite a lad is he;
So soon we'll all be gentlemen as you can plainly see,
When we do it on the Playing Fields of Eton.

There's forty-one in our crowd, our funds are really down,
We haven't even got enough to take a W.A.A.F. to town,
So we'll just have to organize and pass the hat around,
Like we used to on the Playing Fields of Eton.

There's a sergeant on this station who really thinks he's it,
And it took the Pensacola boys to pull him down a bit,
So when we get our sergeant's stripes we'll tell him he's a twit
And we'll drill him on the Playing Fields of Eton.

BAILEY BROS.

FRESH and CURED MEATS
CANNED GOODS
Wellington, Ontario
Phone 8

Now there's a certain sergeant, Mc-Carthy is the name,
As armaments instructor he gained his air force fame;
And when this war is over and we've won the grimmest game
We'll toast him on the Playing Fields of Eton.

There's a Squadron Leader Cresswell, a great lad for a jest,
We know from short experience that he's one of the best,
And we will all remember him just as we will the rest
When we end up on the Playing Fields of Eton.

Now here's a situation that gives us many a laugh,
We arrived in Belleville Station accompanied by the W.A.A.F.,
And we used these bright-eyed darlings to reinforce the staff
Like we used to on the Playing Fields of Eton.

For Friday morn's inspection we do not care two hoots,
We all parade in shoes when we should be wearing boots;
The old man thinks our hair should top one inch above the root
Like the grass upon the Playing Fields of Eton.

Canadians and British, Australians and Chinese,
Are sending planes and battleships to lick the Japanese;
We'll take away the "rising sun" and let the blighters freeze
Whilst it shines upon the Playing Fields of Eton.

Now when this war is over and we occupy Berlin,
There won't be any airmen to lead the victors in,
They'll be swabbing out the Reichstag with buckets full of gin
Like we used to on the Playing Fields of Eton.

WHO'S WHO?

Who was the very courteous young man from the Wireless Section, who offered to escort a young lady home after a recent dance in Belleville, now realizing that the young lady in question, lived some seven miles off the highway; ask him what he did with his shoes and what he said to the horse who scared the daylights out of him?

Who was the young knight in khaki armor, who proffered aid to one of our young ladies, in the matter of a parachute, and when the

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With vacation time and long summer days ahead you'll need these aids to comfort and fun.

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YOUR BELLEVILLE DRUGGIST

young lady declined, proved that he was ever and always a knight—(He blushed.)

Who was the considerate young officer from — let me see — could it be G.I.S. — who graciously promised to borrow a car for "the occasion" — we hope you get the car, Sir.

Not being a flower-fancier by gift or education, I have never had any particular regard for orchids; they are very expensive and invariably die. The D. F. C. and D. F.M. are not appropriate to the occasion; but I do think that F/-Sgt. Bickerstaffe, our N.C.O. i/c of messing, with his very capable and considerate staff, is deserving of the George Medal, or whatever token is conferred on one as courageous in the face of the impossible, as defiant in the face of the inevitable, and as capable and efficient as he has proven himself to be, on more than one occasion — (as the Sergeant's Mess will testify). In work of this nature, general efficiency may be judged by verbal reaction of the men, and if I may take the liberty, speaking for the men as a body, we feel Flight, that you and your staff should be commended on a praiseworthy work.

A word to every man on the Station—

Apart from our Mothers and Dads, the two best friends we have are the Padre and the Medical Officer. Let us make their lot in life a little easier by a whole-hearted effort; most of us are blessed with healthy bodies — the M. O. will keep them so, if given half a chance; let us be men enough not to abuse this privilege. On the other hand, most of us are not blessed with such healthy souls; and just as the physical health of a Station may be gauged by the attendance in the sick clinic — so the moral health may be gauged by the numbers of calls upon the Padre for assistance. Don't forget Men, in military life, the Padre and the M. O. being "all things to all

men" are mighty good friends to have; foster them and help them; you will never regret it.

Canada—Fount of Britain's hope and Hitler's bane;
Canada—Dominion free and stalwart blue;
Mother of old, of warriors bold and true,
Stand by the boys of the trench—the clouds and the main.
Help us now and to the fight we'll go,
Brandishing the torch of freedom high;
No time for tears — in Hell remain the sighs;
Canadians all — up and at the foe!
Life at best is short—and freedom sweet;
Life in servitude? No — not I!
Sooner face the foe — in freedom die—
Than bend my back and bow at Mammon's feet.

HERE IS HOW YOUR MONEY IS SPENT

Analysis of Extra Messing (Airmen)

For the Month of June, 1942

Strawberries	\$ 30.00
Pickles	48.24
Plums	18.00
Lemons	6.00
Grapefruit	23.75
Beans	21.25
Beets (Diced)	23.50
Peas	20.00
Lettuce	9.00
Celery	13.70
Ketchup	42.00
Mincemeat	58.65
Jelly Powders	25.20
Custard Powders	20.25
Breakfast Foods	204.00
Ice Cream	33.85
Doughnut Flour	55.00
Yeast	1.20
Icing Sugar	4.41
Seasoning and spices	18.07
Total	\$676.07

EXTRA COPIES

OF THE MAY, JUNE AND JULY ISSUES OF THE "VIEWPOINT" ARE AVAILABLE AT PLOTTING OFFICE, No. 3 HANGAR.

250½ Front St.

Phone 602

GEORGE A. LEE

MILITARY TAILOR - ALTERATIONS

RIFLE CLUB NEWS

As, at the time of writing no analysis has been made of the club's sales and expenditures for June, and as the committee have not yet met for July, it is impossible to give accurate figures and results of competitions, nor is it possible to state a program for July. Your committee will publish this detailed information in due course and announce any prizes they decide to award for June.

Competitions generally were not very well shot. Only two or three entered the handicap shoot, though the average and lucky score should provide some interest. The high score for the month was 96 and on the whole the standard of shooting was fairly low. The match with Picton had to be abandoned as Picton are closing down their club for the summer months. Probably due to the vast increase of work that has accrued recently, the intersection shoot was not fired, but this can be arranged for July.

It is hoped to be able to purchase complete new sets of a much better type of sight in the near future. The new type of rear sight will be the Lyman 57M with Mossberg adjustable apertures and probably the Lyman 17A foresight which is equipped with an opaque disc to prevent glare. Cleaning rods and the jags have already arrived, so the club now stands completely on its own feet.

Those who have not fired since the building was altered are urged to do so. The range is now roomy and the lighting is good and entrance to the range is possible without interfering with firing, but watch that wall. Altogether the club has one of the finest ranges it is possible to build.

B-E-L-L-E

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO

Sat. - Mon. - Tues. - July 18 - 20 - 21
Eleanor Powell, Red Skelton

in
"SHIP AHOY"
with BERT LAHR - TOMMY DORSAY
and his orchestra.

Saturday and Monday, July 25 - 27
John Weismuller
Maureen O'Sullivan

in
"TARZAN'S
NEW YORK ADVENTURE"

Sat. - Mon. - Tues. - August 1 - 3 - 4
Fred MacMurray
Rosalind Russell

in
"TAKE A LETTER
DARLING"

Continuous Show Every Saturday Starts
2 p.m.

When you're seeing it at the B-EL-L-E
... you're seeing THE BEST!

We would like to extend a welcome to the W. D. and hope they will swell the number using the range. It has been provisionally decided that, as with civilians, they should use the range on the nights allotted to the sections in which they work. Membership is of course under the same conditions as for airmen, but it will be necessary that their interests should be looked after by one of their own ladies. This lady would be a full member of the committee except that she would not be expected to supervise firing. She would, however, look after ladies' teams etc. Will some volunteer from the W. D. please come forward?

Financially the club is becoming well off. At the end of June we have approximately forty dollars on hand, though expenditures for June have not been covered by about five dollars. This money will be available for prizes and retention as a reserve. The new sights will be provided from the original grant to the club and will therefore not deplete the club funds. Thereafter any surplus from the original grant will be returned to the Station fund.

This will be my last report as secretary of the club as I am on my way to Picton. Fl/Sgt. Smith will be doing the job and I'm sure that in him you will have a very fine secretary. The club will still have all of my interest and I wish all members "Good shooting and good luck."

THE ACCOUNTS SECTION PICNIC

Some Pertinent Questions and Observations

Following Love into the Unknown with Corporal Blake.

Swimming competition between Major Larin and S/Ldr. Sutherland, trousers et al.

Who was the A. W. trying to lure Windsor Mary's Jack? They say "Standing" became "sitting" when the rope on the swing broke.

Was it a Major or Majoress? And is that the best "fit" the Women's Division can give a man? How was 'he skirt procured?

Larin's costume dance; and what were the words of his wicket-wacky ditty?

Who organized the party anyway? Is it true that the "party" came near being held beside the Hostess House?

What officer enjoyed untying knots in trousers enough to look after Taylor's too? And where did he get that vocabulary?

Brice: "Where in 'ell was the party"? After a forty mile drive through the country lanes of Prince Edward County, Barker claims we didn't have to keep the Accounts' picnic so damn secret that even the drivers didn't know where they were going.

FOR WHOM THE BELLE PEELS

The girl who incandescent glows
Where sun and wind have kissed her
Is less alluring to her beaux
When she begins to blister.

20 CENT THEATRES CAPITOL

Mon., Tues. and Wed., July 13, 14, 15
'How Green Was My Valley'
Walter Pidgeon • Maureen O'Hara
"PERFECT SNOB"
CHARLES RUGGLES

Thurs., Fri. and Sat., July 16, 17, 18
"THE FLEET'S IN"
Dorothy Lamour • William Holden
"Outlaws of the Desert"
HOPALONG CASSIDY

Mon., Tues. and Wed., July 20, 21, 22
"VOLGA VOLGA"
(Russian Musical Comedy)
"SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS"
VERONICA LAKE • JOEL McCREA

Thurs., Fri. and Sat., July 23, 24, 25
"MAISIE" - Ann Sothern
"ACROSS THE SIERRAS"
BILL ELLIOTT

Mon., Tues. and Wed., July 27, 28, 29
"Shepherd of the Ozarks"
WEAVER BROS. AND ELVIRY
"STRANGE CARGO"
Joan CRAWFORD • Clark GABLE

Thurs., Fri., Sat., July 30, 31, Aug. 1
"MEN OF BOYSTOWN"
Spencer TRACY • Mickey ROONEY
"SOUTH OF SANTA FE"
ROY ROGERS

● Use Our Smoking Loges at
our Regular Popular Prices!

Midnight Show After 12:05
● EVERY SUNDAY ●

OUR . . . CAMP

We were sent to an Airport
On the top of a hill,
The men at the first glimpse
I'm sure had their fill.

There was "Mud" at the guard-house

There was "Mud" at the huts,
There was "Mud" in your coffee
The "Mud" drove you nuts.

The tractors were ploughing
From morn until night,
No matter how tired
You couldn't sleep right.

But the dawn of a new camp
Was soon to be seen,
For the ploughing of tractors
Had made our streets clean.

And where mud covered windows
In the early days past,
There is beautiful gardens
Smartly, covered with grass.

The roads were then covered
With crushed stone and tar
And your clothes would not dirty
When you walked, near or far.

But the day of the day's
Was soon to be seen,
When we took in our camp
A truck-load of "Queens".

The men were all lonesome
When the day's work was through,
No money for "Belleville
To the canteen they flew.
But not so now lad,
As we all plainly see,
For they meet at the "Y" club
With Her to have tea.
A swell bunch of girls

These blue-coated "CWAAFS",
They turn work into pleasure
And the blues into laughs.

So give them a cheer, "Lads",
Just remember the past,
Where "Mud" used to haunt us
There's friendship, at "Last".

—Jack Boyd.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

HANDY MAN DESIRES PART
time work. Good at floor polishing, scrubbing, carpet beating. Will also remove storm sash and clean windows (under protest). Dunn "The Psalms", Wellington.

DON'T BE A STAY-AT-HOME.
Travel, see the world. See Sunny Japan, Ancient China, Alaska, Vancouver . . . Cruises now forming . . . return trips not guaranteed. Du Temple Travel Bureau.

WILL YOU BE INDEPENDENT AT 60? Statistics show that 90 per cent of the population require financial assistance after that age. Don't be a moocher. Save now and be independent. Our method is easy, pleasant and sure. Start today — tomorrow you may get a promotion. Hill Security Company.

APARTMENT FOR RENT. Attractively decorated . . . in the centre of downtown Picton . . . available Sept. 1st . . . no reasonable offer refused. Apply Sutherland, Picton, Ont.

IS YOUR TRAINING SCHEDULE
running too smooth? Do you have vague fears? Get it over with now. We promise to close down ranges, mess up programmes, put everybody in a flat spin. Give us a try. Then you can sleep easily again. Nothing worse can happen. Our work guaranteed. See "Boothby".

DO YOU WANT MORE MONEY
on discharge—better meal war-rants than you deserve—pay on the seventh of the month? See us. We will fix it for you. All difference gladly paid. "Sutherland and Wilson".

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VEGETABLES and FRUITS IN SEASON

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