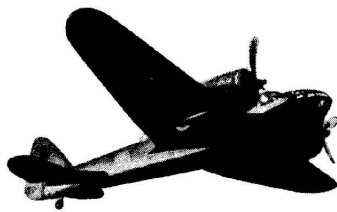


# MOUNTAIN



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

# VIEWPOINT

VOL. 1 — NUMBER 9.

PER ARDVA AD ASTRA

AUGUST 15, 1942



NO WONDER HE'S LAUGHING — HE'S GOING HOME.

## SQDN. LDR. CRESSWELL TO LEAVE SOON

### Outstanding Officer Returning to England

Mountain View has lost many Officers by transfer but none finer or more respected and sincerely liked by all ranks than Squadron Leader Cresswell who will soon leave us to return to England on the expiration of his three years tour of duty in Canada.

Squadron Leader Cresswell came to Canada in August 1939 to the Air Armament School at Trenton where he organized the Armourers courses and laid out the syllabus of training. It is largely due to his organizing ability and experience

that it was possible to meet the vastly increased demand for trained armourers to meet the demands of war. The Squadron Leader remained with the Air Armament School in charge of Armourers courses until May 1941 when he was posted to the then non-existent No. 6 Bombing and Gunnery School as Officer Commanding the Ground Instructional School. Many obstacles confronted the Squadron Leader in getting the school ready for the first class of Air Gunners but "Tommy" rolled up his sleeves and went to work. The school was ready on time and since that time the now G.I.S. (Aircrew) has won itself an outstanding record of success.

When the Squadron Leader came to Canada he had behind him eighteen years of experience with the R.A.F. in many parts of the world for he had served in Turkey, Iran, Egypt, India, The North West Frontier, England, and Scotland, and of this experience he gave willingly to the infinite bene-

fit of Armament in Canada.

"Tommy Cresswell is a ranker and justly proud of it. He has risen to his present rank through his own hard work and ability and without benefit of "the old school tie". He has the ability to get the best out of men because he knows men, and to command respect and discipline and the confidence of those under him and all those associated with him. His place will be hard to fill.

Not only did Squadron Leader Cresswell run an outstanding school but he also took a most active interest in Station affairs. He had much to do with getting the Station Library started. He has served as President of the Officers' Mess Committee and has always willingly responded whenever called upon to help in any way. Outside of the Station he has won fame for himself as a public speaker of renown and his versatility is astounding. One day he might be found addressing the Veterans and then on Sunday preaching in the United Church. It has always been a question as to how he adjusted his vocabulary to meet the needs of the pulpit for in private conversation his phrases are neatly pivoted around a few well known nouns and verbs.

So to Squadron Leader and Mrs. Cresswell we say "au revoir" and "Bon Voyage", and when this ruddy war is over come back and see us again for you will always be more than welcome and we shall think of you and speak of you many times after you have left, for you have won a very secure place in all our hearts.

### POETICAL COMMENT FROM OVERSEAS

I'm almost ashamed to draw my pay  
Which is all of a dollar thirty a day.  
For I really have nothing much to do  
Except to stop a bullet or two,  
While real patriots way back home  
Have got to toil and sweat and groan.

I've tried to figure like many a seer  
On how to get by on a dollar a year.  
And it's awful to think of the hardships faced  
By those who do it to save the race.  
And live at the Chateau and try to be gay  
On expenses of thirty bucks a day.

## THE LITANY OF THE "POILUS"

"The Poilus" — that's what they called them — the good old privates of the French army in the Great War. I remember seeing some of them during a parade in Canada in 1917 — their round berets cocked jauntily on their heads, their chests covered with medals. They were a chosen bunch of brave heroes brought to this side to encourage us in our war effort. And they had done great things — inspired by Foch and other leaders. Their records in the trenches was good — no doubt of that.

It seems strange they let us down in this war — perhaps though, they aren't so much to blame as their leaders, men who allowed politics, or personal gain, or selfishness result in the betrayal of their country to our, and their enemies. And I still believe that basically the French poilu is on our side — and when the time comes he will prove it.

But that's not what this item is about — it's about their famous litany, "The Litany of the Poilus". Heard about it? It's not bad. It's for the ones that were afraid, that were worried, that were fearful of what might happen — and it's title was "Why Worry"? It went something like this — "You're a poilu now — you'll either be sent to the front trenches or you won't. If you're not sent to the front trenches, why worry. If you're sent to the front trenches, you'll either be wounded or you won't. If you're not wounded, why worry. If you're wounded, it will be either slightly or seriously — if slightly, why worry. If you're wounded seriously you'll either die or you won't. If you don't die why worry. And if you do die, then it's too late to worry."

Rather good mental attitude, don't you think? Just now most of us may be inclined to be a bit anxious — perhaps are too worried — well let's not be. Each man to his job — things are going to break all right — it's a bit dark around the corner yet — but worrying is not going to help. It only slows us up and helps the ones we are trying to defeat. Let's get the spirit of the Poilus' litany — we'll muddle through yet.

The R. C. Padre.

# MOUNTAIN VIEWPOINT

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\* \* \*

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## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### SQUADRON LEADER CRESSWELL

I first met Squadron Leader Cresswell at Trenton when I was an AC2 on the No. 12 Armament Artificers Course. At that time he was to all of us the one person where our various troubles might meet a receptive ear. He was a beacon light in the fog of a new sort of life for we were all civilians as green as grass. Individually and collectively we had supreme confidence in "Tommy".

I always remember the case of an AC2 who was up on a charge of spitting on the parade ground. He appeared in due course before, at that time, F/L Cresswell who said as follows: "Oh, spitting on the parade ground, a very serious offence. Now you are a good lad and I see your work is well up but we can't have people spitting over the blasted parade ground else I should have to inspect you in a pair of rubber boots up to my knees in sputum. Three days C.B.". Well the lad hadn't been made to feel like a criminal, he hadn't been called an ignorant fool, he had just been told why he had sinned and was appropriately punished, and thereby "Tommy" Cresswell won a friend and made a good Armourer.

Squadron Leader Cresswell has the faith of his own convictions and doesn't go behind peoples' backs to say what he thinks. He hates red tape and outdated time-worn regulations that slow down work. He is a believer in getting things done when they should be done and letting the chips fall where they may. He is the sort of officer we could well do with many more of. Whenever Air Ministry in London can send us more like "Tommy" Cresswell we will be tickled to death to get them.

### AN APPRECIATION

Some months ago the "Viewpoint" was a rather anaemic affair because as was pointed out at that time it was largely up to the men themselves to supply material and this had not been done. It is therefore most heartening to find that the men have come in solidly behind the Viewpoint and that the flow of material is steady and good. The editorial staff of the "Viewpoint" therefore wish at this time to express their appreciation to Flight and Section Commanders and the men for the fine co-operation that has been given and also to the Women's Division who, since their advent on this station, have contributed generously to the Station paper.

In this issue appears a short fictional story entitled "V". It is trusted that more of his type of material will be forthcoming. No one should be afraid to try and write and it is felt that many can but it is pointed out that the particular type of bilge written by the Editor should not be taken as an example that any young writer should cry and follow.

### In Memoriam

L.A.C. USHERWOOD, J. W.  
July 14th, 1942.

## First Impressions

Someone has said that first impressions always remain. They are permanent and always affect later impressions. I hope that is true because my first impressions of the R.C.A.F. Station at Mountain View are good and pleasant. Perhaps after slightly over one month here it is not too soon to write of these things. They are numerous and, of course cannot all be written of in a column like this. But the most striking impressions can be mentioned at least.

Our Station is situated in one of the beauty spots of Ontario. For years people have come to Prince Edward County because the climate is mild, the scenery pleasant and the lake resorts provide holiday relaxation. Yet in the midst of all this is set a busy Aid Station operating on a seven day a week schedule. The very climate and elevated position make the situation ideal. The impression of continual activity is striking — perhaps more so because of these surroundings. There is an air of concentrated work which means that men here are conscious of the fact that the world's biggest business is afoot here and it must be done despite everything else. That is the spirit we want in the prosecution of the whole war. Let's get on with it and cleaned up as quickly as possible and certainly conclusively. We are not a war-like nation and we regard our chief work as being done in the constructive times of peace. We don't want this kind of thing to recur every 20 years or so and we want it settled decisively.

The impression of good-natured comradeship also strikes one here. Among both officers and airmen

there is that democratic spirit which may be caused by the sense of sharing responsibilities in a common cause and by concerted team-play and effort. Strangers do not feel like strangers long on this Station. They are accepted and treated as members of the community with places to fill and work to do. That is a further evidence of our true democracy. Perhaps eastern Canadians are profiting in this by the large numbers of Westerners stationed in the East. Western people have always maintained that Easterners were much too reserved, even inhospitable, at least superficially. On the other hand, Westerners, we hope, are beginning to recognize that Eastern Canadians are not so bad after all.

In the face of this, however, we must recognize the value of discipline. We are not accustomed to rigorous discipline and regimentation in our Canadian life. We have been so free and independent, that now, faced as we are with the most strictly disciplined and regimented enemies the world has ever known, we are in danger of losing everything we hold precious. Surely good comradeship and recognition of genuine authority are not incompatible. Authority in the various spheres of life, if reposed in the hands of capable and efficient persons should not be resented but recognized and respected as being necessary and valuable. In all this we can learn much that will be necessary in the world we make when the war has passed into history.

The Air Armament and G.I.S. give one an insight into the skilled knowledge necessary to the waging of modern war. These are but two of the many schools operated by the R.C.A.F. Skill, precision, technical knowledge, utilized by

(Continued on page 9)

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# A "LIMEY" IN THE U.S.A.

## Britons and Americans Find Common Ideals at Pensacola

By MICHAEL GARDNER

I was one of stout, red-faced John Bull's sons. I had only a nodding acquaintance with nephews of that lean, bewhiskered old man who called himself Uncle Sam. I knew, of course, as every movie-going Englishman knows, that they started every sentence with 'say', interjected 'sure' every six words and were liable to call you 'Big Boy'. I also understood that anyone who visited Chicago without wearing a bullet-proof vest was almost certain to be found in the gutter, sooner or later, riddled with machine-gun bullets. Beyond that I knew no more than the Americans know of the British.

It took only ten days for me to be hustled on to a ship, painted the same grim color as the grey dawn that rose mistily over the sea, as we embarked, transported safely through thousands of sub-invested miles, landed in Canada, rattled over the steel rails to the United States border. It was on the tenth day, dressed in a grey suit (as America, wherever her sympathies lay, was still neutral), that I saw the skyline of Detroit poking its long fingers into the clouds.

Uncle Sam was a pleasant old Uncle then, with a dreamy look and sleep dust in his eyes. It was only after a certain day in December that he brushed out the sleepdust and flexed his muscles.

I was headed for Florida. Pensacola, to be precise. I'd seen a movie about Pensacola once, about young men who looked like film stars rather than fighting men, and who behaved, though, very gallantly at the least provocation, and often without it.

It was difficult to say who was most surprised when I arrived there. Perhaps it was me, because the young cadets didn't look like film stars. They looked like the men I knew back in England who flew Spitfires and Whitleys, the men I'd met at school, the men I'd worked with, they were like the men I played darts with in the pub, played tennis and swam with. They were plain ordinary men who had the foresight to know that their country would soon be in the war. Perhaps they were surprised too. Because I didn't like tea and drank coffee, because I didn't wear a monocle and say 'By Jove, old man'. Or again, perhaps it was me. Because they didn't call me 'Big boy' or start every sentence with 'say'. Also, later, I walked unharmed down many Chicago streets.

Pensacola claims to give the finest flying training in the world. The men they have turned out prove that beyond doubt. Remember Butch O'Hare, who shot down five Jap planes? Every man they turn out is a potential hero, whether his name makes the headlines or not. And then there was pilot Donald Mason who radioed back the famous 'Sighted sub, sank same' message.

### "Spirit of the Law."

The training was more technical than any given in England, but the main difference was in the discipline. It was firm, yet more elastic. It was the spirit, not the letter of the law that counted. The officers were men who understood the problems of the men, and didn't consider it beneath their dignity to fraternize with the men. My first happy experience there was tossing a coin with an officer for the price of a coke, and after that I did it many times. Each time, though, I felt I was shaking democracy by the hand. As a result of this fraternal spirit co-operation between men and officers was increased, each eagerly going out of his way to help the other.

My first week was a hectic mental jumble of acclimatization—to the food, the commercials on the radio, the breezier style of newspaper writing, the accents. Then I settled down and began to feel that maybe Uncle Sam had a little something—that some others hadn't got.

The American cadets went out of their way to make the 'Limeys' as we were always called, completely at ease, and we spent a lot of time finding out facts about each other.

'Was the food situation really bad in England?'

'Was it true there were still Indians living in the States?'

'Were you ever in an air raid?'

# PHOTOGRAPHS

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'Do you thing the States will come into the war?'

We covered every subject from cabbages to kings, from ships to sealing wax, and gradually the British and Americans came to the conclusion that one half of the world never had known how the other half lived. Americans discovered that the peerage in England did not rule the country, and the British learned that the days of Huey Long politics were dead. The Americans found out that the British didn't live in houses without sanitation—a popular misconception there — and the British discovered that the days of rarin', roaring cowboy sagas had gone too.

Those who graduated from Pensacola returned to England to join the Coastal Command with more than a knowledge of flying. They went home with stories of the golden land in the west, and the people who were like them, lived like them, thought like them, even though superficially there were differences. The Americans realized that the 'greedy, imperialistic British' were ordinary folks like themselves, quite different from the stories the 'Chicago Tribune' splashed.

The training of the R.A.F. in the States is shortly being discontinued. From a flying viewpoint it has been a success. From an educational viewpoint it has been a success. The scheme, also, has accomplished more in just over a year than a hundred newspaper campaigns or radio speeches could have done. The Americans and the British realize that they are fighting for common ideals, and that they have more in common than the English language. Our alliance has been more firmly cemented than the signing of a score of pacts and treaties could have achieved.

Thousands of John Bull's sons who became adopted nephews of Uncle Sam are back with John Bull now, fighting for their father and their Uncle.

And say, Uncle Sam, if you're looking for another nephew when all this trouble is over, I'd sure like to . . .

# YANKS FROM YANKERS C. D. C.

Sgt. Aspden of the C.D.C. has a phony line of work. A certain W.D. Corporal thinks, it's only a phoney line? Why did a certain C.D.C. Corporal spend a forty-eight in Belleville? He may have been pitching hay gratis, to help some poor farmer, but there are no blisters on his hands, and the red spots on his tunic shoulders are not paint. He might have been pitching a little woo and the way he does it, it ain't hay!

By the way Pte. Blasow's remarks about sweet femmes are O.K. Even to mentioning legs, but don't forget the lady in Belleville last 48, after all maybe she has a claim on you.

Cpl. Shaunessy came back from his forty-eight, and a cottage minus his hat. We know an attractive W.D. Corporal who came back minus a forty-eight. Isn't it amazing the amount of dirt you can dig up with a vacuum cleaner. We don't do bad with a pen.

Stanley Autograph Shaw despite his retiring disposition can think of the cutest tricks. There is the one in Belleville, the other is playing commander in the dark in hut 33E. Regarding this we wonder how Hank Barker likes his orange crush.

I will make no unkind remarks about the night flyer in 33E. I bet he can't reverse the procedure. Also would like to know what he had for fuel.

Last and least there is W.W.W. whom all would love to see with (1) his own money, (2) his own cigarettes, (3) even a few of his own clothes, (4) and very often a gag in his mouth if one large enough is available.

Don't forget you must give me a good meal before you hang me. This is tradition and I'll take mine in liquid refreshments.

Yours sincerely,  
Wobble Water Weir.

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## EQUIPMENT QUIPS

By:—KELINSKIE

To start our column off in the best manner, we wish to welcome three young lady Equipment Assistants to our worthy section, and hope that they find all of their fellow workers of the highest type. To give the rest of you fellows a chance with these ladies and to show that we fear no competition the following information is for your benefit. AW2 McGlynn M.E. is employed in Publications, AW2 Cresswell, M.O. in Clothing Stores and AW2 Doyle E. N. in Technical Stores. There it is guys, for further information see your own W. Ds. A hearty welcome is also extended to F/Lt. King who is on temporary duty with us and P/O Clemmes whom we hope will remain with us for some time.

Congratulations are in order this month to one of our officers, namely F/Lt. O. J. Currie, who has recently been promoted from the rank of Flying Officer. F/Lt. Currie has been in charge of Clothing Stores and has turned a real headache of a job into one of the smoothest running sections on the station, and at the same time has remained one of the most popular officers in the camp. In view of this, from all of us to you sir, "the heartiest of congratulations, and our only hope is that this worthy promotion does not mean a transfer for a long time to come."

Since our last issue of Equipment Quips, a transfer of one of our personnel has been made in which LAC. Sid. Burrows, was sent to No. 1 Training Command and LAC Gord. Young came to us from Camp Borden. The best of luck to you Sid, we hope Toronto agrees with you and you do not forget us altogether. To you Gord, we are sure you will find the boys here can't be beat and that Clothing Stores is one of the best spots you have struck yet.

It seems that a few of our boys have not been asleep since the arrival of the ladies, as a matter of fact they appear to be doing very well along these lines. For proof read the following:

Publications: What was a certain ACI doing on Saturday evening July 1st. in town and which

one of the ladies division, (try the dope shop) accompanied him on his tour of the Belleville hotels and a walk in the park? And to think that just last month we were given to understand he had a "steady" in Toronto. WHAT GOES ON HERE?

Clothing Stores: Another ladies' man of no less calibre, this time an LAC. of black hair and a pipe, who accompanied a fellow airman and two W. Ds. (possibly the post office), but was handicapped slightly by a temporary ailment, however managed to become acquainted well enough to go canoeing in the moonlight. GUESS WHO?

Technical Stores:—From here we have news too but unfortunately this LAC. was not quite as lucky with his W.D. date in as much that after a couple of beers, a most enjoyable dinner, and a few more beers in the local hotel, he was forced to take the young lady home as it appears that 10.30 is the deadline for the ladies without a late pass. HE'S GOING TO TRY ADGAIN? "GOOD STUFF."

The Equipment Section had a party, and from all we hear the party was a real success, with plenty of beer, the W. Ds. in attendance one hundred per cent and eats from the airman's mess. What more could we ask for? Burford's Transport supplied the transportation to Huvke Point and from the looks of the crew the next morning one could not go wrong in saying that all who attended more than enjoyed themselves. Let's have more of them fellows and gals, we can't get too much of a good thing.

Say girls and fellows, gather around while I give you some real news, and red hot, right from D. R.Os. A certain young clerk W. D., in Tech. Stores has just been made an AW E, how's that for quick moving? But be careful peoples, to use her correct rank or by the Holy rearing, you will certainly be told about it, and you can take that from one who has had the experience. Congratulations, AW 1 Selnes, and here's hoping your next promotion is not long off.

The Equipment-Accounts ball team is holding their own too, and from the looks of things will be right in there when the finals come. Good going fellows, keep batting and instead of just being nosed out in the first series, let's see you on top where you belong.

★ ★ ★

### A Story with a Moral

Once upon a time, there was a little W. D. damsel employed in Tech. Stores who along with several other W. Ds. attended a certain dance.

During the festivities, this young lady was made acquainted with a gallant N.C.O. from a neighboring station and all was very blissful.

Came the last waltz. This happy couple returned to this Station, tired and very happy and with the understanding and a promise for a date in the near future.

Came the dawn. The young W. D. awakened with the first crack of dawn, and suddenly remembered that she had perhaps very foolishly given this young Galahad a date. During breakfast period and at work she was at a loss to figure out just what to do. An application was made to Fleming for a loan of a service revolver, but due to a drain

on this type of equipment, their was nil stock. Woe is me! Ah, an idea. She grabs the phone and tells her girl friend that she has something very important to tell her at noon-time. Came the date.

The lover drives up to the parking lot and anxiously awaits the arrival of his date and lo and behold, if she hasn't another W. D. with her. After a very short drive, the party returns to the station.

MORAL: If you can't go through with it, don't make a date.

THAT'S ALL FOLKS.

## EQUIPMENT PICNIC

On the banks of the beautiful Lake Ontario and along the shores of Prince Edward County, the most successful social event of the season was held in the evening of Aug. 4th., when about thirty-five members of the Station equipment section and their friends held a combined "outside" tea and supper.

The festivities began when the various parties arrived at the local Shangri-La which was as usual at its height of beauty and splendor. The blue waters of the lake were lapping on the moss covered rocks and the setting sun was tinting the surrounding countryside with a hue that could only be described as exquisite.

The tables were most artistically decorated with garlands of hollyhocks, spruce boughs and cedar wax wings. The large number of ants, dew worms and other creatures did not mar the effects of a perfect setting.

The feasting started when all those invited (payment in advance) were accounted for. The provisions were eagerly consumed by the members of the party. The serving was under the direction of Ray Cullen, capably assisted by 'Honeychile' Cresswell. Doug McCuaig poured. Tom Robertson's assistance at times was nothing less than the work of a genius.

After the supper, the proceedings were under the capable direction of the Master of Ceremo-

nies, Sgt. Major Crawford. Mr. Crawford first gave a short talk on the care and cultivation of the hop plant and illustrated his talk with several practical demonstrations. He then called upon 'Shorty' Selnes to narrate her experiences in mountain climbing.

After some serious community singing, a short solo was given by L.A.C. Mowder, followed by that popular quartet of Sangster, Smith, Smith and Smith. This well known quartet was uproariously received and encored.

During the intermission, "Roamin' in the Gloamin'" was rendered by a choir of feminine voices.

On the resumption of the evening's program, those famous Canadian comics, Lindsay, Doyle, Doyle and Lindsay put on the acrobatic act of the season, followed by masterful demonstrations of sleight-of-hand tricks performed by that internationally known sportsman and amateur magician Clare King.

The evening entertainment was brought to a close by the volunteer Glee Club giving their own interpretation and version of "Roll Out the Barrel".

## ARAB'S INNER SANCTUM NEWS

This is the month of heat and fires, especially mess fires. If you are experiencing any trouble with putting them out, please refer all fires to Jarjour and Carpenter, Fire Marshals.

Did you know that we have a Judas Iscariot on this Station? He will gladly sell you out to your enemies, not for 30 pieces of gold but for nothing. Big hearted, isn't he! Judas is connected with the Works and Buildings Section.

Did the Pilot who went canoeing and made a forced landing without his parachute, note the instructions which appeared on a recent D.R.O. If not, he should look them up and save himself the price of a new pair of boots.

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## WOMEN'S DIVISION

### Let It Serve For Table Talk

Hello again to you all, scattered hither and yon throughout the station, as we settle down once more for our second chat through the channel of a column.

Before I go farther, I would like to take the opportunity of welcoming to our happy family the officers and airwomen who have recently been posted to this station.

We are happy to have them and we hope that their opinion of Mountain View is similar to that of our own.

We now have with us two W.D. Officers, namely A/S/O Ferguson and A/S/O McNeill. Miss Ferguson arrived from No. 6 Manning Depot, Toronto, to take over her duties as Junior Officer on the station. Miss McNeill, former dietician and originally from Moncton, N.B., has also arrived on the station to take up her duties here as messing officer and we sincerely welcome them to Mountain View.

A great many of the airwomen arriving on the station recently are Ontario-born. . . . Ontario is really coming through. Cpl. Walker, our fair young dental assistant, comes to us from London, Ont. This young lady is well acquainted in the art of playing baseball. Who told me? Could it be the baseball coach? Well, you judge that yourself — or don't you turn out to all these ball games.

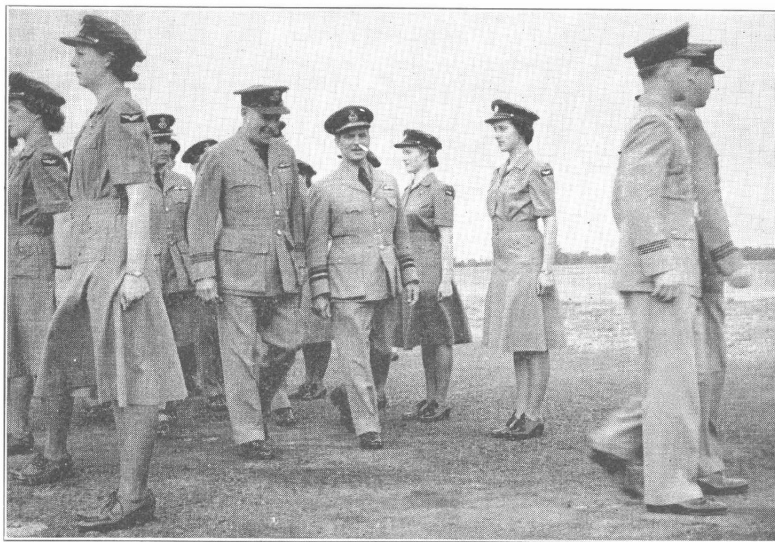
AW2 McGlynn and AW2 Cresswell, two of our equipment assistants, sauntered in from Preston, Ont., and by the way, I hear they saunter back there every 48. What's the attraction? Or does the daily letter prove anything? By the way have you met Cresswell? She's good for at least six good laughs a day, no kidding. Then there is AW2 Culligan, an American girl, who has been in Canada only two years. She comes to us now from Kitchener and her reason for joining up as a dispatcher was to go her brother one better. Her brother, by the way, is in the American Army Air Corps. AW2 Fraser, another bright eyed dispatcher, attached to Drogue Hangar, hails from Wallsburg, Ont. She showed me a picture as her big reason for joining up, and lady is my face red—her explanation was a wish to join her husband and brother overseas. AW2 McConnell, C.P.M., left the folks back in Lansdowne to enter the service. Her reason for joining up is purely patriotic. AW2 Elliott, clerk stenographer, attached to maintenance, sallied forth from Hespeler, Ont. Her pet aim in joining our little group was to keep a weather eye on the boy friend overseas. Looks as though you'll have to invest in a pair of long range vision glasses, Shorty.

AW2 Larson, from Regina, and AW2 Hamelin, from Montreal, are two of our telephone operators, and to be forewarned is to be forearmed—and we'll have none of this sleeping at the switchboard business. AW2 Mattson, the little "Southpaw" from Richmond, Sask., is telephone

operator No. 3, but the way she operates on a ball field is really something to take note of. Her answer to my ever present query of "Why did you join up?" was—"Ask me something I know." She apparently doesn't know all the answers, dear readers. AW2 Henderson, P., medical clerk general from Montreal had a devilish glint in her eye when I asked her the reason for her patriotic enterprise. "Me? Oh, I just do'd it." Henderson, although little does she know I know it, has great dramatic ability. Never mind dear, even murder will out. AW2 Peterman, from Moose Jaw, AW2 Blackeley from Ridgedale, Sask., and AW2 McNeill from Toronto all thoroughly enjoy being hospital assistants. "How do you enjoy nursing your patients, Blackeley?" I asked. "What patients—they'll soon be coming in though, we have high hopes for this winter."

From Advocate Harbour, Cumberland County, N.S., came smiling AW2 Morris to join our ranks. Morris passes the time in the plotting office, and really seems to be enjoying every moment of it. What's the attraction AW2? From the extreme western coastline hail two of our hospital cooks, AW2 Wilson, F. E. L., and AW2 Wilson, F. I. These girls are sisters and are from Vancouver Island. The third hospital cook is AW2 Moss from Thorold, Ont. Moss thoroughly enjoys the life at Mountain View and we hope she continues to do so. This just about winds up our list of newcomers—I have not covered them all but they know that this includes them also.

News on the station is more than scarce these days. The main topic of conversation is "Do you think you will pass the trade test?" If you were to have an inner glimpse of 14 East and 14 West of an evening, I am more than convinced that you would think us quite a studious lot. We are really quite chatty over R 14's and R 44's, identification markings and meteria medica.



"SEE HIM SMILING" — THE I.G. AT MOUNTAIN VIEW

Wandering in and about the hangars and manoeuvring via the small spaces between aircraft, we accidentally trip across a group of airmen, involved in rare conversation. "Why don't you whistle when you approach?" one airman asked me. But really boys, don't mind us, we will just turn a deaf ear and carry on for well we know that this was completely an airman's world until we broke loose upon your horizon. Stumbling through hangar No. 6 at break period one comes across the friendly atmosphere of a family gathered for their noonday meal, but in this instance the meal consists only of their daily quota of milk. Overhearing the remarks passed by one officer to a member of the W.D. we gather that so far, the milk has failed to add those promised pounds of flesh.

And now, perhaps you can straighten me out on a few angles. Yes, I'm Irish by name and Irish by nature but still in all there is just that wee little streak of curiosity in me, commonly called "woman".

Dame Rumour has it that one young W.D. gave A/S/O Ball a left handed salute upon leaving her office. We've heard of girls being nervous but this tops all. Promise this won't happen again, girlie, and we'll forgive and forget—at least we hope A/S/O Ball will. Then too, my curiosity has the better of me in regards to a certain W.D. sergeant. Could the happy expression mean one of two things—good news in the office or a happy vacation.

Recent conversation has it that the dental parade is steadily increasing and the unbelievable report from the dental clinic is that not one of them seems to have any hidden mirrors about that drill. Could there be a reason? Well, my guess is that there are two reasons. One is dressed in white and the other in khaki. Then of course there is always variety in camp, and now will you set my mind at ease, as to who the airman is who has incessantly focused his magnetic charms on practically every W.D. on the

(Continued on page 8)

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## THIS CAN'T BE WINNIPEG; THERE'S TOO MUCH FOG

Transfer Wishes of Popular Accounts Officer Off the Beam.

Once upon a time on this fair station there was a Messing Officer who yearned for a transfer to Command. In the usual way he transmitted these yearnings to the proper authorities who being kindly disposed said, "Why certainly, a transfer, we'll fix it right away" and sure enough they did so that in due time there arrived at Gander Bay a Messing Officer late of Mountain View. Now all this just goes to show that one can get transferred if they really try because in these matters Headquarters are most cooperative except on the final destination of the applicant, which is a right they cherish close to their heart.



FROM RAGS...



... TO RICHES (LESS TAX)

Now the British are a sturdy race and will walk into the teeth of trouble though all the storm signals are out and so in spite of the sad story of a Messing Officer who had asked for Toronto and got Gander Bay we next find a Squadron Leader

blithely asking to be posted west, Winnipeg preferred, which brings us to the real reason for all this, namely, to say that Squadron Leader Sutherland has been posted to Eastern Air Command at Halifax. Squadron Leader Sutherland was

one of the Old Contemptibles at Mountain View, having arrived in a pair of hip boots and slogged to work through mud and water in April 1941, and since that time S/L Sutherland has been going to work daily to toil for the financial welfare (this phase will join the Dodo bird on September 1st) of all ranks at Mountain View.

It is hardly necessary to say that Squadron Leader Sutherland has done a good job, that is well known to all on the Station. Generally speaking Paymasters can be divided into just two classes namely good ones and horrible ones. "Hugh" Sutherland was most definitely of the first variety. He went out of his way as did all in his Section to help the men even going so far as to smilingly meet overpayments out of his own pocket.

S/L Sutherland gave much of his time to Station duties being president of the Station Funds Committee, advisory officer of the Mountain Viewpoint, and member of other Station committees.

At an impromptu party staged in the Officers' Mess on Sunday afternoon, Aug. 2, the officers said goodbye and good luck to Squadron Leader and Mrs. Sutherland. A speech of appreciation of S/L Sutherland's work on this station was made by S/L Cresswell. It was a typical Cresswell effort which means it was good and it missed nothing from "Hugh's" arrival on the station to the christening of the Sutherland baby.

As a parting gift "Hugh" was presented with a pair of arch supports, which, as S/L Cresswell pointed out would prove very useful for trips to Gander Bay, Goose Bay, etc., not to mention the stairs at Eastern Air Command.

We are all going to miss "Hugh" Sutherland and we're sorry he has gone. We wish him all sorts of good luck and success wherever he is. However there is one thing we can be happy about and that is that we have another mighty fine officer to take his place, one Flight Lieutenant Wilson by name.

## ACCOUNT SECTION

Well so-help-us guys and gals, we don't know how up-to-date this will be by the time you read it, but if DAPS gives us a little breather, we will try and pull ourselves together and give with a little news.

Of recent postings we have had plenty. The outgoing, to various parts of Canada, Newfoundland, etc. are, Cpl's Beeton, and Brice, A.C.'s Davis, Hart and Standing and one of our recently acquired W.D.'s, AW2 Otter. To them all we send our best wishes for their continued good-luck and good-health. On the incoming list, we have Cpl. Larock from 6 R.D., Cpl. Heptonstal from Labrador, L.A.C. Bouck from Borden and A.W.2 Pat McConnell. To these, a hearty welcome.

At this time to our "Boss" or should be say "ex-Boss", Sqdn-Ldr. H. W. Sutherland. May we wish Godspeed and best of luck in his new position, "Somewhere on the East Coast". From the whole gang, sir, so-long and good-luck.

The things that can happen overnight are amazing, for example, one of our W.D.'s, namely A.W.1 Thomp-

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son, slides quietly out of camp one evening and low and behold next morning, the "third finger, "left-hand" is sparkling darn near as bright as her eyes. Congratulations Thompson, at last you hooked your man.

Now this might just be a coincidence, but the nightly trips to the Hostess House (just outside the gate) by Cpl.'s Flint and Cahoon seem to be increasing and it also seems that one or two of our W.D.'s find their way out there. Maybe there is more than just apple-juice and sandwiches.

What is this "fatherly" interest shown by "Pop" Hank Barker in his two W.D. proteges? Are you sure it's just a fatherly interest, Hank? By the way, gang, if you should see something "floating" out of the canteen one night and "oozing" into 23 east, don't be alarmed, that's Hank.

We would like to know the reason why:

Southall rushed down to Wellington on a recent '48 and then spent the next one in camp?

Sgt. Taylor has been worrying so much of late? Something in the Mountain Viewpoint, maybe?

Cohoon always goes back to the corner desk, when he has one of the W.D.'s helping him?

Janes is allergic to red ink lines, after the recent stocktaking?

And why I can't get my posting?

Well, the show must go on and deadlines must be kept. So we will sign (30) for this issue and leave "Ed" with a little space for advertising. See you next month.—MERT.

P.S.—I may get hell for doing this but if anyone is interested in purchasing a good, economical little car, drop around and see me.—MERT.

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## NEWS FROM THE WATER FRONT

By YOUR WATER REPORTER

### UNNATURAL HISTORY

(Special apologies to Mr. R.S.M.)

This article, though written about another locality, describes our local mosquitoes perfectly.

The conventional mosquito is a friendly little cuss that most people can't seem to resist petting, which, owing to his fragile construction, often does him considerable damage. The local mosquito, known as the "Cori Drill" mosquito, however, is a strong, ruggedly built and thoroughly devilish insect, unresponsive to anything but buckshot, and with such a determined appetite that a man-to-a-meal doesn't exceed his limits. His botanical name is "Tubular Terrobullis", derived from the long proboscis with which he is equipped. This instrument, usually over 18 inches in length, is fitted with rifle sights and a range finder by which wilderness wayfarers are located, often before they have even seen Wellington Howling like a "Stuka" in a power dive, this fiendish thing suddenly plummets from the blue, driving his tubular device through the hapless victim like a cookie cutter through dough. Then he backs off with the "sample", squints over his sights and shoots the luckless one down with a pound of his own flesh, whereafter he leisurely proceeds to pick the bones. These insects can be classed as big game and a stuffed specimen looks well in the den and certainly attests to one's courage.

Believe you me they are terrible things!

### Request.

It is requested that the medical staff co-operate with the W.D.'s and provide some means whereby these beasts of prey can be conquered or at least partially subdued.

We have been detailing two air-men every night to ward off these ferocious monsters but these methods have their drawbacks and as our establishment is very limited we turn to the hospital staff for assistance.

### RUMOR

There is a persistent rumor in town here about Mountain View Station moving right into town. So far they haven't done too badly. We counted them the other day at the cross-roads and Mountain View was very well represented, in fact we could easily hold a wing parade. Our position is rather strange as we are almost citizens here and it seems to be our lot to act as public relations officer. Being ever truthful we wish to state that everyone is glad to see the air force in town. Yes, everyone except a few young ladies who can't understand why the W.D. had to pick on this town. They claim it was bad enough before but now it is unbearable. We extend our sympathies but business is business and as long as the Marine Grill is patronized we are happy.

### AIR RAIDS

Actually we have never experienced a real air raid but while on a 48 hours pass recently we had the misfortune of running into one of those mock raids.

We don't know who the A.R.P. Warden was, but he gave us these instructions and here they are:

#### "What To Do In Case Of An Air Raid."

1. As soon as the bombs start falling, run like hell—it doesn't matter where as long as you run like hell.
2. Wear track shoes if possible. If the people in front of you are slow you won't have any trouble getting over them.
3. Take advantage of all opportunities offered you when air raid sirens sound warning of attack, for example:
  - (a) If in a bakery, grab some pie or cake.
  - (b) If in a tavern, grab a bottle.
  - (c) If in a movie, grab a blonde.
4. If you find an unexploded bomb, always pick it up and shake it like hell. Maybe the firing pin is stuck. If that doesn't work, throw it into the furnace—the fire department will come later and take care of the thing.
5. If an incendiary bomb is found burning in a building, throw gasoline on it. You can't put it out anyway—you might as well have a little fun. If no gasoline is available throw a bucket of water on it and lie down. (You're dead.) (The properties of the bomb free hydrogen from the water causing a very rapid combustion.) In fact, it will explode with a helluva crash.
6. Always get excited and holler bloody murder. It will add to the fun and confusion, and scare hell out of all the kids.
7. Drink heavily, eat onions, limburger cheese, etc., before entering a crowded air raid shelter. It will make you very unpopular with the people within your immediate vicinity, eliminating any unnecessary discomfort that would be prevalent if people were crowding too closely.

If you should be the victim of a direct bomb hit, don't go to pieces, lie still and you won't be noticed.

9. Knock the air raid wardens down if they start to tell you what to do, they always save the best seats for themselves and their friends anyway.

10. Always carry these instructions with you.

(Signed) A.R.P. Committee.

#### PLOTTING OFFICE— 0830 HRS.

Times like these are full of sorrow,  
Things go wrong and woe is me;  
Sure enough they'll bomb tomorrow  
Where oh where can Haggie be?

He left early in the evening,  
I'll be back by half past eight,  
But I know I need no warning,  
Sergeants always come in late.

"D" tower phones and while I listen  
To a bomber's plaintive plea,  
Out the door I dash and hasten,  
Where oh where can Williams be?

Before long the phone's unwinding,  
A soft voice comes faintly o'er,  
Very soothing and relaxing,  
"Here is yesterday's drogue score."

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Consecon is now in action,  
Though the hour is very wee,  
Busiest place in all the nation,  
Where oh where can Smitty be?

Flight comes in and looks us over,  
Clears his throat and passes by,  
While I cringe and look for cover,  
Nothing near and no help nigh.

By this time the sun is shining  
Up to and beyond the nine.  
Engines roar, the planes are warm-  
ing,

Sarge comes in and all is fine.  
Busy place, this plotting office,  
Busier place you've never seen;  
Yes for me, and I'm no novice,  
For I've seen and I have been.

Now I'll get these things all working,  
Parade state to forward on;  
Marine Section should be posting  
At least two men will be gone.

High line, low line, bomb drogue and splash,  
High explosives, C. D. line.  
For a while my nerves must all clash  
In a moment I'll be fine.

This goes on—work's never finished,  
Plotting charts and hoping on,  
That when day bombers have van-  
ished,

For a moment I'll be done.

Here things work against each other  
But I'll survive if I wait;  
Time will change just like the  
weather,  
Soon I'll get a 48!  
—By Your Water Reporter.

## SICK BAY NEWS

Things have been very quiet at the Station Sick Quarters the past few weeks, sickness having been reduced to a minimum by the advent of fine summer weather.

Our off season however has been brightened by the arrival of members of the R.C.A.F.W.D. The girls are digging in, and doing a fine job, and the improvement in the hospital has been noted by all our visitors, sick and otherwise.

Another recent addition to our staff has been N/S D. I. Bricker, who has come to help with the invaluable work being carried on by general N/S Sullivan. We hope that the new Sister will enjoy both the Service and Mountain View.

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## DROGUE FLIGHT

Comes the monthly difficulty of finding something of interest to fill a column in the View Point. Thinking over the happenings of the last month and trying to decide what would be of interest to the personnel of this station. There is no point in ribbing the other flights for being so far behind us in efficiency etc. as they just accept the fact and without giving us any argument whatsoever. The sensibilities of the men in the two flights flanking us are dulled and inert that no matter what is said or written it fails to kindle the least spark of rivalry. They seem to accept with apathy our superiority and are so far in the doldrums that they make no attempt to even come close to our high standards and seem content to bumble along in their own private rut. Ah well, it takes all kinds to make a world.

We are unhappy to report that two of our veteran pilots have been selected for overseas service. We are sorry to lose F/S Schenk and F/S Baker but seeing how happy it made them we brightened up a little. They will get along allright as they are the type that can make friends anywhere and can make the best of whatever happens. It will be nothing now for F/S Bager as, according to the Globe and Mail he has just come back from the other side and soon will be of great help to the other lads who are going over for the first time.

A number of our pilots are taking advantage of the good weather to take their annual leave. F/Lt. Love is taking a well earned vacation leaving the flight in the capable hands of P/O Todd, F/S Dean, Sgts. Ussel, Hay and McQueen are also vacationing at the moment.

Congratulations are in order for one of our ex-members, Cpl. Kelsey on his recent marriage. Cpl. Kelsey proved his stamina and courage

once again by getting hitched while on sick leave. Best of luck.

If anyone doesn't know what drogue operators are, they might ask the farmers in this part of the country. The answer will be that they are the boys who fly around dropping sheets and dish cloths. Not to mention the odd time they find oily clothesline.

Since this is our first entry in the Mountain Viewpoint, we wish to take this opportunity to wish the best of luck to the seven drogue operators who remustered to air crew. If they do as well on their air gunners' course as they did on drogue operations, they will come through with flying colors. Best of luck boys.

We would also like to mention our new drogue operators, L.A.C.'s Glazier, McRobbie and Scott. These boys are all making a ne showing on their drogue work. They are by no means new men as they have been on the range for some time. We also welcome back to drogue, L.A.C.'s Green and Balcome who are with us once again after attending No. 1 Wireless School in Montreal.

Greetings from L.A.C. Balcome.

I am glad to be back in Drogue Flight once more after an absence of four months. I am also glad to see Jack Green back here also, although it is really too bad he failed his course. (Could there be an attraction in Belleville, Balcome? It looks like it.)

We were heartily welcomed back into Drogue Flight by the boys and it wasn't long before Cpl. Hayes had us whipped back into shape. A few words from another of our new boys L.A.C. McRobbie who was on the range for a year and was sorry to leave the N.C.O.'s and officers with whom he had worked. Quote:—"I enjoy the work I am now doing and also enjoy working with my new N.C.O.'s and pilots. It was difficult at first but under the supervision of the N.C.O.'s and consideration of the Pilots I hope to be as good as is expected of me.

One of our star operators, L.A.C. Dawe by name should know the vicinity of Syracuse, U.S.A., by heart soon. Do you think anything will develop over there "Jerk" or is Toronto as strong as ever.

We would like to engage the services of a trust fund for one of our operators. He never seems to save enough money to buy smokes or matches to last until the next payday. Ask Baker whi we mean. He is a very close friend of his.

We would like to ask our little time-keeper what the R. A. F. has that we haven't. Pleasant forty-eights Alice!

We wish to congratulate L.A.C. Miller on his forthcoming marriage. Pleasant dreams Dusty.

What has one of our Corporals got in Cobourg? His forty-eights seem to be very well filled in up there.

What are a couple of the Range Crew Corporals going around with expectant looks on their faces? It wouldn't be that coveted third hook, could it boys?

## WOMEN'S DIVISION

(Continued from page 5)

station. What is the score liddle? Will they just not play ball? And speaking of playing ball, brings to mind that we are gradually forming a softball team. What with all our new talent arriving on the station some day we will show you how it is done. Taking particular interest in a recent game, I noticed that an exchange of two players on each team took place. By the way, Corporal, how do you like being a W.D. and who is Gladys? Anow friends before I close this column I most certainly want to know why you boys continuously cause certain officers to meander needlessly over to Hangar No. 6 to explain to the boys from Hangars 2, 3, 4 and 5 that the Fabric Section is out of bounds to all ranks. Excuses, we know, are hard to find, especially impromptu ones, but almost anything would have excelled the one of three husky men sent to carry a small nomad elevator. Come, come, boys—better prepare one next time.

By the way, folks, I hear there is an equipment party being staged at this time of writing. Too bad, Corporal, that only equipment assistants are allowed. That lets the lady friend out, doesn't it. But never mind, chum, you have a good excuse for remaining absent too. Orderly sergeant for the day helps a lot doesn't it? Seems as though most of the young chappies who have attracted the eyes of our fairer sex have to serve their sentence on the girl friend's night to howl. Too bad, girls, you'll have to have a couple of extras handy for that happy occasion.

Recent happenings in 14 East and 14 West are very uneventful. There is usually the mad dash in just before lights out, and the odd bit of devilment played on one another but the most amusing incident is one that recently took place in 14 East. There stood an airwoman, not fifteen feet away from me, fully clad in nite attire. This consisting of the usual striped pyjamas—hair in curlers—face swathed in cream. She stood for fully five minutes just looking woefully at that upper bunk, as though it were a demon she must master. "Yes, it stands fully six feet high," she muttered as she looked first at it and then down at her own anaemic carcass. A sigh escaped her as she warily stepped up on to the lower bed. Alas! down again she came. No use trying that angle. It never worked before. No use expecting it to work now. She walked to the foot of the bed and as though resigned to her fate she tried to climb the frame work. After fully three minutes of muffled sounds mixed with feeble effort she dismounted. "Want a lift?" someone called, but seeing the determined expression on her face decided to abstain from offering the proffered assistance. She had a wicked look in her eye—one of fury mingled with fear. "I've got to make it," she whispered hoarsely and turning she walked back seven paces from her bed. A run—a jump—a quick leap like a frog—high up into mid air. She had finally mastered her obsession. "Gosh that was easy," she sighed as she snuggled down under the blanket. All was quiet—most of us girls were really awe struck. Did

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that really happe nor did we imagine the whole thing? Soon we were brought back to realization. No it really happened for lo and behold the sounds coming forth from under that blanket were real—very real. That's right, you guessed it—she was snoring. And by the way, boys, several of the girls talk in their sleep so I hope a word to the wise is sufficient.

So (30) for now—until we meet again in your column next month.

## FOLKS BACK HOME

I've been a lot of places,  
And I've met a lot of folks,  
I've heard a lot of stories  
And I've listened to their jokes;  
I find most people friendly  
In a distant sort of way,  
But . . . it's the folks back home  
I long for day by day.

The folks back home are friendly,  
And the folks back home are true;  
And they wish me all good fortune  
In the things I try to do.  
They seem to know how happy  
They can make a fellow's heart,  
By showing him that friendship  
Can live on, tho' friends may part.

I hope to meet new faces  
And I hope to make new friends,  
I hope to trudge new pathways,  
Till the day my journey ends;  
Forever I will be turning  
From the trails I chanced to roam.  
To guide the best of comrades  
To dear folks I left back home.

—By an Airman of Maintenance.

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**M. T. SECTION**

**"Drips From The  
Bowlers"**

We would like to know . . .  
Why the Flight appeared in his winter uniform on a hot summer day? Was it because he fell in the lake that morning?  
Which W.D. sent L.A.C. Pridmore on a thirteen mile route march? Some courtesy!  
Why Sgt. MacKenzie was sitting on the curb between Peterborough and Mountain View? Could it be the tail end of a forty-eight?  
Why L.A.C. Clisby rushes down to East Lake for breakfast? Is it a Hollywood attraction?

What Sergeant-Major from the Marine Section played Sir Walter Raleigh for A.W.I. Heading by changing a flat tire on the outskirts of Huyek's Point?

What two inseparable L.A.C.'s feel it their obligation to be on duty watch when A.W.I. MacConnell and A.W.I. Peck are on duty? Could it be A.C.I. Channing and L.A.C. Boorman?

Who is the Clark Gable of the section? Have you seen L.A.C. Lea?

If A.W.I. Ramsay had anything done to her lead foot? We are are glad that it didn't end up with a fine.

If L.A.C. Longpre will get his snow leave? Surely he will, when harvest leaves are so readily granted.

**Wedding Bells.**

Congratulations are extended to L.A.C. Woods, L.A.C. Boorman, and A.C.I. Coveydu on their recent marriages.

"I. G. itis" . . . never was so much done by so many in such a short time for one man!

**MUMBLINGS FROM  
MAINTENANCE**

Material of an interesting nature is this month conspicuous by its absence. Such is the wide scope of this department that any job is of very common-place nature. Everything is taken in our stride.

Changes in personnel too have been almost non-existent and only goes to show what a satisfactory job of work the boys are doing.

The only changes of real note have been the well-earned and long-awaited promotions which, if they have not been as many as was expected, have served to whet the aspirations of others less fortunate. Sgt. Barrie, Sgt. Bentley, Sgt. Rose, Cpl. Sproule, Cpl. Borer, and Cpl. Tremaine and if it was last it certainly was not least, good old F/Sgt. Cowley. Congratulations everybody.

A news flash has just come in—Maintenance has a ball team (we do relax at times) and in combat with the cream of the Officers' Mess managed to show that even under war conditions they have not forgotten the art learned in the "good old days".

Another sports item and its after effects is of course the rendering of certain N.C.O.'s on the unserviceability report due to the keen competition of L.A.C. Partridge and company at "pitching horse shoes" How are the arms now, Sgt. Barrie?

Things we would like to know:  
The name and number of a member of the hard worked M.T. Section who seemed desirous of "de-painting" one of the equally hard worked maintenance section in turning off Avenue B. Speed is not always necessary to complete a job quickly.

Who is the N.C.O. who has to smoke doped cigarettes and even then never seems to have more than three to start the day with?

What N.C.O. celebrated on milk? A physical and material build-up, no doubt.

What is so attractive in our ladies' barracks that the log room personnel (conscientious people) do without breakfast to be at work on time?  
—Sgt. Hardy.

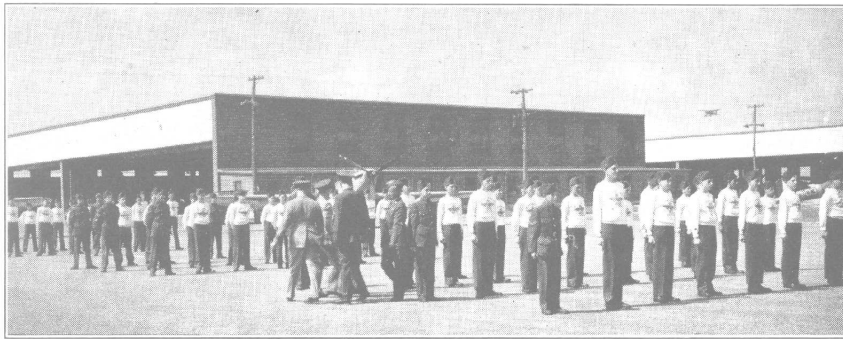
**FIRST IMPRESSIONS**

(Continued from page 2)

keen minds and resolute wills are vital for our success.

These and many other impressions — the efficient, businesslike, congenial work and presence of the Women's Division, the pleasant welcome in the various section offices by O.C.'s and staffs, the benevolent authority of the august headquarters section, in all its departments and the humming industry of maintenance and tarmac, the excellent work of the auxiliary service offices — all go to make a lasting impression which is summed up by this writer in the genuine feeling of pleasure in being stationed at Mountain View.

Ross K. Cameron,  
Padre.



GROUP CAPTAIN DUNLAP INSPECTS AIR CADETS

**AIR CADETS  
ENTHUSIASTIC**

July marked the visit of two Air Cadet Squadrons from Toronto, to this Station. They were both Kitanis Units, the No. 100 Downtown Squadron and the No. 117 Riverdale Squadron. Although their stay with us lasted but one week each, they left us with the impression that they were most keen and enthusiastic.

They daily set themselves about the task of familiarizing themselves with the elementary principles involved in such subjects as Armament, Airmanship, Law and Discipline, Navigation, Anti-gas, in addition to Sport Parades and Drill on the Square. Both Units availed themselves of the Link Trainer and proved to be the proverbial Bees around the Honey as they washed down several aircraft. Then too, their demonstrations of a Squadron Ceremonial Review for the commanding officer showed that these lads, who will likely be the source of aircrew supply tomorrow, know

what soldiering really is. Their sponsors are to be congratulated on their excellent showing, and to quote the Group Captain, we sincerely trust that they benefitted by their experience here, and that their visit next year will be for more than a week's duration.

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A GOOD PLACE TO EAT  
BANQUETS ARRANGED PHONE 42

# HOME ON THE RANGE

As we go to press Cpl. Hatter is engaged in removing a family of skunks from their happy home under the floor of No. 4 quadrant at Huyke Bay. The devotion to duty in the face of the enemy which should be expected from airmen was not apparent, for having started smoking out operations AC1 Farrel high-tailed it down to the road and Cpl. Hatter found safety on the far end of the signals. The fate of the skunk is still unknown.

★ ★ ★

WO1 Zadco is growing into a tired old man. Deep furrows crease his brow, his temper is short (normal), he is off his food (not normal) and his nervous system is shot. What is the matter, oh nothing much, he is just the independent checker for the Range Inventory which is neatly scattered over sixteen buildings and the Plotting Office.

★ ★ ★

F/Lt. Doherty of the G. L. Armament Officers Course is one of those who believe that far fields are the greenest, for not content to bomb on our own night targets he must betake himself to the Picton night ranges. Picton seemed somewhat annoyed.

★ ★ ★

The number of visitors around the Plotting Office has suddenly increased and their interest in our

work would be remarkable except for the fact that AW2 Morris has recently started to work in the office and this explains many things to us. AW2 Morris is the first W.D. to be posted to Range and if the others we hope to get are as pleasant and efficient the bomb aimers will have to stop their beefing which would constitute a colossal change in a bomb aimers make-up.

★ ★ ★

Replacing F/O Greenfield as N. C. O. i/e Plotting Office and general bomb plot expert is F/S Perks from G.I.S. (Arm.). It can now be said that the Plotting Office Staff viewed with suspicion any replacement for F/O Greenfield but any worries were dispelled on the arrival of F/S Perks. He from the first fitted right into the organization (we call it that anyway) and so all is well and everybody happy.

## THE BLACK CAT

Now a Cpl. to the Range was sent, into the quadrant he quickly went But if quickly he went in More quickly he came out. For there underneath Was a cat big and stout. Said hatter to the A/C, I don't like his smell, If you ask me I think He stinks like old ----, But to get him out Was a different matter And while under there The quadrant he don't flatter. So down sat the Cpl. To think it over awhile, And when he arose he had quite a big smile,

250 1/2 Front St.

Phone 602

# GEORGE A. LEE

MILITARY TAILOR - ALTERATIONS

Said he to the A/C,  
I'll fix that cat,  
I'll have him out  
Before he knows what I'm at.  
Well, underneath the generator was placed  
And out from under  
The black cat raced  
To the Cpl's horror  
A white stripe he saw,  
Said he to the A/C  
That's a skunk in the raw,  
We better move off  
While he makes his departure  
'Cause the likes of him  
I sure don't want to capture;  
So the skunk went away,  
And so did the rat,  
And don't think that hatter  
Wants to see any more cats.

## NOTES FOR BOMB AIMERS

Never test your intercome, before leaving the crew room, or in the aircraft before leaving the line. Bombing is much simpler without.

★ ★ ★

Don't bother to see that the bomb pins are withdrawn. If the quadrant operators don't see the splash, you can always claim a better score and only the airmen will suffer.

★ ★ ★

A computer is unnecessary, wet your finger and put it out of the window to find the wind, the height will be correct to within five hundred feet and the true air speed has no bearing on the problem.

★ ★ ★

Don't level the bomb sight. Doing so only assists the pilot to track over the target.

★ ★ ★

When finding a wind, refrain from informing the pilot that you have finished a course—wait until he asks.

★ ★ ★

Always keep your microphone button depressed, the pilot loves the crackling sound in his earphones.

★ ★ ★

If possible, ensure that your helmet fits loosely (for comfort) and that the ear pieces fit snugly on the temple or round the back of the neck.

★ ★ ★

Don't plug in your intercom plug—you might hear something.

★ ★ ★

Never admit that you have heard the pilot's instruction—keep him guessing.

★ ★ ★

Don't put red on red—make the pilot do it the hard way.

★ ★ ★

Wait until the last possible moment before giving any correction. It's much easier on the pilot and ensures accuracy.

★ ★ ★

Don't forget to give the pilot plenty of dummy runs—it builds up his flying time and his morale.

★ ★ ★

Don't tell the pilot when the bomb has gone, let him toil a little longer and guess for himself.

★ ★ ★

Never select the bomb when turning on—it is against the T.V. rules.

## BOMBING FLIGHT

There is very little news, in fact none, from Bombing Flight for this issue because everything is running just perfectly. If you don't believe us just ask the new O. C. Flying. So being no newsw we would like to ask a few pertinent questions and here they are:

How did F/Lt. Gwynne-Timothy cut his head and did he really need the ambulance to take him to the hospital? Was it because he just wanted a ride over to the quarters?

Where was F/Lt. Love at 05.00 hours on the morning following the Officers' dance.

What did the Officers train on before being beaten by Picton in soccer 9 to 0.

Whereabouts was S/L Dunn hit by the ball and injured in the same soccer game?

Why do envious pilots from the other flights always bother Bombing for a chance to fly their Ansons?

How come that the Operations Officer always seems to act as official guide to visiting W. A. A. F. Officers?

Why is F/O Horton in trouble with the O. C. Flyin'g?

What kind of gum was F/Lt. Schaffer chewing on the I.G.S. parade?

Why does F/Lt. Summerville need an assistant. Yes. WHY- And how come he gets the Ferry trips to Toronto in the Anson and when was he checked out in it?

Was anything ever done right before the present O. C. Flying book over?

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# STAFFORDS

"The Modern Store of Picton"

GROCERIES - FRUITS - VEGETABLES AND MEATS

PHONE 69 AND 70

MAKE THE  
**ROYAL HOTEL**  
YOUR HEADQUARTERS IN  
**PICTON**

... — "V" — ...  
By MICHAEL GARDNER

To the casual observer the Cafe Lafrenz hadn't changed materially in three years of war. The faded whitewash on the front could have been blamed on the rigors of a hard winter, not the confiscation of all paint and whitewash by greedy conquerors. The broken windows, un-mended, could have been caused by transport difficulties due to the heavy snow, not lack of materials. The absence of wine inside the cafe might have been due to a bad season in the French vineyards. There was nothing to show that the red wine intended for the Lafrenz was being drunk by senior Nazi officers in their mess a few blocks away.

To the shrewd observer it wasn't the same cafe. The laughter in the low-raftered bar-room hadn't its former sincere note. It was pitched higher up the scale and it was forced. People were talking too fast and too loud, in an effort to convince themselves that everything would be all right, and that there was nothing to worry about. And no one looked into another person's eyes. Men carry their troubles in their eyes, and no one likes to pry into the soul of another.

Some of the people who went there before war flared over Europe were still there. Petre Kanll, for instance, who used to sell flowers on the corner. Now there were no flowers to sell. Carl Flirkke was there. Fran Maygaard was absent. You didn't ask where he was, except in a whisper, when you were sure that no one would hear, except the person for whom the question was intended. Maygaard had asked an indiscreet question once, and now his mail was stamped 'address unknown'. Madame Polkenne was still there. She was the mother of the little Polish village. If any of the youths—and the old people—had a problem, they went to Madame Polkenne. She would offer them a glass of wine—now only a mug of beer—listen to their story, and then offer them advice.

Over in the far corner of the bar-room there were six youths. They looked young, except for their eyes. They were the eyes of men who had looked too long and too earnestly at the world.

At the bar Yan was shaking his head, gesticulating with his hands. He was sorry, he said, there was no wine. There were difficulties. There was beer, but no wine.

The high-pitched buzz of conversation stopped as though it had been switched off. The swing doors had creaked open. With the doors swaying behind them, two Nazi ober-

lieutenants stood looking round the room. They looked bleary-eyed and rather unsteady. They walked over to the bar.

"Wine," the taller of them said, then sat down at a vacant seat at a table near the bar. In the other seat an old man sat. The officer looked at him, but didn't say anything, then the old man got hurriedly up and left. The other officer, who was running slightly to fat, sat down.

Yan rummaged in a cupboard behind the bar, brought out a bottle of red wine, hurried over to the table with the bottle and two glasses. He poured out two glasses of the wine, turned quickly away, and prepared to return to the bar.

The fat officer reached out a hand and caught him by the tail of his apron.

"Come here," he said. Then he stretched over to the other table and took a mug from a young man who sat with a girl. He poured the weak beer on to the floor, poured a little wine into the mug and gave it to Yan.

"Drink this," he said, and Yan quickly swallowed the wine. The officers watched him intently. There had been that instance at the Cafe Malagge the other week. Three officers had died suddenly after only one glass of wine . . . but Yan wasn't clutching his stomach as the officers had. They signalled him away, and lifted their wine glasses.

"Heil Hitler!"  
"Heil Hitler!"  
The conversation started up again, quietly at first, then louder, till it had reached the pitch of noisiness that had buzzed through the thick tobacco smoke before the Nazis had entered.

At first you couldn't trace it to any source. It was just a clinking of a mug or glass on the table top, that suddenly formed into a pattern of sound. The shuffling of feet on the floor formed into symbols of sound. Then it grew louder. Glasses clinked shortly three times, then a firm, definite clink. Toes tapped the dirty wooden floor four times, three short, one long. People held their glasses awkwardly with two fingers y'd up the front.

The fat officer heard it first. He stiffened, and said something to the other officer. They put their glasses down and listened, and the buzz of small-talk flooded over the tapping like a tidal wave, and it couldn't be heard any longer.

When the officers picked up their glasses again it recommenced. Only this time it was louder and more definite. They couldn't be casual noises. The taps were too well defined.

The fat officer put his glass down

for the second time, and got to his feet. His face was flushed with drink and anger. Slowly he paced round the room, wending his way between the tables. One hand rested on the revolver, slung in a holster at his hip. Nobody looked up as he passed them. There was no noise as he passed them, but when he'd gone on, there was that sound again.

Three taps, one long tap . . . three taps, one long tap . . . three clinks of a glass, one long clink . . . to the Nazi officer it sounded like a terrible, perverted symphony. His hand rested more heavily on the gun butt.

The six youths in the corner sat silently as the officer halted at their table.

"Were you making that noise?" he said.

Niels looked up. "What noise?" he replied. There was a studied insolence in the words. "That tapping." If his friends had been looking into Niels' eyes they would have seen the burst of rebellious flame that dimmed the bitterness. Niels made no reply. He took a box of matches from his pocket and took one match in his fingers. He applied slight pressure and it snapped in the middle. Then he threw it on the table, a tiny, miniature V.

The officer slowly unbuckled the catch of his holster and took out his revolver. He weighed it thoughtfully in the palm of his hand. Then he signalled to the other officers.

When he came they talked softly together for a minute. Their faces showed no emotion, except once

**JAMES H. RUTTER**  
**GROCERIES**  
●  
**PHONE 80**  
**WELLINGTON, ONT.**

when the fat officer laughed shortly. "You are going to be shot," said the fat officer to Niels. "For fighting against the New Order, you are going to be shot." For the first time the officer seemed to be enjoying himself. "And your friends," he went on, and looked round the table, "are going to shoot you." His face was suddenly wreathed in smiles, and he chuckled. "Your friends are going to shoot you," he repeated.

He signalled to the six youths to stand up. The thin officer went to the phone and barked some staccato orders into the mouthpiece. The fat officer waved with his revolver, and the youths filed between the tables to the door, Niels leading them. At the door he stopped and said something softly to his friends. They nodded.

The door swung slowly to and fro after them.

The people in the cafe heard the (Continued on page 12)

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*Esquire*  
**FOR MEN**

# SPORTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

## SPORTS

Before entering the detail pertaining to Sports, we wish to pause here and pay a well-earned tribute to our retiring President of the Station Sports Committee. Most everyone on the Station knew S/L Sutherland either through his official capacity as Pay and Accounts O. C., but the majority of us really got to know him on the softball diamond and on the soccer pitch. He was a firm believer in the theory that participation was the best means of familiarizing oneself with the sports on the Station. So, Mountain View's loss is definitely Eastern Air Command's gain, and in passing we wish to extend the sincere good wishes of the entire Station to you Sir, and add further that it was a distinct pleasure working with you.

In the Inter-Section Softball League, Group "A" finds the Air Arm Staff and Guns 1 in a terrific battle for the top spot, and as we go to press, there is little to choose between the two leaders, one of whom will play off with the winners of Group "B" in the Second Session Title hunt. In the latter Section, the Station Orderly Room and the re-vamped Officers' Team are in a fight to the finish for the top spot. Maintenance 'Orfuns' and the amalgamated Equipment-Accounts Team are pressing, but unless they are able to provide a last-minute rush, it looks like the other two for coveted birth to meet Section "A" winners.

Soccer, cricket, tennis and swimming teams representing Mountain View continue to carry out their games with other Stations in the district. The Station softball team threw a terrific jolt into the seemingly unbeatable Army-Navy Vets organization the other evening in the first game of the City of Belleville play-offs for the right to proceed into the Ontario Intermediate "A" playdowns. The Vets lost only one game in twelve all season, so our ten-inning 11-11 draw knocked the Vets ship off balance to no small degree. These two teams meet again on Wednesday Aug. 5th and Monday Aug. 10th. It has been an uphill struggle for the Bombers all season, with little support, but the fine pitching of Smith, Coveyus and Hurst, the sensational fielding of Tartaglia, Christie, Fenlon, Cpt. Andrews, P/O Abelson, P/O Campbell and Sgt. Porter has proven a bulwark of defence. Cullen, Cook, Zadow, Iveson, Cox and Gearge round out a formidable aggregation for any opposing hurler.

A substantial grant was voted by the Station Funds Committee to the Sports Reserve, and your Committee is now lining up what will be needed for the rapidly approaching Fall and Winter. A complete boxing ring is on its way here now from Petawawa Camp, so we should have some large evenings here this Winter. The contract has been let for the drill hall flooring,

and with Command and Ottawa assuring us of a lean-to with storage, dressing and shower room facilities, we are in for a big season indoors.

Members of various teams are again urged to return their equipment so that action may be taken to assure their being kept in a constant state of cleanliness and repair. This is a vitally important factor, especially with soccer and rugby gear, as there are so many using the same equipment.

For those of you who do not take an active part in organized games, badminton, tennis, baseball, horse-shoe and other gear is available for your use. Sign for it and return it promptly as it is for everyone's use, so keep it circulating.

The Station Softball Team lost the second game of the City of Belleville play-offs to the Army-Navy Vets Wednesday 5-8-42 by the score of 6-2.

Smith pitched beautiful ball for the Bombers, limiting the Vets, a highly-touted hitting team, to one hit for the first six frames. Our lads gained a lead of one run in the opening inning, but the Vets tied the score during their turn at bat in the seventh. With the bases loaded in the last half of the seventh, P/O Abelson drove in three runs with a screaming triple to deep right field. After the 'Duke' had deposited himself on third, and the next batter was ready to go, the umpire declared the blast a foul ball. The ball had definitely landed fair prior to its reaching their right fielder, Kiser, who, being an old-timer, knew it was fair when he went after it, but when he had finished fielding it, it was foul for sure. However, rather than appear poor sports, the Bombers carried on, and in the next innings the Vets got to Smith for three runs. Davey Ray, late of Edmonton I.T.S., replaced Smith, and proceeded to dazzle the Vets batters, but on an error by an infielder that had played the best brand of ball seen in Belleville this season, managed to get two unearned runs. "Spaghetti" Tartaglia came through with a beautiful homer in the last half of the ninth, but also our rally was too late. These two teams meet again on Monday August the 10th in what promises to be the outstanding attraction of the season, as Mountain View are definitely out for the right to proceed into the finals.

## ENTERTAINMENT

Mountain View again scored a classic on its monthly dance. The young ladies from the Belleville Hospitality Club and St. Michael's Hospitality Club were lovelier than ever. There were also some very charming girls from Mountain View and Wellington. This combined with Mountain View's own Women's Division and Nursing Sisters is the start of a perfect evening in any man's land. The Trenton Dance Orchestra surpassed themselves in order to prove to Mountain View just what they were mis-



B-1341

*Smoke*  
**Buckingham**  
*-and Smile*

sing. Moon waltzes again proved to be the most popular dances of the evening. The tickets for the door prizes were drawn by Mrs. Kennedy and the lucky winners were Mrs. Booth (Vancouver), Miss Mabel Russell (Ottawa), LAC. Hamer and LAC. Jamieson, the spot dance was won by Miss Pelott (Belleville) and LAC. Lockford. Highlight of the evening was the presentation of the "Great Lovers" cup to LAC. Boyd by F/Lt. Sommerville. Miss McNeill's professional hand at juggling vitamins was well shown by the popular demand for refreshments at the Airmen's Mess. Arranged by a committee including F/Lt. Mulcahey, F/Lt. Cameron, Messrs. Tom Rathwell and Bob Sutherland, K. of C. supervisors. The dance did go over well. Where was the missing girl? Why don't we do this more often? Does or doesn't the P. A. system work. Are the charming nursing sisters picked for their beauty or their knowledge? How was I to know they were going to turn on the lights?

... — "V" — ...  
(Continued from page 11)

tramp of feet on the cobbled road. Through a hole in the door they saw a platoon of goosestepping Nazi soldiers. They were handing Niels' five friends rifles. Three soldiers with revolvers kept them covered.

Then the fat officer shouted a command, and they moved out of view. The only sound in the cafe was the marching of feet that seeped through the doorway into the bar-room. Another command, and the

## CHAS. J. SYMONS

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## CHAS. J. SYMONS

MEN'S WEAR

206 FRONT ST. BELLEVILLE

soldiers halted.

The people in the cafe looked bitterly at the table, into their mugs, but not at each other. The clock on the wall was ticking Niels' life away.

Two more commands. The last one was yet to come. One more command and Niels' would be dead. The command came, clearly, sharply.

But suddenly there was no more bitterness in the eyes of the people in the cafe. There was pride and hope. There had been no burst of firing. There had been four sounds. Three shots delicately spaced, then two together—that sounded like one long shot.

**Good Food**

**Good Friends**

MEET AT  
THE

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Belleville

## JAMES BAY CROSSING

By SGT. JOHN G. McCOMBE  
(Canadian Army Overseas)

When your canoe is stuck high and dry out on the mud flats of James Bay, with the far away shore a thin line on the southern horizon, and it is starting to breeze up strong from the north as night draws on with the tide on the turn, you begin to wonder why you were ever such a damn fool as to get yourself there.

James Bay crossings can be tough; sometimes they're easy; I've never been lucky. If it wasn't the wind it was fog and if it wasn't fog it was something else but there was always something bobbing up to keep things unpleasant. But this can come later once we get geographically set.

If you don't know where James Bay is, collect yourself an atlas and look up North America. Up in the northeast part you'll find Hudson Bay, an extensive expanse of salty H<sub>2</sub>O whose main value has been a road of access to a rich fur hinterland used by the philanthropic Scots on their scalping expeditions. The southern extremity of Hudson Bay is known as James Bay which, at the mouth of the Moose River, boasts Ontario's only seaport (or so the government says), which is unique in so far that it provides excellent anchorage for any sturdy sea-going tonnage that can float in ten feet of water.

I have not been all around James Bay and I shed no tears on that account. I do know the bay from the mouth of the Albany on the west side to where the Rupert's empties in on the east coast; and this more than satisfies me. A clay belt lies to the south and through many years the rivers have carried down vast amounts of silt that have formed great mud flats out from the shore line. In many places these flats extend out over ten miles from shore. They are covered at high tide but stand out, a bleak waste of mud, when the tide is at the ebb. Marshes, slough checkered and clothed with a coarse rank covering of yellowish green marsh grass in some places form a ribbon between sea and forest. At isolated points beaches of yellow sand, on which the rollers pound when the tide is in, stand out in happy contrast to the monotony of the blue green wall of stunted forest beyond. At one point, Little Halfway, between Albany and Moose, a canoe or shallow draught boat can land on any tide, which, outside of the river mouths, stands out as the one exception to prove the rule.

I saw the bay, for the first time, in the late summer of 1927. We were four in the party. The canoe was a nineteen foot freighter equip-

ped with a light twin outboard motor. We were heavily loaded, for we had a long way to go. After a week of sweating work coming down the murky Abitibi we entered the Moose River and soon after smelt the tang of sea air and rode tide water to find a camping place on Hudson's Bay Island in the mouth of the river.

It is 200 miles by canoe from Moose Factory, the Hudson's Bay Company's post situated at the mouth of the Moose River, to Ruperts House, the same company's post at the mouth of the Rupert's River. We figured that with good running conditions the trip should take us two and one-half to three days. It took us two weeks.

We left Moose Factory, on a high tide, at 2 p.m., ran out the mouth of the river as far as the ships' beacon and then headed east and north following the coast line and about five miles off shore. The wind was light and from the south east. We'd covered probably seven or eight miles along the coast when the wind, as it so frequently does on the bay, changed suddenly into the east and blew up strong and gusty, bringing with it driving rain squalls. It began to get heavy going with the rising seas; continuous bailing was necessary. We ran shoreward and grounded the canoe on the flats, four miles off shore. The ebbing tide left us stranded. Night came on and we were left with only the moaning of the wind and the lapping of the waves, as the tide came in over the flats, and now and then the low murmur of conversation to break the silence of desolation in the universe of blackness that hemmed us in. It was past eight o'clock when finally we were able to get off and head out to where we found deeper water. We started the kicker and ran due east on a compass direction. Around ten o'clock, the wind which had died down at the turn of the tide blew up again, this time from the south, and we altered our direction to almost due south. We were not far out for it was not long before we grounded and two of the men headed towards where we figured the shore line should be. I stayed with the canoe and the remaining member of the party. It seemed hours before we sighted a flickering blaze far away to the east. It grew in size and we headed for it, poling our canoe over the now flooded flats.

The fire threw a circle of light over the yellow gold beach sand. We were at Neitiche Point. We unloaded what we needed and then staked out the tarp covered canoe so that we could clear on a half tide. It was cold work wading back.

We woke to look out over a field of white capped furrows that lost themselves in the grey bank of

# HOTEL QUINTE

BELLEVILLE

100 ROOMS  
50 WITH BATH

AMERICAN PLAN

storm clouds in the horizon. All day the gale blew fiercely from the north; the staked out canoe rode the swells like a duck; we loafed or picked the wild berries that grew profusely in a narrow strip of fertile soil behind the sand dunes; the day wore through; the wind began to drop and rain came on as the night closed in.

The morning dawned clear and fine with a light breeze from the east. We did not get away until noon but then made a good run to the mouth of the Harricanaw River at the south end of Hannah Bay. Here we found a good camp spot on the south end of the island, in the mouth of the river, but a short distance below where the now nearly obliterated remains of the old Hudson's Bay post stand as a grim reminder of the last Indian massacre in Canada. We climbed into our sleeping bags not long after dusk for it was to be an early start.

Breakfast was eaten in the dark and it was still an hour before dawn when we headed out of the river's mouth on a flow tide, half in, and left the dim shore line behind in the blackness as the canoe rode the ground swells and we headed out to the open bay. The wind was light and blowing from the north west. We ran for half an hour on a compass direction a little east of north and then turned due east. Dawn disclosed an overcast and stormy sky, and we could just discern the shore line over nine miles distant to the south east. The wind shifted into the north and it began to blow

hard. Within half an hour of the break of day the wind had gained half gale proportions and the sea was wild. Sometimes the motor was in the water; most of the time it seemed to be out. The canoe rolled drunkenly as the waves broke over us. We kept her afloat with bailing. Then a big comber lifted us from behind; the motor bracket snapped. Somehow we got up a sail; it gave us steerage way. We could not hit directly for shore as to be piled up on the shallow water on the mud flats would have meant instant swamping and certain loss of our outfit. We got in as close as we could and then held eastward searching the shore line for a break that would indicate the mouth of a river. The wind increased; it was only a matter of time; then luck played us a hand; we saw a river's mouth. How the old canoe rode out that last two miles to shore I'll never know. At times almost half full of water as the seas broke over us, we sank strickenly in the troughs and it seemed impossible that we could rise to ride the next rolling summit. Flour and sugar went overboard; we drew nearer and nearer to safety and then, like a bad dream over, we were in the sheltered river's mouth. It was a small stream and its name was the Piscapocassy. We made camp on the east bank and spent the rest of the day in drying out as much of our equipment and supplies as possible. The wind died down in the evening but the sky

(Continued on page 17)

## NASH HARDWARE

Headquarters for

## FISHING TACKLE

WELLINGTON, ONT. - PHONE 9

## What a Life!



Beautiful girls usually storm  
A handsome man in a uniform,  
But not this man—  
till he learns, m'friend,  
He has to perspire,  
but needn't offend!

**Bath tonight with LIFEBOUY**  
The ONE soap especially made to  
prevent "B.O." (Body Odor)

## GUNNERY GOSSIP

"Time and tide wait for no man" so the saying goes and apparently the editorial staff of the Mountain Viewpoint are in the same category so we had better rattle off a few lines of interest and maintain our record for punctuality.

Congratulations are in order for Cpl. Stephenson and his bride. He returned from St. Thomas recently only to leave us to take the fatal step. Best wishes are extended by all the boys to the happy couple and may continued good fortune smile upon them.

Flight-Sergeant Hall has been posted to Bagotville, Quebec, and the wise boys in the hangar are laying odds on his replacement being a certain senior NCO from maintenance. Oh well, who knows?

After much delay and confusion our two dispatchers of the R. C. A. F. (W.D.) finally got their trip in the atmosphere. It was quite an experience for both girls which they thoroughly enjoyed. It seems that among the windmill jockeys of Drogue Flight we have an old twin engine man with Ansons as his first love, but from the display of aerodynamic fizzes on borrowing our craft it seems he got jilted. I am quite sure that he will check the master switch the next time his gas miraculously drops from twenty gallons to zero on the gauges in nothing flat instead of grabbing air frantically in his efforts to change tanks. It isn't so embarrassing and let's hope he will never again put an Anson U/S because the wheels won't put the little green balls up through when they are up and then have the nerve to insist you can't see the wheels from the pilot's seat. However we forgive him because he is so fanatically patriotic. He made one circuit do for seven landings thereby saving enough gas for a gunnery exercise.

"What's the matter, Sarge?" Did the little man of gunnery get you or did the presence of a fan of yours rattle you?" "Never mind, podner." Visit us again, and we'll

condescend to let her check you out."

There is another saying that we might well repeat however: "People who live in glass houses should never throw stones." One of our usually reliable N.C.O. pilots apparently never was told that a Battle radiator shutter can cause a quite noticeable range in temperature when the aircraft is flown with the shutter closed. Take-off was normal but a very hasty, low and wobbly circuit was enough to convince the old timers in this flight that something was amiss. After coming to an abrupt halt the aircraft was deserted as fast as a scuttled German merchantman. When the obvious was brought to the pilot's attention it was noticed that the sweat dripping from his brow was materializing faster than his handkerchief could be wielded. Incidentally the "Kokes" were enjoyed by all.

The plan of placing five full bottles of Coca-Cola in the racks of our machine, and then one empty bottle, and thus dispensing with the additional one cent was well received. The looks of anticipation, concern, dismay and relief made the smoke periods sort of a one reel comedy and the suggestion comes that due to the income taxes a small admission would help to keep non-general list officers in cigarettes.

W.C. Millar, Sergeant Orange and their B. R. squadron should be complimented on their co-operation in the hangar. Of course we have our minor disputes about the tractor and the condition of oil stores but all in all everything slides along very smoothly. There is a noticeable rivalry of course about the condition of both sides of the hangar and this tends more than ever to bring about a much cleaner and more efficient flight.

Well Gunnery Gus has said his piece again so guess he'll start browsing around for the next edition.

"Gunnery Gus"

## HOT AIR FROM AIRCREW

Business is certainly good at G. I. S. Aircrew these days, what with the greatly increased enrollment of Trainees; and the sharp increase in the number of Instructors. However, efficiency is still the order of the day and the Orderly Room is in no more of an uproar than was previously the case.

They're telling the overheard conversation between an Officer and a Sgt. Pilot here. "No, No, Sgt. Brown, you must have mis-read the orders. You aren't meant to jettison the Bomb Aimers!"

The foregoing may be taken as a hint to the new Instructors, as it provides a good illustration of the efficiency of our instructional methods. Among the new arrivals may be found WO2 Robertson, Sgt's. Skidmore, Hunt, Patterson, Dupuis, Costin, Weir and Giroux, Cpl's. Gross, Bayley, and MacDonnell.

Congratulations are extended to WO2 Robertson and Sgt. Patterson who received their latest promotions since joining our Unit.

Former Queen of the Orderly Room, AW2 Dickinson has been posted to Ottawa and we are hearing of her promotion to Sgt. Long range congratulations are in order, and best wishes for the future.

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AW1 Lavallee, our remaining WAAF, is still being kept very busy and is still wondering where those Instructors find the excuses for spending all their time in the Orderly Room.

Burrows, our Shylock of the Equipment Section, has been posted to Toronto. His size 11's are now being ably filled by LAC Frogley.

\* \* \*

### Aircrew Problems

These are the unanswered questions which are being discussed at great length in the Instructor's Room nowadays:

Is the greatest scourge of the Aircrew Trainee airsickness, evening lectures or Sgt. McCurrie?

Whether the T32 will be the next commodity to be rationed by the Wartime Prices and Trade Board?

How did a certain rather rotund NCO manage to burn a large pane in his prominent bay window?

Why graduate Observers, when unable to out-bomb the LAC's cannot think of a better one than, "installation error"?

Just how Sgt. Macdonald would manage to deliver one of his masterpieces to a class of Women's Division?

Why the Service Police have never raided the Plotting Office and apprehended some of those characters for unarmed robbery?

If John Steinbeck was listening to the complaints of some of our English lads when he wrote his book 'The Grapes of RAE'.

\* \* \*

### Things We Would Like to See

Flight Sgt. Oetiker out of the Orderly Room; or, admitting that he knows a few girls who aren't "platonic friends."

Sgt. Macdonald on parade. Sgt. McCurrie refusing to put a man on charge.

A system of identifying RAF Flight Sgt's. without noticing that their hats are on crooked.

F/L Raymond without that "What are you doing this morning Sgt." look in his eyes.

WO1 Monk without a Joe Job for a spare Instructor.

The "Mayor of Ameliasburg", Sgt. Gartley, wearing a uniform that doesn't resemble a bundle of wet wash.

Sgt. Lanyon, erstwhile Sultan of the Bombing Teacher, delivering a lecture on ammunition.

An Instructor's Room where it is not necessary to step out into the hall in order to change your mind.

A contented Officer who is not on the General List.

A decent entry from GIS Aircrew in the Mountain Viewpoint. (Present entry excluded.)

The Station Band playing another number.

## AIRCREW NEWS AND VIEWS

The blackout equipment for the main lecture hall has been completed and is Lavallee glad.

LAC. Wheeler has left for Vancouver on two wee's leave. The grapevine states that the brute left a sad, sobbing little girl behind in Ottawa.

A matrimonial race is on among three of our more dashing, daring N.C.O.'s We are laying our money on Swackhamer, who seems to have the inside track at present.

The above occasions a disgusted grunt from Flight Sgt. Oetiker, 'Old Poison' has lost three members of his Bachelors or Bust Club already, and it appears as if Sgt. Cairns is all the Flight has left.

W.O. Monk is telling some tall fish stories these days — now they are in season.

Already P/O Abelson is suffering from 'Isley's Complaint.' A. W. Lavallee is buying his cokes.

The good people of the Bay of Quinte are hereby reminded to have no fears. That is not a tidal wave, but merely Flight Sgt. Brant taking his daily dip.

We understand that Flight Sgt. Cleland D. F. M. and Sgt. Campbell have taken up residence at the Cutlet for the summer season.

Residents of Prince Edward County! If you see a tired, bedraggled looking Sgt. wending his way over the highways and by-ways of your fair county, be ye not alarmed. It is only Sergeant Lanyon, well-known amateur yachtsman, searching for a lost centreboard, and for local gossip to be written into his latest Best Smeller: "15 Minutes in an Open Boat" or "Three Survived."

Questions are being asked about the ambitions of Sergeant East. His new shorts are a good preview of the latest in varicose veins. Our terror of the turrets bears a striking resemblance to Betty Grable. — Or a reasonably repulsive facsimile.

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**"ON CHINA..."**

By VALERIE BUCKLER

On June 15th, 1940, I left Hongkong for my holiday at Shanghai. A friend had booked a room for me and not being able to get anything better wired me or board ship that I had a reservation at the Palace Hotel — the best hotel in Shanghai. The rates were \$40 a day — the bill presented daily. Actually I would not have been out-of-pocket had I stayed there as the exchange was in my favour 100 to 40 Hongkong, but the daily submission of the bill frightened me and after two days I left for an apartment slightly cheaper though not much as nothing but the best was available in Shanghai in those days. The city swarmed with Jews. Every two weeks or so they arrived by the boatload, 500, 100 or 2000 as to the ship's accommodation. The Japs did not allow them the city but dumped them on the outskirts which they had bombed in 1938 on the Sino-Japanese conflict. There the poor wretches rebuilt the burnt-down shacks or lived in them until such time as they could rebuild them. Shanghai was soon flooded with cheap soap, cream, expert advice from one-time prominent doctors and white beggars. I saw a woman standing outside the Palace one night lacerating her tongue with a hook, trying to incite pity where pity there was none. She was using the tactics that China had used for centuries to get a few coppers from passers-by, so all she got was appreciative laughter and some contempt from the fast gathering crowd of coolies.

It was not long after my arrival at Shanghai that the news came over the radio that all women and children at Hongkong were to leave immediately for Australia. Another one of those hysterical fits by the Government, we all thought and thought no more on it. But when it came to getting a boat back to the Colony, that was another story. No one, not even the men were allowed passage to Hongkong, which indeed was a predicament for me. So I decided to go to the United States. I have relatives there and I had nothing to worry about. Unfortunately for me the American Consulate thought different. No matter how much I wheedled I could not get a visa from him. In any case they did not have much time to spend on me. There were crowds outside all waiting with the same intention of going to the United States. Nothing daunted, I thought I would feel them all and come to Canada and try again. But when I arrived here I found the

same thing on this side. However, that is another story. In the meantime there was a lot of bowing and scraping and so-diskas before I could get a visa to take me to Japan and then to Vancouver. Here again I found crowds before me. And the Japs exalted in it. They made us all wait by the hour before even noticing us, and then when finally we were attended to we had to run several times across that beastly Wang-po Bridge having some paper signed by different parties at each side of the bridge before getting any satisfaction. That bridge was really and truly the greatest fiasco of the whole Sino-Japanese war, with Great Britain trying desperately to hold her own. In the centre were two sentry boxes side by side, one housing a Japanese sentry and the other an English soldier. Half the bridge belonged to the British concession and the other half to the Japs (what was once the German Concession now taken over by the Japs). The Chinese on passing had to doff their hats and bow to the Jap sentry and the women had to grovel in the dust. The white man could pass but only on foot. The taxi-drivers and rickshaws absolutely refused to pass the bridge as several of their number had been shot on some pretext or other. So off the rickshaw from the British Concession, paying him the Shanghai denomination, on your flat feet in the blazing sun across the bridge to get another rickshaw pulled by a Japanese or Korean puller, to be paid with the Yen money. And so it went on and on. And all the time one had to be so careful as the slightest slip and you were liable to suddenly disappear mysteriously, as so many had before you.

So bowing and scraping and a continual grin on my face with an occasional so-diska I managed to leave the shores of Shanghai. In Canada I found myself still automatically bowing when I caught sight of someone approaching me — for I had to leave on a Japanese steamer. A Norwegian couple, refugees from Norway told me that they were afflicted with the same habit. We were all refugees on that steamer, from all over the world, though the German Jew predominated. Rich relatives had paid or vouched or something for them all and they were going to live in that vast, rich, generous land, the United States. Some had no baggage at all. I wonder how they are liking it, though I suppose by now they are accustomed to the change that they had to make. At the same time it is much harder for an older person to accustom themselves to something new than it is for a younger one. I wonder!

The sergeant bawled me out for not standing at attention. I had to tell him, "I'm at attention, it's my uniform that's at ease."

**THE PRAYER OF A SERVICE POLICEMAN**

Dear Lord . . .

I appreciate getting my "C" group;  
 But I'm not goin' to settle for that, I still want to be a Corporal,  
 Tho I don't want to seem a rat.

You have done many a miracle,  
 Like walking on the sea;  
 Won't you please do just one more;  
 And make a Corporal of me?

Can it be that I'm not popular?  
 No friendships do I bar,  
 And how do others get them?  
 It's getting in my hair!

So this request I'm askin'  
 As I finish off my prayer,  
 If you have any hooks around,  
 Please send me down a pair.

P.S.

Just one more word in closing:  
 I almost forgot to say,  
 If it's all the same to you, DEAR LORD,  
 Would you make it hooks WITH PAY?

Then there's the bachelor who got thrown out of his apartment when the landlady heard him drop his shoes on the floor twice.

They've been treating me like one of the family, and I've stood it as long as I can.

If it isn't the sheriff, it's the finance company. I've got more attachments on me than a vacuum cleaner.

Here I am talking about myself when it's you I want to talk about me.

He has a beautiful head of skin.

# HUME ARENA GARDENS

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•

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## ARMAMENT SECTION

The Armament Section came into its own recently with a welcomed procession of R 14's. Old man gloom took a back seat from the countenances of Corporals Schultzy and Gosnel, L.A.C. Hutchenson (at long last) and L.A.C. Grant. Congratulations boys on your recent promotions. Hutchenson will (at long last) be able to sit with the two hook boys in the airman's mess.

The last issue made reference to the hasty marriages of Armourers Weese, Spinks and Wisshell. These three worthy's were attached to the then newly formed B. R. Squadron. Apparently the boys formed a triumvirate and decided that if their social activities were to be abruptly terminated they had better act quick and did. It is well known that the Squadron along with the three boys in questions are still on the station. Moral — never leave off till tomorrow what you can leave off till the day after tomorrow.

The forty odd men in the section might well be called the "Fighting 40" as many have applied for air crew for a personal crack at the enemy. Unfortunately, for the time being, they cannot be spared from their present trade. Your turn will come later on and you are doing a big job right where you are as exemplified by your efficient work with the B.R. Squadron.

F/O Knott was recently on seven days' leave when lo and behold the last day he "sprained his back". The convalescent period swallowed up another seven days. He is still trying to convince the non-believers by showing off his adhesive tape and walking with a slight limp.

A new fence has been erected around the 25-yard range and stop butts to catch stray ricochets. The armourer i/c now complains that he now tires out just walking to work—all the way around to the back door.

A.C. "France" Shannon claims he would raise chickens in the new range enclosure if only they would quit using it to fire those danged machine guns.

F/Lt. McCombe is just back from a two weeks' sojourn in Montreal. It is said that his family went with him.

An optimist, one Cpl. Schultzy took his drill test for sergeant and im-

mediately after proceeded on leave—carrying his three hooks, mind you. Said promotion went through to Schuty from a fellow conspirator as follows, "Triplets have arrived, am celebrating on the ten bucks you lent me.

F/S "R.A.F." Smith was among the recent visitors to Montreal—a better time was never had even in Ole London.

## G.I.S. (ARMAMENT)

It is with regret that we have to announce the transfer of F/Lt. Gwynne-Timothy from G. I. S. (Arm). In his position as Officer i/c Armourers Courses he has won the respect of the Officers on the Staff and the Instructors who worked under him. In his co-operative and administrative capacity he has set an example that many might do well to emulate. While the members of the staff regret the loss of F/Lt. Gwynne-Timothy we are pleased with his promotion and extend to him our heartiest congratulations.

This vacancy will be filled by F/Lt. A. B. Whitely who with F/Lt. Gwynne-Timothy attended No. 10 Armament Officers Course.

F/Lt. Whitely was on the No. 13 Armament Artificers Course from which he graduated with the highest marks. He then received his commission and attended No. 10 Armament Officers Course. He comes to us from Eastern Air Command where he has served for the last sixteen months. We feel certain that he will capably fill the position of Officer i/c Armourers Courses. During the last war F/Lt. Whitely served as a pilot with the Royal Flying Corps. During the last several years of civilian life he served as vice principal of one of Toronto's public schools.

\* \* \*

A few changes have taken place at the School in the past month.

\* \* \*

W/O Crowther has been posted to the R.A.F. at Picton.

\* \* \*

F/Lt. Browne is now in Eastern Air Command.

\* \* \*

Cpl. McIntyre who had been transferred to Headquarters reported back for duty in the Orderly Room.

P/O Breckenridge has taken over the task of beautifying the grounds around the school. There is already a noted improvement.

\* \* \*

F/Sgt. Watts and Cpl. McIntyre have been on the sick list. We are pleased to see them back with us again.

\* \* \*

The Spitfire will soon be returned from the flights (we hope).

\* \* \*

Since the last issue of the Mountain Viewpoint P/O Vrooman has been married. Sgt. McKie and Sgt. Jackson attended him on this venture and have given us their assurance that the wedding was an entire success.

\* \* \*

We were pleased with the visit of P/O Fitzpatrick and P/O Vrooman. P/O Fitzpatrick is happy in his work in Education at Mossbank. P/O Vrooman was lamenting his posting to Goose Bay in Labrador.

## IF I ONLY HAD THE BRAINS

Tune: "Scarecrow's Song" from The Wizard of Oz.

I could learn the bomb components,  
In fifty-seven moments,  
By taking a few pains.  
I could name all the fuses,  
And the pistols and their uses,  
If I only had some brains!

Pyrotechnics would be easy,  
Explosive regs so breezy,  
And what a bomb contains,  
I'd define ammunition,  
And describe a demolition,  
If I only had some brains!

I,  
Could tell you why,  
Old types of bombs contain a central core.  
I've heard of things I never learned before  
And I've found out, there's plenty more.

I could name you all the classics;  
Which bombs produce most gases,  
And which have safety vanes.  
I'd explain a propellant,  
And why Trotyl's so excellent,  
If I only had some brains!!!

—AC2 Spearman, R.

## AN ARMOURER'S PLEA

The friends I know are free at half-past four,  
But I remain to mop the classroom floor,  
While on parade, though careful as can be,  
I'm Joe'd each time and so you hear my plea:

### Chorus:

I don't want to mop without you maybe,  
Mop without my "thoughts" about you maybe.  
Each time I take the mop in hand,  
I say a prayer that some day you'll understand and lend a hand.

'Cause I don't want to mop the floor each evening,  
Why d'ya make me mop the floor each evening?  
I fthis don't soon let up,  
It will break my bac kin two,  
'Cause I don't want to mop no more, at Mountain View.

## GROUND CREW

We are just the Ground Crew  
I suppose you have seen us around,  
We send the aircraft in the sky  
And watch them from the ground.

I know we're called grease monkeys  
With our dirty coveralls,  
But the aircraft really does its stuff  
When Maintenance overhauls.

Seven-thirty in the morning,  
Five-thirty when we quit,  
And then it's up to duty watch  
So that we'll be on the bit.

Sometimes I'd like to go to town  
To raise a little hell,  
But then I think what's the use,  
You have to be back at twelve.

C.O.'s inspection every week,  
We must look smart and neat,  
But leave it to Maintenance  
To see them it's a treat.

So if you decide to join the Air Force  
You better come in Aircrew,  
A fellow from Maintenance told me that  
And I'm passing it on to you.

Remember what I've told you,  
But I guess you can plainly see  
That if you belong to Maintenance  
You're a permanent L.A.C.

## Airforce and Army Needs—

BLUE HAVERSACKS - BLUE DUNNAGE BAGS  
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**H.Q. NEWS OR IS IT?**

Now that S. M. Favreau has hied off Trenton-wards things are once more back to their unique and disturbing ways.

No longer do we hear "by the most expeditious means", "I'll put that man on charge", "I'll speak to the adjutant", instead all is serene save for the slightly censorable oaths that pierce the atoms now and then, when powers of concealment some Warrant Officers we have known had, where the h— was that R78A put — that R.14 — oh — oh, what a lovely Air Force with airwomen as escorts and umpires.

★ ★ ★

Adjutant—"Where's Fortier?"  
Cpl. Tart—"Making out charge reports, sir."

Adjutant—"For who, himself or Cpl. Cox?"

Tart—"Well, Cpl. Cox has a date tomorrow night at the Queen's—I can't be certain."

★ ★ ★

Pilote to Fortier—"If I ever hear of you being out with a W.D. do you know what I will do with you?"  
Fortier—"What?"

Pilote—"Send you down to live with my wife while I have a turn."

★ ★ ★

Lajole—"Why the hell can't I be a W.O.1 and be posted to Montreal. I'll try to learn French."

★ ★ ★

Fortier (muttering to himself)—  
"Should I smarten up and marry up like Hopkins or wait until I'm "drafted".

★ ★ ★

MacArthur—"If you guys will give me a chance I'll show you just how popular I am next station dance, please, just one chance, "after all my uncle's doing O.K."

★ ★ ★

Miss Bosse—"What did I say now that I shouldn't?"

★ ★ ★

This has all been prepared with-out care or cause due to an urgent request from the editor for "stuff from headquarters", therefore all names mentioned are to be considered absolutely real and all reflections to be cast in order to retain the continuity of the disdain for the writer hereby incurred—to which we promise next issue we'll try to have everybody on our neck including D.A.P.S. (who are incidentally, quite frequently).

Who might this be . . . "go pound salt" . . .

**NEWS FROM WORKS AND BRICKS**

The writer of the Works and Buildings Personal Column is faced with a severe shortage of material, owing to the fact that so many postings has left W. and B. with only a handful of men. However, among the remaining few, we still have our A.C.1½ A/FS "Fireman" disrupting that quiet and "happyin the service"

feeling the personnel had before his arrival.

★ ★ ★

With the coming of cold weather W. and B. will have to import another F/S as the fireman is kept busy checking on corporals' reveille passes.

★ ★ ★

Works and Buildings have on their aerodrome maintenance department a number of former dry land farmers and (two fence corner farmers) who seem to spend considerable time in Picton. Could it be that those boys from the wheat fields of our golden west, having boots for the first time, (and finding them fairly comfortable to wear) think they can attract more attention at Picton's square dances in boots than they could in their shoe packs and moccasins? Never mind, boys, maybe the government will let you take a pair home to show the neighbors.

★ ★ ★

Jensen, our left-handed master painter, who has been on temporary duty at Consecon, (and who, by the way, reported a nice holiday) has returned with a swell coat of tan; and is now only waiting until he can show his pretty blue uniform to the girls at Prairie Junction (Canada).

★ ★ ★

It's none of our business, but we would like to know:

Why Bernard Morris spends so much time putting glass in Hut No. 14?

Why Sgt. Jenkins doesn't spend 6c for a bottle of pop, instead of mooching?

Why Cpl. Roy doesn't appear on parades?

Why Johnstone, the "blonde giant" spends so much time on William street in Belleville?

Why Tarzan Rowe spends so many evenings swimming without getting his swimming suit wet?

Why Armstrong's hair is turning grey?

★ ★ ★

The above column is not necessarily the personal feeling of the writer, but of the staff in general, and in no way can the writer be blamed for results from same.

★ ★ ★

The old soldier down the hall remarks that it's doggone hard to follow the straight and narrow when you're on a bender."

★ ★ ★

She—"Would you like to see where I was operated on for appendicitis?"  
He—"No, I hate hospitals."

**JAMES BAY CROSSING**

(Continued from page 13)

was black and threatening.

In my note book I find the following entry for the next day. "Up and broke camp at 1.25 a.m. leaving at 2.20 a.m. on a high tide. Wind strong but greatly decreased from yesterday. Made mouth of river and started east keeping as near shore line as possible. Heavy seas running and propeller out of water half the time. Darkness and high seas made running impossible and we had to turn back to river. Made camp at same spot. During day wind assumed gale proportions and very

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**NEW QUEENS**

**HOTEL**

**BELLEVILLE, ONT.**

high tide in afternoon, the water coming to within a few feet of tent. All well."

The next two days the gale kept us landbound. A vast area of marsh stretched away to the east over which a billowing sea of coarse rank grass, in some places waist high, bowed before the wind. Innumerable salt sloughs ran through the marsh and over it the air was filled with flying wild fowl, ducks of many varieties, geese, brant, (wavies) greater and lesser yellowlegs, snipe and plover. Never had I seen such numbers of birds. It was a hunter's paradise.

The wind died down during the third day of our enforced stay and we were able to get under way later in the afternoon. Though heavy swells were still running we were able to proceed. The character of the shore line changed now. Long low reefs ran out from the flat, over which the rollers broke in a crescendo of white. It was ticklish work getting around them. At dusk we camped on the only available spot that we could reach, the end of a long, low, flat, rocky point that ran out from shore; the nearest timber was five miles away.

Morning broke cloudy with a strong north wind blowing. We got away at 6 a.m. heading east and north across the mouth of a deep bay. We could see the next point a miraging speck on the eastern horizon. We made good time but it took work and good handling to hold the canoe straight in the heavy ground swells running. It was im-

possible to get around the next point as the seas were too high. We had to make a landing on the west side of the point; the shore line was rocky and with the heavy seas breaking along it we experienced a bad few minutes while landing our heavy water-soaked canoe. As all it suffered was one cracked rib and a few cuts in the canvas covering we figured ourselves lucky. The wind fell off during the afternoon and about dusk we were able, with some difficulty, to negotiate the passage around the point and find a place to camp on the other side.

Away to an early start the following morning, we passed Gull Point at about ten o'clock and landed about four o'clock on the west side of Cabbage Willows Bay due to heavy seas from a strong north wind that had blown up. The evening was clear and the weather very cold.

Outside of getting caught on the flats with an ebbing tide, south of Black Bear Point, the next day was uneventful. We camped last night on the west shore of Rupert's Bay almost opposite the mouth of the Broadback River.

As the following morning dawned fine with only a light breeze from the north, we crossed directly over Rupert's Bay, stopped for an hour at the mouth of the Broadback, then heading north up the coast, passed the point where Henry Hudson had been cast adrift, and at 2.30 that afternoon beached our canoe beside the H.B.C. dock at Rupert's House.

**"THE QUALITY STORE OF PICTON"**

# C. A. JONES

**FRESH FRUIT, VEGETABLES, FRESH & COOKED MEATS**

**Royal Air Force Parcels Packed Here — Send Quality Goods to England.**

**PICTON — PHONE 6**

## NEWS FROM THE SOUP POT

### OUR FLIGHT SERGEANT

He is short and chubby and wears three and a crown  
And helps the boys if they get down,  
For the boys he will go to bat  
If they should be on the mat.  
He sure likes the odd game of pool  
But he sure is not anybody's fool.  
A privilege he will always give  
And loves to kick the... U 5'd"...  
And lets the boys really live,  
He loves to kick the ball around  
And likes his ladies over 125 pounds.  
He sure is proud of the ribbons on his chest,  
But to us boys he gives his best.

\* \* \*

Voluntary war work! Whose garden was Ducky or Slim of Mess Hall hoeing while on their 43's.

\* \* \*

What has Ducky found in Perth? Oh boy!

\* \* \*

The cooks are all well pleased with the newcomers. How is it our one and only "Casanova" Whittet seems to serve the girls. Give us a chance too, George.

\* \* \*

Let's all pull together, boys, and be considerate on the sugar. We are doing our best with what rations we get.

\* \* \*

We hear that L.A.C. Dove is about to take his last jump. Congratulations, Wilbur.

\* \* \*

Come on boys. How is it the girls are in for breakfast bright and early?

\* \* \*

We are all smiling again that our one and only F/O R. T. Rhodes is able to get around again. Glad to see you up again, "Dusty".

\* \* \*

First pool player—"How am I going to make this shot?"  
Second pool player—"Try a Bick-evstaffe. (Shut your eyes and hope.)"

\* \* \*

Results of one boat trip, Sunday, June 28: Sgt. Harvey with a nice pair of broiled feet.

\* \* \*

We all feel every one was pleased with the lunch at the airmen's dance because everything vanished.

\* \* \*

What sergeant tried in vain to lift a little chair off the floor? Let's try it again some time. Better luck next time, Sgt. Mulford.

Cooks are quite interested in who the A.W.2 is who eats all the raw carrots.

\* \* \*

What has L.A.C. Batchelor got that such a pretty girl would come all the way from Texas, U.S.A., to marry? Give us the low down, Batch.

## "OH MY SHATTERED NERVES"

(In Three Acts)  
By YOUR WATER REPORTER  
(Translated from the Russian by L.A.C. Barnhart.)

\* \* \*

PROLOGUE — Even your best friends will desert you especially when you depend on them to see you through financially.

\* \* \*

ACT I.

Place—Marine Grill.  
Date—10-5-42.

### SCENE I.

Enter: Number 1 L.A.C. walks about with head bowed and worried look on his face. He slumps on a lower bunk and stares at his No. 6 Pool Card. Pulls out a dilapidated bill fold and counts exactly 42 cents in change. Stares at calendar; counts days carefully and then reaches for his pen and paper. With knitted brow but hopeful look he commences to write.

Marine Grill, May 10, 1942.  
My Dear Friend, Companion,  
Room-mate and Brother-at-arms:

With such remorse and pain I turn to thee in my hour of need and misery. It grieves me deeply to disturb your resources. The anguish is great but my necessity is greater; my conscience says "nay" but my billfold (and many others) says "YEA!" The desire to vanquish this impulse is ever mounting but the means whereby this may be accomplished are rather meagre.

It is with such thoughts and visions that I turn to you, oh mighty (name censored). Yours is the power to make or break; use it wisely I beseech you. In my dreams I see you in the great Hereafter; huge white wings and a halo gorgeous. (I also see myself on a 48 in Cornwall if you send the money.) All these rewards are for the good deeds you have done and are about to do whilst you are stationed at "This World". Therefore, may I suggest that you peel off two fives, bundle them up securely (please omit moth ball; I can't stand the smell), lash them down with tarred marlin (ordinary cord will do), breathe onto them a prayer and wing them hither.

Let your prayer be, "Oh fives, return to me intact ere too many moons have passed. Your wish shall be granted for I have gazed into the crystal ball and have seen the future. (My acting Corporal, (paid) is due soon.)

In return for this small favor I shall buy all my fishing tackle from (name censored) Sports' Store, Halifax. You know I'm a real fisherman now. Furthermore I shall evermore perpetuate the memory of "(name censored the Noble, Good and Kind" by eating thick slices of buttered bread.

Yours till the fives come in.  
(Name censored.)

Letter—Certified true copy.

### SCENE II.

L.A.C. No. 1 seals envelope, affixes stamp, places letter in "out" mail box and retires to his lower bunk.

Curtain falls (works every time not made by works and buildings).

### ACT II.

#### SCENE I.

Place—Mont Joli.  
Date—11-5-42.

Enter: Number 2 L.A.C. walks slowly towards chair, slumps down and sits in deep meditation gazing at letter postmarked "Wellington". Reaches for a breast pocket and produces a well-worn black book. His eyes sparkle as he produces a roll of 10's, 5's and various other bills. He peels off two bills of \$1.00 each; counts remaining bills very, very carefully, checks serial numbers of two bills in his hand and relaxes momentarily. Leisurely he produces a pen and a pad and weighing every word he writes.

No. 9 B. and G. School,  
Mont Joli, Que.

My Dear, Unfortunate, Miserable Soul:

Since getting your desperately urgent appeal I have not rested peacefully one minute. My heart bleeds for you and my hand shakes as the sobs escape from my parched throat.

Life is hard but I am harder. Money is scarce but suckers are scarcer. I seriously realize your desperate plight and have not hesitated one minute in my endeavor to accommodate you.

As requested I am enclosing two \$1.00 bills, serial numbers 2024111 and 1666602.

Use the thumb, remit pay day.  
Best of luck and a jolly 48.  
Your Life-saver,

(Name omitted.)  
Letter—Certified true copy.

### SCENE II.

Date—11-5-42.  
Place—Mont Joli.

L.A.C.2 takes final long look at bills, copies the serial numbers, makes careful and very appropriate

entry in Black Book and rather reluctantly seals envelope. Licks the stamp and affixes it carefully. Mails letter in mail box provided at door.

ACT III.  
SCENE I.

Date—14-5-42.  
Place—R.C.A.F. Station, Mountain View Station H.Q.'s D.R.O. Room.

Enter: Officer i/c Ranges, Armament and Marine Sections. Reaches for pad and in bold characters writes:

"N.C.O. i/c. Please make this D. R. O. entry—Number (censored), name (censored), initials (censored). M.B.C. "B" (H.Q.) admitted Station Hospital 14-5-42.

Exit: Officer i/c Ranges, Armament and Marine Section.  
Curtain.

### EPILOGUE:

Never a borrower or a lender be,  
It only leads to misery.  
For eight long days in bed I stay  
Thinking of how I would repay  
That thing, that hard cruel hearted man  
Who lent me two instead of ten.

THE END.

## WRITE FOR

### THE "VIEWPOINT"

●

STORIES,  
PLAYS,  
POEMS

●

BECOME  
FAMOUS  
OVERNIGHT

●

WE PAY  
NOTHING —  
ALL YOU GET  
IS FAME (?)  
AND DIRTY  
LOOKS.

●

TRY ANYWAY

# THE STAR CAFE

THE MODERN CAFE — WITH MODERN MEALS

\* \* \*

Come to THE STAR and enjoy "The Best Meals in Picton"  
at the most reasonable prices — dine well and live well.

. . . PHONE PICTON 370 . . .

**BAILEY BROS.**  
 FRESH  
 and  
 CURED MEATS  
 CANNED GOODS  
 Wellington, Ontario  
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**RIFLE CLUB NEWS**

From a pessimistic point of view the biggest news concerning the club is bad news. The club has lost its secretary treasurer and at the same time its most enthusiastic member—W.O. Greenfield who was commissioned and posted to Picton several weeks ago.

In one sense it is double loss because "George" was probably the most consistent good shot in the club, and it is almost certain that he will be on Picton's club team in competition against this club when inter-station competition gets swinging. Nevertheless the club wishes Flying Officer Greenfield success in his work at Picton and high scores in his shooting with his new club.

On the other hand there is no reason why we should dwell on the dark side of the picture. P/O Greenfield's position in this club will be very ably filled by W.O. Yarrow who is also enthusiastic and is no mean shot himself. Consequently it is expected that, charge or no charge, Picton and all the other comers will be given a good run for their money. Anyhow, as F/O Knott suggests, George may break an arm.

A large and impressive meeting of the committee was held on August 4th and strangely enough several pieces of information and some decisions were wrung out.

W.O. Yarrow was officially placed in office and may even be happy about it. There are going to be new sights for the guns very shortly. These, together with the natural comfort and accuracy of the mossbergs showed result in some good scores for a change. Partly to make up for such lavish spending and partly because there have been so few scores turned in for perfect records. It was decided that there would be no prize money until the cooler weather peps up interest by keeping the lads on the station at night.

Of course everybody won't be pleased especially G.I.S. Armament which has put on record in the last week or so, one target with a high score of 97 and another with a handicap score of 99. Suspension

of the competition will not, however, cramp the efforts of members having a go at the Canadian Small Box Association award and shooting for these can continue as usual. Some results of the first claims to be forwarded are expected shortly.

Several of the W.D.'s have fired at the range already and the club waits to see many more (gobs, in fact) join up. Some of the best and keenest rifle shots are women, don't forget. And to look after their interests the club wants a member on the committee. Who, among your N.C.O.'s and senior N.C.O.'s is going to volunteer.

The range is still available to daytime shooting and this should be of interest to such folks as work nights or to trainees on sports parades. The rule still holds, though, that shooters must be members and must be accompanied by an N.C.O. The keys and books are still available, day and night at the Plotting Office, Number 3 Hangar.

**THE PITY OF IT ALL**

Last month's issue of the Mountain View Point had numerous articles both fact and fiction, about the terrible conditions under which the non-flying officers of the R.C. A.F. are laboring. Most of us never knew that such conditions existed in the Service and thought that it was only in Quebec that such sweat shop practices were tolerated. The sad plight of these officers tore at our heart-strings, in fact even our bowels were moved. We might have all been able to close our eyes to these things if only the chart comparing the wages of the senior N. C. O.'s and the Officers hadn't been published. There is something definite about a chart which cannot be overlooked and there it was in black and white, the horrible facts of the situation. A. W. O. 2 with only 10 or 12 years of experience at his trade draws as much money as a Flt/Lt. This certainly isn't right.

A commissioned officer has a certain position to keep up and it just can't be done on the miserable pittance dished out. They were forced to take commissions when they enlisted and were not allowed to come in at \$1.30 a day like the average man in the airforce, and we think that allowances should be made. These feeble writings of ours will in no way change the situation at all but we just want to let the world know that the sympathies of the average airman are with the officers in their desperate plight. It might be that something could be arranged with the airmen's Benevolent Society to give financial aid until Air Force Headquarter's gets the matter straightened out. We sincerely hope that the German Propaganda Ministry does not get hold of last month's paper as it would certainly give the morale of the German people a great lift to

**GRAND ROTARY CLUB CARNIVAL**

**VICTORIA PARK  
 BELLEVILLE  
 AUGUST 17-22**

**FLY LOW, LADS, AND PARK YOUR CRATES . . .  
 THERE'LL BE LOTS OF FUN, EVEN FOR  
 THE SERGEANT-MAJOR !**

**THERE'S PRIZES FOR ALL . . . AND YOU'LL BE  
 HELPING THE CRIPPLED CHILDREN OF THE  
 DISTRICT AS WELL AS THE WAR PRO-  
 JECTS OF THE ROTARY CLUB !**

**DON'T MISS IT!**

know that such harrowing conditions prevailed in Canada especially with the price of whiskey what it is. We trust however that proper cognizance will be taken of the situation and that in the end justice will prevail.

**EDITOR'S NOTE**

Last issue I personally did a lot of the moaning about taxes and other things but at least I signed my name to it because I believe that when a person has what can be considered a legitimate moan that they should at least have the personal courage to put their name to it. However let that go for what its worth, because I want to point out a few things to this contributor.

In September 1939 I went to the recruiting office of the Black Watch to join up, not as an officer, but as a private, and was very politely told that people with a technical degree could not be enlisted except as officers. So that was that. Then I tried the Engineers and they said "So sorry but you had no previous military experience" and that was that. Then I went to the Air Force and they said "Yes, we can use you but you will have to join up as an AC2 and take your own chances on where you land" and that was that and so I joined as an AC2 and eventually landed where I am, where according to the above I haven't any right to be. But by and large I still think

that as a Flight Lieutenant I am worth more to the Service than a WO2 and I shall keep right on thinking so, and that is that. And by the way I wasn't on relief when I joined up.

Editor.

**F/S PERKS AT SKEETERVILLE**

The night was dark and hazy  
 The Flt. was sick and owly  
 To Donnyville he must go  
 To find the reason of no readings,  
 But back he came with bump and hump,  
 For the mosquitoes sure did love him,  
 Satisfied and itchy his duty he had done,  
 But cussed the bugs that had him on the run.

To Trenton next day he went,  
 To the grocers he did run,  
 Give me a dime's worth of vinegar  
 To soothe my humps and bumps,  
 For the mosquitoes in Demorestville  
 Sure are big as blimps.

★ ★ ★  
 Notice

If some of the Aircrew at Mountain View would like a few pointers on his fishing in Wellington, see L.A.C. Barnhart of the M. G. who is inventing a fish hook that bites the fish and hangs on.

She can best be described as having a beautiful profile all the way down.

**PLATT'S MARKETERIA**  
 GROCERIES, MEATS, DRY GOODS, BOOTS and SHOES,  
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**755**  
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**20 HEALTHFULLY AIR-CONDITIONED**  
**CAPITOL**

Thur., Fri., Sat., Aug. 27, 28, 29  
**"Night Train to Munich"**  
 Rex Harrison, Margaret Lockwood  
**"SILVER STALLION"**  
 David Sharpe

Mon., Tues., Wed. Aug. 17, 18, 19  
**"ALGIERS"**  
 Hedy Lamarr, Charles Boyer  
**"BEHIND PRISON GATES"**  
 Brian Donlevy, Jaqueline Wells

Thur., Fri., Sat., Aug. 20, 21, 22  
**"Gun Man From Bodie"**  
 Buck Jones, Tim McCoy  
**"SON OF FURY"**  
 Tyrone Power, Gene Tierney

Mon., Tue., Wed., Aug. 24, 25, 26  
**Captains of the Clouds**  
 James Cagney, Brenda Marshall

Mon., Tue., Wed., Aug. 31, Sept. 1, 2  
**"ATLANTIC FERRY"**  
 Michael Redgrave, Valerie Hobson  
**"Too Many Husbands"**  
 Jean Arthur, Melvyn Douglas

Thur., Fri., Sat., Sept. 3, 4, 5.  
**"RISE AND SHINE"**  
 Jack Oakie, Linda Darnell  
**"YUKON PATROL"**  
 Alan Lane, Robert Strange

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

**THE MARINE MAN'S QUEST**

I strive to find a mermaid kind;  
 I've searched Ontario Lake's rock shore  
 For five long years and more I vow  
 And I will search for many more.

A mermaid dear tho' cold and queer  
 Should, could and would my master be.

For in this life of toil and strife  
 Not one soul cares at all for me.

By boat and car I've travelled far,  
 I've set my nets in rain and shine.  
 My hook I've cast for hours on end,  
 But no such luck is ever mine.  
 The spells that bind their secret kind;

That keep them out of sight and sound,  
 Must surely leave some days each year  
 When they are not by duty bound.

Perchance in play some happy day,  
 Or while on a long forty-eight,  
 With tresses dark and shiny scales  
 Some mermaid dear will chance her fate.

Will rise and swim e'en in disguise  
 Along the beach at Wellington.  
 Let me but once such view espy,  
 One last long look and I'll be gone.

Her hand I'll take, her fin I'll shake,  
 I'll cling to her as down the blue  
 She guides me on to Mermaid Land  
 Where sience reigns and cares are few.

Perhaps, who knows as fortune goes,  
 These mermaids might choose me  
 C.O.

What rank or pay I dare not say,  
 My D.R.O. will let you know!  
 —Your Water Reporter.

★ ★ ★

NOTE: Inventories, inventories, why don't we check them every week? When your inventory is up to par and returned to Accounts you immediately feel the results. You eat more, sleep well, enjoy life and even forget about pay day. You rise early, toll late, give up forty-eights and overlook minor faults. We wonder what it is to be short several rather costly items?

**AN AIRMAN'S PLEA**

Did you ever stop to ponder  
 What the people think about  
 An airman's reputation  
 Every time he steps out.

One can hardly help but notice,  
 Though one tries to act correct,  
 That the better class of civies  
 Fail to treat us with respect.

Would you like to know the reason  
 (For a reason there must be)  
 To disrespect the uniform  
 To this you must agree.

Some kids have joined the Air Force,  
 They are just starting in their teens;

They try to act like hard guys;  
 'Tis they that spill the beans,

They can smell an empty bottle  
 And stagger like they're drunk;  
 That's the reason half the civies  
 Think the Air Force is the bunk.

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**JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT**

**PICTURESQUE SPEECH**

He was like the equator is — an imaginary line.

★ ★ ★

Her face always looked like a window that had caught the sunset.

★ ★ ★

He asked her where she didn't get her bathing suit.

★ ★ ★

In our generation the dominant religion seems to be Confusionism.

Here is one for the ladies . . . "Not only does beauty fade but it also leaves a record upon the face as to what became of it."

"She's the image of her mother."  
 "Yes, a talking picture."

He never knew what happiness was until he got married—and then it was too late.

**BELLE THEATRE**

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO

Saturday - Monday Aug. 15 - 17  
 Wallace Beery — Marjorie Main

**"JACKASS MAIL"**

Also Lee Bowman and Joan Rogens  
 in  
**"PACIFIC RENDEZVOUS"**

Saturday - Monday August 22 - 24  
 Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville

**"SYNCOPATION"**

Also Anton Walbruck and Sally Gray  
 in  
**"SUICIDE SQUADRON"**

Coming Saturday August 29  
 Ray Milland — Paulette Goddard

**"REAP THE WILD WIND"**

Continuous Show Every Saturday Starts 2 p.m.  
 If the BELLE Has It — It's a Hit

**MATINEE DAILY**

2.30 p.m.

**EVENINGS 7 - 9 P.M.**



Monday, Aug. 17-18-19  
**"GAMBLING LADY"**  
**"Kennel Murder Case"**

Thursday, Aug. 20-21-22  
**"Private Buckaroos"**  
**"Tough As They Come"**

Monday, August 24 - 25  
**"Escape From Hong Kong" - "Not a Ladies' Man"**  
**"Inside Fighting China" (Short Subject)**

Wednesday, Aug. 26-27  
**"SKY DEVILS"**  
**"POISON PEN"**

Friday, August 28-29  
**"JAILHOUSE BLUES"**  
**"IN OLD CALIFORNIA"**