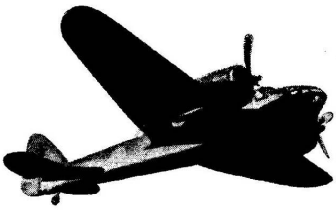


# MOUNTAIN VIEWPOINT

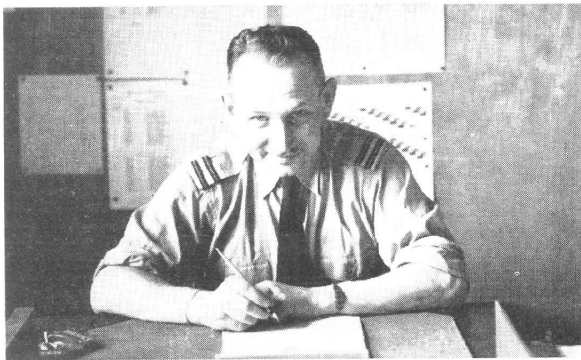


R.C.A.F. STATION  
MOUNTAIN VIEW  
ONT.

VOL. 1 — NUMBER 10.

PER ARDYA AD ASTRA

SEPTEMBER 15, 1942



**SOLDIER — PILOT — RUNNER —  
ARMAMENT OFFICER**

## FLT. LT. GWYNNE TIMOTHY HEADS G.I.S. (AIRCREW)

**Succeeds S/L Cresswell As  
Officer Commanding**

Forty-four years ago in an Old World Rectory in Wales a red, un-beautiful, screaming, kicking, bit of humanity first saw the light of day. This infant grew up to be a soldier, a pilot, a runner, a teacher, and finally an Armament Officer, for it was none other than F/L Gwynne-Timothy, the new O. C. of G.I.S. (Aircrew).

F/L Gwynne-Timothy was educated at St. John's School, and later went as a Rhodes scholar to Jesus College at Oxford where he excelled in athletics. He was at Jesus College when the first Great war broke over Europe and he straightaway joined up with the Royal Welsh Fusiliers and in due course marched away to France and war, as part of the famous 28th. Division.

In the latter part of 1916 "Timmy" transferred to the Royal Flying Corps and after winning his wings served as an instructor, a ferry pilot, and then as a torpedo plane pilot. In all these various jobs he managed to keep his neck intact and so he was still alive and kicking when the British sent their mission to southern Russia in 1919. It was not a large mission and

"Timmy" was practically their entire air arm. This adventure over he returned to England on the athletic staff of the R. A. F. stationed at Uxbridge, where he was a member of the R.A.F. Rugby, Cricket, and Track teams.

In 1920 "Timmy" resigned from the R. A. F. and came to Canada where he enlisted with the Canadian Air Force and remained with them until 1922 when he resigned to take a position on the teaching staff of Kings College at Windsor, Nova Scotia.

In 1924 we find our hero on the teaching staff of Halifax County Academy and making a name for himself as a sprinter, having held the Maritime Championship from 1922 to 1924 inclusive. This as some of you may remember was the year that the Olympic Games were held in Paris and "Timmy" had been picked for the Canadian Team. With a free trip to Paris in mind the Gwynne-Timothy legs were at their best with the result that press reports from the training camp gave lurid publicity to the prowess of Gwynne-Timothy. Now while all this was taking place little Johnny, and little Cuthbert, and little what-not were getting on as best they could without the guiding hand of their dear teacher who was running his legs off for the glory of Canada and a trip to Paris. So it came to pass that bye and bye the parents of the above referenced dear children saw by the papers that the education of their darlings was being neglected

for that horrible person Gwynne-Timothy, instead of teaching them as he was paid to do was away doing some silly running some place or other. The result — "Timmy" was hauled back to teach his little charges and the Olympic team of 1924 lost its best sprinter. It is not suggested, but it is sincerely hoped, that several little Maritimers failed that year.

Following this F/L Gwynne-Timothy pulled up stakes and headed west where he continued his teaching career at the King Edward High School in Vancouver. During this time he was chosen to represent Canada on the English Rugby team that toured Japan. He also played cricket for Canada and for the "Gentlemen of Philadelphia" wherever they may be.

From Vancouver "Timmy" moved to Winnipeg to St. John's College and from there to Crescent School in Toronto where he was principal. He left Crescent School to join the R.C.A.F. as an Armament Officer on the No. 10 Armament Officers Course. (The notes say the famous (Continued on page 7)

## STAFF INSTRUCTORS APPOINTED TO COMMISSIONED RANK

**To Take Up Duties As  
Armament Officers**

Five senior N. C. O.'s from G. I. S. (Armament) and one from G.I. S. (Aircrew) were recently promoted to Pilot Officers.

From Air Armament were F/S Harvey and Sergeants Hanna, Johnston, Neapole and Baillie. From G. I. S. (Air) there was Sergeant Lanyon.

The policy of building up the officer establishment from the non-commissioned ranks is thoroughly sound and praiseworthy. This is a time when there is a real need for good officers who not only have a thorough knowledge of their work but also a complete understanding of the men under them, and such qualifications are most readily found in the senior N. C. O.'s.

These promotions were deserved and were won by hard work. No better compliment can be paid a man. We sincerely congratulate them and wish them all success. (See more page 15)

## THE FIRST HUN

By PONTEFRACT-THE-BEAR

It was 0400 hours on the morning of May the 10th, 1940. Dawn was just breaking in a seedy ill-fred sort of a way. Wisps of mist hung low over the grassy surface of the Aerodrome. Towards Lille a bank of fog drifted slowly westward. The silence of the moment was suddenly shattered by the bark of a newly started Merlin engine, that was followed instantly by the sound of two more. In less than half a minute three Hurricanes shot across the turf in irregular formation and up into the sky, the Leader making a wild climbing turn, the others scrambling after him to form up a few seconds later.

The second section of "A" Flight, led by the Deputy had taken the air and that meant that the First Section must come to "Readiness".

In the doorway of his hut the Flight Commander stood looking sadly at his receding second section. He was not a pretty sight, but then nobody is at 4 o'clock. A day's growth of beard covered his chin. His hair hung in his eyes. He had pulled a scruffy uniform on over his pyjamas and tucked the bottom of the trousers into a pair of broken-heeled flying boots. A nine foot long woollen scarf, stuffed down the front of his tunic, completed the make-up and gave him a figure that would have astonished Mae West. He was desperately sorry for himself and looked it. In sorrow he wondered why some humorist always sent the others off at this ungodly hour and he had to get up. Nothing ever happened anyway and he just lost sleep.

With squinting, sleep-filled eyes he looked up into the sky and suddenly froze. Returning across the area, from the west, were six separate Heinkels. For a second he gazed and then leapt into life. He stuck his head into the hut where the others were dressing sleepily.

"Get up you B----s, Get up. They're here at last", he yelled. And with a parting "Take the truck!" started to run, run as though all the hounds of hell were after him down the duckboard path to the road. One jump dropped him in the seat of the Flight van and he was off up the slope, stopping only to pick up Sergeant Sammy as he rushed out of the N. C. O.'s quarters. Down the aerodrome road they shot, the Hillman leaping

(Continued on page 5)

# MOUNTAIN VIEWPOINT

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★ ★ ★

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

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

★ ★ ★  
**SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT**

Most great armies have had a great cause to fight for. Defeating the enemy was only preliminary to an advance in setting up a new and better world. The Armies of the French and American Revolutions, badly equipped and with little training, carried everything before them against regular troops who utterly lacked enthusiasm. Cromwell's Ironsides fought for freedom of conscience and were victorious. If we in the Forces have the spirit and enthusiasm of crusaders, we can inspire Canada and the rest of the world to new life and hope.

In the last war we believed in Democracy and fought for it with great spirit, but we did not understand very clearly what Democracy meant and we thought that when the war was over, we could come home, make a comfortable living and have a good time, while the rest of the world looked after itself. We felt that the country owed us a living and we left government to a comparatively few professional politicians and then complained bitterly about graft and dishonesty. The world slowly slid into the present war because of the greedy national policies of the Democratic countries caused by our own apathy and indifference.

We have to realize that, to be worth fighting for, Democracy is a spirit of true patriotism, where we all put the country before self in all our actions. It demands absolute honesty and unselfishness, not only from the government, but from us all in our homes and jobs. . . . Graft, sedition, buck-passing, greed, jealousy and apathy could not live in such an atmosphere. General Wavel has said that if we sweated more in time of peace that we would bleed less in time of war. The country will look to us in the forces for leadership after the war and we must think ahead concerning what we can give so that we will not be caught as unprepared by peace as we were by war. In the Forces we learned teamwork, discipline and self-sacrifice along with the comradeship that comes from fighting together for a common cause and we must bring these qualities back to civil life and carry on the battle. These qualities are as essential in peace as in war as the basis of true democracy.

Behind the war of ships and planes and guns is the war of ideals. Each side is fighting to prove that they have the best way of life. Surely we Canadians have a wonderful opportunity to help lead the nations to the better world that we are all looking for, so that all the sacrifices of this war will not be in vain.

F/O. BETHUNE.



STATION LIBRARY

books please submit them to the librarian, if possible, they will be purchased.

The book circulation for the month of August was 1000 books—we would like to increase it so may I again invite each individual on the Station to join our library membership being free and the entire personnel of the station is eligible to join.

A member may borrow 1 fiction and 1 non fiction or tech. books at a time for 1 week with the privilege of renewing them for an additional one week. A fine of 2 cents per day per book will be charged on overdue books.

In the event of a lost fiction book the current purchase price of the book will be charged the member providing the book is less than 3 months old. ¾ price value on books when it is from 3 to 6 months old and ½ price on books which have been in the library 6 months or more.

The current purchase price will

be charged on all lost non-fiction and technical books.

## BIG BUSINESS

The world's biggest business is the complete defeat and destruction of German National Socialism and its Allies in Italy and Japan. The United Nations are pledged to this. Freedom and decency demand this. Involved as we are in the midst of such a struggle we are apt to lose sight of our aims and purposes. Sometimes it is difficult to understand how on obscure individual's contribution can make any difference in the final outcome.

The whole point of Democratic Freedom is in the freedom of the individual. This can never be a licentious freedom, but must be a freedom within certain necessary limits for the greatest good to the

(Continued on page 11)

## EDUCATION OFFICER

Since our last issue P/O J. R. Tippet has been posted here as full-time Education Officer.

His office will be found in the Airmen's Club.

His hours are 9-10, 1.30-2, 4.30-5 and Monday evenings.

When cooler weather arrives if any group of officers, N.C.O.'s or airmen wish to form a class or study group every effort will be made to find an instructor and satisfy the wishes of the group.

The education officer will be pleased to discuss educational matters at any time.

## STATION LIBRARY

What's new in the library? In the past two months several hundred new volumes have been added to the shelves. A large number being 1st and 2nd editions of its most popular and current novels.

The total number of fiction books being approximately 1,600, supplemented by 200 non fiction, biog., political novels etc. — plus 150 technical books. New books are certainly being added. If the reader has any suggestions for new

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# A LIMEY LOOKS AT CANADA

Foundations of Victory Laid

By MICHAEL GARDNER

The memory of my early school days is dim—but I vividly remember one incident. My geography teacher was talking about the British Empire. I can remember what she said, and I even remember what she looked like. She was tall and angular and spinsterish, the type of middle-aged school marm that people the pages of a Louis Bromfield novel. Her voice was sharp and angular, with the tireless persisting drone of a mosquito—and out of the dryness of her life and outlook she said something that to be is truer, more immortal than the eternal Lincoln words . . . 'Liberty . . . equality . . . and the pursuit of happiness'. "The British Empire," she said, "is like a great big family. And when one member is in danger, the rest of them go to help."

It wasn't a particularly brilliant phrase as far as structure and phraseology are concerned, but in the depth of its meaning it's prophecy was as true as an Old Testament Prophet's, and I think that that dry old spinster held in the palm of her thin hand a truth that none of us appreciated until it became fact.

The war that flared over Europe in the fall of 1939 was not Canada's war, strictly speaking, except that it involved Britain. But within a few hours of that grim eleven o'clock on a misty Sunday morning when Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain told us that it was the evil things we were fighting against—Canada was in the struggle beside us again, and to veterans of the First World War memories of Vimy Ridge surged back.

A few weeks later the first contingent of Canadian soldiers landed at a Western port. A few days later they were training for the hard, bitter struggle that had to precede victory.

It was said that the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton. The foundations of victory in the Second World War have been laid on the runways, the parade grounds and the factories of Canada, and in the hearts of a loyal nation who fulfilled the prophecy made in a dusty schoolroom more than a dozen years ago.

The contribution to the Battle of the Air has been particularly vital. Already many Canada-trained airmen from all the Empire—Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, British—are distinguishing themselves in operations. Many of the men who avenged Coventry in the raids on Cologne, Bremen, Dusseldorf were trained under the rapidly-expanding Commonwealth Air Training Plan.

The training scheme is a valuable contribution to victory. As a training ground England is not suitable. It's weather, however, strongly the British may defend it, is not ideal for trainees. Mist, rain and low clouds, and the added danger of lone-raiding Nazi planes, raised casualties to alarmingly high level. Training airdromes were needed for operational purposes, and shortly practically one hundred per cent of operational flyers will be trained overseas—most of them in Canada. Figures released early this year—and which have already increased—show to some extent the vastness of the Commonwealth Training Plan.

There were then more than 90 training schools, 130 Air Force establishments, 4,000 buildings and paved runway equal to 1000 miles of highway of 21 ft. standard width. Canada's portion of the first year of operation was \$500 millions—more than the Dominion collects in taxes in a normal, peace-time year.

Britain is practically dependent on Canada for her food. The bacon

that Britishers sit down to at breakfast, the pork at dinner, the apples that the children get—all come from Canada. Britain's wheat store is supplemented by supplies from Canada, and most of the bread eaten there has its origin across the ocean.

### Munitions for Britain

Until recently Canada was ahead of the United States in munition productions—a little known fact—and a large percentage of Britain's arms, excluding planes, is manufactured in Canada. This scheme is as vital as the Air Training Plan and is just as rapidly being expanded. By the end of this year there will be more than 70,000 men and women working behind lathes and furnaces for victory.

The Canadian Merchant Navy is responsible—not without loss to herself—in bringing to Britain the food, munitions and trained airmen that she so desperately needs. Men of the Merchant Navy are unsung, performing the most dangerous, nerve-racking job of the war. All the men and munitions in the world are useless, unless they are delivered at the right place—and that is the gargantuan task of the Royal Merchant Navy.

Following Britain's lead, Canada appealed for women to enter the fight, and the women of Canada were as eager to take their place as the women of England were. The Canadian Women's Army Corps, and the Women's Division of the R.C.A.F. are still comparatively young services, replacing men needed in more active jobs. Some of these young women have been posted overseas—an exigency of training that the British Women's Services were never called for. When the vast story of the history of this war is written, a page will be reserved for them—and it will be deservedly theirs.

### Fought Like Their Fathers

I have said little about the Army vet. For two long years the burly Canadians waited in Britain, longing for a crack at the Nazis. Some of my best friends are amongst the Canadian regiments, and I know what fine soldiers they are. The blood-stained, battle-worn men from Dieppe proved that they fought as their fathers fought—and I know of no finer compliment to pay them.

I am only one of many millions. I am luckier than many of those millions, because I've had the chance myself to see the Canadian war effort from the Canadian side. I'm saying, quite simply, "Thank

you"—to every Canadian in or out of uniform, to the men who fight on the land, sea or air . . . who go without their tea and gasoline to help a member of the great family. But if you listen carefully you can hear the echo of that simple 'Thank you'. And it is coming from the hearts of two score million people across the Atlantic.

## SICK BAY NEWS

Since the arrival of the W. D.'s business has been picking up at the hospital. Frequent among our visitors have been the boys from "down under" who just can't seem to take our climate. These boys however have been popular patients and have kept the cooks busy preparing tempting acclimatized dishes.

\*\*\*  
We have now a Flight Sergeant in the personnel of our hospital. The luck man being Flight Sergeant McLeod of our Dispensary. We are all very happy for him and hope the next promotion will be speedy.

\*\*\*  
Congratulations are in order to two of our Sergeants who are proud fathers. Sgt. Mott was presented with a bouncing baby boy, John Phillip. Sgt. Warlaw is very happy on the arrival of his attractive new daughter, Jaquelin Doris. F/L Cameron officiated at the baptism of Jaquelin at which ceremony Sgt. Crombie and his wife played the role of godfather and godmother. What could this be, wishful thinking.

\*\*\*  
The Hospital wishes to announce the publication of F/L Garand's "Newer and Better Pharmacopoeia". This tome has been completed after months of arduous work and will soon be on sale at all newstands.

\*\*\*  
Why did a certain Corporal in the Orderly Room need a 48 hr. pass after an evening in Belleville.

Why is Sgt. Crombie in favour of the late Essex (very late) model of transportation, could it be the gasoline rationing?

What is so interesting about the drugs in the dispensary that a certain W. D. does overtime duty in the evenings.

Who is the M. I. Room Corporal that smokes such strong black cigarettes that many of the patients

# PHOTOGRAPHS

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are anaesthetized.  
Who is the hospital W. D. cook who has taken up pressing as a side line.  
Isn't that a healthy coat of tan that F/L Gordon is sporting after his few days leave.  
What is the attraction at Trenton that a N/S sprains her ankle in order to spend a few days in the sick quarters there.

## THE TRAINED MAN ALWAYS WINS

As pointed out at exhausting length in many previous issues, the job of editing a newspaper is an arduous and thankless one.  
A newspaper in its finer conception is a moulder of public opinion and a director of human activity, and it is therefore with considerable pride that ye editor points to a recent happy occurrence for which he can feel in part responsible.  
In a recent issue, a classified advertisement appeared in our pages placed there at considerable expense by the famed Schaffer School of Navigation. Amongst the hundreds who answered the advertisement was one who by assiduous application completed the course in record time, and as a result recently left Mountain View for St. Johns Quebec, at 1300 hours, and arrived safely at Saranac Lake, New York, at 1450 hours—a great tribute to Professor Schaffer's instructional genius.  
Sic Gloria Transit.

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**WINTER FLYING SUITS TO R.C.A.F.**

**BOMBING FLIGHT**

Now seriously speaking we are thinking (strongly) of submitting a demand for ladders on wheels 'cause our poor tarmac boys find it rather hard to reach the wing tips on the Lysanders and Bolingbroke and they must have speed to keep up with the fast pace that the pilots are setting. Oh, we don't blame the pilots!

Well now that most of the W. A. A. F.'s have been up for their flip we notice that a certain Corporal (not mentioning any names but we call him Nick for short) doesn't make himself so busy around the dispatch room.

Oh! I almost forgot one important item. We have a new N.C.O. I/C Bombing. Things seem to tick O. K. but he's so worried. It's not about bombing but his tires are very poor, too bad. But as a whole Bombing is running very smooth, we hope.

**Bombing Flight Ferry Division**  
Procedure and experience Battle A/C Mountain View to St. Johns, Quebec, as follows:

Do not use maps or ground objectives or ever plot your course, just depend on the attraction magnetic or otherwise Lake Placid or Saranac Lake, U.S.A.

After landing at Saranac Lake you may phone your O. C. of flying and advise him of your enjoyable trip so far. You will then be told you may even spend the night there, and he will go down and visit you the following day, and if you so desire he will even fly to St. John, Quebec, wait for you there, and bring you home to Mountain View.

The trip from St. John to Mountain View will be very attractive. The course flown will be via Picton and Trenton and will be in no way connected with the track, and you will arrive home in time for breakfast.

**DROGUE FLIGHT**

Sweeping changes have been made in Mt. View's ace flight. A new group of N. C. O.'s have taken over the management of the Laundry Business under F/Lt. Love's able supervision. We now have Sgt. Bently in charge with Sgt. Langley and Cpl. Maley as right and left hand men respectively though it is due back at Maintenance. By the way Sgt. Langly is to be congratulated on his long overdue promotion. Congratulations are also extended to "Little Chum" Porter, former N.C.O. L/C on his promotion to Flight Sergeant. The change over was made without a schedule being missed and this shows up rather well the efficiency of the flight.

With a tear in his eye our reporter watches the departure every day of two or three "Battles". Having gone through the change overs from Battles to Nomads to Lysanders yours truly knows just how much work has been done by these ships. When you consider they were designed for an altogether different job than the ones they were doing here.

Our congratulations to F/O Todd on his recent addition to his family. Poor F/O Todd has been practically U/S for some time. We had hopes of his recovering after the arrival of his son, it has been so long however that now we are beginning to wonder whether it was the strain of having a baby or certain troubles with his yacht.

It has been suggested by various members of Drough Flight that a beam be sent out between the airport and the Drogue lines to enable certain Ferry Pilots to find their way back by direct route.

'Tis with deep regret we notice

that the ability of pilots has so deteriorated that the tarmac crew have their "Daily Dozen" chasing wingtips. How about some high-bar enthusiasts for the "Lizzie"?

★ ★ ★  
**Things We Would Like to Know**  
Who is the painter flying for Gunnery Flight in white overalls? We think he looks lovely. Will the tarmac bags be provided with skates in the winter time to guide the Ansons along the tarmac?

Is it true the Yale is being used to check out Bolingbroke pilots? Why is it always U/S? How long will it be for a certain W. O. 2 from Bombing Flight to get his China Clippers?

Who was the pilot who couldn't get the Lizzie to take off, yet ten minutes later it was test flown by Maintenance and found O. K.? Was it because its number was 13-★ ★ ★

Telephone calls received by Drogue Flight sixteen times a day, seven days a week.

Telephone rings:  
Drogue Flight here.  
Who was flying line 1, trip 10?  
Why?  
Well, he is making his time too fast.

We will check on that.  
15 minutes later: Telephone rings:

Drogue Flight here.  
Who was flying line 2, trip 11?  
Why?  
Well he is making his turns too slow.

We will check on that.  
10 minutes later: Telephone rings:

Drogue Flight here.  
Who was flying line 1, trip 14?  
Well that was your former gunnery pilot.  
Oh! O. K.

Why is it we are receiving all these complaints? We would suggest that the Gunnery Pilots practice a few "Dumb-bell turns" before attempting to fly a line.

**PHILOSOPHY IN THE ACCOUNTS SECTION**

(A Plagiarism)  
F/L Wilson believes, That he'd like to have his old boss under him.  
W/O Laren believes, That he'd like to have his present boss under him.



Cpl. Flint believes, That he'd like to have his old boss over him. ★ ★ ★

Cpl. Blake believes, That he will leave the Air Force a Squadron Leader some day.  
Cpl. Richman believes, That he will leave the Air Force a Sergeant some day.  
AC1 (1 1-2 years) Janes believes, That he will leave the Air Force some day. ★ ★ ★

F/L Daack believes, That he can take a drink upon occasion.  
Cpl. Larock believes, That he can take a drink upon occasion, and sometimes when he has no occasion???  
LAC. Barker believes, That he can take a drink but has no occasion???

★ ★ ★  
F/S Ackerman believes, That nothing is sacred to the attainment of an objective.  
Cpl. Cox believes, That nothing is sacred.  
LAC. Bouck believes, NOTHING.  
F/O Wood believes, That women like his rank.  
F/S Haylor believes, That (W.D.'s) like him and his rank.  
LAC. McCarroll believes, That women like him in spite of his rank.

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**ACCIDENTS**

# MAN ABOUT MOUNTAIN

## WINCHELL AT NO. 6

(MOUNTAIN REVIEW)

The Bomb Aimer who overshot Belleville on his return course from Toronto by 150 miles .. just a Gone with the Wind error .. the explanation of Sgt. Gartley's wet-wash uniform .. The Mayoress of Amelisburg sent it to the laundry without taking him out of it .. the bomb aimer who dropped a flare instead of a bomb .. and the flairy story excuse he told .. fresh-air fiend Sgt. Smith and the Sergeants who didn't know whether to pour him back in the bottle, bury him or put him to bed .. the G.I.S. (aircrew) Waalf—singed between two torches .. Campbell and Clev, and, who can only hold their liquor when it's inside somebody else's wife .. Cliff Johnson maskering as a gentleman .. why haven't the Government organized a scheme to salvage the lead that Sergt. Smith swings? .. the big attraction in the dental office .. and is the decay molar or moral? .. Labor Day celebrated two weeks ahead of time in Hannah-manor — mebbe he just can't read a calendar .. Four Men in a Boly .. equipment carried includes tin-opener, corkscrew and shoe horn .. suggested film title for Cecil B. DeMille drama 'The Second Cousin of the Brother of Frankenstein on His Mother's Side' .. outside the Waalf's barracks at nite .. any reference to Grand Central Station is purely coeducational .. the good meals the Sergeants get when Sims is on a forty-ate .. Tarzan's latest adventure is in New York, in civilian clothes .. now Gypsy Disrobes Lee is the only person in Hollywood wearing a G-string .. and King Kong's nephew is being measured for his lounge suit .. the WD's at the plotting office who consider a miss is as good a sa mile .. and plot it as such .. Cpt. Lox's black and blue bag (the bag under the bags under his eyes) .. and the Waaf who took evasive action .. the Service Police taking in laundry .. and Cpl. Gowdy, the Instrument Breaker, with a Persilution mania .. the book of the week for the W.W.'s, "What! Every Young WAAF Should No."

### THEME SONG DEPARTMENT

Flt.-Sgt. Oetiker, 'My Sister and I' .. Sgt. Hannah, 'It's So Peaceful in the Country' .. the WDs, 'Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf' .. Sgt. McCurrie, 'Somebody Loves Me—I Wonder Who' .. Harry Mossip, 'Booze in the Night' .. LAC. Williams, 'It's a Sin to Tell a Lie.'

### OPEN LETTER DEPARTMENT

To F/O Youngman: The other fish are causing the Government too much expense—so why don't you slide down the wire and release the drouge yrurself? You should cost less than the metal fish to replace.

To F/Lt. Staddon: It's a mystery to this department how the flights managed to be flights in 1941 and '42 B.S. (before Staddon). They even managed to keep 'em flying in those days—but still, those bad old days are over and done with .. and we all think it's safer on the ground. Enough plaes in the air already without Mountain View sending up any.

To S.-Ldr. Cresswell: the bonds between all at Mountain View and you were stronger than any old school tie—which you had the privilege of never owning. Goodbye for now.

To Gunnery Flight: this department thought that F/Lt. Shaeffer was your C.O. Has 'Bonnie Lass' taken over permanently or will someone show her her place and persuade her to stay in it? Mebbe the Waafs wear the pants at night—but how about you men ruling during the day?

To Sgt. Wilcox: you can expect your posting soon—we're running out of Lysanders.

### FAMOUS LAST WORDS DEPARTMENT.

"Go to hell, Mulford."  
 "But I thought it was a camera gun."  
 "Bomb Sight gone."  
 "I didn't know a Waaf was listening."

### GAG OF THE MONTH

The seven ages of a woman: infant, child, miss, young woman, young woman, young woman, young woman.

### THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH

Never put off today what you can wait till tomorrow to put off.

## Airforce and Army Needs—

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### THE FIRST HUN

(Continued from page 1)

wildly as it hit potholes at an unaccustomed seventy miles an hour. With a shriek of brakes they halted at the "Dispersal Point" and slithered over the ditch on their hands and knees. Panting, the Flight Commander barged into the iron hut that served as an office. Inside there was an orderly pandemonium. Already the perfect fitter Philpott was sprinting out towards the beloved "G". A parachute flew through the air and the Flight Commander caught it. As he shot through the far door he made a neat interception on his helmet, thrown by the armourer Corporal and he was outside, encumbered but still moving fast. Beside the cockpit he halted. On went the helmet, the oxygen mask and the parachute. Old "G" was running now, ticking over fast. Philpott leapt out onto the wing and the Pilot clambered in. With one hand he plugged in his radio socket, while Philpott snapped the Oxygen Joint home and leapt off the wing, to lie flat as the throttle opened and the tail passed over his head. Her wheels skidding in the strong cross wind, "G" howled across the aerodrome, the tearing snarl, that is the battle cry of the Hurricane, echoing in her wake.

Once airborne the Flight Commander fixed his straps and as the wheels came up, pulled away in a tight turn to the right, up and away in the direction where he had seen the last Hun. Climbing fast, he swung his neck around as only a Fighter Boy can, searching the sky. Away to the South he saw a line of Ac/Ac puffs and turned towards them. He knew that there would be something there. For a fleeting second he took his head back inside the office and ran his eye swiftly over the instruments. "Oil pressure and temperature O. K.? Coolant temperature normal? Air pressure right up?" Satisfied he looked out once more and grimly turned the "Firing Button" on to "Fire".

Far out ahead now he could discern a dot that he recognized as a Heinkel. Behind it the bursts of anti aircraft burst steadily, never getting nearer. Slowly the distance began to close. Now he was dead behind his quarry, some half mile ahead. Still the anti-aircraft went on firing. He cursed them wildly for disobeying the orders never to fire when a Fighter approached the enemy. The great black puffs crew all round him and he was thrown all round the cockpit by the percussions. The distance was not shortening quickly enough to satisfy him. If he wasn't damn lucky he'd get himself shot down all for the crime of trying to catch an enemy bomber. Leaning forward, he pulled the emergency boost (more commonly known as pulling the plug.) In instant compliance dear old "G" shot forward, making, at this height, better than 340 miles per hour. Suddenly the gap closed fast and he saw the ugly, dark green hulk looming up before him. His hands felt clammy as he switched on the sight. At that moment the target spotted him. Two black streaks of smoke came from each engine and the nose went down. "Heinrich the Horrible" had dire need of speed.

A thin line of tracer spewed out from the upper gun position. In some way it did not look very dangerous as it passed over his head.

## CHAS. J. SYMONS

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## CHAS. J. SYMONS

MEN'S WEAR

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He held his head down behind the sight but held his fire. At 400 yards he gave a burst, hose piping slightly, holding it for not more than two seconds. The line of tracer wavered slightly and then shot up vertically. The top rear-gunner had 'had it'. Now the gap was closing like lightning. At 300 yards he rammed his thumb on the Firing Button and held it. Flames burst from the Heinkel's left engine. Great lumps of metal began to fly from the fuselage and centre-section as the bullets from the eight Brownings, the sound of their fire merged into one tearing snarl, hit home. The range shortened and at one hundred yards or less a great black cloud flew from the flaming machine. With a smack like a fish dropped on a west counter it struck the Fighter's windscreen and for a second he could see nothing. One of the bomber's oil tanks had burst. Feverishly he slammed the stick forward. He must not finish in a collision now.

Then the windscreen cleared and he saw the bomber again. It's engines had stopped. Slowly it's nose rose. From the front leapt a kicking figure. For a second it hung in the air and then fell seemingly slowly. No parachute opened. The Heinkel rolled slowly onto its back, its pale green under-side showing like the belly of a shark. Then as James engulfed it, it shot down vertically to crash in a sheet of flames in a forest on the Belgian side near Valenciennes.

The Flight Commander pulled up and away. He was sticky with sweat and felt slightly sick. It is an odd feeling to convert oneself, in a few seconds, from a man of peace into an instrument of Death. In a brief moment the feeling passed and he was wildly happy.

With loving hands he pushed the emergency boost control home once more and turned the heavy nose of old "G" for home in a screaming dive.

Rather foolishly, because he loved her so much, he patted her on the dashboard and began to sing. In the howl of her engine he heard music and tears filled his eyes, she was singing too, but then she would for she was, till her death, a great old lady. She lived and she knew. That was all that mattered. He patted her once more to show her his affection.

Back on the ground there was wild excitement. Even before they

(Continued on page 7)

## NEWS FROM THE WATER FRONT

By YOUR WATER REPORTEER  
FAREWELL PENELOPE

It happens even in the best of sections but it can't happen here. "It happens even in the best of sections but it can't happen here." We used to console ourselves with this thought up to a few days ago but how our dreams were shattered. "Surely that pitiful remnant of Air Force Marines at that lonely outpost of Wellington cannot possibly stand another transfer". Such were our thoughts and before very long everyone was convinced.

Suddenly D.A.P.S. said "Let there be a transfer", and who should be the victim but A.C.I. "Penelope" Douglas.

Now this "Penelope" was and no doubt will be an airman of great renown. As a marine man he excels in the arts of cooking and entertaining. We are sure that numerous members of the Women's Division will, if the situation arises, testify on that behalf. As a talker and defender of his native Cape Breton Island, very few can exceed his capabilities. In fact, to be frank and straightforward, in our short span of life we have never met any other person just like our friend "Penelope."

Even though we shed a bitter tear we are glad to know that he has left for Dartmouth, N. S., where he is comfortably close to his native North Sydney.

We learned a great deal about Nova Scotia from him, (especially Cape Breton Island). We heard of fish, iron, coal, etc. Too few are the airmen who praise that part of our fair Dominion known as the Maritimes. Our opinion, well, yes, we prefer to stay in Canada.

That is beside the point. We were all sorry to see Penelope leave us. Good luck to you!

Your Water Reporter

## FROM CRASH BOAT TO THE CLOUDS

By THE FLYING FISH

This very evening as the sun settled in flaming glory on the western horizon and cumulus clouds frolicked in the azure blue of the heavens — I screamed to a stop with the screeching of brakes of my powerful 105H.P. Fleet.

My instructor clambered out of the rear cockpit, wiped the sweat off his furrowed brow and surveyed me sadly in the front cockpit. "Fish", he said, "You have done well. You have done inverted loops coming out of spins, you take off beautifully on the eighth bounce, get lost, your medium turn is like a barrel roll, your screaming take-offs are a danger to navigation, and furthermore, due to the fact that it is dangerous to fly with you I am going to let you fly solo."

So I uttered a few verses from the Koran and taxied down wind for the take-off with Jesus in the rear cockpit. On arriving on the take-off path I turned into wind, closed my eyes and opened the throttle and careened madly up the field. With the tail up I streaked

into the setting sun at the terrific speed of 70 M.P.H.. When I opened my eyes I was about 500 ft. above the hangars and still going strong.

Oh happy day! — all alone to converse with the gods! The next thing was to get down so my well-trained mind directed the plane into a climbing turn, leveled off at 1000 ft, then a few gruelling medium turns and presto! I find that I am nearing the landing field upwind. I shut throttle, pull all the levers I can find, trim tail, pull off my chute, recite another verse from the Koran—

Suddenly the landing field came charging at me with a great gust of air so I leveled off by pulling back the stick to make a beautiful three point landing. Oh happy, happy day!

Then, crash! bang! scrape! Oh well what's a wing tip here and there.

Tomorrow I again solo or else but that is another chapter of this thrilling novel "From the Crash Boat to the Clouds" by Fish.

NOTE: This is a true story. No wonder they say "Truth is stranger than fiction. Such are the men who will blast the Third Reich to Kingdom come and beyond."

Your Water Reporter.

## MEET THE MAJOR

After diligently perusing the columns of our fair paper we find that our "Water Reporter" has been sadly neglected in the way of publicity, so this humble writer hath taken it upon himself to give this literary genius a small portion of his just due.

We noted a short article in last month's issue commenting on the Major's ill health, temper, etc., and crediting this state of general disability to inventory checking. Now may I add a few incidents that no doubt have contributed greatly to this case of premature old age.

It seems it all started when the Major spent a very hectic 48 in Cornwall and returned to his duties suffering from a severe case of Beerberitis, now he might have survived this with no visible ill effects had it not been for a number of gruelling experiences packed in a few short days.

The Major was progressing favorably toward a speedy recovery from the aforementioned "ghastly" disease when a phone call sent him scurrying to the M-178 and cast off for Owen Point for the purpose of recovering parachute flares. This might not have been so trying had it not been for the fact that a gale of no mean velocity had been blowing out of the Sou-west for two days. Now a blow of this kind really angers Lake Ontario, so after an hours' pitching and toshing the M-178 heaves to off Owen Point, broadside to the seas (due to the fact there is no sea anchor aboard, not deemed necessary on marine craft to await the dropping of the flares but no aircraft in sight and after an hour of continual rolling the Major turned a delicate shade of pea green and proceeded to give up everything but the ship, a terrible sensation. One minute afraid he was going to die and the next afraid he wouldn't.

Well so much for that and two more demoralizing blows fell in rapid succession, first he is advised via R. T. that the flares are to be

dropped from 20,000 ft. and there will be eight to the exercise which of course will take considerable time. In due time (about an hour) the aircraft arrives overhead, heard but not seen, ceiling about 10,000 ft. Suddenly out of the clouds floats a flare about a mile and a half off shore. Now a parachute flare while dropping 10,000 ft. in a 40 M.P.H. wind will drift a considerable distance therefore the last seen of this one it was headed in the general direction of Kingston (over land) and approximately half way there, the remaining seven during the course of the next hour followed the first one, by this time the Major's nerves were at the breaking point and like Sir Ralph the Rover he raved and tore his hair (becoming noticeably thinner day by day).

Now comes the dawn of another day and the Major proceeds to the same spot for more chutes, the seas have abated, the flares dropped with considerable more accuracy and all was rosy until a chute that had landed on the water near the boat suddenly started to sink. So over the side went the brave Major, diving down to about ten feet and grasping the chute he promptly became entangled in the shrouds. In due time he struggled to the surface and spurting water like a whale called for a rope, which fell short, unable to free himself he is about to give up the ghost and go drifting down to Mermaid Land. (Which he is wont to dream of so often) when suddenly he remembers that his wallet is on board. With a mighty effort that would have done justice to Superman he made the boat and was hauled aboard in a semi-conscious condition, mumbling "Where is my Gold?"

Now we feel that these two experiences alone would be sufficient to cause that old and worn expression, to say nothing of the countless hours he spends in deep meditation over his literary offerings and composing poetry to no end. And it is not an uncommon thing to find him in the solitude of his lonely little room surrounded by stacks of War Savings Certificates, bank books and good old coin of the realm, and muttering "I've got the gold", but his mind is not at ease for rumor has it that Senior N.C. O.'s will soon be called upon to dig down in the old sock and further Canada's war effort in the form of income tax, and with a

"WHERE MANY MEN MEET"

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pained expression he murmurs "unhappy day."

The latest report we have is that the Major is departing for his annual leave on or about 1-9-42 for a well earned rest, or is he?

With the bountiful crops this year in the Golden West and the handsome wages being paid harvesters it is possible he may return with a bit more of a stoop (stooking is a back breaking job) but another bank account and perchance the deed to another section of Virgin forest land in Northern Saskatchewan.

However we will be looking forward to an inspiring article on his return.

On a busy Saturday a lady phoned the theatre for three orchestra seats.

"Very sorry — not a seat left," said the box office attendant, "but we have one box vacant."

"Oh," said the lady, "That's no use! I can't see anybody from a box!"

"Perhaps not, madam," retorted the diplomat, "but everybody can see you!"

The box was sold immediately.

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**ARMAMENT SECTION**

All good things come to those who wait. This old adage certainly applies to LAC. Crozier who recently became the recipient of a two hook promotion as well as a new bouncing baby, on the same day no less. Congratulations from the whole section on both scores, Corporal.

LAC. Beyers' frequent visits to the M. T. Section calls for some explanations. We, in the know, are certain that no fused bombs are to be found in that vicinity. We also know that no loyal armament bloke would have it known that he was partial to gas buggies. Wherein lies the answer lad? Has a long lost friend arrived with the new addition of personnel?

Sgt. Schultze's luck still holds. His three new hooks had not even lost their moth ball odor when we found he was posted to Montreal on ten days temporary duty. The Sergeant is a bachelor and Montreal is not Toronto, so we maintain his luck still holds.

The farmers in this section are having their hey-days. Hurst, Metcalf and Rutherford, stubble jump-

lain in that play we all know so well. "You will have to cease seeing the heroine during working hours" says the villain. "Aw heck" says the hero (a New Zealand Sgt. Pilot), "I ain't been down to this hangar but once this whole afternoon". So the play endeth, we hope.

**FOR IDIOTS ONLY**

Once upon a time there were three armourers, a fat man called Higginbottom, a knock-kneed man called Pfeugue and a long thin, gangling oaf called just Smith. They carefully completed an Armourers Course at Mountain View with just sufficient marks to let them pass and left for England, knowing as little about armament as they possibly could and still get the right amount of 48's.

It came to pass that they were posted to a Bomber Squadron on the "Other Side". The N. C. O. in charge read their reports and rather foolishly imagined that they ought to know something as they had passed their examination. So in the goodness of his heart he told them to "hang some 500s on that kite". Beaming happily to their silly selves they went to work, having



ers all, are on farm leave. Now a man to go on farm leave must show a letter from his home municipality. Hurst's letter came in quick like a flash. Unaccustomed as we are to such speedy action, we sought to unravel the phenomena. The letter was signed by a Mr. Hurst, Sect-Treas. of the Municipality. Ha, we thought, skulduggery in our midst, but no, it turned out that Hurst's pater was the signee. Well done anyway, Hurst.

"Ah me" says R. J. Smith, "things is getting out of hand, I am being taken too seriously". So says this poor defenceless fugitive from a woman's wiles, on return from his last forty eighth. A suggestion R.J., how about changing your part of call on the next forty eight?

F/Sgt. Smith's newest W. D. addition to the section is causing troubled lines on his usual unruffled brow. Unwilling he has been forced to adopt the role of the vil-

laint decided that it would give them enough time to get into the bus to the local dance, where, report hod it, there would be some pretty blondes. A short time later they got up from below the aircraft, wiping each, an ill earned drop of sweat from their brows, changed and caught the bus. As they went they sang some silly little ditty about spurs that made an irritating noise.

Thus it came to pass that the "Kite" that they had attacked, took off and was followed down the flare path by the selfsame N.C.O., who waved in his hand some nose and tail pistols. By the same token an aircraft flew, at no little danger to it's crew, to some lousy target and dropped some rather valuable, but otherwise harmless ballast.

They had a lovely time at the dance, where the blondes were indeed beautiful, and could never understand why everyone hated them so much, when they got back next

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morning. They had, after all, hung the 500s on board. What hurt them most was being called "Stupid, unimaginative, irresponsible B-----s". Nowadays they sweep Hangars with only moderate efficiency.

**THE FIRST HUN**

(Continued from page 5)  
came to rest, man and machine, the armourers were on the wings.

Philpott stuck up an enquiring thumb. The Flight Commander nodded confirmation. As the prop stopped, Philpott planted a loving kiss on the red painted spinner. Inadvertantly the Flight Sergeant hugged the C. O. and everyone was happy. For half an hour it had not been too bad. This was but one of five victories in the Flight.

One after the other they came in. John, Willie, Doggie, The C. O. and Sergeant Sammy, together with the Flight Commander, linked arms and went off to find the Intelligence Officer and make their Combat Reports. Killing Germans can be rather fun.

**F/LT. GWYNNE-TIMOTHY**

(Continued from page 1)  
No. 10 Armament Officers Course, Why, we haven't the foggiest).  
In completion of the course F/L Gwynne-Timothy was posted to the No. 8 B. R. Squadron at Alliford Bay as Armament Officer and remained there until posted to Mountain View in charge of Armourers' Courses. He retained this position until the return of S/L Cresswell to England when he was appointed to his present position.

"Timmy" has been busily engaged in learning to fly again and has now been solo in the Yale. More power to you "Timmy".

F/L Gwynne-Timothy is married and has two sons. The eldest, eighteen years old, is already in the R.C.A.F. learning to be a pilot.

"Timmy" is popular with all ranks and rightly so for he has a thoroughly happy disposition and a great sense of humor. His teaching experience is a most valuable asset as is his knowledge of pupils. There is no doubt that G.I.S. (Aircrew) is in most capable hands and that its record of success will be ably carried on under its new O. C.

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### GUNNERY GOSSIP

#### Gunnery Exercises

Dear Readers:—By this time it is a well known fact the Fairry Battle has seen its last days out over the lines. With the introduction of Bolingbroke's as gunnery ships it is hoped that turret firing will give the gunner a much wider experience and training for the job before him when he wins his coveted wing. Twin Browning guns also are an innovation and are surely another step in the right direction. These changes are however in trend with the changing times and although the Bolingbroke is a much faster and more modern aircraft it will never replace the good old Fairry in the hearts of those who watched them perform in the Battle of Consecron.

#### Flight Personnel

A constant changing around is taking place all the time in our personnel. It is a difficult matter to train new fellows to take over where older hands left off. However in spite of the fact it is noted that a sincere willingness to learn the routine of our flight is apparent. With these facts predominating it is not a very hard job to roll off the exercises.

The maintenance of the Bolingbroke is a much harder task than the Fairry Battle and credit must be extended to the efforts of Sgt. Orange in conjunction with night maintenance to give us the serviceability that we require. Of course this is all a new undertaking and it will take time to correct some of our faults and get going again like a smoothly oiled machine.

There are a few tid-bits of humour that we would like to pass on to you also, so here goes.

The efforts of a B. & R. pilot to start a Boly with the carburetor cut-outs in the out position.

Mr. Shaffer F/L, our O. C. stopping on his way to work to help a horse remove its foot from a fence. The demand voucher that the line crew intends to send to stores for a half-dozen pairs of roller skates.

The constant excuses — dental parade. Could it be the men interested in their dentures, or are the meals we are getting necessitating extra mastication or maybe it's the W. D. dental assistant.

The N.C.O.'s spree at the Country Club must have been a success judging from the rush on Coco Cola and the woe begone looks when parties were explaining what could have happened.

#### "The Flight to Nowhere"

The Battles took off, the loney three.

And headed for St. John,  
But the tale they'd have broke  
Had they only spoke  
Would have spread like the coming of dawn.

They sped so swift thru the azure sky

After a fondfarewell,  
Could a breeze have blown  
And we only known,  
That someone would catch h---

Now'nowhere is a lovely place,  
Of famed and far renown,  
A winter resort,  
A place of sport,  
There came the trio down.

Surprise, chagrin were rampant then,

A call to Mountain view,  
A hurried flight,  
Then back that night  
And then the trip was through.

Now the moral of this story tells  
Apparent to the eye,  
If you want to fly to nowhere  
Please wait 'til by and by.  
Gunnery Gus

### MORE DRIPS FROM THE BOWSERS

Smaller but better is our motto from now on. Things are changing fast and furious but we are still carrying on.

Here's wishing A. W. 1 Heading and A. W. 1 Ramsay, both from the West, the best of luck in their new venture at Toronto Manning Depot. Hope to hear of your promotion as corporals soon and that your two months as M. T. Drivers at Mountain View Station, will be remembered pleasantly we hope. By the way, the cigarettes were appreciated by the many grateful comments I hear around the Section.

Another missing link is Cpl. Geoffrion. We are sorry to lose him and wish him the best of luck on his new station in Nova Scotia.

However cheer up folks, we have now with us two delightful lassies. The Cameron Sisters hailing from Toronto are greatly appreciated. The way they haul around those big trucks it looks simple. But is it?

There is cause for celebration from the beam on newly promoted Cpl. Belpap's face. Wedding bells are ringing again. This time for L.A.C. Bower. Congratulations to you, both.

While F/S Lockwood is enjoying

250½ Front St.

Phone 602

## GEORGE A. LEE

MILITARY TAILOR - ALTERATIONS

the wide open spaces on his leave the Section is carrying on very well under the capable hands of Sgt. MacKenzie.

Before closing the Bowsers there are a few things we would like to know.

What A. W. 1 wants runs to No. 6 R. D.?

What is the attraction in Toronto for A. C. 1 Channing, that he spends every 48 there?

If L.A.C. Boorman found the nurses pretty at Trenton Station Hospital?

What is the attraction at the Fusing Point for a W. D. Driver?

Could the car be the attraction for A. C. 1 Rice that he is out every evening?

Whose favorite expression is — "Well we're in"?

How does A. W. 1 Cameron like the dump truck?

Does the mail run agree with L. A. C. Gallant?

We are glad to have L.A.C. Boorman, A.W.1 MacConnel and A. W. 1 Peck out of the Hospital and back in the Section again.

Closing-up until the next Viewpoint.

### THE FICKLE FINGER OF FORTUNE

By F/O BARRETT

When, by way of casual conversation, this subject came up while chewing the fat, the Editor said that it was good "meat" as his analytical and journalistic mind put it, we thought that we would merely mention the two cases in points, and let the chips fall where they may.

This short epistle concerns two FORMER Airmen, one John Affleck, the other, Monsieur Lebon. In high spirits they enlisted as early as September 1939, Affleck with the 114 B. F. Squadron (Auxiliary) of London, Ontario, and Lebon as a P.T.I. Disciplinarian in the Province of Quebec. Affleck took his training with one of the first entries in St. Thomas as an Aero Engine Mechanic while our friend Lebon grunted and groaned under the then Warrant Officer Dyte.

Lebon proceeded to give mess P. T. to as many as 1500 recruits at the Manning Depot in Toronto, and how these budding Aircrew aspirants marvelled at that perfect physical specimen. He was truly an example to the men he was in-

structing. Affleck never got beyond the L.A.C. stage in his career, but "Muscles" gained his third hook.

After some 14 months, Affleck was categorized as other than 1-A, and strangely enough so was our superman, Lebon. In any event, both were Discharged as medically unfit. Bad show, and to think they were both so young, willing and eager.

The scene changes as Tempus Giggis, and we proceed to the month of August 1942. During that month, both their photos appear in Toronto dailies. Affleck as the Flight Engineer on the historic London-Cairo-Moscow journey with England's Prime Minister, and, kindly note LIEUTENANT Lebon leaving for the recently inaugurated Super-Commando Parachutist training down in Fort Benning, Gawgaw. Make no mistake about it friends, these ARE the same two mentioned earlier in this narrative.

The question that naturally arises in one's mind, or should it, is: "How Come". Is it possible that there is a slight aroma to the whole thing, or could it be that someone erred, and if so, who and where?

Tune in to this column next month, as there may be profound repercussions to this short bitter tale.

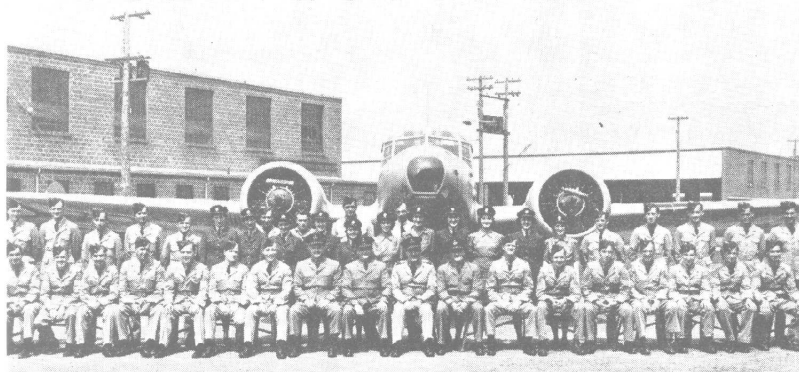
### AUCTION OF L. A. C. USHERWOOD'S EFFECTS BRINGS \$111.50

In a fine demonstration, the Staff and Trainees of G. I. S. Aircrew held an auction of the personal effects of the late L.A.C. Usherwood on August 28th, collecting the substantial sum of \$111.50. The amount, far exceeding the intrinsic value of articles auctioned, showed the esteem in which the accidentally drowned L.A.C. was held by his associates. A deeply appreciated contribution of more than a third of the total was made by the Austies in a unanimous and generous gesture.

The money raised will be forwarded to the dead airman's family in England, through the usual channels.

Flight Lieutenant Gwynne-Timothy, O. C. Aircrew school, attended the auction, and expressed deepest satisfaction at both the manner in which W. O. 1 Monk conducted the auction and the ready response of those attending.

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EQUIPMENT SECTION — R. C. A. F., MOUNTAIN VIEW

**EQUIPMENT QUIPS**

Well, here we are again, guys and gals, another report from the ye olde Equipment Section. This hello will have to be short and spicy this month as we have been terribly busy lately with all the new procedure being introduced into this Section and with the usual rush of business that goes on daily.

First of all let's say hello and greetings to our new addition AW2 Brown who has just arrived on the Station and is at present employed in the office of the I. & R. As she has only reported in the Section as the paper is going to press, several have not had the pleasure of meeting her yet, but we hope that she will be as happy with us as the other members of her Division. Who knows she may get acquainted, as others have, with the fellows from far-away lands, eh, Shorty?

Lac's Smith and Baldson have returned from their "holidays" across the Line. We notice they are in fine shape and have acquired, so it appears, some of the finery our good neighbors deck themselves out in. Nive to have you back again, boys. Speaking of holidays, two more of our happy family, Lac's Fleming and Finch, have taken up residence, temporarily we hope, with the RAF Ferry Company at Dorval. Poor old Ike didn't want to go either. Hurry back boys, we need you.

That well-known chartec of the I. & R., Kelly by name, has been made a Sergeant. It seems that the other stripe didn't make much difference to his old gang, as he was on the receiving end of a shellacking the same night he was made. Did he deserve it, Mac? Congratulations, old man.

One of our W. D.'s attended the Maintenance Party and was she tired the next day. Nothing was done in the Publications the next day. Was it a "hang-over", "Mac" or just drowsiness. The writer is of the opinion that something will have to be done about our Assistants attending these parties during the week.

Another W. D. employed in the Tech. Stores has a Pilot Officer "boy-friend" at a neighboring Station who keeps calling her during working hours. And does she blush? Perhaps it is one of Shorty's

"cute Pilot Officers." She won't tell Shorty what his name is, so I have my ideas.

A Sgt. Instructor has been haunting clothing stores of late, and it is rumored that he is interested in our little Milly no less. How about wising "Charlie" up, Milly, and leaving that stuff until after 1700 hours?

What you said.

**FABRIC SECTION FABLES**

The expression "My Shattered Nerves" is merely putting it mildly — Such goings on! The shake-up in Maintenance a few weeks ago has caused considerable chaos. Day crews have become vigils of the night, and the former night gang have the opportunity of seeing daylight once more.

The two boys from No. 6 R. D.— here on temporary duty, namely Sgt. Nick Jarjouis and LAC. John Roy have recently returned to their own Station, after supervising the repainting of numerous Fairey Battles.

New additions to the dope shop are LAC. Vern Mitchell and LAC. Glen Kirk, while LAC. Christie has been transplanted to the parachute section. All in all there has been a decided change.

In last month's issue of the Mountain Viewpoint there appeared an article much to the annoyance of a certain Sergeant in Stores, for which he had been heard to have made the threat that he would personally see to it that the name of a certain W. D. responsible for the writing, would soon appear in D. R.O.'s as to hospitalization. The fact of the matter is it was less than 4 days later that the name of this said W. D. was listed in D. R.O.'s as to hospitalization.

What we are wondering now is, just how psychic are you Sergeant, or did you really make good your threat?

Although Sgt. Major Laroche did not obtain harvest leave it has been noted that nevertheless, he has been very busily engaged in making hay of recent date. Seems the Major himself won't talk, but from the look in his eye, and from what the writer has seen — we think it's more than just a suspicion. How about it Major?

If ham wasn't rationed we'd be sending the biggest one we could find to Corporal Fox. Seems the Corporal has been on the receiving end of a black eye. We've heard certain whys and wherefores, but what we are still quite in the dark about is, where on this Station is the door, standing to such a height as to have a door knob at eyes' level. We've heard tall stories before — but this tops all. Come, come, Corporal, we still think you were key-hole peaking.

Headlines! — Maintenance has been celebrating! — What a party — what fun—the \$64.00 question is:

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# • CENTRAL MAINTENANCE •

*A Page Devoted to the News and Views of the Men Who Keep Them Flying*

## THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING

Certain devotees of the gentle art of "leg pulling" or "Mechanic Baiting" fondly (?) term us "Central Destruction" but it is due to the inherent jealousy of these so-called verdant intellectuals that we are the butt of their dubious humor. It is always the same with the Drone and the Busy Bee, so we, the recipient of this doubtful humor and jibes of the majority, carry on and believe in ourselves, producing as only the Busy Bee can produce. We are secure in our knowledge and the facts of our production, so, with a pitying feeling of contempt for you who are rightly jealous of the vastness and scope of our activities in "Keeping 'em flying", read on and begin to understand, if you can, the importance of the work done and being done, the reputation and record of this Station, built up by whom? Need I say!

Our business in this chaos is just a job, the training of the boys, the Embryo Observers, Air Bombers and Air Gunners who are going to fight our war for us. This training is done by some of you who are our severest critics, but, have you thought of the work, effort and headaches that go into the serviceability of the aircraft, prepared for the use of the students in this training plan. No! Yet, digest these facts and percentages for this Station (as compared to any similar school in this Training Command and ask yourselves wherein lies the responsibility for such a showing.

Without these men, commonly, oft-times, slightly, called "Grease Monkeys", would Mountain View have been the premier Station in Flying Time and have the lowest accident rating? No, again. For the first quarter of this year, we were over 1000 hours ahead of any similar school, and would the second quarter have shown as well but for the continuation of such co-operation as each section in this, the premier squadron on the Station, has given to each other? No.

Of the four schools in this Training Command, we are 16%, 34% and 62% higher than Jarvis, Fingal and Picton, respectively in Flying Time. Does that mean anything to you Pilots? Even though you do put in the hours, the aircraft are there for your use. Does that mean anything to you, Administrative Personnel cloistered behind your desks, or to you, Disciplinary men who seem to feel maintenance do nothing but sweep floors and wash windows. Does that mean anything to you Headquarters Wing men who by hook or by crook, by the devious ways and means, known only to you in the inner sanctum, get excused from duty watch parades, thereby throwing the burden of "Joe" details upon the already overburdened shoulders of these men who "keep 'em flying!"

Mayhap, in time, it will dawn upon you, if you are not too self-centered, that these individuals in greasy overalls are the ones you clothe, feed, transport, record and pay so that the Training Plan may go on to complete its destiny. Well!

Withal the quotation of hours flown, let's go into a deeper end of the subject matter, the accident ratio. This record is infinitely better for us all to consider. Does it not make you seriously think and thank your Creator that this Station is endowed with clear think-

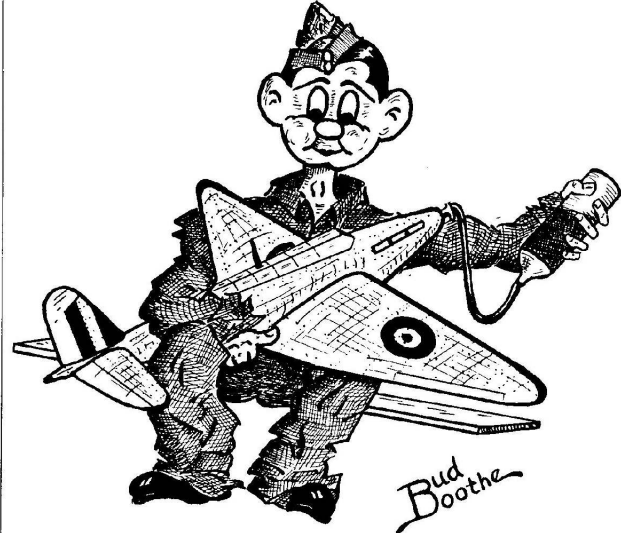
ing, intelligent "grease monkeys", men who will not say of a job of work, "that'll pass" and let it go? Are you not grateful when you have a "flip" that you are able to get into an aircraft, any aircraft on this Station, and instinctively know that it is as right as is humanly possible for anything to be? Otherwise would you fly?

Consider the accident ratio. For the second quarter of the year, Fingal had .2717% of flying time, Jarvis .1937%, Picton .1553%, but we, with the greatest time had only .1313%. Think that over very carefully, the highest in time, the lowest in accident ratio. So what! Is it not a record to be proud of, but, do many of you know this is so? And only because, primarily, the "grease monkeys" of Maintenance score again in "keeping 'em flying."

You may have a rebuttal and say "But what of the Pilots?" True, but, will they fly a "ship" that is unseaworthy? Ask your old bush pilots, they are not all fools. Will they, if they are wise and knowledgeable, take any aircraft without first ascertaining that Maintenance has O.K.'d it? And that means just that. So, where is your query?

There in percentages is the story behind your Pilots, Teachers, Students and Planes; the story of the medal-less, unsung heroes, throughout the service; the men, who, by their efforts and technical work, make or break your sequence of completed schedules; the Riggers, Fitters, Electricians, Instrument, Wireless, Metal and Fabric men who are directly responsible, ever since this Station opened, of building and maintaining the tradition Mountain View has made for itself in graduating Students with maximum flying time and maximum exercises. Gentlemen of the other branches of the Service, don't sell your Maintenance crews short. They are too big a gear in this machine of ours, vastly important, definitely needed and far too often, the forgotten men of the service, especially by our confreres whose work is a thing apart.

The Minister of Labour and National Service recently paid this tribute in Parliament in Great Britain, to the ground staff. Quote:—"The number of Service tradesmen who have to be provided is about ten times as great as in any previous war. There has been a good deal of criticism about the number of skilled men who have gone into



WHAT'S UH MATTER BABY?

the Services. I invite any industrialist to go through the servicing depots of the Air Force establishments and tell me whether they have ever found it possible to run industry on as low a percentage of journeymen as that with which the Air Force has managed to build up that great organization since the war broke out. It is an amazing achievement. The overwhelming proportion of the people repairing our aircraft are semi-skilled and trained since the war broke out in terms of months, and, not only that, but they are being continuously transferred to the seats of war, with new men coming along for training. I take my hat off to the Air Force. They have done an amazing work." Unquote.

Apologies to this excerpt, as well as to many such, paid to our humble selves, by high ranking officials. Pilots and Engineers, brings to mind once again the need of some definite recognition in the service of these craftsmen by means of a qualified Badge of Trade. "A" Group Fitters, Riggers, Electricians and Instrument men, the backbone of the servicing squadrons, men who are open to the ever recurring statement that "severe disciplinary action will be taken", not for some misdemeanor that every Airman is subject to, but for these "technical crimes" that are put down to gross negligence. (These are few and far between or our record would not be what it is.) Therefore, cannot the work of these "A" Group men be recognized by giving to those who have shown their aptitude and knowledge, some badge of their craft such as our Senior Services have. These craftsmen often ponder over a P. T. Instructor's Badge and wonder "how much more does he give to his Service than they." Outside of Station Life, civilians used to be amazed that "you don't fly"! But they know now that any graduate Aircrew is wearing his Wings or

Wings and what they mean, but, the remainder are, or maybe, anything from a Service Police to a Clerk or a General Duties, etc. It is amazing to many civilians that men work on aircraft. Little do they realize the importance of the work these craftsmen do. Many civilians have the idea that aircraft are like the family jalopy, a little gas, maybe a little oil and away you go, day after day. These men of ours deserve the recognition of the "Man around town." They should be given some badge whereby the public will know that he is one of the few whose job is a job of work, not glamorous, not adventurous, but a big one to do and being done in the most efficient, careful manner.

Cannot you Dignitaries of the Service do something in this matter, gain public recognition for these skilled journeymen who "keep 'em flying"?

There have been vast changes in the allocation of Personnel throughout the Squadron since August 10th. Major, Minor and Servicing were unrecognizably changed, to the betterment of all: experienced men took blood and ideas to the flights, coming from either of the other sections, the crews from the flights replacing them, and a brand new night crew once again, ably supervised by P/O Stiles, W. O. Miller and F/S's Picton and Porter.

Though there may have been a slight confusion the first day, all sections were bedded down in short order. The machinery goes along in double time, running smoothly and economically like any other completely overhauled motor. The men are enthusiastic, work hard and most are glad of the change, giving them additional scope in their desire for increased knowledge and experience in this Service of ours.

It may interest you "Outsiders" (Continued on next page)

to know that these craftsmen think of the Students in this Training Plan, the coming and going of them, trusting they graduate with a full quota of well completed exercises behind them, hoping that in maintaining these aircraft as they have, they have aided these "Lucky Dogs" (as the boys term them) in gaining invaluable experience that will show up in their marksmanship "over there". When these graduates relax from their endeavors we hope they will remember Mountain View, will sometimes think of the efforts of these Mechanics, behind the man, behind the gun.

To you uninitiated, "Maintenance" means groups of craftsmen whose work consists of "keeping 'em flying." The groups, spread throughout the hangar area will be portrayed in this and succeeding issues. The accompanying photo with their "Master Minds" S/L Hill et al.

These men have the headaches of the daily unserviceabilities that happen in even the best of regulated Maintenances, the daily and periodic inspections, the general repairing and testing to maintain sufficient serviceable aircraft in each flight. The daily chore of endeavoring to keep F/L's Shaeffer, Love and Salter happy. Give them aircraft and they'll smile.

## MUMBLINGS FROM MAINTENANCE

A very enjoyable evening was had by the Officers and N. C. O.'s of Maintenance who attended the party held at Quinte Club on the night of September 1st. F/O Gamble was guest of honour prior to his embarkation leave. Other notables who attended were S/L Hill, our chief, F/L Ward, F/O Pierson, P/O Stiles, P/Wickett and A. S. O. McNeill. Of course the usual N.C. O.'s, their wives and friends of the W. and of course the one and only Col. Sludge and partner completed the party.

Music was supplied for dancing by the best orchestras on the continent such as Jimmy Dorsey, Mark Kenny and His Western Gentlemen. Guy Lombardo and many more. Soloist, Mrs. Karady and her husband who played the piano were the highlight in the musical line. F/Sgt. Ellison was our one and only master of ceremonies and F/L Ward made presentations for spot dances and lucky draw dances to AW1 Seaman and F/O Gamble; AW1 Davidson and Cpl. Coffey; Cpl. and Mrs. Blondin; and AW2 Walker and Cpl. Fox; Major and Mrs. Shaw.

The party broke up in the early hours of the morning and everyone got home safely. S/L Hill seemed to enjoy himself? He let his hair down and really went to town. Our guest of honour got slightly mixed on leaving. He not only went to the wrong Station but he got on the wrong train. "After all it was a farewell party. Lots of luck in your new undertakings overseas."

The one and only great matchmaker, Daniel Keyworth Cowley, was in full bloom making blind dates for the ever popular N.C.O.'s I am sure Danny, you did your part. It sure was a vrey enjoyable evening for everyone concerned. More power to you Dan cupid.



MINOR MAINTENANCE — R. C. A. F. STATION, MOUNTAIN VIEW

### Things we would like to know:—

What happened to all the glasses at the party the other night, just ask Sgt. House.

Does a certain LAC. still go to Belleville and points East, and give another LAC.'s name? Pretty good Gervais, too bad you don't get the letters.

Does a certain Corporal in the Orderly Room still read Station Standing Orders to the Orderly Officer in the canteen?

Does LAC. Campbell still think the West is the only place? Don't let the little lady in Toronto find out.

Maybe if our test pilot didn't wear dark glasses he could find the door of No. 4 Hangar instead of coming through the window.

I wonder when the two mad majors of No. 4 Hangar will put on another wrestling match?

Did our brunette stenographer ever go for a ride on the tractor in the hay field or is she still looking forward to that pleasure?

Who is the beautiful lady, Major Cowley? Is it love this time, we hope so, time's a-wastin'.

Does LAC. Liggins find it hard to find a place to sleep now that he is on night duty?

Who is the Sgt. Major who says: "Thackray, come in here and bring your cigarettes with you"?

What ever happened to a certain Cpl. who goes down town and spends the night in the cells. Kind of expensive, eh what!

What happened to Sgt. Barrie? Who's girl friend did he take home? Somebody must have lost his girl.

How did a certain Corporal get home and into bed? He still doesn't remember getting into bed. Too bad Cpl. Nicholson.

How come F/Sgt. Kirley gets all the breaks? Quite the ladies' man eh! Well anyway she is pretty.

What happened to Sgt. Hoffer? He didn't show up at our party. Too bad! We all had a good time. Maybe next time you can get out.

Did F/O Pierson enjoy his blind date? Not bad I would say. Some of Dan Cupid's work, I believe.

Did a certain F/Sgt. forget his church going and fall off the fence. Picton, I am surprised. Never mind, it only happens once in a while.

### Humorous Moments in Maintenance.

Why did a certain romance break up so suddenly? We don't see LAC. Leadbeater running down to the Fabric Section quite so often.

What! No more cute little notes on the beds, Sgt. Charbonneau? The boys sure miss them. Maybe the rest did him good.

Does a certain LAC. still go down to the plantation and forget to come back on time? Fourteen days C. B. — too bad.

Do the boys still ride the Cannon Ball home from Napo?

### BIG BUSINESS

(Continued from page 2)

greatest number. The flowering of Europe's ancient culture came over a long period of years as a result of the freedom and expression of the individual spirit in various forms of human activity. National characteristics have developed in the same manner. Each nation must be free to develop its own life within the limits of peace and goodwill toward other nations. The narrow limitations of Axis slavery could never permit the expressions of human genius which have blessed and enlightened and liberated men in centuries past.

Democracy is by no means perfect. There are patent evils in the lives of all democratic nations. But this at least is true — the only guarantee of progress and a better way of life is to be found in the Democracies. Truth is not a ready-made infallible product handed to men for immediate use. It is arrived at after trial and error, by the hard way of experience and by the resetting of propositions and their opposites in free discussion. The-

oretically our Parliamentary system attempts to follow this method. When a government party in power is too strong for its opposition good government for the people is difficult if not impossible.

We quarrel with the German way of life also in its concept of the State as being the final moral authority. National Socialism has revived and put into its most hideous and aggressive form the teachings of certain German thinkers of the past century. There is no law of God nor man higher than the law of the Reich embodied in the word of one man who in turn becomes essentially the object of the people's worship. All life becomes devoted to one end namely, the glory and supremacy of the one "chosen race". This race is composed of "supermen" and was in its final glorious achievement. If any man or nation stands in its way this man or nation must be utterly and completely destroyed. The most ingenious and far-reaching methods of destruction, physical and spiritual, have been devised and implemented as we can recognize by our current experience.

Men and women of freedom, conscious of their heritage, must stand opposed to this pagan tyranny. If it prevails life will revert to the conditions of the Dark Ages before men's struggle for liberty had begun. The price of liberty is eternal vigilance. We have failed and forgotten in this. We cannot forget the struggles of those who have sacrificed for us in the past and in the present. We cannot in all decency and honour fail now. This is high idealism. But it requires

(Continued on page 19)

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## SPORTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

### MT. VIEW STATION SOFTBALL TEAM

Monday August 10th marked the final appearance of the Mountain View "Bombers" in the City of Belleville playoffs at the Fair Grounds. The Vets started off with a lead of one run, and soon added two more before our lads found their batting eyes. Smith was replaced on the mound by newcomer Ruebeling of Air Arm who proceeded to make the Vets look much like their name implies. In the 7th the Bombers got perking and blasted Harris for three well deserved runs to knot the count and throw the Vets into a panic. Both teams played beautiful defensive ball for the remaining two innings, and a slow-swinging Texas Leaguer in the 9th put our men back on their heels

#### CATCHERS

**CAPTAIN ANDREWS:** Right hand batter — The Dental Corps contribution. Noted for his smart fielding and field generalship. A scrappy catcher with experience from many seasons in Toronto's mushball loops, which proved to be of great benefit for the team's young pitchers.

**SGT. PORTER:** Left hand batter. This Maintenance product provided badly needed batting strength during the latter part of the season, catching the play-off games capably and batting in the clean-up spot.

**LAC. LAUZE:** Right hand batter. Used as alternate catcher in the early games until posted. Very keenly interested and always in there punching. Hailed from Montreal.

#### PITCHERS

**AC1 COVEYDUC:** Right hand

showed promise as a pitcher. G.I.S. (Arm.)

#### FIRST BASE

**P/O CAMPBELL:** Left hand batter (thank goodness), one of the team's best hitters; plays softball almost as well as his Allan Cup hockey.

**LAC. CULLEN:** Right hand batter; started at second, moved to first and finished the season as a polished first baseman. He looked good even when he whiffed one. Equipment product.

#### SECOND BASE

**P/O ABELSON:** Right hand batter. Duke filled a hole at second turning in a great performance in the field and "The Duke" could clout 'em with the best. Officers take another bow.

#### SHORT STOP

**LAC. CHRISTIE:** Right hand batter — "Did you see that catch?" Just about the flashiest infielder in the league and used part time as lead-off man at the plate. Remember that homer in Belleville? Maintenance — how do you do it?

#### THIRD BASE

**CPL. FENLON:** Right hand batter; powerful hitter and steady fielding third baseman; versatile, plays infield, outfield, catcher and

**CPL. IVESON:** Right hand batter; a shining light in left field and covered plenty of ground. Halls from Toronto.

**LAC. COOK:** Left hand batter; an ideal lead off man with his famous bunt and get-away to first. Started the season as a catcher, finished in the outfield. Believe it or not, led the team's batting average at the last reckoning. Maintenance contribution. Montreal, too.

**CPL. OWEN:** Left hand batter, played right and left field capably. Usually good for a hit at the right time. Maintenance and Toronto again.

**LAC. ZADOW:** Right hand batter, started the season at first and finished in the outfield. Maintenance and Toronto — Whoa!

**CPL. FOX:** Right hand batter, played left and right field efficiently. If he could only get hold on one, it would go for a ride. Works and Bricks — well, where did you pop from? St. Thomas.

**F/O BARRETT:** Right hand batter — No — he didn't pitch, played right field, hit that old apple when it counted, except Jim Hunter, but who did hit him? Took an active interest in the team and was to a great extent responsible for a successful team.

**CPL. McINTYRE:** Right hand batter, a smart fielder and good hitter. The team's misfortune when he was laid low early in the season.

**F/LT. McPHERSON:** No batter; handled the team from the bench, pushed the idea of plenty of softball for the boys and helped make the Belleville league entry possible.

#### THE TEAM ITSELF

One to be proud of. Started under difficulties, stuck together, developed as the season progressed, played entertaining scrappy ball, never stopped trying and wound up in the playoffs. Then showed their class playing Army and Navy Vets to an 11-11 ten inning tie before losing out in two close games. Thanks for an entertaining season.

#### OTHER PLAYERS

**LAC. HURST:** A good pitcher and batter who took the occasional turn on the mound with good success.

**AC1 LEGGE:** A good utility infielder — sorry he was not around longer.

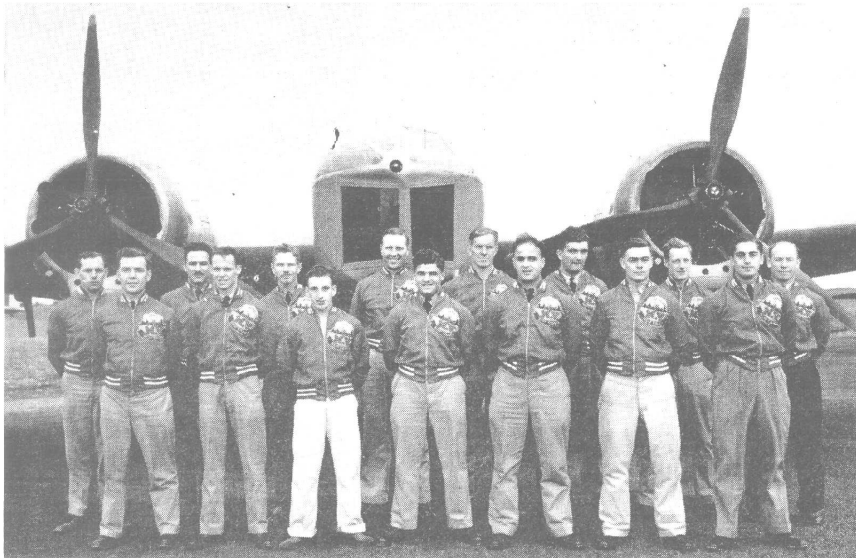
**LAC. DAVIS:** A good utility outfielder — played early in the season.

**AC1 RUSSELL:** A good fielding first baseman — played early in the season.

**TOM RATHWELL:** Umps and stuck to his guns.

**CPL. NEWBOLD:** Trainer and saw that the team had good equipment.

To these and other players who tried out for the team — THANKS.



#### STATION SOFTBALL TEAM

FRONT ROW—Cpl. Fenlon, Cpl. McIntyre, LAC. Cook, Cpl. Tartaglia, AC.2 Ribhany, LAC. Smith, P/O Abelson.  
REAR ROW—LAC. Coveyduc, Capt. Andrews, F/Lt. McPherson, Cpl. Fox, LAC. Zadow, AC.2 Ray, Cpl. Toeson, Tom Radwell.

two runs. The game ended 5-3 for the Vets, with Mountain View having definitely hotted them up for No. 5 I.T.S. in the tie playdowns.

It might be stated here that the Mountain View aggregation gave an admirable account of themselves through the entire season, providing more colour than the rest of the loop together. It was an uphill battle all the way for the Bombers, and they gained the respect and admiration of all who saw them play. They were a credit to their Commanding Officer, their Station and the Service as a whole, and as we close this chapter devoted to them, we figured you might be interested in a pen-sketch of the men making up the team.

pitcher and batter. The team's first string pitcher in league games. Startled everyone his last time out by getting two hits. Worked hard at all times. From Toronto and M. T. Section.

**LAC. SMITH:** Right hand pitcher, left hand batter. Pitched good ball all season, reaching his peak for the play-offs. Stood up well as the games got tougher. Halls from Toronto and Publications.

**AC2 RIVHANY:** Right hand pitcher and batter. Came to Mountain View in time to pitch sparkling ball in play-offs — plenty of zip — too bad we did not get him earlier. G.I.S. (Arm.)

**AC2 RAY:** Right hand pitcher and batter. Sound ball player and

itches (?) for Equipment. Popular captain of the team and rounds out a snappy infield.

**AC1 GEORGE:** Right hand batter; a good fielding third baseman and potent batter. Tired the opposing pitchers by fouling them out, then smacked them. Sorry you were not here earlier in the season. (G. I.S. Arm) again.

#### OUTFIELDERS

**CPL. TARTAGLIA:** Right hand batter; a real swatsmith, but boy, have you seem him catch 'em. Travelled miles in centre field and became known as the man with the "pair of hands". Accepted over 40 chances without an error. Outstanding outfielder in the league. Orderly Room—your turn to cheer.

Mountain View Aussies Humble Champion Picton Cricketers in Thriller.—Score — 103-90

Paced by Batsman and Bowler Mountain View's All-Australian cricket team downed Picton's previously undefeated eleven on Saturday the 28th., on Picton's home grounds. The score was 103 to 90. The game was played under difficult conditions of time, the start being delayed until nearly five o'clock. It was necessary to arrange that each side should bat for only one and one-half hours and

(Continued on next page)

**AUSSIES HUMBLE**

(Continued from page 12)

the devil take the hindmost. L.A.C. Jones, acting captain of the Mountain View team, elected to bat first, and although one wicket fell quickly, a respectable stand soon was made and the score mounted regularly.

Unfortunately, a conservative policy became rapidly impossible, as the clock ran on relentlessly, and it became necessary to gamble with every ball bowled. L.A.C. Jones urged the batsmen to "get runs or get out," and a fine show of slugging took place—and was crowned with success. But the time our clock had run out, the very respectable score of 103 had been tallied, with only six wickets actually down.

Taking the field, our bowlers showed the effects of underwork, and for a time the wides and byes threatened to swamp us. However, the trundlers presently steadied down to work in a business-like manner. On a notable catch by Harvey, F.O. Lalthwaite, captain and most dangerous threat of the home team, was dispatched for a solitary 8. However, the subsequent line-up was of no mean calibre, and runs began piling up at a disturbing rate. Wickets fell, too, but up till the last few minutes it seemed that they would not fall quickly enough. The remainder of the Aussie contingent, who had accompanied the eleven as spectators, perspired freely, as the stand made by Grundy and began to appear disastrous to our cause and it seemed as though our only hope lay in the running out of their batting time before they overtook our score.

But this unsatisfactory conclusion was not to be. When barely ten minutes remained, our bowlers, Seymour and Smith really dug in, and in the last two overs, no less than 3 sets of balls went skyward. With exactly two minutes left on the clock, Seymour exploded a full pitch into Richards' wicket that practically blew the stumps off the field—and their total was nailed down at 90 for a clean-cut Mountain View victory.

In all fairness, it must be stated that Picton lacked the services of three or four of their best bats, absent on other duty. Perhaps we had an advantage there that might not exist a second time. Needless to say they are clamoring for revenge, and we can count on facing their full and militant strength on our next meeting.

However there can be no doubt that the talent exists among the Aussies to put on an even better show, once they have achieved a little more polish. Moreover, arrangements now being made for a return match definitely include a starting time of not later than 2.30 p.m. (1430 hours to you) so that a full and unrestricted game may be played.

At any rate, supporters may be assured of one thing: the match will be a real battle when it does come off, with the winner very hard to predict in advance. Don't miss it!

Australian—Smith 33 not out; Harvey 29; Barlow 19. Bowlers, Seymour 4-17; Silverstone 2-24; Smith 2-19.

Picton—Hope 15; Grundy 16. Bowling—Tassemor 2-28; Hope 2-42.

**TRACK TEAM NEEDS MEN**

Mountain View is still looking for a crack track team to represent this Station at the coming track and field events. The first will be held at Trenton on Sept. 7th, the second at Picton on Sept. 17th, and the third at Toronto Varsity Stadium on Sept. 19th.

Entries themselves are useless unless the men are willing and really get down to work and train. This Station wants to make a showing and to accomplish this, conditioning is vital. Conditioning are from .0630 hrs. to .0715 hrs. and the P. T. Corporals and the K. of C. men are out to help and advise. It is the men however who will be doing the running etc., and if they want to be a credit to their Station they should be out at every conditioning period and get in shape.

**Boxing**

Our boxing schedule is off to a slow start, but due to the warm weather this is excusable. Workouts will be held three days a week, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 1430 hrs and F/O Rutherford will be instructing at these periods.

Corporal Newbold will always be on hand for conditioning and training.

Inter-station meets will be starting in October. In order to put out a good team we will have to start serious training at once.

**Take Advantage of What Is Offered**

There was never a time when the country was more in need of physical perfection. What are you doing about it?

Mountain View offers all types of sporting activities, and they should be taken full advantage of.

Often the main idea of sporting is lost in the heat of a game. To be a real sport sometimes taxes our character to the straining point. Never let it be said you are not a good sport.

**MOUNTAIN VIEW MERMEN SPLASH VICTORY**

With ears still full of memories of lusty cheers of victory, or is it the water in my brain, I have been assigned the task of making our swimming meet report sound gigantic. We didn't win the meet, if I said so, Trenton would have us up for libel. However after three of our aspirants had been dragged from the water by the P.T.I. in charge, our men gave all they had. Cpl. Iveson gave his swimming suit.

In the long plunge Cpl. McLagen came through with a first on a plunge of 45 feet. Brewster, Wyman and Rathwell each won well earned "seconds," in their respective events. The relay team of Wyman, McLagen, Rathwell and Newbold splashed through to a finer decision over the Trenton four-some. Capt. Yurnett was well on the way to winning the underwater swim until it was observed he had gone to sleep on the bottom and was disqualified for parking.

Our water polo team finished the decided victors with a score of 3 to 1. These meets are conducted every second Tuesday night, and we will welcome more support from Headquarters' Squadron.

\*\*\*

**Tennis Team Notes**

"They also Serve Who Only Stand and wait" or "Duck George, here

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**HOTEL**  
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Comes that Ball Again." Our Station tennis team, and strange as it may seem, we have one, finally came through on Tuesday September 2nd with three wins in as many matches played.

A team of Picton boys were the victims, the place was Trenton and the time 6:30 p. m. Our 2nd team of F/Lt. Wilson and Cpl. Blake (two of the originals and biggest boosters of tennis on this station) came through with a popular 7-5, 6-2 win, closely followed by Doug. Moffatt and Kay (the pride of N. Z.) who blasted two Picton lads off the court in a 6-2, 6-4 lacing. Our first team of Sgt. Jamer and Cpl. Iveson after an erratic start (they dropped the first set 6-0) came back masterfully to annex the 2nd and 3rd sets, 6-2, 6-2. The last three games were played by instinct, darkness having set in, but our boys hung a light on the ball and couldn't miss.

Our team has lost more games this season than it has won, but gamely carries on. Due to the lack of "stamping grounds" of our own, a tennis team is hard to organize and harder still to keep going. This writer likes to close his eyes and imagine he sees three smooth, asphalt courts with shining white lines marking the boundary of each. Then he sees white-clothed court enthusiasts blasting bullet-like serves across the steel-taped net and the equally burning drives and precision volleys flowing back. The W. D.'s are there too and enjoying these games to the fullest extent.

He looks around the court and sees Airmen and Airwomen laughing and chatting together, waiting for a set to finish so they can play that challenge match. "Oh Happy Day!" Coming back to reality, here is hoping that we can lift this picture out of its frame and promote one of the best games going—Tennis — The world's national game and sport of Kings'.

Cpl. T. E. Iveson (P.T.I.)

**THE STATION RADIO PROGRAM**

Those of you who familiarize yourselves with D.R.O., will be able to recall that an announcement was made to all and sundry that a talent hunt is on. The reason is that Mountain View is going on the air this fall over a National Hook Up so our digging begins now, early and in earnest.

It is proposed to make the Mountain View hour an event rather than just another program, so we are seeking men and women with talent and experience to incorporate them into our time on the air.

Announcers, scrip writers, program directors, vocalists, instrumentalists and all others that go toward making a program interesting are sought.

Be absolutely certain that you leave all information concerning your experience with F/Lt. R. K. Cameron in the Airmen's Club.

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### HOT AIR FROM AIRCREW

G.I.S. Aircrew is now sailing the stormy seas of pedagogy under the able leadership of F/Lt. wiper that Gwynne off your face Timothy. Mr. Gwynne Timothy comes to us from the last bastion of the Brothers of the Red Tape. Air Armament School must count his departure as a distinct loss, while we have gained a man who is well qualified to fill the very large shoes of S/Ldr. Cresswell. The Staff extends a hearty welcome to F/Lt. Gwynne Timothy and wishes him all the success in the world in his new task.

The School is once more suffering from a shortage of instructors, but, in spite of this rather unfortunate situation, its business as usual. The only ones who aren't working are the students. Our healthy enrollment of Aussies and New Zealanders again brings to us a spirit of good natured rivalry, which even manages to extend as far as the baseball diamond. The Aussies undertook to teach the Women's Division the intricacies of Abner Doubleday's brain-child, but succeeded in losing forever the respect of free men the world over by being on the short end of a 21 to 16 score. However, look at all the fun they had.

The weather managed to be fairly difficult last month, but, by the Grace of God and with a little luck, all students managed to graduate on time. It is a credit to the school and to the Station as a whole that, despite the lack of increased facilities and increased establishment, our output of trained Gunners and Observers has been greatly stepped up. Classrooms are being held in the hangars; night classes are the rule instead of the exception; and all in all, the miracle of mass production seems to have arrived at Mountain View.

★ ★ ★

#### Unanswered Questions

1. What fatal fascinations do the wilds of Muskoka hold for our usually 'see 'em and leave 'em' Bobby Cairns, and what amorous escapades have alienated his affections from Oxford's Concise Edition?
2. Why is discipline and daily programs a job so extensive that it requires the services of two W.

O.'s and a Sergeant?

3. Why did our effeminate friend, Wheeler, persist in roaming around, his hand upraised in a perpetual salute for a week or more? Did he want to leave the room, or was he doing the Lambeth walk? Ho!

4. Why has A. W. 1 Lavallee taken such a sudden and entirely uncalled for interest in Stores? Have we a new store-keeper?

5. What was it that made our WAF blush like a traffic light, the other day? Could it have been something that Dent said?

6. Did Sgt. McCurrie ever read the notice on the door of the Instructor's Room?

7. When are we going to get an establishment calling for a few more Flight Sergeants?

★ ★ ★

#### Things We Would Like to See

1. Better rates on the bus lines for living-out personnel, especially when the schedule is not adhered to.

2. Sgt. Davey making a right-about-turn.

3. W. O. 2 Robertson buying his own cigars.

4. A wall chart to end all wall charts.

5. Sgt. Skidmore with nothing to say.

6. Lana Turner, single again.

7. The opening of the "Second Front".

8. A little organization in the disorganized sports.

9. A casualty list that hasn't one of Lanyon's ex-students in it.

10. Dutch, the Deacon, Holland, being outsmarted on a duty pool switch.

★ ★ ★

#### News and Views

We welcome P/O Lawrence to our staff. He replaces P/O Bishop who has left for greener pastures. Mr. Lawrence has already been found peeking through keyholes; an unnatural practice, but one that is due no doubt, to his experience as a news reporter.

Miss Lavallee now has company. A. W. 2 Neal of St. John's, New Brunswick has joined the staff of the precis room. However, MacNevin has landed and the situation is well in hand.

The school mourns the loss of F/Sgt. MacLean. Paulson has once again beckoned but it is a consolation to know that he died with his boots on.

Honours go this month to Sgt. Lanyon who has received his appointment to Commissioned Rank. Art's work here has always been of the best and his many friends wish him the best of luck and success in the future.

It is interesting to note that Sgt. Campbell has been given one of the new courses after 6 months of spare instructor. It would seem appropriate to christen him with a bottle of champagne.

We are glad to see that DAPS has finally remustered Roy Dent to the trade of draftsman, as Roy's work along this line has left nothing to be desired. Patience pays dividends.

MacDonald has taken over the precis room. Now half of the school staff is working on aircraft recognition.

★ ★ ★

#### Anti-Climax

Oh! Every month I come to you, And bring you info' false and true, But now this awful column's through, I'll say "Good-bye" and "Nuts to you".

#### A SILLY VERSE FOR WORSE IDIOTS

Ten little Air Gunners, Lancasters as well, Daytime outside Fighter Range, Looked like merry Hell.

Ten little Air Gunners, Weather mighty fine, One started dozing, Then there were nine.

Nine little Air Gunners, Finally facing Fate, One didn't bleed his turret, Then there were eight.

Eight little Air Gunners, Gazing up to Heaven, A Hun pops up from the cloud, Then there were seven.

Seven little Air Gunners, Knowing all the tricks? One didn't find his range, Then there were six.

Six little Air Gunners, Glad to be alive, One hadn't cleaned his guns, Then there were five.

Five little Air Gunners, Shaken to the core, One carried Night Trace, Then there were four.

Four little Air Gunners, Firing wildly, One's guns weren't harmonized, Then there were three.

Three little Air Gunners, Feeling pretty blue, One started hoespiping, Then there were two.

Two little Air Gunners, Facing to the sun, One didn't look in it, Then there was one.

One little Air Gunner, Wished he wasn't born, Fired a fifty second burst, And then he was gone.  
PONTEFRAC-THE-BEAR.

### VIEWPOINTS

Kissing a girl nowadays leaves its mark on a man. She also leaves marks on cigarettes and glasses, towels and spoons. Wherever she goes she leaves a trail of used mouths. It takes the fine cutting edge off a man's romantic mood to come out of an embrace tasting rose-scented goose grease and looking like a circus clown. I don't mind goo on girls. I mind it on me. Yet they use a strange substance which they can't keep on and a man can't get off. It is the real Rde Menace.

— Bob Hope in You

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## PLATT'S MARKETERIA

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LADIES' WEAR, WALLPAPER and PAINTS,  
VEGETABLES and FRUITS IN SEASON

WELLINGTON, ONT. PHONE 70

**G. I. S. (ARMAMENT)**

It is with particular pleasure that we note the promotion to commissioned rank of a number of valued N. C. O. instructors in the Air Armament School. This tangible evidence of the progressive promotion policy of the R. C. A. F. is not only gratifying to the new officers, but more especially does it offer encouragement to airmen and N. C. O.'s who by their own background and loyal application to the tasks they are performing may hope ultimately to earn similar recognition.

Inevitably, discouragement and feelings of disillusion overtake all who conscientiously plod the difficult path of duty. Only the weak fall by the way; those who have what it takes struggle doggedly on, drawing encouragement from the ideals that prompted enlistment in the early days.

The new Pilot Officers with whom we now felicitate are outstanding examples but by no means the only worthy instances of the principle we have enunciated.

Flight Sergeant Harvey, since matriculating in Newfoundland has worked primarily as a machinist, but his leisure time before enlistment at the age of 22 was occupied largely by the taking of correspondence and other courses for betterment. He also found time for the study of music, and was a local bandmaster in his home town. Since his enlistment he has worked with the one aim in view, that which he has now accomplished.

Pilot Officer "Ted" Neapole was an enthusiastic motor cyclist in the balmy days of peace, but he found no difficulty in taking 5th place on No. 28 Armourers Course and 3rd in his S. A. I. Class. He showed his interest in armament by developing a method of determining ground-speed, and has proven a most versatile instructor at Mountain View, in a variety of courses.

Pilot Officer "Dick" Hanna, a good sized piece of "Ould Oriand", came to Canada in 1930, and after a spell at Drumheller Public School he entered and graduated from the University of Alberta. By a coincidence, he taught school at Hanna, Alberta and enlisted in August, 1941. After finishing 3rd on No. 25 Armourers Course, he spent a short time at Calgary before returning to A.A.S., where he ended up 4th on No. 16 A. S. I. Course. He was retained as a Staff Instructor and found Mountain View so much to his liking that he brought his bride here also. We now congratulate the new officer on a double promotion, for he has also been elevated to the boy!

Pilot Officer "Cliff" Johnston was a teacher, before, during, and (we hope) will be after the "big show". He is a product of the "seats of learning" at Queens, McGill and MacDonald College, latterly being a school principal at Gsape. Enlisting in September 1940 he earned a double distinction by heading both the 26th Armourer and No. 16 S. A. I. Courses, with a breathing spell at Rivers, Manitoba, between. Since graduating he has run the gamut of airmen and N. C. O. Instructor Courses at Mountain View. We hope we don't lose him.

hasN  
Pilot Officer "Andy" Baillie is also a teacher by profession. A product of the University of Manitoba (they don't all come from the West!) he taught High School at Carman for seven years before enrolling on No. 22 Armourer Course, and finished 5th in No. 15 S. A. I. "Andy" is very active in dramatics and fond of music, besides holding a P. T. diploma. He has been a very popular instructor around the A.A.S.

So there they are, boys. Give them a hand — and then go and do likewise.

**FLT.-LT. WHITLEY  
IN CHARGE OF  
ARMOURERS COURSES**

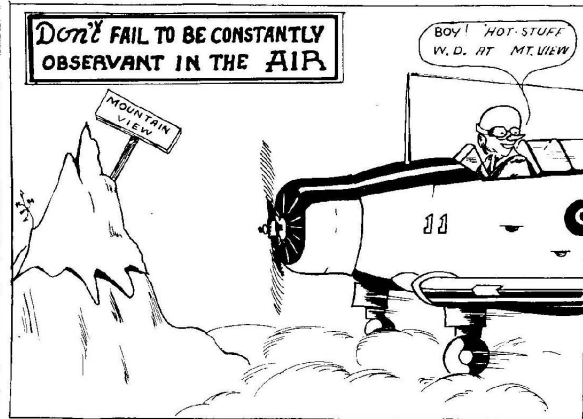
Succeeding F/L Gwynne-Timothy as Officer in Charge of Armourers' Courses at G. I. S. (Armament) is F/L A. B. Whitley who comes to this station from Eastern Air Command.

F/L Whitley was born in England and had his schooling there. In July 1915 he joined the King's Royal Rifles and went with his regiment to France where he saw service until 1917 when he transferred to the Royal Flying Corps.

After completing his pilot's training he was posted to a fighter command where he saw service against Jerry. He was later posted to the Ferry Command and ferried De Havilland Bombers.

In 1919 F/L Whitley left the service and came to Canada where he entered the printing and lithographing business. In 1921 he returned to England and remained there in the cotton brokerage business when he returned to Canada to enter the teaching profession at public schools.

In October 1941 F/L Whitley left his position as Principal of the York Township School to join the R.C.A.F. as an AC2 on the 18th. Armament Artificers Course. Following this he was on the No. 11 Armament Officers' Course from which on graduating he was post-



ed to Dartmouth and Squadron Armament Officer for the No. 5 B.R. Later he took over the same duties with No. 16 B. R. He spent some time in Botwood, and then as Arm. 2 at Eastern Air Command, from which position he came to Mountain View.

**OFF THE TARGET**

**Miniature Rifle Club News**

The last report from the Club mentioned something about new sights for the Mossbergs, — well if that is all the "crack" shots were waiting for before showing us "amateurs" how to shoot, then their waiting days are over.

My waiting days have just begun — waiting for the members of the Club to start shooting regularly. Until that happens there will not be any monthly prizes — because there will not be any money for same. That's plain logic, so, what about it.

The new sights are Lyman Rear Peep Sights, and the name speaks for itself — they are good. Whether their reputation has any effect on a shooter is open to debate, but on trial an improvement in score has been noted.

The following members have been awarded the "Bronze" pin by the DOMINION MARKSMEN and are now eligible to shoot for the Silver:

- LAC. Dawes, W. F.
- LAC. Hamel, W. E.
- Cpl. Maley, C. E.
- Sgt. Schultz, H. A.
- Cpl. Flint, J. H.

In case there are any members who are hazy about the DOMINION MARKSMEN Competition, here is a brief layout:

1. It costs nothing to register with the D. M. — something for nothing.
  2. The only cost for the pins is the price of the ammunition, and you pay for that anyway.
  3. The secretary has the headaches about collecting the pins.
- Further information can be had by looking at the Notice Board in the Miniature Range, or by contacting the secretary, W. O. Yarrow.

Our appeal for W. D. members bore fruit and a goodly number swamped the Range ONE night. No scores were recorded — does that mean that they didn't hit the target?

Whilst on the subject of W. D.'s,

the Clubs' special investigator, by name "Yehudi" has uncovered the following: The reason that there is a dearth of W. D.'s visiting the Range during the evenings is because they are always "dated up". How about a date with the Rifle Club one night a week? And by the way, I still would like a W. D. representative on the committee.

In the next report I hope to be able to spill the "Gen" about monthly cash prizes, inter-section and inter-station competitions, but that will not be unless the Club members do their bit by patronizing — (Continued on page 19)

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## WOMEN'S DIVISION

Since last month's drip from my favorite pen, many new arrivals have come to join our ever increasing number. We are more than happy to welcome them to this station, and we sincerely hope that their stay will be a pleasant one.

From New Brunswick came our Corporal — Corporal McGee by name. As jolly a lass as you could wish for. Always wise-cracking—but then, that's McGee.

Also from New Brunswick, hails AW2 Mason, M.M. She's a patriotic girl, and just couldn't let her father and two brothers beat her. You see they joined the army, so she went them one better, and joined the airforce. Good going Mason. Welcome to our midst.

From the extreme opposite coastline of our fair Dominion, comes AW2 Spelman, M. C. E.—from Victoria. She's a bright-eyed equipment assistant, who just can't figure out where the mountains are, in Mountain View. Shall we tell her?

AW2 Gillis, another N.S. girl, joined up at McKinnon Harbour. She's an aircraft helper attached to Maintenance.

The two girls who work with her are the Hardy sister—AW2 Hardy, D. H., and AW2 Hardy, H. Y. I asked H. Y. why she joined up—but before she had a chance to answer D. H. pipes up, "She joined because I did."

"That'll be the day," came the retort. "I've a mind of my own."

These girls are from Toronto, and have three brothers in the army.

AW2 McGill, M. A., from Mimico, Ontario, an equipment assistant, originally came from Detroit. She says she enlisted for reasons unknown.

From the far ditsant prairies hails AW2 Westerberg, F. E. She's from Rosevalley, Sask. Her reason for enlistment was that her two brothers are also attached to our armed forces.

AW2 West, E. P., attached to Central Records, thought the airforce needed all available girls, and so offered her services. She's from Toronto—and she looks very Irish to me.

AW2 Morley, J. I., from Kinlock, Sask., has been attached to our Plotting Office. I asked her how she liked being in the airforce, and her reply was very favorable. We're glad to have you, too, Morley. How about recruiting?

From Montreal we have AW2 Splude, V. F. She's a brown-eyed little French girl, attached to Armament Section, No. 1 Hanger, and she's glad to be able to do her little bit.

AW2 Gibb, S. M., enlisted in Saulte Ste Marie. Gibb is attached to Security Guard, and her reason for joining was to do her part

in our war effort. She has no brothers.

This does not cover all the girls newly arrived, but whether or not your name appears in this column you know you are included in the welcome.

It is with much regret that we say goodbye to Corporal Walker, our Dental assistant. We've all learned to love you (and who wouldn't) and the best, very best of luck in your new undertaking.

To the cooks at the mess we say, we don't like stale bread—or yesterday's hash—but we really do like your pie—how's about it more often?

Many enjoyable evenings have been spent by the girls at various entertainment. Maintenance had a party, and we all had fun. The unanimous cry goes out, "Why don't we do this more often?"

The Corporals Club in Picton have entertained us quite frequently in their hideout, and you can always depend on much enjoyment there. Thanks ever so much, boys—especially for the canned music! And by the way, how do we rate as songbirds?

The Airman's dance, recently held on the station was a tremendous success. We all look forward to these dances and the lovely lunch included, and we sincerely hope for more of them. Our thanks for this goes to the entertainment committee and to the Messing Staff.

Outstanding arrival back to our station was that of A/S/O. Ferguson. We are very glad to have you back with us again, and hope you have completely recovered from your illness.

Many old faces have departed to greener pastures. AW1's Ramsay, Thorton, Johnston, Nork and others have left us to study admin. To them we say good luck—and may we all meet again.

In conclusion our sympathy is extended to Nursing Sister Sullivan, who is at present in Trenton Hospital, and all our friends join in wishing you a speedy recovery.

And now with a poem, indicating a typical 14, East scene. I will say—30 for now—and if we're not "frozen up" by next month, we'll be with you again—so keep 'em flying.

### REVELLI

Lady night, all robed in darkness,  
Fast recedes, with little warning,  
While hovering o'er the dim horizon  
Steals the dawn of early morning.

All is quiet, calm and peaceful  
Slumber, has her reign supreme,  
Alas, a bugler blasts his bugle,  
Sleepy heads no longer dream.

"Blas't that bugler" shouts McCon-

nell.  
From her corner of the room,  
Sleepily she hears an answer,  
"Mac, he's learned a different  
tune."

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## JAMES H. RUTTER

### GROCERIES

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WELLINGTON, ONT.

Others snore, whilst deep in slumber,  
"Till the D. A. wends her weight,  
Pulling blinds, and shouting loudly  
"Are you on a forty-eight?"

Dashing to and from the washroom,  
What a gruesome sight they make,  
Cresswell swings the door behind  
her,  
Hitting others, in her wake.

Out Edgar tumbles, as she grumbles,  
Sleepily, her bed she makes,  
Then looking at her watch, she  
numbles,  
"Heavens, Vi, it's almost eight."

Suddenly upon this bedlam,  
Comes a thud, and muffled road,  
As Doyle emerging from her upper,  
Loudly lands upon the floor.

Up jumps McGlynn, and rubs her  
eyes,  
A sleepy lass I know

Is this my parade, or may I rest?  
The answer is always no.

It's seven-thirty, and Mac's not up,  
Polishing buttons still to be done,  
Who'll loan me a collar stud, just  
for parade.

Honest, I can't find mine!  
"Let's to breakfast," is the chorus,  
Sweeping under beds being done,  
"Hurry Irish," hollers Harriet,  
"Time for duties has begun.

Parade inspection over at last,  
Duties for Airwoman just begun.  
Each to her individual task,  
She hurriedly passes her friends on  
the run.

Into Belleville by 7 o'clock,  
For fun and frolic, with lads they've  
met,

But back to Barracks they soon will  
flock,

As late leave passes are hard to get,  
Lights out, brings blackout to pleas-  
ure and pain

And so has passed another day,  
Whilst they rest in slumber, to  
dream again,  
And awaken once more to Reveill.

### BARRACK ROOM PROBLEMS

At six in the morning before reveille sounds you can hear A. W.2 LaVallee as she makes her usual rounds, stumbling all over and mumbling to herself as she prepares for early morning Mass.

Next comes A. W. 2 Gillis, one of our spark plug testers. Any one that isn't out of bed when Gillis arrives on the scene either is dragged out or left in bed not feeling so keen. Who would after a session with Gillis?

The light sleepers around A.W.2 Morley's bed sure wished she was

on night duty so's they could sleep in peace. I guess she could be rated as one of our 1st class snorers as well as 1st class crack snort at the rifle club.

Then we have sleepy head A.W.2 Larson who always is the last one in at night, and the last one to crawl out in the morning. And then if it wasn't for A.W.2 Weir our W. D. drummer she'd still be sleeping in.

A. W. 2 Morris, who hails from Nova Scotia, another one of those W.D.'s who is last in at night, and last out in the morning, but when she gets up the barrack's sure knows it, the arguments start, with her defending the Maritimer against the Westerner's, ending up with the lone Maritimer always too jumps ahead.

Now we mustn't forget our blonde little A. W. Lind who just arrived back from a 48 with a gleam in her eye, which means only one thing. How about letting us in on it Lind.

Next comes a dainty little red head known as A.W.2 West who sits by the hour in a corner by herself. (A penny for your thoughts A. W.2 West).

I wonder why A.W.2 Shea and A. W.2 Coppo spend so much time in the Airmen's Club? It wouldn't be that charming personality and those wide brimmed hats, would it girls?

I think a special barrack block should be constructed for our postal clerks, who would be able to sleep in a little longer in the morning if it were not for their inconsiderate friends who insist on talking and laughing.

I wonder where A.W.2 Fraser gets all the nice boxes of chocolates. How about giving your friends an introduction, we all like chocolates, Fraser.

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**HOME ON  
THE RANGE**

I wonder what the big attraction is down in Kingsion, perhaps A. W. 2 Shea could satisfy our curiosity, after returning from her second forty-eight, how about it Shea?

There is a certain place in the Plotting Office, where two of our staff, are always right on the beam, when it comes to handing out T 32's to the Australians, now I wonder who? Come on girls, get cracking and give the rest of us a chance.

Say did you see who AW2 Morley went shooting with on Monday night? And she comes back with a score of 97. Nice going, Morley.

Since the last edition of the Viewpoint, many things have changed. We have lost two of our best men to the Armament trade, LAC's Gough and Burgess, who, having successfully completed No. 17 Armourer's (bombs) Course and passed out Armourers Bombs Group C, they have been posted to London, Ont. Best of luck fellows.

At long last, WO1 Zadko has been on leave.

I wonder if he banked all the gold he made while threshing up west, or will he bring it back and hide it in one of his many caches along the Wellington waterfront?

Who is the reason for Sgt. Hagenon going to Montreal? It couldn't be that certain some one, could it sarge?

Why are the pilots so interested

lately in the bombing scores of their pupils? Or is it the scores? It couldn't be the staff, could it?

Sgt. Robert Gordon Smith Jr., must be contemplating taking that final set-up, if that embrace at Bonaventure station means anything. "Oh Gordie, when are you coming back, I miss you so much."

Cpl. Huthinson, the recent N.C.O. added to Bombing Flight, can't figure out which office is allotted to Armament. This problem, which confronts him is being met in his usual inimitable style.

AC1 Duncan, who has just returned from farm leave reports that threshing isn't so bad — especially interesting is that of "Wild Oats", which, by the way, are sown, reaped and threshed at night.

**DAMAGING DOINGS**

Last issue we alibed our monthly insertion with the old line "Submitted in a hurry", this issue we vary our tone a little and submit "Submitted in desperation" with no verbal combastics barred and fully cognizant of the ancient parable "The pay-off for disparagement is Hell."

Several things have been in our crop of recent days both real and camouflaged. Speaking of camouflage (this is No. 1 item) where and from what source of scientific experimentation has the theory that "Brown" glasses are a sure-fire cure for chronic fatigue been developed? Who knows perhaps we have another Pasteur, Newton or Lavoiseur in our midst — a study in brown as it were.

Another thing has anyone any idea of exactly how many friends this Sturgeon Falls Streak has

"down home" — not that we doubt him but he talks of so many different friends we would like a count to be taken just for reference purposes.

Why doesn't someone (qualified) in Baseball Instruction give the Fort Erie Flash a few pointers on how "to make errors and less noise" just to vary the old ball game.

Speaking of baseball, Equipment Accounts must know the meaning of the game with the score they were handed a few days back by the Orderly Room — anybody have an adding machine handy.

Something else—why can't DAPS supply a fully qualified "JO" to obey these unheard commands uttered almost constantly — "You do this and I'll take the glory".

Will Miss Bosse remember not to ask why or what but to say "Yes Corporal" in futhre?

In an attempt to stir reader interest we commence herehnder ohr own Classified Want-Ads.

**Wanted**

Vocal partner — apply Wilson. Instruction on Store Teeth — apply Pilotts.

Promotions — apply Cox. Posting to Winnipeg — apply Stevenson.

Diverissement — apply Fortier. Catawaba — apply Buckler.

A good sleep — apply Champagne.

A good diet — apply Tartaglia.

Flying instructions — apply Davidson.

Dale Carnegie Instruction — apply Arkerman.

Will close with this — Does anyone suppose that when the day comes for the (W.D.'s) to leave Mountain View that John Labatt's sales will sky-rocket in the Air-men's Canteen due to the purchases of just one man, WOW what a thirst.

**CLASSIFIED  
ADVERTISEMENTS**

**WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE** the power of Yahooote? Would you like to see all, know all, tell all? Thru' my dynamic method of making friends and influencing people I am able to solve everybody's problems. Things I have never seen before can't phase me. You too, can have this power. Courses on the easy payment plan starting now.—STADDON'S PERSONAL SERVICES INC.

**ALLIGATORS ATTENTION!** Now booking open dates for the fall and winter season. Direct from the live centres of Prince Edward County— that scintillating aggregation of hep cats — those 6 (count them—6) irresistible, masterful, glamorous, exponents of the latest, most daring, most soul shattering discords, with that peerless musician — that king of swing, Red (Gut Bucket) Stokes and his Outlet Beach Gentlemen. (Or if you want to dance there's still time to rent a juke box.)

**HUME ARENA GARDENS**

**BELLEVILLE**

**REGULAR DANCING  
TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND  
SATURDAY**

**HEAVYWEIGHT PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING  
EVERY TWO WEEKS**

OUR ASSOCIATIONS WITH THE BOYS FROM MOUNTAIN VIEW ARE ALWAYS PLEASANT . . . NEW MEN ON THE STATION WILL FIND A WARM WELCOME AT THE ARENA . . . AND YOUR BUSINESS IS APPRECIATED!

AGENTS FOR "BIRD'S EYE FROSTED FOODS"

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**RUBBER AND ROBBER**

I am sitting in Mindy's eating a hamburger, which is a type of food to which I am much addicted, as it costs only about half of all my money in the world which is one dime. And when you have a dime and a hungry feeling you go to Mindy's and have a hamburger.

I am sitting there eating and wondering where I can raise a sawbuck to put on a horse that is running that afternoon, when who should come in but a character by the name of Mexican Pete. Ordinarily Mexican Pete is not the sort of guy I like to associate with, as he is a tough bird with a long police record, but I do not wish to appear rude as he is the sort of bird who is liable to sling lead around if he thinks guys are being rude to him, so I say, "Hello, Pete, I hope you're well" which is a lie, because if Mexican Pete falls over and breaks his neck it wouldn't cause me any grief, in fact a lot of guys would like to see Mexican Pete with a broken neck, including even his mother, though the chances are the Mexican Pete murdered his mother for the insurance a long time back and so she can't wish things like that any more. Also I owe Mexican Pete a lot of mazuma, which I borrowed off him a few months back, and the chances are that he'll ask for it back.

Mexican Pete sits down opposite me and says "Hello" and I can see that he is worried about something.

"What's worrying you, Pete?" I ask, and he gives a big sigh, and says, "It's a hard life."

"Is something the matter?" I ask him, and he says as follows:

You know me, he says, I'm a guy who does not ask very much of life. All I ask of life is a billfold bulging with mazuma, an automobile that can go faster than the patrol cars, and a nice Judy with blonde hair, because I am very partial to Judies, especially if they have blonde hair, though I don't mind having a Judy who hasn't blonde hair, but who has red hair, or even black or mousy-colored hair. Now that isn't very much to ask out of life.

But the way things are I'm liable to have to go out of business. As you know I'm a legitimate lifter, and all I ask as regards business is a house whose owner is away on vacation, and if I find that the owner is not away on vacation after it is too late to leave, all I ask for is a blackjack so that I can bop him on the noggin, because it's just as good for business when the owner has a bopped noggin, as it is when the owner is away on vacation, though the chances are the owner

doesn't think so.

Now I'll tell you what has happened to make me feel that life is cheating me and playing with packed cards, which, personally, is a thing I never do, except when I am very hard up. Usually I have to work with a partner, so that he can drive the car, or help me carry away the business from the house I've been visiting. I used to work with a guy called Slim, and one night we hear that there is a house uptown whose owner is away on vacation, and we figure that the owner won't miss some of the cash out of his safe, or some of the jewelry belonging to his ever-loving wife, at least until he comes back from his vacation. So Slim and me drive to within a block of the house and then walk the rest of the way, and we open the back door with a key we have, and we go in.

**The war has hit many trades— notably the good honest trade of dishonesty. Mexican Pete, for instance, in this month's short story by Michael Gardner, found that the rubber shortage added complications to his business.**

As you know, it is necessary to have rubber on your shoes, as the thing that a legitimate lifter must have is rubber-soled shoes so that he can walk softly. In fact it is almost as essential to have rubber soles as it is to have a dishonest nature. But on account of there is a rubber shortage, Slim has no rubber soles, and as we are walking along the passage of the house, what does Slim do but slip on the floor, and slide along. And the chances are he'd go on sliding for a long way, if he doesn't come into contact with a big vase.

The vase falls off the table and hits Slim on the head, and Slim hollers out loud, and the vase makes a noise breaking, though afterwards Slim claims that it is his head that is breaking, and the owner, who has evidently decided to postpone his vacation, comes down to see who is making all the racket.

When this happens I get the blackjack out of my pocket, and prepare to hit him on the noggin, when a further misfortune befalls us. My blackjack had been used a lot, and in ordinary times I change it every two months, as some of the noggins I bop are very hard noggins indeed, and the wear and tear on the blackjack is very heavy. But on account of the war the Government have decided to make no blackjack, and the chances are that even if the President wanted a blackjack he couldn't get it. So when the owner of house comes down, and I bop him on the noggin, it is not his skull which breaks but my blackjack, and the owner

of the house jumps on top of Slim and starts bopping him with what remains of the vase.

I realize that this is no house for me to stay in, so I run very quickly indeed until I reach the car, and I drive until I am right out of town. I later hear that they send Slim to college for three years, and he has been there so often that they will probably give him his diploma soon, but it is a pity as Slim is a nice guy, and what is more he owes me some mazuma.

However, I soon meet another guy called Red, who decides to come into business with me, and a blonde Judy that I know says that she wants a pearl necklace, so one day Red and myself go into town to get a necklace from one of the stores, and I am carrying a brick under my coat, as I figure it is too much work to go inside and ask for it, especially as it is in the window. Red is driving the car, and he stops just outside the store, and keeps the engine running, as the chances are that the owner of the store will try and stop me and make me pay for the necklace.

So I get out of the car and stand looking in the window, until there are not many people nearby, and I push the brick thru the window, and follow it with my hand and take the necklace and a few diamond rings too, for Judies who like pearl necklaces are usually partial to diamond rings, and the same goes for Judies who haven't got blonde hair. Then I run quickly back to the car and tell Red to get going because I dislike street brawls very much and he drives very quickly away, while the owner of the store shakes his fist at me and takes the number of the car, which does not worry me very much as I have only borrowed the number plates for a few hours.

Soon we hear the sirens, but I am still not worried as our car goes very fast and can run little circles around any cops' patrol cars, and in fact I once hear that when we pass a patrol car we are going so fast that the cops think they have stopped and get out and break their necks, which is all right with me, as I am partial to cops who have broken necks.

But as we are driving hurriedly down a side street, and on account of the rubber shortage, we have a blowout in three of our four tires, and I have only just time to jump out and run down an alley before the cops arrive. I later hear that they send Red to college for four years, which is a pity, as he is a

nice guy, but not such a pity as I owed him some mazuma, and it is all right with me if all they guys I owe mazuma to go to college.

"So now", Mexican Pete says to me, "you can see why I feel that life is treating me very hard, and why I have to go out of business, and you can see why I am asking you to pay me back the mazuma that you borrow from me, because I am not partial to guys who borrow mazuma from me and do not pay me back."

"I have no cold mazuma on me", I tell Pete, "but I will give you a check," and he says that is all right with him, so I give him a check for the mazuma and he says goodbye to me and leaves.

So I finish my hamburger very quickly and leave Mindy's, for Mindy's is no place for me now, as that last check leaves me right out of rubber, too.

(With my humblest, and sincerest apologies to that Prince of writers, Damon Runyon.)

**"HUMAN NATURE"**

By F/O RUTHERFORD

Remember that old adage: "You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink" — well, at a pilots' meeting a few weeks ago that old saying kept running through my mind time and time again and to my humble way of thinking, it behooves all of us to stop and think awhile. It is not just enough that we are F/O's—F/Lts. and so forth, we should at all times be striving to improve, particularly in the field of leadership and we should all possess a little knowledge of that so vital thing called "Human Nature."

Without fear of contradiction I say that the pilots without exception on this Station can be led by those with the above attitudes, it's a pretty good thing to remember when "dishing it out" — not to ask anyone to do something you would or could not do yourself and try to consider both sides. Men look up to and respect leadership but detest high-handedness and incompetence and if the shoe fits wear it! Likewise no pilot objects to work, in fact the more flying the better, but they certainly hate sitting around for hours and I do mean hours to fly one or two hours. (Sometimes not even daily).

I speak for all of us when I say that we will make any sacrifice and

(Continued on page 19)

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## CHINESE CHOW

By VALERIE BUCKLER

The compradore in China is an institution. Like most institutions its working is dark and mysterious to the outsider. It mainly revolves around one Chinaman, always reputedly very rich and with strings flung far and wide drawing all with money to spend or make, to him. Every foreign firm in China has a compradore on its staff. Some of the larger firms who conduct their own banking, have their employees paid by the compradore. He sits inside a teller's cage but he is not an accountant nor is he a banker. Any Chinese (foreign too) firm wishing to make business do not approach the manager of the firm but the compradore. He is the middleman and if he thinks the business good and the 'equese' worthwhile, he speaks to the foreign departmental head. Should arrangements tend towards a satisfactory conclusion for both parties, the grateful solicitor flings a party with an invitation to the departmental head's friends and his friends' friends. Anybody can come who wishes and as these parties occur fairly frequently in China, sometimes it is hard to find friends and friends' friends.

The party is generally set for 8 p. m. In China no one ever has dinner before 8 p. m. but the wise person on being invited to Chinese chow generally has an extra sandwich or cake for tea, for the actual meal never starts before midnight. A large room is booked in a Chinese restaurant and on entering one is confronted with the main table, round. Dining tables are always round in China as they accommodate so many more people. Several smaller tables, round, with mah jong sets and Johnny Walker, Black & White, soda, etc., surround the room. The women approach the mah jong sets, the men the bottles. At these parties the Europeans outnumber the Chinese. A Chinese woman is never seen at them, except for sing song girls, who make an appearance at stag parties and only occasionally when a white woman is there, strumming on their two stringed guitars and singing in a high pitched falsetto voice. Amongst the Chinese there is generally the host, the compradore and perhaps one or two others. The men are soon engrossed in a fascinating Chinese game which resembles our 'stone, paper, scissors.' The one who loses has to drain his glass. 'Bottoms up' is the rule for the night. Soon everyone is happy. The Chinese manage with their long tapering fingers to hide a little finger occasionally and make the foreigner lose, though they are by no means loth to 'bottoms up.' At 11 p. m.

comes the hors d'oeuvre. Huge steaming bowls of chow fan and chow mein. The one fried rice with egg and mushrooms etc., chopped up fine, and the other fried noodles. It somehow spoils the main dinner because everyone but the Chinese tuck into that with greed.

At midnight comes the dinner. Mah jong sets are put away, the losers pay up and the bottles put on the main table. Chinese girls come around with steaming hot, faintly scented towels and everyone wipes their hands and faces. There is a bowl and a pair of chopsticks in front of everyone as they gather around the table to eat. The various items on the menu are brought in one by one in a large communal bowl into which everyone dips their chopsticks and draws the food. The host is generally the last to dip his chopsticks into the food unless it be to help some English lady who finds difficulty managing her chopsticks. One by one the hot steaming bowls come in until the table is covered with every variety of food prepared as only a skilled Chinese cook knows how. The price of the spread depends on the dishes the host orders. Thus a bowl of sharks' fins soup may cost anywhere from \$30 to \$100 a bowl, depending on the fineness of the fins. Sharks' fins soup is really delicious and looks something like vermicelli though tougher in fibre and a bit gooey. Birds' nest soup is hardly ever served as it is too expensive. These nests are difficult to get as the species of birds build them on high, inaccessible cliffs, and are said to use their saliva as the main building material. The soup resembles that of sharks' fins except that it is finer. Peking duck soup is another famous dish. The birds are kept underground and fed well without exercise until they wallow 'in their own fat when they are killed and roasted. The thick layer of fat together with the crisp roasted skin cut in squares is served on a dish formed like a fowl. These squares are lifted with the chopsticks and placed on a thin wafer of leaven bread and into the mouth. Next comes sweet and sour pork, baked fish with sweet and sour sauce, mushroom soup that has been cooked in a dish which did not allow the vapour to escape and thus the goodness of the soup, shrimps fried in breadcrumb, frogs' legs, chicken and walnuts and lots of other delicious dishes. Chinese tea is drunk piping hot so as to cut the grease — and some say whiskey and soda serves the same purpose. Then in case any should still be hungry rice is served. The table by this time is a mess. Chicken bones that have been spat out, fish bones, Chinese soya which is used as flavouring, everything that did not find its

THERE IS SOME PLACE LIKE HOME  
IN PICTON — IT'S  
**THE GLOBE HOTEL**  
A GOOD PLACE TO EAT  
BANQUETS ARRANGED PHONE 42

way to the mouth is on the table. This is as it should be and although it looks messy everyone is happy and content. Life is good. To show your appreciation to the host it is customary and good manners to belch loudly and say 'Chi bowla' (full up). Cigarettes are passed and hot towels. Then everyone leaves for home. It is rude to linger after dinner and all must go. Thus another happy evening spent among a people who know how to live and to get the most out of life in everything. It is good to live in China.

## SWISS CONFIDENCE

This is a story that concerns the old German Kaiser whose dreams of world domination were so rudely shattered in the last Great War. It is told that on one occasion he was invited to assist at the annual manoeuvres of the Swiss army. It was a small army, of course—it always has been—though to a great extent, because of it, Swiss soil has remained intact for centuries. The skill of the Swiss soldier with a rifle is proverbial; he is well-trained from his early years and I suppose, collectively they would be the best shots in Europe. Well, anyway, the manoeuvres were carried out thoroughly, energetically, and successfully. Successfully enough to merit a word of praise—or was it praise—from the German war-lord. Turning to the Swiss commandant he is reported to have said, "Your army is good—very good; every shot has found its target; but it's so small—you have barely 500,000 men—suppose, with a million men, we should invade you—what then?" The Swiss officer drew himself up to his full full height, "Sir," he answered, "in that case, we should have to fire twice."

Pretty confident, wasn't he? Figured that the first round his Swiss soldiers fired would dispose of 500,000 of the enemy, and the next round would finish them up. But that's the spirit that wins battles—and we are going to need plenty of it to carry out the job that's ours. Things have been going so bad with us that perhaps our morale is a bit weakened. We've been caught napping so often that we're perhaps beginning to wonder whether we will wake up before it's too late. One thing certain—we're going to have to fire twice and perhaps ten times before it's finished. We'll need to use all the resources at our disposal and it's not going to be an easy task to accomplish. But we'll never do it if we're fearful of the result or even fearful of the cost—because if we're like that, we've lost half our fighting ability before we begin.

**WELLINGTON GARAGE**  
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Let's get more of that Swiss confidence—and be determined that whether we have to fire twice, or ten times, or twenty times—it will be we who will fire the time it really counts—the last time.  
—THE R. C. PADRE.

## BIG BUSINESS

(Continued from page 11)  
rugged realism and practical deeds of courageous sacrifice, sometimes monotonous hardships, to bring the brighter day of a larger and better life for all. The world's biggest business is waiting to be accomplished. Let's get on with it.  
ROSS K. CAMERON,  
Padre.

## RIFLE CLUB

(Continued from page 15)  
ing the Range. So what about it, Section Representatives.  
One last word — to those members who have to work during the night. The Range can be used during the day provided the following conditions are complied with:  
1. Shooters are accredited members.  
2. They are accompanied by an N.C.O.  
Keys of the Range and the ammunition book are available at the Plotting Office, No. 3 Hangar.  
Club Secretary.

## HUMAN NATURE

(Continued from page 18)  
work until we are dizzy to accomplish our goal, which is mainly "Beat Hitler and Co.", and we have been and always will be proud when our commanding officers and Station receive credit for a good job done — just lead us and see

## STATION ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE

The newly appointed Entertainment Committee comprised of the following members: Squadron Leader Dunne; F/Lt. Mulcahy, (Chairman); F/Lt. Cameron; ASO, Ferguson; Corporal Horton; A. W. 2 Watts; A. C. 2 Boyler; Urban Hughes and Tom Rathwell, held its inaugural meeting on Monday, August 31st.

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## MOUSTACHES . . . WEARING OF

A recent A.F.R.O. concerning Browser type moustaches — the wearing of — has baffle da number of officers and men whose upper lips are fluffily concealed. The Oxford Dictionary definition of 'browse' helped little to clear up any doubts, as to 'browse' means 'to feed on pastures or on the shoots and leaves of trees'. It seems improbable that the higher authorities are under the impression that Air Force personnel eat their moustaches — but this no doubt depends on the standard of food on the station. Hitherto personnel have been accustomed to calling their moustaches by pet names — such as 'Wirey Willie' or 'Moist Mona' — and being called upon to classify them in more detail than mere size, thickness and dampness has started many wild rumors. It is, therefore, for the ignorant and the uninitiated, that the following — a classification of all moustaches falling under the title of 'Browser' — is being printed:

1. "The Dunderreary". A profuse growth, untwisted and projecting outward and downward. A type calculated to impart an air of distinction to the wearer. Much favored by elderly Administrative officers.

2. "The Plantagenet". Similar to type 1, but of a somewhat weedy texture. Significance — aristocracy, denoting generally that the wearer is the 'Last of a Long Line'. Usually favored by youthful Pilot Officers of doubtful intelligence.

3. "The Sir Jasper" or "Wicked Squire". A profuse growth, generally dark, twisting outwards and wards and downwards through ninety degrees of arc and termi-

nating in an upward twist through a further hundred and ninety five degrees. This type usually denotes a cunning, crafty and unscrupulous individual of low moral fibre, but, strange to relate, is much favored by fighter pilots. Possibly the slight element of 'dash' may be responsible for this. However, a grave word of warning — this type, if associated with a sparkling eye indicates a predilection for unnatural practices.

4. "The Naughty Ninety". A moderately profuse growth sweeping outward in a smooth curve, definitely lacking the sinister twist of type 3. Much favored during the latter part of the last century, and much favored by Army Officers of the Edwardian era. Denotes an air of mischief combined with dash, also a passion for voluptuous blondes. Generally speaking, worn by a jolly, harmless type of individual who likes the good things in life. The wearer being of a benevolent disposition may be regarded as potential flying instructor material.

5. "The Sergeant Major". A growth extending directly outwards at right angles to the nose and heavily waxed at the extremities. Denotes an irascible, bullying and intolerant disposition, frequently entirely lacking in intelligence. Thrived fairly well until the twentieth year of the present century — is now rapidly becoming extinct.

6. "The Walrus" or "Old Bill". This type can be divided into further sub-classifications depending on the strength of the growth, but for present purposes can best be dealt with broadly under the one heading. A shaggy and frequently unkempt growth, curving directly over both upper and lower lips. This type, in addition to serving as a filter for the removal of stray hops from beer in transit from tankard to oesophagus, also denotes an extremely benevolent disposition and is the 'Hall Mark' of the British working men — the salt of the earth. It is not possible to associate this type with flying men owing to the dangers of ice accretion.

It is hoped that the foregoing will provide some definite means of classifying the various types of moustaches, "browser type". The descriptions are not yet official but their promulgation at an early date as an addendum to A.F.R.O. 1197 may be expected.

A prominent man, in an interview, was asked to give his definition of an expert.

His answer was succinct and definite:

"An expert is one who can complicate simplicity."



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JIMMY LYDON

"TWILIGHT ON THE TRAIL"

HOPALONG CASSIDY

MON., TUE., WED. - SEPT. 21-22-23

"HOLD BACK THE DAWN"

Charles BOYER - Paulette GODDARD

"SPOOKS RUN WILD"

Bela Lugosi - East Side Kids

THURS., FRI., SAT. - SEPT. 24-25-26

"MY FAVORITE BLONDE"

Bob HOPE - Madeleine CARROLL

"WEST OF TOMBSTONE"

CHARLES STARRETT

MON., TUE., WED. - SEPT. 28-29-30

"I KILLED THAT MAN"

Ricardo CORTEZ - Joan WOODBURY

"THE AWFUL TRUTH"

IRENE DUNNE - CARY GRANT

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Mrs. Nouveauriche had at length succeeded in dragging her husband to an operatic concert.

The diva was good, very good, so good in fact that her encores seemed to be interminable.

During a pause, to air her French, Mrs. Nouveauriche turned to her husband and in a loud tone remarked, "She has a large repertoire, hasn't she?"

"She sure has," hubby replied, adding, "but that dress she has on makes it look worse."

"Look here, young man," said the playwright-father, "this report doesn't say very nice things about your work at school."

"Coming up in the train, dad, I was reading about the play you had produced last night, and—"

"Better get your dinner, young fellow."

### Classified Advertisements

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